

For Prisoners and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or not

Each year sings another tune
Never heard before on earth

Please Handle with Care
And Pass on to Another

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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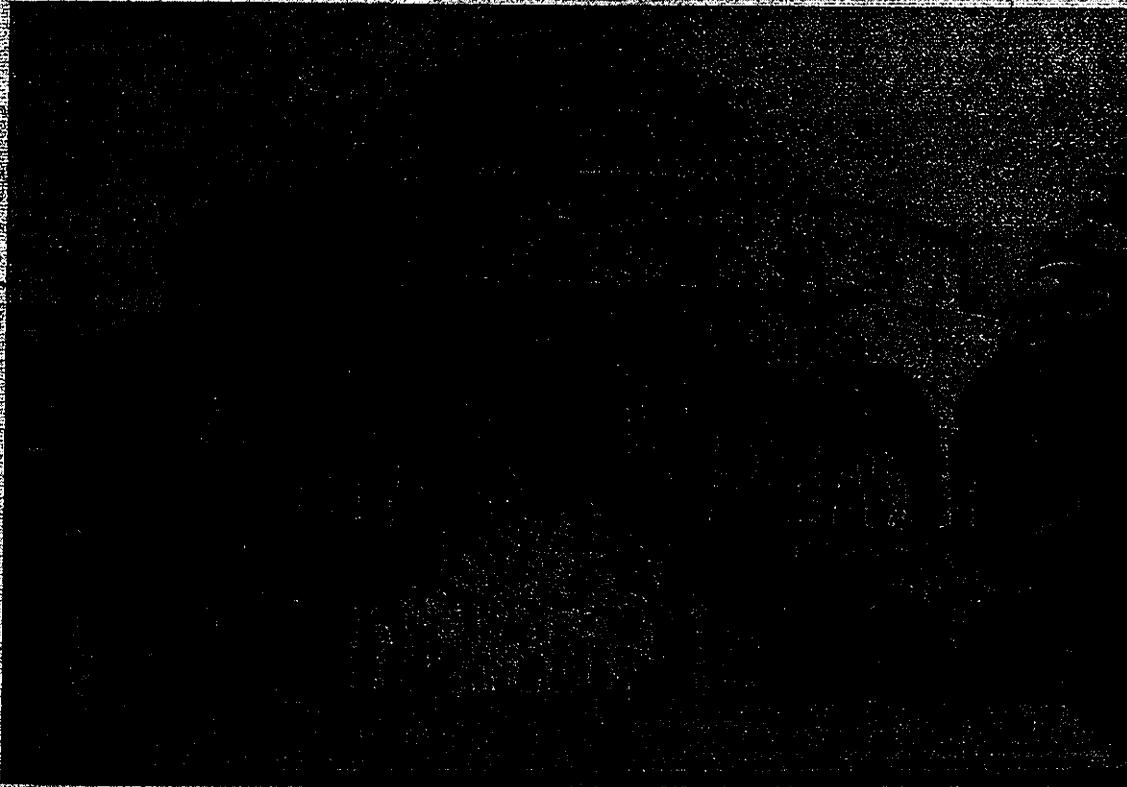
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PEACE PAGEANT AT THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA.

1927

(From a New Year leading article written many years ago by Mme. H. P. Blavatsky, Foundress of the Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood, for her magazine *Lucifer*, a name used by her in its original meaning of *Light-Bringer*. We reprint part of this article because it is as applicable now as then.)

PEOPLE usually wish that their friends shall have a happy new year, and sometimes 'prosperous' is added to 'happy'. But even if prosperity and happiness are absent, it is possible to find something greater than either in this coming year. This can be effected by those who are courageous and resolute. Thoreau pointed out that there are artists in life,

persons who can change the color of a day and make it beautiful to those with whom they come in contact. We claim that there are adepts, masters in life who make it divine, as in all other arts. Is it not the greatest art of all, this which affects the very atmosphere in which we live? That it is the most important is seen at once when we remember that every person who draws the breath of life affects the mental and moral atmosphere of the world, and helps to color the day for those about him. Those who do not help to elevate the thoughts and lives of others must of necessity paralyze them by indifference, or actively drag them down. And no one can be quite inactive.

Neither happiness nor prosperity are always the best of bedfellows for such undeveloped mortals as most of us are; they seldom bring with them peace, which is the only permanent joy.

The idea of peace is usually connected with the close of life and a religious state of mind. That kind of peace will however generally be found to contain the element of expectation. The pleasures of this world have been surrendered and the soul waits contentedly in expectation of the pleasures of the next. But the peace of the philosophic mind is very different from this and can be attained to early in life when pleasure has hardly been tasted, as well as when it has been fully drunk of.

The American Transcendentalists discovered that life could be made a sublime thing without any assistance from circumstances or outside sources of pleasure and prosperity. Of course this had been discovered many times before, and Emerson only took up again the cry raised by Epictetus. But every man has to discover this fact freshly for himself, and when once he has realized it he knows that he would be a wretch if he did not endeavor to make the possibility a reality in his own life. The Stoic became sublime because he recognised his own absolute responsibility and did not try to evade it; the Transcendentalist was even more, because he had faith in the unknown and untried possibilities which lay within himself.

Those who are at all in earnest see their responsibility and endeavor to find knowledge, living, in the meantime, up to the highest standard of which they are aware. To all such *Lucifer* gives greeting!

Man's life is in his own hands, his fate is ordered by himself. Why then should not this be a year of greater spiritual development than any we have lived through? It depends on ourselves to make it so. This is an actual fact, not a religious sentiment. In a garden of sunflowers every flower turns towards the light. Why not so with us?

And 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.

The inner life of the earth is young and strong between Christmas and Easter. Those who form their wishes now will have added strength to fulfil them consistently.

Real Life

(From an extemporaneous public Address recently delivered at Visingsö, Sweden, by
KATHERINE TINGLEY)

IT may be possible that I can give a few ideas that may help you in your lives and thus benefit your country and benefit the world, because, if we can get into our minds the deep and profound meaning of Brotherhood, which Theosophy teaches, and if we can commence to live the life of Brotherhood, we shall then have no divisions, and there will be no wars.

The one essential for us, if we are to round out our characters and become anything that approximates to our ideals of manhood and womanhood, is that we shall *know ourselves*. We must know the secrets of living. And we must know what it means to live nobly and honorably and truly, and with such dignity and power that truth will manifest through us. All we have to do is to find the secret of living and to realize that the life of man is a true, mighty scheme. Man is the commanding figure in life. He is the summit of its expression on earth.

When one thinks of that, every one, even the most discouraged, the most disappointed, the most disheartened, can rise in the consciousness that every man is essentially divine in nature, and that he has the power within him to know this truth, and when he knows it he will apply it to his life, and when he applies it, he will live more truly, and then his life will be one of joy, of service, of helpfulness, and of peace, instead of what it is now.

Then one begins to see that man is not to be set aside; he is not to be belittled. Nor can he ever find the peace and the joy and the knowledge of living, until he has found himself. He may read all the books, have all the teachers, listen to all the preachers, but never will he win, in the truest sense, until he finds his own heart, his own soul, and believes in the eternity of man's spiritual nature. When this happens, one can very easily realize that something wonderful comes to a man who has long lived in the shadows of discouragement and then suddenly finds himself in the light, aspiring, becoming.

Man must have hope; and it must be built upon the Heart doctrine, out of his own nature. It must be built upon the pictures or the visions that he has of the growth of his own life. And one cannot be satis-



fied with the same thing every day, because one does not grow if he accepts only the things that satisfied him a few years ago. Every day should add some thing to one's knowledge. Knowledge of what? Knowledge of oneself, knowledge of the divine laws that govern life.

When one can find this knowledge and apply it to his life, he has touched magic. To a large degree he sweeps away all the difficulties in his life — the disappointments, the overshadowings, the limitations, and the over-humility. One awakens every morning with a consciousness that something new has happened, that a great light has come, that the great blessings of the eternal truths of life are here, close to us daily.

We are never alone, because within this body of ours, within this part that in seventy-seven or a hundred years dies, is the inner part, the eternal part, which lives and goes on forever. That is the Spiritual Soul of man. And the soul is traveling on its pathway of spiritual attainment. It is progressing, it is climbing the mountains, it suffers to gain more knowledge. That is growth.

Move away from all the weights and shadows that are upon you, and love yourself — your inner Spiritual Self — for truth's sake! Love that Self that you may have the power to serve others! Love it, because you are loving the eternal man! But the trouble with humanity is that it sees and loves the outer man, the physical man, the intellectual man, and it thinks that this is the whole thing. But the other Man, the Real Man — which is the spiritual, eternal nature — this has very little attention given to it.

Cease dwelling on your sorrows and troubles, and go out into the bright light of Truth, out into the great hopes! Build castles for yourselves! Build vistas! Let them be merely from the brain-mind, if you can do no better, but build them high towards the Spirit, and plan them today, that tomorrow shall bring you more light, more knowledge, more courage, and more determination to win out, not just for this one life, but for your soul's sake and for humanity's sake. Humanity is waiting for humanity, and the hearts of men are bleeding for that help and that quality that can be given — not from one man alone — but from that unity of force, that wonderful bond of brotherhood, that must come and bring us to a position where we can look out over the tops of the mountains. There, instead of struggling with our difficulties, we can rise above them.

When we reach that position, then we are constructing, then we are building for the future — not just for seventy-five or a hundred years, but we are building the very thought-atmosphere that we live in, we are building our country for even better things; we are purifying our politics with a new life, through the spiritual energy and will of man. The way to do is to live every day in such manner that the next

day may be a better one, that there may be more courage tomorrow than today.

Follow the simple teachings that Jesus called the Christ taught — not the teachings that others have added to what he taught. Live in the spirit of brotherhood and keep yourselves in the sunshine! If the shadows are over the hills, know that they are good. The rain and the clouds are also needed for vegetation. But wait until tomorrow, and build, construct in the sunlight and joy of life!

By doing this, one destroys error and stands before the world as an example of spiritual living — not a half-way life, not a timid life, not an apologetic life, not shams, but real things.

The Common-sense Life

(From a letter)

TO me the belief — it is more than that now — that there is a Higher Self guiding my life has been of more benefit than I can express or measure. Of course I do not mean that I am exceptional in this. Every man has as much help and guidance from his Higher Self as he will permit and sincerely look for.

But this kind of trust doesn't mean sitting idly with the idea that your work will be done for you. It doesn't mean that you'll get everything — or even anything — that you want.

The great thing in life is to get acquainted with this Higher Self, get in touch with it — even on occasion be drawn up into it and become it for the time. That, surely, is the crowning experience of human life and makes everything else seem nothing.

All men's worryings come, of course, from fixing their minds on some result instead of on the means to get that result.

Suppose, for instance, that a man in poor, low health wants good health. It's a very natural want. He knows ways to get it — exercise, as good a regimen as he can, a confident, hopeful state of mind, the practice of energy in all his doings, and so on. Well, there are the matters for him to attend to. He sees them as the path to health. If he's wise, he'll never give any attention, or as little as he can, to whether they are getting him to health — "How do I feel today? Am I getting on?" etc., etc. That sort of stuff, even the least bit of it, is the worry path, so much energy taken away from what he's at. What he needs, strange as it seems, is serene indifference about his health, about the results of his efforts, together with calm, dogged continuance in the efforts to get health. That's common sense. Any sort of worry — and the whole root of worry is thinking of results — is energy lost out of mind and body, judgment confused, will bent and twisted and broken-backed.

Now the easiest way to get this indifference about results, is to leave them in full trust of mind in the hands of that directing self that's present in every man's life — that *would* direct, I mean, if he would let it.

But then there's this to think of. If a man, looking up, so to say, at his Divine Self in the Light, says "Thy will be done," meaning "I'll do the work, my part; *you'll* see after the *result*," he must add, "whatever result you see to be best." He's like a man who hands money to a broker he trusts, and says, "Invest it in so-and-so." But the broker may know better and put it in something else.

And in the same way, to use my illustration, if a man wants health and does the right things in his mind and body to get it, he will *offer up* his efforts to this overshadowing Self of his — his diviner part; he will put his efforts, the energy of them, into its hands for its disposal. And it may see that some other result than health will at that time be more to his real and permanent advantage.

For this Self knows his *real* needs in the order of their relative importance, has an eye to his highest welfare. And it might so guide the energy he has placed at its disposal that it worked out as one or another kind of mental or spiritual unfolding, character growth, will growth, growth in self-control, or what not. And so whatever result comes, he is content; content if he can't see any at all for a long time, knowing that there is and must be *some* in some part of him.

And so whatever a man decides is a proper and rightful thing for him to have, let him do the proper and rightful things to get it and do them with all his energy (remembering, of course, that nothing can be proper and rightful for him to do which is to the hurt of anybody else). "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do" — etc.

But as he does them, let him turn over the whole thing to his higher nature, the Companion, — who is not another being, but himself, his true self, what I have called the 'Higher Self' — offer it up and let it go at that. That's the true 'offering up of sacrifices,' as I take it. And it's opening up a line of inner communion with that Companion. And as he uses this line more and more, he comes to *know*, as I said. Which is the most utterly blessed thing that can come upon a man's life.

The man who leads this life is all full of energy and joy and go-aheadness and activity of every right sort. And he's utterly free from care about himself and consequently unselfish, and rejoices in any good he can do and any rejoicings that others have. His life, in life and after death, is well disposed of. Joy and energy, contentment, mental activity, and the thought of and search after the Companion — who is in the Light and works according to the Light — these are the marks of a man who is after real life.

Doing the 'Impossible'

TRULY some souls do seem born to show that even 'impossibilities' can be transformed into stimulants and whetstones. Every now and then Fate gives a task to some one for whom its performance is an 'impossibility.' The some one does it with such finished perfection as to show that the unsurmountable obstacles were but salt and pepper to the dish.

A legend says that a soul once informed 'The All-Honorable One' that it desired to incarnate for the purpose of teaching humanity a new grace in painting. The All-Honorable One approved, and said, "Go."

Then one of the Assessors stepped up and said: "It will be impossible, All-Honorable One, for him to carry out his project; for of such nature is the record on my books against him that he must be born with withered and paralysed arms." But the soul replied: "I will go nevertheless and do even as I have said."

Then came another Assessor and said: "Of a truth, O All-Honorable One, his project is impossible of fulfilment, for of such nature is the record on my books against him that he must be born among those who have no knowledge of any art whatsoever." And the soul replied: "I will go nevertheless and do even as I have said."

Then came yet other Assessors and produced records dating from many and many a life gone-by, showing that in all of them the soul had incurred such and another penalty, so that the sum of the disabilities was too great for any to surmount. And the soul always smiled and said: "Nevertheless I will go and do even as I have said."

And the All-Honorable One also smiled and said: "Of a surety, O soul, thou mayest try."

The soul took birth among all the disabilities foretold by the Assessors, and painted with its feet, and triumphed every way. And at last, having done all as it had said, it returned to Heaven.

Then the All-Honorable One called the souls about Him and said: "Ye have seen how this soul hath triumphed every way and taught to mankind even what he would and been an example of will, of courage, and of love. I foresaw he lacked but little of perfection and that with a mighty effort he could pass the limits that keep men back from the heights that await them. And it was I that brought upon this soul all the Assessors at once, so that in this one life all the accounts might be closed. The soul hath finished all that he had to do. It is now as he will, he shall go down among men and teach with the power he hath won that what he did all men may do in the overcoming of obstacles, or he shall stay with Me."

And the soul made choice and went forth again to labor for men.

STUDENT

Concerning Obedience

THE next time I paid a visit to my old friend Hopkins, the gardener, I appeared in overalls with my sleeves rolled up, ready for work. This pleased the old man immensely — he hated anyone who was afraid to get his hands dirty — and when I said, "Read me another page out of your book, Hopkins," he was supremely content.

It being Fall by this time, we set to work digging up the dahlia-tubers for winter storage. Hopkins grunted away over his job until he began to feel tired, then he leaned on his spade and spoke up out of his thoughts:

"Any one that amounts to anything in this world spends a fair part o' his time figurin' out ways to make himself and the world better. Now, look at yerself; just a young gentleman still at yer books; I'll wager you have thoughts a-plenty on that subject, an' grand plans fer human betterment simmerin' in yer brain, an' already workin' out at yer fingers' ends."

"Well, thinkin' along this line I came to wonderin' why so many men fall short o' being what they really want to be in their hearts. Why are they always a bit of a disappointment to themselves, even though they may make a pretty good showin' to others? Because they don't realize that they've got it in their power to be the boss in their own lives."

Just then the sight of Talfourd's little girl and boy running across the lawn in advance of their governess caught our attention and we stopped a moment to watch them.

"Nice pair o' kiddies," said Hopkins then; and all the kindly wrinkles around his eyes came into play. "When I was young an' my kiddies were growin' up — they're all scattered now, but dom' well; each an' all of 'em, thank God! — when I was young, I say, I was mighty proud o' my little home — that is, we was, my wife and I, an' didn't we have dreams o' them children growin' up into something strong an' grand! But it took courage to do the necessary trainin' — makin' 'em mind, ye know, when they wanted to do something older folks could see wasn't good for them, like takin' too much molasses on their porridge, fr instance. Well, my kids all had a will o' their own, as all kids should have; an' you may just fancy we had some stormy scenes sometimes."

"Well, it didn't take me long to find out that them children wasn't goin' to obey me unless I could make myself obey myself. Fer ye see, I found there was something in me that wanted to do some o' the very same things I korrected the kids fer dom' — wantin' more molasses than was good fer me, same as the children; an' wantin' my own way in a number o' things that something else in me knew wouldn't lead to any good. Just like a willful, undeveloped child; exactly, but situated right in myself."

"Now, I put it to you, young man, if you would

consider it as easy to say 'No' to this kid in yerself when it wanted its own way, as it would be to say it to yer little brother, fr instance, when he wanted his own way. You study the matter quietly by yerself, an' you'll be surprised how much clearer ye can see what the other fellow ought not to do, than what you, yerself, ought not to do. Somehow, we get ter lookin' cross-eyed, an' thinkin' that if it's something we want, why surely it must be all right, fer we're honest an' well-meanin' enough. But so does the other fellow think that."

"What we got to do, don't yer see, is to develop a sense o' justice an' proportion, an' not give ourselves one indulgence that we'd deny to another man. Ye've got ter git outside o' yerself, an' look upon that willful child *inside* o' yerself with no more favor than ye would any other child or man. An' when it tries ter git over ye with its wants and desires, learn ter say No as firmly an' finally as ye would say it to a child o' yer own that ye loved."

"Lookin' back sixty year, I can remember my kid brother that was only three or four when I was fourteen or so. Mother had died an' left us, an' I natchelly took a hand with the little 'uns. I tell you I set great store by that little fellow! I couldn't bear ter see him spoiled an' helped ter ferget in double-quick time the God-wonder (so to speak) that he brought into the world with him. I loved him that well, ye see, that I wanted never ter see the selfish side o' him git the uppermost; an' when folks 'ud come around a-worshipin' of him, an' talkin' idiot baby-talk ter him, it nigh made me sick."

"Now, why don't we feel the same way about ourselves? Love our real selves enough ter want ter give 'em a chance; impatient o' flattery or anything else that gives the weaker side of us a chance to have the whole show? So, as I said before, let's take the lead, an' not spoil ourselves any more than we'd spoil our children. Why,—"

"Please, Hopkins, can we help you dig up your 'tatoes?'" came a childish voice from beyond the dahlia-bed. And there stood the two children expectantly, too eager for any refusal.

"Too hard work fer you, I'm afraid," answered Hopkins readily; "but you can gather 'em up an' put 'em in the basket if yer want to." And with that old Hopkins closed his book, or rather turned the page, and we spent the next hour or two being children again ourselves.

M. S.

As to Your Eyes: The Prison Doctor's Talk

(Reprinted by request)

I KNOW, of course, that some of you are in trouble about your eyes, failing sight and more and more difficulty in reading at night. The light in your cells

is not any too good, unfortunately, and some amount of eye-strain is unavoidable. Many cannot afford to buy the glasses they need, too, and so I thought that a little talk about the care of the eyes would be useful.

Few people realize that the eyes are as much benefited by special exercises and gymnastics as any other part of the body; though, as they are small and get a lot of exercise anyhow, the gymnastics will not need much time. But if you will do them most of you will find that you can postpone for years the time when glasses are required — if at all.

By the time bedtime comes, you have perhaps been reading for two or three hours in the poor light of your cells. The eyes are naturally strained and tired, may ache a little, and are more or less congested.

Now it is just before bedtime, *when you don't intend to read another word*, that the five minutes of fruitful exercise will come in.

There are several items to consider. First, the muscles attached to the outside of the eyeball whose work is partly to move it about and partly to flatten it or elongate it a little for purposes of accommodation to near or far vision. There is also a muscle *inside* the eyeball which acts on the lens for increase or decrease of its curvature. And lastly there is the eyeball as a whole with its humors, nerves and blood-vessels.

As the years go on, the eyeball as a whole and the lens inside it tend like other organs to become stiffer, less elastic, and the effort to accommodate for near vision therefore more difficult. It is this stiffening that we have to prevent or as far as possible, cure. And we do it by giving the eyes a regular massage and cold bath. These also give tone to the little blood-vessels and nerves, relieve the congestion caused by the strain of reading, and, in an indirect way, enable the brain to quiet down better for sleep. For the brain is very sensitive to strained conditions in the eye.

Massage of the eyeball means compressing it. You can rub the eye, gently but firmly and deeply, with the fingers, from the inner corner outwards, and reversely, for a minute or two. Then you can rotate the eye in a circle, up, to the left, down, to the right and up again — eight or ten times, strained to the limit in every direction. Do another minute of the same rotation, but this time under the tightly closed lids. This is making the lids do one of their most important bits of work — massage of the globe.

After a minute or two of all this, keeping up the movements till the muscles feel rather tired, put your face under water, open the eyes, and go on rolling them around so that the water reaches all the way in under both lids. And finish by sloshing the water against the eyes till they feel chilled. Don't use them for reading any more that night, not a word, and the very next morning you will feel some benefit from what you have done. Keep it up, and in a month or two you are quite likely to find that you no longer

need your glasses, or not nearly as much as you did. Defective vision even from childhood can sometimes be remedied and always bettered in this way.

If you want to make a perfect job of this exercising business, try this also, before you get to the cold water stage of the program. Lightly close one eye, and with the other open bring a page of print gradually so near to it that you can only read with great strain. The smaller the print the better. Carry the page further and further back, thus relaxing the strain, till it is as far away as your arm allows. Then look on beyond the page to the door of your cell. You can feel something going on in the eye, a tightening as the page comes close, a relaxing as you gradually increase the distance, still more as you look at the grating of the door, through the grating to the other side of the corridor, and, in imagination, beyond that to some star or very distant light. Then you tighten up again and gradually come back to the close-up page.

That is the exercise. First letting the eye be quite relaxed, as if on that imaginary star. Drawing it up a little for the other side of the corridor, up more for the door, up more for the close-up page. But then try to learn to do it without the page, by a simple effort of will, tightening and tightening as if the page were coming closer, then suddenly relaxing on the star, then slowly back again to the imagined page. Do this about half a dozen times with or without the book, with each eye separately. Then the cold water.

All this sounds troublesome, but it will not take more than five minutes and is well worth doing. In the morning you need not do it again, merely putting your face under water with open eyes and sloshing them well after. Ditto each time in the day when you wash your face.

Finally it is worth noting that even these little eye exercises, persisted in without a let-up whether one is tired or not, night by night, become also an exercise of the power of persistence of purpose, the power of will, in short, and for that reason profitable to the whole man and available in all his other activities. We can all resolve to do things; only that man is worth anything who can keep his resolve alive till the thing is done.

[The Christos Spirit]

"Not as a Flame will he come,
But with the Evening wind,
And in the blessedness of the mind
Thus will he come.

"Not in thunder will he come,
But in a voice so still,
As to break the world's will
Thus will he come."

— Uncaptioned verses by H. W. Massingham

The Will

John Addington Symonds

BLAME not the times in which we live,
Nor Fortune frail and fugitive,
Blame not thy parents, nor the rule
Of vice or wrong once learned at school,
But blame thyself, O man!

Although both heaven and earth combined
To mold thy flesh and form thy mind,
Though every thought, word, action, will,
Was framed by powers beyond thee, still
Thou art thyself, O man!

And self to take or leave is free,
Feeling its own sufficiency;
In spite of science, spite of fate,
The judge within thee, soon or late,
Will blame but thee, O man!

Say not, "I would, but could not"—He
Should bear the blame who fashioned me—
Call you mere change of motive choice!—
Scorning such pleas, the inner voice
Cries, "Thine the deed, O man!"—*Selected*

The Parting of the Ways

Joseph B. Child

BEFORE thy feeble ways divide,
One path leads up to heights sublime;
The other downward slopes, where hide
The refuse and the wrecks of Time
Choose then, nor falter at the start,
O choose the nobler path and part!
Be thou the guardian of the weak,
Of the unfriended, thou the friend,
No guardian for thy valor seek,
No end beyond the avowed end,
Wouldst thou thy godlike power preserve,
Be godlike in the will to serve!—*Selected*

The Inevitable

Sarah Knowles Bolton

I LIKE the man who faces what he must
With step triumphant and a heart of cheer,
Who fights the daily battle without fear,
Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unflinching trust
That God is God,—that somehow, true and just

His plans work out for mortals; not a tear
Is shed when fortune, which the world holds dear,
Falls from his grasp—better, with love, a crust
Than living in dishonor; craves not,
Nor loses faith in man, but does his best,
Nor ever murmurs at his humbler lot;
But, with a smile and words of hope, gives zest
To every toiler. He alone is great
Who by a life, heroic conquers fate!—*Selected*

Special Notice

THE NEW WAY was established by 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

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 on every plane of being 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, because he himself is God incarnate. This noble doctrine was in the mind of Jesus when he said that we must be perfect even as is the Father in Heaven. This is the idea of human perfectibility. It will destroy the awful theory of inherent original sin which has held and ground down the western Christian nations for centuries.

"The third idea is the illustration, the proof, the high result of the others. 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 men. These Helpers as living facts and high ideals will fill the soul with hope, will themselves help all who wish to raise the human race.

"Let us not forget these three great ideas."

William Q. Judge

"In each man dwell two creatures: one blind and carnal, and the other seeing and spiritual. The seeing, the spiritual part of man we call conscience. What is then the conscience? It is the voice of that one spiritual being that dwells in all of us."

Count Tolstoy

"We are conscious of an animal in us, which awakens in proportion as our higher nature slumbers. It is reptile and sensual, and perhaps cannot be wholly expelled. Possibly we may withdraw from it, but never change its nature. I fear that it may enjoy a health of its own, that we may be well yet not pure. The other day I picked up the lower jaw of a hog, with white and sound teeth and tusks, which suggested that there is an animal health and vigor distinct from the spiritual. . . . Who knows what sort of life would result if we had attained to purity? Yet the spirit can for the time pervade and control every member and function of the body. . . . Man flows at once to God when the channel of purity is open. By turns our purity inspires and our impurity casts us down. He is blessed who is assured that the animal in him is dying out in him day by day, and the divine being established. Perhaps there is none but has cause for shame on account of the inferior and brutish nature to which he is allied."—Thoreau

"At any moment in every life the hour of revelation may be at hand."—Katherine Tingley

"THE body is that mirror of living matter in which the new come soul looks at itself, but sees only that little of itself that matter can reflect (and in reflecting, distorts). Then it mistakes the reflection for its whole and primal self and goes on its way through a lifetime of illusion as to its own nature, recovering itself again only at the illuminating hour of what we call death—which is therefore awakening. But it can awaken during life—after much care and trouble. For the reflection has acquired a will and life of its own, is full of likings and dislikings and desires, and is ceaselessly occupied in thoughts concerned with these and with the other reflections that make up our social world of men and women. So it is not easily silenced so that in that silence the soul may once more become fully conscious of itself. For living matter, whereof the mirror of personality is made, is like all matter, in ceaseless interior motion, and these motions, so difficultly stilled, are visible to the soul as the ceaseless play of its mind in brain. It is this mind-work that it mistakes for itself, saying / think. Here is the entangling confusion and difficulty."

THE REAL MAN

"A REAL MAN never talks about what the world owes him, the happiness he deserves, and the chances he ought by right to have, and all that."

"A real man is just as honest in the dark in his own room as he is in public."

"A real man does not want pulls and favors. He wants work and honest wages."

"A real man does not want something for nothing, so the get-rich-quick people cannot use him."

"A real man does a little more than he promises."

"A real man is loyal to his friends and guards their reputations as his own."

"A real man cannot harm a woman, physically or morally. He sticks to his wife. He can be loyal even if love is impossible."

"A real man minds his own business. He does not judge other persons beyond sure knowledge—not presuming to search hearts."

"A real man has excuses for others, never for himself. He is patient and charitable to others; to himself he is strict."

"A real man does not hunt danger, but never dodges it when he ought to meet it."

"A real man is glad to live and not afraid to die."

The Riverside

"EVERY man is the builder of a temple, called his body, to the god he worships. We are all sculptors and puffers, and our material is our own flesh and blood and bones. Any nobleness begins at once to refine a man's features, any meanness or sensuality to imbrute them."—Thoreau

For Prisoners and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or not

There's always a way to come through, my lads,
There's always a way to come through. — Old Song

57.626 OK
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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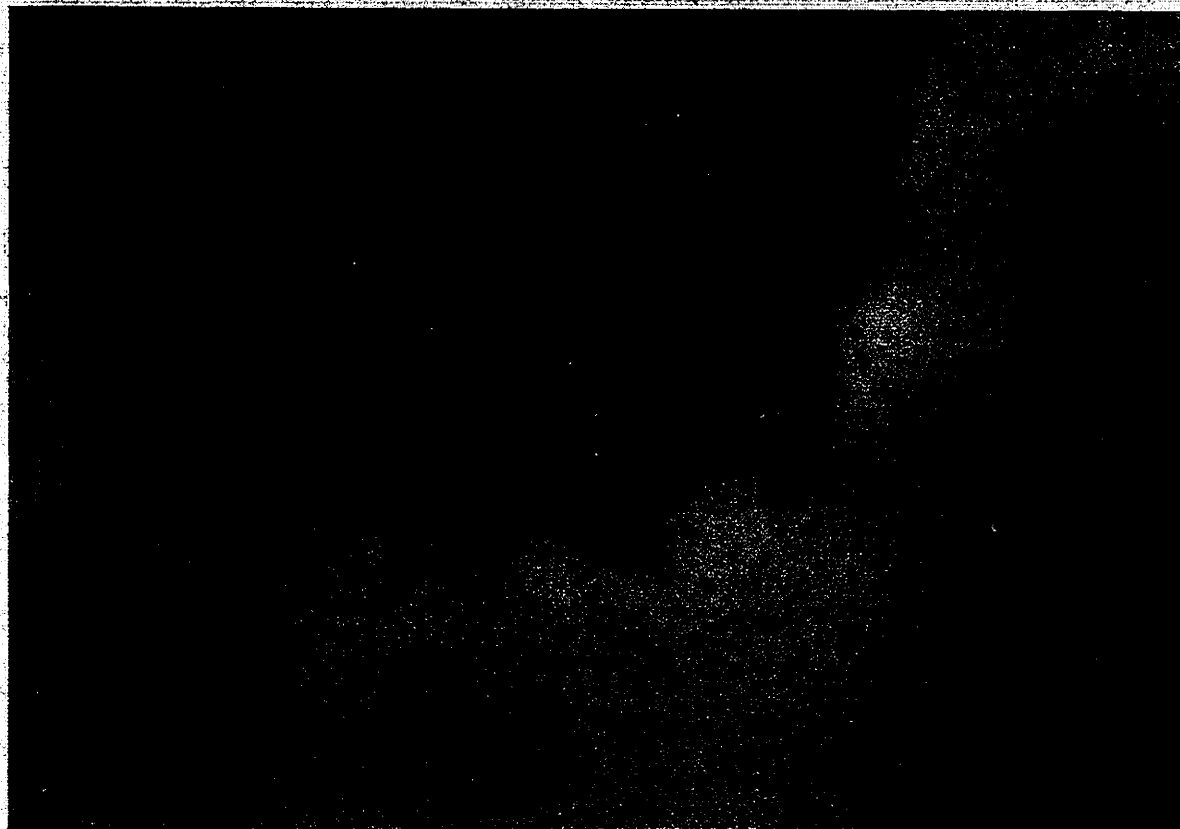
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CAUGHT ON THE WING. A LIVING AEROPLANE

The Promise of Human Life

*From an extempore address delivered by
Katherine Tingley in Berlin on her recent European tour*

THE secret of the contrasts in human nature is that man does not know himself. He has no assurance of his divine qualities. He uses his mental

faculties exclusively, and consequently his soul is a stranger to himself. He is a mystery to himself, just as you are all mysteries to yourselves. No matter how much you study, no matter how much you know, or how far you are advanced in certain aspects of spiritual knowledge, you are still mysteries to yourselves, and ever will be until you find the explanation

of who and what man is, whence he comes, and whither he goes. While he is divine in his possibilities, yet in the flesh-house in which he lives, he has the weaknesses of human nature: he is dual in nature, and not until the brain can comprehend that duality, can it comprehend the spiritual power of man to convert the detrimental part of his nature and bring him to the knowledge of himself. Not until then will he find himself.

We are but little children along the path of life. But if we can acquaint ourselves with the spiritual side of our natures, we shall not have to have any brain-mind investigation, but we shall find ourselves; we shall find ourselves above the perplexities of human life; we shall find ourselves growing, ascending, and above all things, we shall find ourselves *knowing, knowing*.

We should place man in a very high position, because he is essentially divine. Remember that! He is divine in essence. He has his weaknesses, his idiosyncrasies, his peculiarities, and even his vices; but he has *within* his nature the possibility of the divine man.

I have seen a man so degraded, so far away from truth and honor and decency and manhood, that he had very little appearance of being anything but a degraded animal; and yet, when I am gone, you will some day read of the wonderful experiences I have had for more than thirty years, in absolutely demonstrating that man is essentially divine — that he has within him potential qualities that can pull him up from the depths of error and place him in a position where he can go out and meet humanity bravely, and work manfully, honorably, and divinely.

Let the mind look into its own nature and enlarge its conception of God, its conception of life, the beauty of life, the glory of life, the wonder of life. The moment we do this we are lifted above this plane of living that has brought us so much that we cannot understand — and we get a conception of a great world and many worlds, more than we have ever before seen or dreamed of and of the greatness of life and the greatness of the Divine.

But first of all, man must find himself. "Man, know thyself!" Man must find himself. He must draw the line between the higher, spiritual man, and the lower, animal man. Then he will immediately have a new conception of the meaning of human life. If a man depends upon the brain-mind alone, he can reason himself out of reason. But let him put the brain-mind in its proper place, and then find that inner state of consciousness, that wonderful enlightenment, that no words can describe. When he does this, then he is the master of his own life, and as far as he develops, he is the master of the world.

We must teach our children that the Divine is love. We must set aside the old idea that the Divine is a punishing, revengeful, jealous God. If God is

love, God is not punishing and revengeful. The Divine does not punish us. We are not punished; *but we punish ourselves* through our ignorance, by our lack of knowledge of who we are, why we are here, what life means, and of the grandeur and the glory of the inner life of man.

Think how humanity today is weighed down with its own mistakes — how it tries to 'love God' and it cannot! Why? Because it is not logically consistent to any human mind to love a God that punishes, that is revengeful and jealous. All these teachings about God should be taken out of your vocabulary, out of our children's minds, out of your schools; and in place you should emphasize the love of the Divine in man, the love of the Divine manifest in each one, because each one of you has an immortal side to his nature. You are here today. Tomorrow you may die. But the spiritual soul, with its aspirations, with its conceptions, with its devotion, with its sacrifice, with its love for the true and the beautiful, lives on and on.

Realize this duality of man, which the Ancient Wisdom teaches! It teaches that the spiritual man lives on forever with his memories of all that is noble and pure; but that other part that held him *down*, that made him forget his own soul that degraded him, all that goes out when the body dies.

But we must first put the brain-mind where it belongs. Educate the mentality and use it; but admit that there is something higher, something eternal, something that is moving along the path to overcome and to conquer. This is what we are here for. We are here to test ourselves, to find our strength, our spiritual strength, and to be so sure of it, that it will be impossible for us to drift away from our divine heritage.

If you keep the mind constantly attuned only to mental conceptions, you do not even have one half-light on your deepest problems. But if the mentality can have its education, its opportunities, and then if the spiritual can have its place, there is a blending of the realities and of the tangible and possible things in life. And when one is in that position, one can so easily set aside so many of the old and misleading ideas.

And there we have the man ascending, climbing, with his ideals not a thousand miles away, not for Sunday only and forgotten on every other day, but for every day the ideals, aspirations, and the supreme consciousness of his essential divinity as an ever-present reality.

Hit the Mark

by WILLIAM QUAN JUDGE

ARCHERY is a practice that symbolizes concentration. There is the archer, the arrow, the bow, and the target to be hit. To reach the mark

it is necessary to concentrate the mind, the eye, and the body upon many points at once, while at the same time the string must be let go without disturbing the aim. The draw of the string with the arrow must be even and steady on the line of sight, and when grasp, draw, aim, and line are perfected, the arrow must be loosed smoothly at the moment of full draw, so that by the bow's recoil it may be carried straight to the mark. So those who truly seek wisdom are *spiritual* archers, trying to hit *their* mark.

In archery a firm position must be assumed, and in the pursuit of truth this firm position must be taken up and not relaxed, if the object in view is to be ever attained. The eye must not wander from the target, for, if it does, the arrow will fly wide or fall short of its goal. So if we start out to reach the goal of wisdom, the mind and heart must not be permitted to wander, for the path is narrow and the wanderings of a day may cause us years of effort to find the road again.

The quality of the bow makes a great difference in the results attained by the archer. If it is not a good bow of strong texture and with a good spring to it, the missiles will not fly straight or with sufficient force to do the work required. And so with the man himself who is his own bow; if he has not the sort of nature that enables him to meet all the requirements, his work as a spiritual archer will fall that much short.

The archer says too that the bow often seems to alter with the weather or other earthly changes, and will on some days do much better work than on others. The same thing is found by the observing student, who comes to know that he too is subject from time to time to changes in his nature which enable him to accomplish more and to be nearer the spiritual condition. But the string of the bow must always be strung tight, and thus, in spiritual archery, is the fixed determination always to strive for the goal.

When the arrow is aimed and loosed it must be slightly raised to allow for the trajectory, for if not it will fall short. This corresponds on its plane with one of the necessities of our human constitution, in that we must have a high mental and spiritual aim if we are to hit high. We cannot go quite as high as the aim, but have to thus allow for the trajectory that comes about from the limitations of our nature; the trajectory of the arrow is due to the force of gravity acting on it, and our aspirations have the same curve in consequence of the calls of the senses, hereditary defects, and wrong habits that never permit us to do as much as we would wish to do.

Let us hit the mark, O friend! and that mark is the Indestructible, the highest spiritual life we are at any time capable of.

[Reprinted from *The Path*, the magazine which Mr. Judge founded and edited until his death in 1896]

Man and his Mind

"NOT on your life!" said the man vehemently, as I passed him. Then he was conscious that he had spoken aloud and looked suspiciously around him.

"It's all right, old chap, nobody heard but me," I said, "and we all do it anyhow."

This was cheek, of course, but it came out before I could think. He looked at me closely and finally grinned.

"You're rather a new sort," he said, and in a quieter manner. "But what do you mean by everybody doing it? 'Tisn't everybody that talks himself out on the public street. It's a way I'm getting into these last years. My wife says I must stop it, says I'll land up in a lunatic asylum if I don't."

"Well," I said, "we're all lunatics in a way. It's just a question of degree. When a man really thinks that people are around him who aren't there at all, and talks to them and quarrels with them, then he's a lunatic by legal definition. But we're all doing the same in our minds without actually thinking the people are really there. Much of our mental life runs along in these imaginary talks. The man who can think directly of topics, real subjects, and follow his thought along, occupied only with that, no imaginary listeners, not splitting himself into listener and talker, why, he's a rare bird. I guess Edison can do it, and poets and musicians and great writers when their inspiration is on them. That's why they're great. It's a great power, that, of not thinking towards other people — in fact the power of mental silence on everything but one real topic or subject-matter, or even complete mental silence at will as to everything."

"Mental vacancy!" And he laughed. "I never heard of that before as a great power."

"Oh well," I said, "what we usually mean by mental vacancy is mental *fullness* with incoherent rags and tags of thought, like the mind of a half sleeping dog; half thoughts playing about and vanishing like mice on a garret floor. You wouldn't call a garret vacant if it was full of old crazy dusty disused furniture, accumulations of a generation, and run all over with mice and cockroaches."

"What I mean by vacancy in the real sense is holding the mind quite steady and still in preparation for realizing something — like a composer who feels he's just going to get something from 'upstairs' and keeps silent all through him in preparation for what's coming. If he keeps thinking of something else and remembers that last talk with Jones and yesterday's unpleasant little scene with Smith and the funny story Brown told him and the other that he told Brown, etc., etc., why it's obvious he won't get much of the upstairs touch."

"And that's why we go through life without

getting anywhere. It's only in the moments of direct realization that we get somewhere. Where are you getting when you recall that scene with Brown telling you the funny story and you telling him another in return? Ninety-nine per cent. of our mentality is occupied with imaginary scenes with people that aren't there, what you said or wish you had said and what they said. Sometimes they're nearly as vivid as if they were real; downright exhausting too.

"A man told me once that after a little tiff with his wife at breakfast he would go down town with it still working in his mind till in a few hours his brain was worn out with the imaginary tongue-lashings he was giving her and the sinister picture of her shortcomings that his imagination developed. Maybe he spoke out some of it just as you did when I passed you. It's all more or less insanity—from the extreme degree where a man actually thinks his imagined interlocutors are real, down through the lesser degrees where the pictured people are just real enough to talk out aloud to, as you did, to the quiet undercurrent of talk to other people, arguing with them or telling them what you think or what you intend to do that nearly all of us carry on so much of the time. A man only begins to get to his real self, *out of his personality*, when he stops all this and really thinks."

"*Out of his personality?*" said the other.

"Yes. The personality is what does this sort of thing and is all centered around I. *I'll do this, I'll have that, I guess I can make good there,* and so on. Let's say that a man's real self, beyond his personality, only begins to become known to him when he can refuse right of way to any of that personal self-chatter, in fact when he holds and rules his mind for what's useful and real, when he bosses it instead of listening to it.

"They talk about a man's duty to save his soul, and as I see it the first step in that is to save it from being all clouded over with the mentality and give it its rightful place as ruler. And then, when a man's found himself he can begin to count himself as sane. An animal can't rule its mind. It's only in doing that that we separate ourselves off from the whole animal kingdom and find ourselves as *men*, human, and so win the chance to realize our divinity. And with that come a lot of other realizations—our immortality, for instance. We're immortals, furnished by nature with a mortal mind for purposes of life here on earth. That's 'saving the soul.'"

"Well," he said, "this is an earful. Take my card and look me up some evening." REPORTER

Wings

THE evening was very hot, and I sat on the porch hoping for a breath of wind, while looking through some old notes dating from my university days, for

information about the speed of light. I found what I wanted in a lecture on astronomy: light traveled 186,000 miles a second, and at this speed the light from some of the distant stars would take 1,000,000 years to get to earth.

I remembered the lecture well. It was on just such an unbearably hot day, and the genial old Professor, well-loved by us all, would momentarily let his attention stray from the subject. He would come to himself suddenly and look around the class sternly, as though daring anyone to smile. We knew his thoughts had wandered to a certain shady corner under the willows, where he spent much time fishing, but we liked him too well to discomfort him.

I moved away from the porch light. Ants were swarming near by, and attracted by the light, made themselves a nuisance. Their immediate purpose in life, having alighted, seemed to be to wriggle free of their wings and then get out of sight, under the table, into the crevices of the floor, down behind one's collar, anywhere away from the light.

While looking for the item about light, many of the other notes had recalled memories of student days. In particular there was a lecture on *Evolution in its Relation to Psychology*, which had been marked by an unusual interest. This Professor had gotten a live subject to illustrate some of his points. The public hospital was near the university, and of those who passed along the road to it, the Professor had induced a tough but miserable-looking fellow, by a bribe of a few dollars, to come in and be on view, stipulating, however, that he was to allow his hair to be cut short.

The Professor had various models of skulls, prehistoric and otherwise, and he wished to make comparisons, he said, with a modern low type. The owner of the modern low type displayed very little interest in the proceedings, he confirmed one remark during the lecture, and made a comment at the end.

The Professor was noted as a cold-blooded man, and I think most of the students felt a sympathy for the 'live subject' as his peculiarities were mercilessly displayed, as shown by the shape of his close-cropped head. The well-marked animal propensities were pointed out, modified perhaps in the square jaw. "For instance," said the Professor, "there might be a strong addiction to drink, but a resistance to drugs. The subject livened up at this remark and chimed in emphatically: "No dope in mine, Gv'nor."

He might as well have been stuffed, for all the notice the Professor took of his remark. The lecture proceeded to its end, and then without any change from his cold manner, the Professor did a thing difficult for us to account for: he took the 'live one's' hat, put a few dollars in it, and passed it over to the class, asking whether they would like to add to it, remarking that the 'subject' looked none too well supplied with food. It pleased us to add to it, and we were

well rewarded by the way our 'subject' regarded the proceeding, and by his final remark. He stood with head on one side and eyes narrowed, watching his hat on its tour and wondering where the catch was.

When his hat was returned to him with a full handful of silver in it, his bewilderment was comical. His muttered comment was: "You bozos is sure nutty!" as he went off with his hat screwed tightly in one hand, caressing his shaven head with the other, apparently trying to relate the hair cut to the money.

I could see him reach the gate, from where I sat at the window. He had gotten over his dazed condition and began to whoop with delight. He searched his clothes for a safe pocket and started to stow the money away. And then he did a thing that brought an astonished "What do you think of that!" to my lips. Passing by was a poverty-stricken woman, limping to the hospital, with a little girl at her side. I saw the 'modern low type' go up behind the child and speak to her, whereupon she turned and held out her frock, into which he tossed quite a few coins and then hurried away with another whoop.

I have often speculated on the curious phenomenon of two radically different centers of action in all of us. In the midst of brutality we will find generosity; in the cold and callous will unexpectedly spring up compassion. I have listened to a fellow student read a paper on the subject of International Peace: one half of a sentence would ring with selfless feeling for the needs of the world, the other half would be lifeless with vanity. "How am I shaping before the class?" Yes, there is certainly a good side and a bad in all of us — the angel and the demon. But as to how it came about —?

It was entirely too hot to follow up such a problem just then, I thought. My attention idly wandered back to the ants, and I wondered why they should be so attracted by the light, and then, having come to it, they should drop their wings and get away from the light. Another problem — no, I couldn't follow it up just then.

I watched the insects fluttering in to the light, and my mind reverted to the lecture on astronomy. Could one imagine anything with wings flying at the speed of light — 186,000 miles a second? Suppose there were wondrous, winged, immortal creatures inhabiting the great spaces of the skies, and that they could travel at the speed of light. They could fly for a million years in one direction, and then only arrive at another universe, itself containing similar vast distances!

But if there were such creatures it wasn't at all likely that they would have a free range like that. Would they not be subject to some great law of necessity, some duty which they must fulfil, just as these ants must follow out their cycle of life? All nature seemed to work that way, the mighty suns and planets are bound in orbits to fulfil some purpose.

Now here was an idea that might explain the two selves in us! Suppose that there had been, somewhere in the universe, immortal beings, even if not with wings, yet with winged imaginations making them free from the limitations of human life as we know it. Suppose that, like the simple ants, they were subject to some great law of Nature, a necessity, demanding that they come to our earth to enlighten and lift it higher with their presence! Perhaps we are just that, divine beings enmeshed in animal propensities, trying to express our real nature, but continually foiled by the strong urge of the animal in us; and, like the ants, returning again and again to our winged state.

Why not — why not? Some few amongst us — poets, philosophers, artists, musicians — have that free-winged imagination.

Over the floor under the lamp there were hundreds of discarded wings scattered about. . . . How lavish Nature is with wings! . . . D.

"Ripeness Is All"

THERE'S some medicines and salves, said the doctor, that act a heap better if you put them aside for three months or so instead of using them at once. Some kind of ripening goes on, as with whisky, though the test-tube chemistry of them might not show any difference.

Same with a man. Now and then some hustling, active chap gets struck down with a bad hip or a gunshot wound or something that lays him out on his back for a long spell, months maybe, or more. He fumes and frets of course; but if you'll take notice of him after it's over you'll find he's not altogether the same chap as he was before. Riper, a bit wiser, more hold of himself, a deeper view of life, tenderer and more considerate.

Same with some of those chaps in jail. Laid by the heels with a jerk for more or less of a spell. Some of them, those that take the thing right, ripen, develop character, just like the man with a hip or gunshot wound.

Suppose the salve there in that ointment-pot was to squeal to me that it wasn't being put to any useful purpose, wanted to get to work right away, couldn't see anything but injustice and waste of its good material in being left alone month after month buried in the dark.

You wait, I'd say. Don't you think I'm as anxious as you to do the best with all the materials in my charge? Just you trust me. When you're ripe and ready you'll find I'm just as ready as you to let you out to the best work you've got it in you to do, better work than you hope for.

Or a seed dropped off the mother tree. Wants

to start being a tree right away. You wait, says Nature. I've got six months ripening to do in you before I let you crack your husk. Think I don't know what's best for you? It's the fine tree you're going to be that I'm thinking of.

Now, if I'm anyhow wise in the treatment of that boxed-up ointment, and Nature's wise in the treatment of that discontented seed, Nature and I seeing and arranging the best future of that ointment or that seed — why isn't the Power that runs this universe — which any man can feel about him and in him, if he will — why isn't this Living Compassion and Wisdom — for that's what it is — just as well to be trusted by us humans when it lays us by the heels for a good spell, or shuts us right off from the line of work and activity that we'd like to be rushing ahead with right away, coats off and shirt-sleeves up?

Maybe it's something new altogether that we're being prepared for, something we've never thought of and that the ripening has just exactly fitted us for, something that it'll be a new joy to do. Like as not we can't appreciate what's going on in us in the ripening line — not till it's over. But the ripening's going on just the same.

I was going to say nothing can hinder it. But I don't know. Anyhow the man will be *something* the better for it, *something* good hidden somewhere in him ripened up a bit, even if he whines and grouches or fumes from one end of the spell to the other, though it mayn't show till a mighty long time after — maybe another life. Man's no short-lived creature I tell you, nothing with an existence you can measure in years. And it's the long issues that the Great Compassion's got in view, the tree hidden in the seed.

Trust is the keynote for us. Take what comes on you and try to see what there is in it for you, and you'll find it sure as fate. Here am I all useless, says the ointment — and all the time it's preparing for real work.

A man's better than an ointment. There isn't any situation that ever any of us was dropped into that didn't give him the chance of doing something for his own good and the good of others — if it's only the influence he throws out from himself in meeting it in the right mind. And that way he keeps his spiritual energy at its highest work in him. Which is ripening.

"Ripeness is all," said Shakespeare, meaning that it's the all-important thing for us to see about. All this universe is a ripening house for men — the men we're going to be sometime.

STUDENT

His Rose

(Translated from the Diary of a Russian prisoner)

SOMETHING, I don't know what, had made me think of roses that day. Maybe it was the breath of spring in the air, maybe the scent blown into the

yard from the garden beyond, where so few of us had the chance of going. So I went back to my cell thinking of roses. Roses would be the last thing you would be likely to associate with a cell. But a picture of a rose sprig came into my mind, a little stem with some leaves and one sweet, full, red flower on the top nodding to me.

And then I began to think: Why shouldn't I keep on imagining that, perhaps in a little glass on my table, as real as if it was actually there, scent and all?

I did it, and in a few days I could almost see and smell it. Every time I came in, there it was, sending to me a kind of welcome. It was mine, my child, born of my fancy, and I loved it.

Then I thought: Perhaps that's the way the whole world is, thoughts thought in a mind, a great mind.

A rose made out of my mind. But my mind is living; it's me, a live thinker. Then why aren't the things my mind makes and that live in it, in a way really alive too? Mayn't that be the way the Great Mind thinks all of us into livingness, starts us out upon life — and loves us the same as I love my rose? Maybe love's at the back of things and the *unlove's* been put into them by us men.

This is a diary that nobody's going to see, while I'm alive at any rate. And I'll put down the truth even if the nobody that sees it reckons me a liar.

The jailor came into my cell one day, a little after I'd begun making the rose in my imagination. He began talking about roses! "Seems to me," he said, "as if you ought to have one to stand in a glass on that table. Fond of roses?"

I could not believe my own ears. But I said I was mighty fond of roses.

"I'll get you one," he said. And he went out, was away some little time. "I thought I'd pick you out a nice one," he said when he got back. The one he'd brought was the very image of the one I'd made for myself, same leaves, same flower nodding at me from the top of the stem!

Now I say, wasn't the rose in my mind a living thing? The jailor didn't exactly see it, at least he saw it without seeing it, saw it clear enough to hunt up one just like it, though he thought he was just after his own idea.

I wonder if we can get to know and somehow communicate with that Great Mind that thought out everything us and whatever else there is? If it thought us out it must love us the same as I love the rose.

The jailor's a hard man, cold as steel. But why did he do me that good turn? I was in the way of loving my rose, the thing I had created in my mind. Did he get a bit of my feeling of love as well as my thought? I suppose I was throwing it out all around and he came inside of the throw. How well things would go if everybody were to get throwing that sort of thing around! We'd get to understand the

Great Mind that throws it around all the time and has us all in its love. Love's the natural principle of things, at that rate, and if we throw out enough of it we would get it ourselves.

Love and imagination. I mustn't forget imagination. Love energizing imagination, that's the secret of creation.

I'll never get out of this place. But I don't seem to care as much as I did. Seems as if I'd discovered something. The Great Mind is all around, and when I die out of this cell and this body I guess I can come to that Mind and know all about it and take up something it may want me to do. I'll make ready by cultivating love and imagination. There must be some good ways to do that, though I don't exactly see where and how yet. I can imagine the Great Mind all about me anyhow, and love it.

A Creed

John Maschfeld (noted English novelist and poet)

I HOLD that when a person dies
His soul returns again to earth;
Arrayed in some new flesh disguise
Another mother gives him birth,
With sturdier limbs and brighter brain
The old soul takes the road again.

Such is my own belief and trust;
This hand, the hand that holds the pen,
Has many a hundred times been dust
And turned as dust to dust again;
These eyes of mine have blinked and shone
In Thebes, in Troy, in Babylon.

All that I rightly think or do,
Or make, or spoil, or bless, or blast,
Is curse or blessing justly due
For sloth or effort in the past.
My life's a statement of the sum
Of vice indulged or overcome.

I know that in my lives to be
My sorry heart will ache and burn,
And worship, unavailingly,
The woman whom I used to spurn,
And shake to see another have
The love I spurned, the love she gave.

And I shall know, in angry words,
In gibes, and mocks, and many a tear,
A carrion flock of homing birds,
The gibes and scorns I uttered here;
The brave word that I failed to speak
Will brand me dastard on the cheek.

And as I wander on the roads
I shall be helped and healed and blessed;
Dear words shall cheer and be as goads
To urge to heights before unguessed.
My road shall be the road I made;
All that I gave shall be repaid.

So shall I fight, so shall I tread,
In this long war beneath the stars;
So shall a glory wreath my head,
So shall I faint and show the scars,
Until this case, this clogging mold,
Be smithied all to kingly gold.— *Selected*

Special Notice

THE NEW WAY was established by 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

"RELIGION in the true sense is a bond uniting men together—not a particular set of dogmas and beliefs."—*H. P. Blavatsky*

"Do *anything*, so that it helps others; and that will help you a hundred times more than if the same effort were expended on yourself."—*W. Q. Judge*

"If, as we know, the chiefest of all mind-darkness is ill-will, hate, suspicion, it follows that the chiefest of mind-enlighteners is good-will, good feeling, compassion, charity, kindness."—*Katherine Tingley*

"THERE is self-destruction, even on physical lines, in carrying an atmosphere of wrong thought. We have it in our power not only to build our bodies into health, but to retain that health very much longer than the allotted 'three-score years and ten.' This I *know*; and I hold it a duty to work towards this end, by right thinking and abstemious and thoughtful living. Moreover, in such an effort, if it is made unselfishly, we can positively temper our bodies, much as metal can be tempered, so that they are unaffected by things that would put a strain upon them ordinarily."—*Katherine Tingley*

"I AM persuaded that within the being of each man there is an ideal self so much higher than the self of ordinary life that he who should become fully aware of it would think himself in the presence of a god."—*Dr. E. Hadley*

"HARD and weary was my life, and the years stretched gray, threatening, and promiseless in front. Thus I dwelt sunless.

"But with search and silence I found at last the life within. There came by moments a lifting of the gloom, as it were a faint light; then surety; then a great dawn, joy, peace, a new presence within me. And thereafter I cared nothing what might be the outer life, for the inner overpowered it and shone through it.

"Silence the mind chatter; search within in that silence, and thou too shalt find, O poor mind-harassed wayfarer. To thee likewise shall come knowledge of what thou truly art."—*Eastern*

"FROM joy springs all this creation, by joy is it maintained, towards joy does it progress, and unto joy does it enter. When a man feels the Soul-life of the whole world in his own soul, then is he free."—*Upanishad*

"THE faith which is willing to face the impossible is itself the appointed means of achieving it."
—*Dr. Aldrich-Blake* (a famous woman surgeon)

"IN the best of times, it is but by flashes, when our whole nature is clear, strong, and conscious, that we enjoy communion with our soul. At the worst we are so fallen and passive that we may say shortly we have none. Consciousness becomes engrossed among the mechanical parts of life, and soon loses both the will and the power to look higher considerations in the face. This is ruin; this is the last failure in life; this is temporal damnation, damnation on the spot and without the formality of judgment. 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose himself?'"—*R. L. Stevenson*

"THE essence of our being, the mystery in us that calls itself 'I'—it is a breath of Heaven; the highest Being reveals Himself in Man. This body, these faculties, this life of ours, is it not all a vesture for the Unnamed?"—*Emerson*

"EVERY man who is trying to move forward in the highest sense, to open up his inner nature and get at the Light there, passes through states in which the unworthy deeds of his past, long forgotten, start up here and there in memory as if revealed and awakened by the moving beams of a searchlight. Then his heart is chilled and hope fails him and he feels that such a creature as he, can have no chance of attainment. But instead of giving way to this state let him go on confidently. It will trouble him but a little time, will be less at each recurrence, and is indeed a mark of progress."—*STUDENT, in The Century Path*

"THE past is buried in the deep abyss behind and it is well to let its memories lie; futurity is shrouded in the mists ahead; and only on the road immediately before our feet is any light. With perfect confidence we may rely on the sustaining Power that broods within the deep recesses of our central selves and ever lies about our way. Friend and companion of the smallest spark of life and of unlimited resource, it never will desert its offspring while they pursue their way with steadfast faces set toward the goal."

"IN one of Nathaniel Hawthorne's notebooks he writes (probably as an idea for a story): 'An old looking-glass. Somebody finds out the secret of making all the images that have ever been reflected in it pass back again across its surface.'

"Was he intending to symbolize that living mirror in each of us—the brain, when at death we have to watch it reproducing all that we have thought and done and said and felt throughout the long years of life?"

"THE day is this, the time is now.
No better hour was ever here;
Who waits upon the when and how
Remains forever in the rear."

For Prisoners and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or not

"We are ever sowing tomorrow whilst we reap yesterday."

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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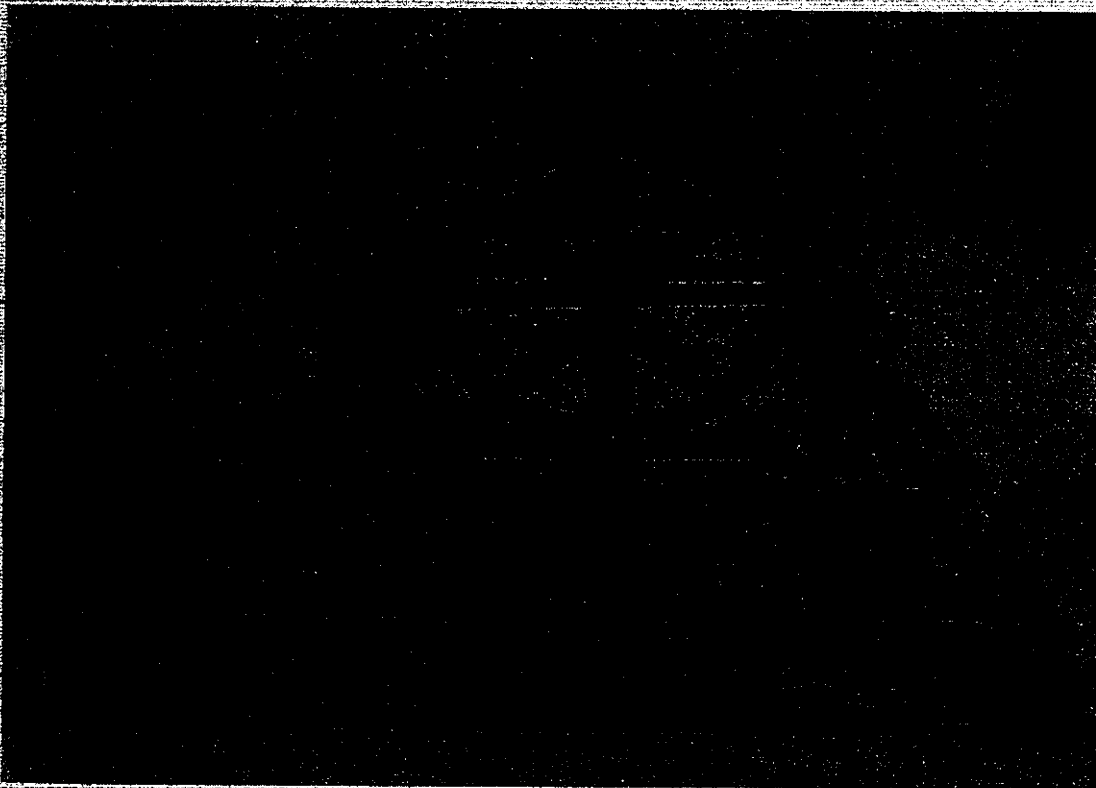
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AN ASTRONOMICAL INSTRUMENT FROM THE EARLY PART OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY IN THE COURTYARD OF THE OLD OBSERVATORY AT PEKING, CHINA

In all ages the prosecution of astronomy was regarded in China as an important state function and all great affairs were conducted with an eye to the favorable or unfavorable aspects of the heavens. Especially necessary was it considered to have exact predictions concerning eclipses. Not the smallest miscalculation was tolerated and astronomy reached an extreme degree of accuracy. The royal method of encouraging this accuracy sounds perhaps a little drastic to our ears. About 2600 B. C. for instance, the Emperor Hoang-Ti appointed a mathematical committee of three sets of official astronomers, one to look after the sun, another to attend to the lunar peculiarities, and the third to specialize on eclipses. He ordained that "if the instant of the occurrence of any celestial phenomenon was erroneously assigned, or not foreseen at all, the negligence should be (and on occasion was) punished with death." But what instruments had they in that far-off time to correspond with our modern telescope? And the necessary mathematics point to a very high level of intellectual culture reached while we, perhaps, were roaming the woods or scratching pictures of bisons on cave-walls.

Man's Possibilities

*From an Address recently delivered by
KATHERINE TINGLEY in the Temple of Peace,
Point Loma, California*

THE world is filled with a tremendous amount of brain-power, great intellectual energy, and in some directions there are superb efforts for the advancement of the human race. But there is still something woefully lacking.

While it is true that man is a thinker and that some men do much thinking, still we do not think deeply enough, and so we do not comprehend the strength, the beauty, the grandeur and the potency of man, once he has raised his consciousness to a higher state. There is no limit to the possibilities of man's growth. As yet we are all as little children on the bypaths of life, often discouraged and then again renewing our courage. We have much to lead us astray, but the light shineth within. Every man has his own light, his own strength, his own ability and his own opportunities, if he will but grasp them.

There is something tremendously big in man when considered as a whole. His possibilities for future development are magnificent. But if he has no faith in anything outside of his thinking powers he can have no adequate idea of his own strength of character or of the possibilities of his life. He cannot get these until he has discovered within himself those spiritual qualities which come from his highest yearnings—experienced the spiritual awakening. Sometimes this comes through sorrow and misery, sometimes much thinking and much questioning bring it; sometimes it overwhelms him like a revelation and takes him out of the common way of thinking into a new world of creative ideas. He awakens and finds who he is and why he is here. He commences to see that there are wonderful divine forces playing through human life all the time—visible and invisible.

Certainly whatever that Source is that fashions this wonderful scheme of the universe; whatever that Center of light or energy is that developed and brought us where we are, it has the power to explain the mystery of our lives, to tell us who we are, why we are here, whence we came, and that all knowledge is at our command if we seek it.

Man is essentially divine in nature, and that part of him which is not divine is what worries him, frets him, keeps him discouraged and down in the shadows, and creates all disharmony. That is not his Higher Nature; and he cannot live in his Higher Nature if he does not make room for it, and make for it the right atmosphere. We have scarcely begun to think yet. We touch the fringe of great truths; but it takes human hands and human hearts to bring these truths closer to our understanding.

Once man's consciousness of his own essential

divinity is aroused, it is like a new circulation in the blood; it makes new life; it gives new vision; it creates new hope; it can and does reflect itself even on to the physical body. What man needs more than anything else is balance. Unless man is a bump of walking egoism that nobody could endure, he knows in his striving and in his yearning that there is something more waiting for him; that there is something he should have had which he has not had.

With this awakening to new and better things come revelations so sacred that no words can describe them. I am not telling fairy-stories. I am talking of my own experiences and the experiences of others whom I have been working with for thirty years. I know what I say when I declare that the philosophy which we teach is the panacea for all the ills of the world. It cannot make you all over. It cannot rub out your mistakes in the way that you might wish, but it gives you the opportunity to get out from under the pressure of the psychology of the age and the fear that has brought you to a state of half-discouragement or of half-conquest.

A man with full confidence and consciousness of his own essential divinity, though he may not have a shelter, may not have a dollar or a friend, yet has one of the treasures that every man must realize before he can reach a point of understanding and knowing his God or himself.

Get away from the psychology of just brain-mind thinking! You think you have educated yourself, whereas it is the world that has educated you. You are an epitome of the world's joys and its woes. Your brain-mind shuts out the enlightenment that the soul would give you. The soul is the companion, the warrior, the friend. It travels the path for eternity, whereas the body is just the physical overcoat that we wear for this time while we are here on earth.

Move away from small, narrow, personal things and get into a higher state of consciousness. The feeling then will be like that which comes to one who has been living down in a valley without seeing any sunshine for a long time and suddenly he finds himself at the top of the hill with the most glorious vista of the world's beauty spread before him. The whole make-up is changed. One attains a quality of the mind that belongs to the immortal man—intuition. Depending upon your own intuition, the very trees and flowers will talk to you. If you are on the right path of self-directed evolution you will be so sure of yourself that you cannot be interfered with.

Keep thinking and thinking more deeply, and before you know it you will find yourself caught up from this web of controversy and questioning; enlightenment will come; more smiles will be on your faces, more gladness in your eyes, more joy for your children and your community and more peace for



The Law of the Particular Pipe

It was Sunday morning and my room-mate and I hadn't much to do for an hour, though later we intended to take a row up the Hudson along under the Palisades and lunch at an inn up by Englewood.

"Somehow," said Jack, contemplating his rackful of pipes, "I always find myself in the morning inclined to take the same pipe I went to bed on last night. First thing after breakfast I look among the pipes for a smoke and pick up that particular one, sure."

"A man picks up more than a pipe, too," I said. "First thing he knows he picks up what he was *thinking* of when he turned in the night before. Finds a problem solved in his mind that he couldn't see to the bottom of the night before. Finds himself remembering the last of the novel he was reading when he went to bed and glad it turned out the way it did. Or, the other side of the same thing, the *worry* he went to bed with."

"Shows the importance of last thoughts," said Jack. "if they're going to blow in on you like that the next day. Last *doings*, too." And he grinned. "My last doing last night was to put down this old pipe. First doing today is to pick it up again. But how about *mental* doings? Same thing: pick up same worry, same story, same problem. Looks as if it isn't the *whole* of us that goes to sleep — sort of a thread running through, tying last night on to this morning."

"Last night I decided, just for fun, that I'd wake four minutes before the alarm went off — just four, four minutes to six. Did it on the instant! Seems to me that particular little thought must have stayed awake while the rest of me slept, and got in his little job at the right moment. — Last *mental* doings —" Jack pulled at his pipe a spell. "A man ought to be able to use this proposition for a bit more of its worth than just waking on time. Say his prayers, so to speak."

"Find himself still inclined to be saying them after breakfast?" I said, conscious that it was rather a ribald contribution to Jack's philosophical speculation.

"Well, yes, in a way," he said. "Mother used to quote to us kids: 'Let not the sun go down on thy wrath,' meaning if we boys and girls had been scrapping, don't go to bed all hot with each other like that. Kiss and make it up!"

"Some of the poetry I've read speaks of sleep and death as twin sisters. Maybe they are from one point of view, but they're as different as chalk from cheese in another way of looking. Death picks your body to pieces, preparing to turn it back to the trees and the sunshine in time. But sleep *builds up* your body for you, tunes it up again. Won't a man's mind, according to the state it's in when he goes

to bed, be helpful or hindresome to that building and rejuvenating job? You've seen fellows come to breakfast looking like half-corpses, sullen, grouchy, can't speak or be spoken to. *Their* sleep surely did have a bit of death in it. Others again will be as fresh as pie, pleasure to see them smile and hear their voices. Sleep's been doing its job of building and rejuvenating those chaps. The first sort has gone to sleep with their troubles or grouches all over them — row with the wife, maybe, or something. The others hit the sheets feeling all good-tempered and nice. That's as it *happened*, like.

"Why can't we use that law — *law of the particular pipe*, to give it a picturesque touch, — and fix our own state of mind before we turn in, instead of any old state of mind that *happens* to be in charge of us? Why can't we be in charge of our state of mind instead of letting it be in charge of us? — You believe in the soul?"

"I — I — dunno," I said. "Yes, I reckon I do."

"Well I do," he said. "It's something that's with a fellow all the time if he'll look for it — which, in general, he don't. And that's his loss. It's there, all right, for every one of us, a real presence. David, in the Old Testament, wrote most of his psalms, I reckon, to his own soul — 'an ever-present help in time of trouble' and all that. And more than all that, for when it gets the chance it'll come in on a man and help him do (or do along with him from inside), the finest things that's ever done in human life, make a hero of him or see him through a martyrdom for the right, or wipe out the last touch of fear in him under the awfulest danger, or prompt him to throw down his life for a grand reason without another thought."

"Well, what's the matter with reaching after a little spell of the soul touch the last ten minutes before turning in? It'll smooth out a man's worries and troubles and take care of them for him and give him a good feeling for every other fellow including any that he's got it in for, and wipe out his fears, and make him as calm as a summer sunset. And then he's given his body the finest of send-offs for its night's building and himself the finest of send-offs for his next day's waking."

"Maybe he'll feel like doing that ten minutes sometimes and sometimes not. If he'll *will* himself to do it anyhow, all the more he feels less like doing it, why he'll start his *will* a-building and a-growing night by night, and that'll be to his hand every morning and day after day more and more. A problem unsolved at night is likely to be a problem solved in the morning."

"Well, what's the great problem for us all? Ain't it character-building, getting more and more grand *man*-touch to us, less and less rat and pig and snake and fox? Well, we can be solving *this* problem night by night and morning by morning — not all of a bust,

not all at once, but little by little, my boy, day by day. — Hanged if I don't believe we've struck a big idea here. What's your notion?"

HIS MATE

The House of Many Mansions

THERE was a fellow named Holcroft that I used to know, and one day he told me a story of an experience of his that I thought made a pretty good yarn,—and a sermon too if you wanted to take it as such. I'll tell it to you if you care to listen.

Well, one winter night—the very last of the year, by the by,—Holcroft was sitting alone in his room with a snug fire and one candle, listening to the storm that was rumbling away outside. But he wasn't enjoying the storm much, nor his snug den either: he was feeling pretty blue over the lost opportunities in the past year to get on top of himself and surmount his pet weaknesses, and the chances to do a kindly and unselfish thing here and there that he had let slip by. And he remembered the ideals of his youth, so dim now they seemed like dreams. He saw that for years and years he had been living a mighty small life in one small corner of his nature.

So there he sat, thinking, till the fire died down and it got pretty late, when suddenly he happened to look up, and if he didn't see a man sitting with him on the other side of the table, beyond the candle! The man was not unlike himself in most respects, but bigger and finer, and somehow it made Holcroft feel better just to look at him. He must have been sitting there some time, for he looked at Holcroft and said:

"It's a bit shut in here, suppose we take a light and go look over the house? What do you say?"

Holcroft said he thought he knew the house pretty well, having lived in it so many years.

"Just sixty, isn't it?" said his Visitor. And that was exactly Holcroft's age. "Even so, you may have forgotten what some of it looks like," added the Other.

"Well," Holcroft said, "I don't object to showing you the house if you want to see it",—but it turned out that his Visitor did most of the showing after all.

The minute the Stranger took up the candle it blazed up like a great torch, and with that for light they started on their tour, Holcroft following the Stranger out of the door. But not into the familiar little passage. No: instead they found themselves in what seemed to have been once a busy workshop; but now most of the machines were rusted, some apparently beyond repair. Some of the corners, too, were dusty and neglected; but here and there there was a little real work still going on. Holcroft felt a great stir, he said, when he went in there: all the little devices he ever had planned seemed to come back to

his mind; he remembered a model of a gyroscope ship that he had made when a boy, and there it lay, forgotten in a corner.

Well, next they went into a long corridor, where every window framed a different scene: some dim, some bright; some pleasant, some otherwise: showing his own deeds of past years, long forgotten or half forgotten. But now the light from the lifted torch not only revived them, but showed how each deed and even word had had its share in building the man he now was; ominous, some of them, of consequences yet to come. Then they went on into a fine picture-gallery, where beauties of color and form seemed waiting to be expressed; then into a Hall of Music, a sort of storehouse of harmony and sound.

"Why," Holcroft exclaimed to me afterwards, "when I was in that hall I seemed to understand the inwardness of music and could have composed melodies I had never imagined before and could not recall even next day. I had some music in me once, but I've let go of it these years and years."

And always mounting a little higher, they came at last to a room where it seemed that the divinest warmth and light were silently generated, streaming out of all the windows and casting a gleam on everything they touched. The feeling of warmth and gladness, Holcroft said, that had come to him with the advent of the Stranger was wonderfully increased: he felt, as he had sometimes in his youth, as if he must henceforth pour out all his energies for the benefit of others, whom he felt for the first time to be truly in inner oneness with himself. And when they passed out into the open air and viewed the house from without, there was the same grand feeling at the vastness of it; for the wings of it stretched beyond sight, and the towers were lost among the stars.

Well, then there was a change, and they seemed to be in the lower part of the building, and looking into a dismal basement room all cluttered up with useless furniture and rubbish. And in the midst of it all sat a man, very much like Holcroft too, but looking smaller and meaner in correspondence with that setting. Holcroft gazed at this man, and his Companion remarked:

"There you see the owner of this House. What do you think of him? Seems rather to have left things to go to seed, don't you think?"

And with that of course the meaning of the whole thing came home to Holcroft, and he hadn't a word to say.

Suddenly there was a crash, and Holcroft looked for his Companion, but he was gone. Then there was another crash, and Holcroft awoke, and found that it was the great clock striking midnight. The next minute the whole city was filled with the clangor of bells and factory whistles ushering in the New Year. Holcroft looked about him. The fire was out, the candle was flickering in its socket, and the room was

icy. But he himself was warm and tingling. He sat and listened till all the bells were still. Then he smiled and said to himself:

"Let's go upstairs. And live there, from now on!"

M. S.

What's Your Heaven?

IT is said that in the Middle Ages of Europe, the people had so definite a belief in Heaven that one man could borrow money of another on the promise to pay it back when they met there.

Evidently not a mere belief in Heaven but a pretty clear-cut mental picture of what life would be like there — life pretty much like this one, evidently, but of course with the troubles left out.

If we reject any idea of place in the sky or somewhere in our conception of Heaven, what have we left? Any data to build on? Should we any of us want a life for ever more in which there were no troubles, difficulties, even pains? That sort of thing might do for a while, a state of pure satisfaction by way of a temporary rest after the troubles we get here in life, but should we want that as a *permanency*? No good hard work, no stiff duties, nothing to do that could call out energy and endurance? Not if we are worth anything! We want a job, and some difficulties — yes and some pains and dissatisfactions to bring out our mettle and keep us spiritually fit.

If anyone says that the problem does not concern him, for he believes in no 'hereafter' at all, we must suggest to him to read his own nature a little deeper. Let him get in behind his brain-mind — which was only evolved for dealing with externals — and see whether he really finds in himself the conviction that death utterly wipes him out of existence as a wet sponge would wipe his signature off a slate, and more so; for the signature will be invisibly there in the molecules of the slate as long as the slate lasts. Can we credit a man's assertion of his belief that that center of action and consciousness which is himself, his real being, shall suddenly become a vacancy, a nothing? Let any man who thinks he believes that get to himself and take a little self-examination in the silence, and he will find his own supposed or asserted belief unbelievable and inconceivable. He will find himself merely perhaps in a state of mental antagonism to the *kind of survival* which others have pictured for him.

Well, for the rest of us, if we are worth anything, a 'future state' without work of some spiritually appropriate sort, without the difficulties which all work implies, even without pain — would not this, regarded as permanency, be as intolerable as a diet of honey alone? We know that troubles and difficulties and pains call out here whatever is of worth in a man. How else is a man going to amount to

anything? What's he going to be worth if he never gets any responsibilities to carry, and good heavy ones too?

What's he going 'to amount to'? Haven't we got a key in those words? We approve of the idea of 'amounting to' something and of the difficulties that bring about that 'amounting.'

When life closes here, we pass on with whatever we have come to amount to, whatever power of bearing responsibilities we have developed. And we reached this degree of amounting just because of our work, our difficulties, our discharge of responsibilities.

We all have our deep ideals of the sort of character we would like to become. This is the mark of our being more than animals, who, the best of them, could not *begin* to make ideals like that. It is the mark of our divinity that we can make them and want to see them realized in ourselves and others. The living center deep within us where we make and hold such ideals — even when we fail to measure up to them apparently in the least degree — is that part of us that goes forward when death cuts off the rest of us, the body and what belongs to it. This is the undying, the essence of us, that which knows that through work and difficulties we grow.

Man is a growing divinity and this present life is just the scene of some steps of his growth. We can all easily understand it that way and get that notion of the reason and meaning of life's troubles and difficulties and even sometimes agonies.

Death, after we reach it and look back at our life, certainly brings a glorious liberation of our powers from the clogs that have so hampered them during life, a full consciousness of them, and a longing for their utmost and most splendid use in work of the new kind that we shall then understand. If we cannot now understand just what the coming uses and fields of work may be, yet we can understand that in new responsibilities and new chances for effort — yes, and perhaps new pains inherent in such effort — there must always be new growth.

The future of ourselves is without end or limit. Work, and the vision to understand it, will open out forever. Man is and always will be a growing divinity and a growing joy in its realization. And so there is Heaven — within us and always within us and without us, more and more.

How's that for an idea of Heaven? Isn't it just a common sense extension of what we know already?

STUDENT

Stoking the Furnace

"LOOK at that guy over by the window," said Ed, as we sat lunching at Plotter's Restaurant; "he eats as though he thought he was stoking a furnace."

"No sir," I replied; "in the first place he's not

thinking at all, but has sunk his mind in the animal eating business, and in the second place he's *not* acting like a man in charge of a furnace. As a matter of fact I wish he would."

"D'ye mean to tell me," Ed blurted out, "that a fellow should throw the food into his mouth as if he was chucking coal into a furnace?"

"My dear man," said I, "don't get hot under the collar. What I mean to say is that a man should use as much thought and cool judgment in looking after his body as if it was a valuable instrument in his charge. I love to see a good stoker get right down to his job. Look how he scoops up the coal with an easy sweep that comes from back and limbs all working together and long practice. He throws in his coal with cool judgment, no hurry, no excitement, and every shovel-full falls exactly where it will do most good. When he reckons she's had her proper charge, *bang!* goes the furnace door and he rests easy till she's ready for more."

"Now that 'guy' as you call him has forgotten that he's anything but body and when he feeds his body he reckons he's feeding *himself*. The body is just the machine that we work with and it needs the power that comes from food, and it's up to us to see that it gets the right food, in the right quantity, at the right time. Lots of fellows take a pride in seeing how much mileage they can get out of their autos on a gallon of gas, and yet they take in food not with the idea of seeing how little they can get along efficient ly with, but how much they can possibly get away with."

"I say it again, that's dead wrong! A man should eat as if he were filling a furnace, that is, he should stand aside and look at his body as if it were a fine instrument in his charge, and use his thought, and not his cravings, to find out the best way of doing the job. Let's use our imagination to help us from getting too much tangled up in this business of eating."

"I guess I was a bit off when I said that a man eating was like a stoker filling a furnace, he isn't that near to it. I ought to have put it like this: A man should feel himself as standing in command while he let's the animal he's in charge of renew the energies of his body for him in eating. What he should be after, is that power enough is provided for his bodily and mental health and activities with as little wear and tear to the furnace as possible."

"Stand off and look down on the body!—if you get the idea. Try to realize that you are a soul using the body for as long as you can make it last out. Think of it as *yours*, not *you*, and don't let yourself get dragged down. Keep on top all the time. Just you try that a while and you'll get a heap more good out of your food, for one thing, and for another you'll be making every mealtime serve you as a step nearer to getting to know what you are as distinct from the body you live in. Spiritualize your meal, so to speak, that way, and you won't enjoy it any the less. And

you'll find your health on the mend all the time. "I do believe that a man would get through life a whole heap better if he could only feel that he was properly a citizen of another world altogether, a better and brighter world, and that to work and gain experience in this lower world he was just using the best instrument he could get hold of. From which it follows that the more judgment he used in taking care of it, the better service it would give him and the longer it would last out and the more real growth he could get here."

"No, I'll pay, Chris, said Ed. "I owe you more than that for what you've given me. Walter put the 'bad news' on one ship and I'll settle with the man at the desk."

P. L.

The Chronic Afflictions

HE knew, he said, for his own part, that he did not eat too much, because he did not gain weight.

It was in answer to the doctor's remark that some men make it their principle to eat the utmost possible, consistent with feeling comfortable afterwards, instead of as *little* as is compatible with efficiency in their day's work. If people followed the latter course, he said, they could hardly have indigestion, in any form and would usually sidetrack all the diseases, trifling or severe, chronic or acute, that afflict the most of us, would give themselves the chance of reaching a hundred years, have energy to spare in every direction, and enjoy life in an unlooked-for degree.

This called forth the above observation, and the man seemed to think he had clinched the matter so far as his own case was concerned.

But the doctor was not silenced. "The body is not limited," he said, "in dealing with excess food, to the single method of storing it up as fat. And anyhow I am glad to find you don't have the common delusion that gained weight is necessarily gained health. Some physicians say that after a man is forty an ounce of gained weight—other than that coming as *muscle* from muscular exercises—is an ounce of disease. But you do seem to think that because your body shows itself so *fit* as competent to take care of the food you put into it and still keeps healthy (as *you* reckon healthy), the quantity is what you need."

"We light our houses with electricity, energy, good and efficient light. So much electric force, generated by burning coal at the central station, runs into so much light. But ninety-five per cent. of the energy in that coal, liberated by burning it, does *not* appear as light, but is, so far as our light is concerned, wasted on the way. Nevertheless the electric bulbs competent to do what we want, and we think everything all right

"I say it is the very same with the food eaten by most of us men. It is competently digested in the body, burned up by the body's special methods, and the refuse properly dealt with. It yields energy. Part of this energy appears in our day's efficient work. But a large part never appears as the energy available for our work at all. It disappears (as far as we are concerned) in the very work of efficiently dealing with the excess food we have eaten, digesting it and getting it out of the way. That percentage of it which thus so uselessly disappears has been diverted from employment in our work and from giving us the enjoyment of life that its proper expenditure would have afforded us.

"In other words, part of the energy coming from necessary food is spent in dealing with the mass of food that is *not* necessary. How much? Depends on the eater. Shall we say half? Whatever it amounts to, just that amount *should* be available for the work of our lives, for better brains, for more and better thinking, for fuller living with its natural joy, for much complete resistance to disease germs, for more vitalization of our nerves and every faculty, and for the continuance of all this far into years that we reckon belong to the grave.

"Just you think this out and not be fooled into the idea that because you don't gain weight, don't have much the matter with you, feel all right after meals, and can do your day's work, you are therefore stoking your engine all right. Don't you know that the drug stores live on the stuff they sell to enable people to digest and excrete that which never need have been in their stomachs, and to remove the colds, headaches, rheumatisms and so forth that result from the meal-table and the candy and ice-cream stores?

"Don't you think any more that because you don't get indigestion and don't put on fat you're not eating too much! Maybe you're not, of course. It's up to you to find out, especially if you have some little chronic trouble that refuses to get well. But I'm not in favor, either, of these total starvation spells that so many extremists prescribe for themselves."

THE NURSE'S NOTEBOOK

You Are Not the Only Pebble on the Beach

M. M. Curchod in *Chamber's Journal*

THERE'S a lesson age has taught me—I have found indeed its truth

That glad to all life's comrades I would teach.

'Tis, that though you may be polished, or just rough and round, in sooth

You are not the only pebble on the beach.

You may glimmer in a cavern, you may sparkle in a crown,
As destiny gives part and lot to each;

But whether fate exalts you, or ill-luck beats you down,

You are not the only pebble on the beach.

You may high and dry be stranded on a shingled sandy shore,
With a little creek of water out of reach;
But companions in misfortune—you may count them by the score,
For you're not the only pebble on the beach.

You may surge beneath the billow, and be borne by rushing tide,
Till spent you lie where pale the sea-weeds bleach;
But though wind and wave have buffeted, and flung you
far and wide,
You are not the only pebble on the beach.

Then don't forget it, friend—for 'tis a useful thing to know,
Albeit I tell it you in simple speech;
Just remember when life's angry waters toss you to and fro,
You are not the only pebble on the beach.

Special Notice

THE NEW WAY was established by 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

"THE Law gives back to every man in the end the actual consequences of his own acts." — *H. P. Blavatsky*

"WHEREVER the Law of Life puts us, there is something definite there for us to do, something which it has brought us there in order to do." — *W. Q. Judge*

"AT any moment in every life the hour of revelation may be at hand." — *Katherine Tingley*

"LET this thought sink deep into the minds of all, that they may come to believe that good example is the greatest force to the desired end. May all Masons so direct their conduct that they will hasten the coming of the day when all men shall believe that Righteousness is the most acceptable homage mankind can offer to the Deity. The irrepressible conflict that has been going on from the beginning is between Light and Darkness, Osiris and Typhon. Good and Evil, will surely end in complete victory for Truth.

"A moral atavism may at times seem to set back the progress of civilization, but be not discouraged, for as sure as God reigns, the inevitable goal of the human race is moral perfection."

— *Thomas J. Prosser, P. M.*

"LEARN that to love is the one way to know
 Or God or man; it is not love received
 That maketh man to know the inner life
 Of them that love him, his own love bestowed
 Shall do it." — *Jean Ingelow*

"WE think that when we are driven out of the usual path everything is over for us, but it is just here that the new and the good begins." — *Tolstoi*

"SO long as a man seeketh his own will and his own highest good, because it is his and for his own sake, he will never find it — for as long as he doth this he is *not* seeking his own highest good — and how then should he find it? For so long as he doeth this he seeketh himself and dreameth that he is himself the highest good. But whosoever seeketh loveth and pursueth goodness and maketh that his end — for nothing but the love of goodness, not for love of the I, Me, Mine, Self, and the like — he will find the highest good, for he seeketh it aright, and they who seek it otherwise do err." — *An old German tract*

"THERE is a Russian saying to the effect that life is a dark room in which we are shut in with an enemy — the eternal enemy that we have within us — and from whom we have to fight free." — *Edgar Saltus*

"ILL fortune is like muddy water, give it time enough, and don't stir it, and it will clear."

"A POOR man saved by thee shall make thee rich,
 A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong,
 Thou shalt thyself be served by every least
 Of service thou hast rendered."

— *E. B. Browning*

"THE only music our outer hearing can appreciate, the only sound is that produced by the knocking or scraping of one thing against another. But to the inner hearing all nature is vocal and musical. Fragments of this music are inwardly heard by the musician, selected from to express his mood, furnished with setting and connexions, and written down as his composition. The only true creator and originator is divine Nature. Every chord is a 'word' of hers, every phrase a sentence, full of meaning, and in a universal language, full of power, too, over things and consciousness. The unheard music is divine Nature at her evolutionary work. Unheard, mostly, but we could all hear it and share it if we would learn to silence our thoughts and listen for it."

— *From Nights on the Houseboat*

"MUCH more can be expressed through silence, always, than through speech. The inner life which is music — the overtones and undertones of the universal harmony — is only accessible in the silence. Music lifts for awhile the veil between ourselves and the Unseen, the Unspoken, the Unknowable; but there is a music that cannot be heard — that the heart can feel and the soul realize and the mind reach to — so potent that it is without outward sound. 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."

— *Katherine Tingley*

"SINCE I have dipped into real nature I have found there an order, a system, a calmness, which is lacking in mankind, but which man can assimilate when he is not too directly at odds with the difficulties of his own life. When these difficulties recur he must endeavor to avoid them, but if he has drunk the cup of the eternally true he does not get too excited for or against the ephemeral and relative." — *George Sand*

"I AM convinced that could every life be subjected to a truly searching analysis, could be plainly read as an open book, we should discover but one thing in all cases — prevailing justice. As thy days, so shall thy strength be. The greater the pain, the greater the fortitude vouchsafed, the greater the character builded. Many the man who carries with in a perfect physique a mental pain more onerous and intolerable than any happy-dispositioned cripple could know." — *T. S. HARDING in The Open Court*



For Prisoners and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or not

"I will be what I *will* to be!"

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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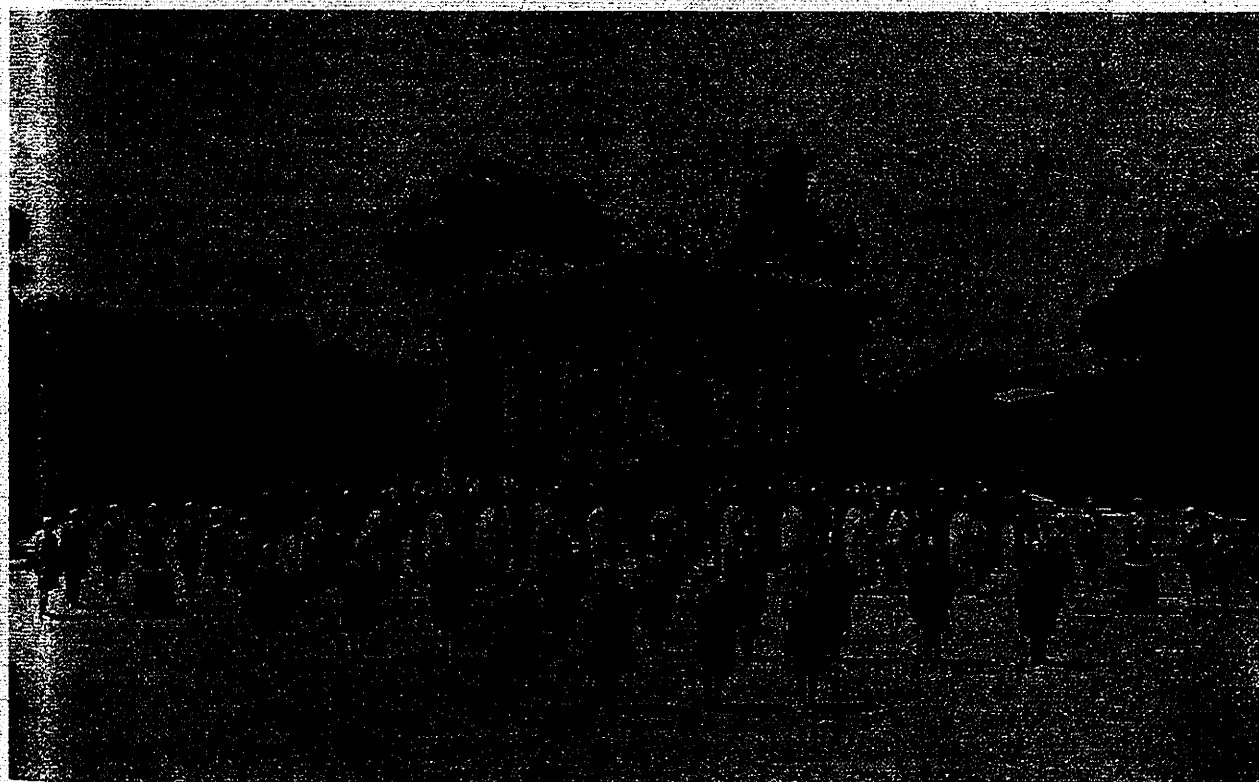
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FINALE FROM THE OLD GREEK DRAMA, "THE EUMENIDES"

As presented by Katherine Tingley some years ago in the Greek Theater, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California. Given again this month.

The Real Man

From a public address recently delivered by Katherine Tingley in the Temple of Peace, Point Loma, Calif.

I HAVE chosen for my subject this afternoon, "The Real Man." The real man is he who is conscious of his own essential divinity and acts accordingly. In whatever conditions we may be living we can

often find him right in our midst, because it is possible for any man to win this knowledge of his divinity, and once he has that he has a key that opens up his whole nature. It carries him out into such an atmosphere and realm of thought, into such a breadth of vision, that he no longer accepts the limitations of yesterday.

Once man becomes conscious of his divinity, that

he is a part of the eternal scheme of life, and holds to this state of consciousness in full and absolute confidence, he finds a revelation within himself. He is inspired; he is affected to such a degree that if you could look into the inner parts of his being you would find the very atoms of his blood going through changes. The whole constitution of his life is changing, so that he is no longer the same man he was yesterday. He is more alert; there is a warmth and a glow in life; the sun is shining all the time; the heart is beating to the harmonies of life, and one is not striving and working for himself alone.

The beautiful part of it is, that one strives then for all humanity. He has not to know all humanity, nor to be recognised by all humanity. But if he is living to serve humanity, he is writing down in the very atmosphere in which he lives, the foundation and basic thoughts that every man should have: that man is his own redeemer, and, as I have said over and over again, that he either blesses or curses his own life, according to his choice; because man has all choice.

This teaching of the divinity of man is older than all other teachings. It is the parent teaching of all religions, and it was lived and worked out for the salvation or the advancement of man ages upon ages before our era.

Look at the youth of today! A few years ago, they were little innocent children. Look at them today as you see them on the street: the girls with painted cheeks and the boys with hands in their pockets, slouching along carelessly. These are the facts that we have to meet. We do not have to go to Europe or anywhere else to see them. We can go right into our own towns and see the devastation, and the degradation, and the awful pressure that is brought upon the youth particularly, because of the lack of that knowledge, which young and old should possess.

Let me take as an opposite example a man whose life has *not* been flooded with the influences of the age, who has risen above them, and is standing out conscious of these things that I have told you about. The very fact that he is aspiring is a wonderful thing. But we can aspire and aspire, and if we do not act, it is of little use. But if a man takes up every duty as conscientiously as if he were to die tomorrow and be 'brought to the judgment-seat,' so to speak, how different life would be!

Man can be eternally seeking, eternally aspiring, eternally advancing. And if he is, of course the records of it are being imprinted continually in his own inner nature. He becomes aware that he has begun to think in an entirely new way: that most of the thinking he did before was just surface-thinking. He had never before taken time to look deeply into his own nature; he never knew anything about his higher states of consciousness. And so it goes

above merely mental activity; he pushes on his investigation so as to strengthen his life, to purify it, to beautify it and to perfect it.

The real man works on all lines. First he makes his physical body a fitting house for his soul, the immortal man. He keeps it pure and clean and strong, and his inner life so as well. Thus living, he presently reaches another state of consciousness, where the immortal man speaks. He receives the light of the Living Power that is in each of us, from the smallest to the greatest, the power of the Inner Divinity.

If a man can astonish the world with the extraordinary, seemingly miraculous, results of his achievements in music, in art, in invention, we call him great. But great as he may be, how small he is in comparison with the man who has discovered within himself that sweeping, rushing, pulsating, ever-living power of his own divine soul! You cannot get away from it. It will hold you forever. Your eyes may become dim in time, and your hair grow gray and your body look tired and worn, but the soul is alive; there is no aloneness any more; there is the realization of the higher state of consciousness, the consciousness of the companionship of the gods, so to speak.

I believe many of our children come prepared to give us our life's message, but we do not hear them. Instead, we commence to train them just as grandfather or great-grandfather did, according to a certain system. We do not give them any chances at all. And so they grow up. And then you blame them afterwards when they are all out of tune, when things go wrong! After a while some of them may be so far off the track that they go to prison, and a few of them are hanged! Isn't it pitiful? They are not to blame. We cannot blame anybody or anything except ourselves!

And even in doing this, we should not bring ourselves to embarrassment, but rather we should feel the importance of reaching the light, of pushing our way along the Path until we reach the heights, and know the Truth, and *become*. Real life is joy, even here on this earth. If you do not find the joy of life, that is your own fault.

You mothers must make new conditions for your children! Even in your sorrows, feel the godlike qualities of your own nature that will sustain you when all your money goes, when all your friends desert you, and when everything goes wrong. That wonderful inner power is the treasure of your life and of your future lives. It is the treasure of humanity. No one can bring that state of consciousness to you, nor give it to you at all. But we have been told: 'Seek and ye shall find.'

Let me urge you, if you are trying to refashion your lives and the future of your children, study this teaching of the divinity of man. Have some



conception of the possibility of a real man or a real woman! It is not so far away, if those who have aspirations can try to reach the point of believing in themselves, ignoring all the old conceptions of fear, and dread of punishment, of hell and death, and look upon them in another way.

Consider death as the most divine phase of life! It brings home to you something that nothing else can. Those who are tired and think, perhaps, they are nearing the end of life, let them realize that theirs is a glorious prospect. Death is wonderful! When the old coat — the body that you have had to wear to keep yourself together in your mortal life — is about to be changed, do not believe that the great, eternal, Source of Light and Life, is going to give you less privileges than just every-day Nature has. Even the trees are year by year renewed.

So do not limit yourself to seventy-seven years! Drive out of your minds that picture of only seventy-seven years, and then your hells and your eternal punishment and your revengeful God! See all Eternity before you for the completion of your life!

Look at the dear old blue ocean and get the echo of Nature's speech to you in the silence, find new hope and new courage, for life is joy, and the real man is possible, and wonderful changes in human nature can happen when we are ready. Everything is ready, but alas! we are not.

The Meaning of Selfhood

"HE'S in luck! I'd like to change places with him," — I overheard as I was passing two men on the street.

"Do you mean change identities with him, *be* him," said the other, "or just be in his place with his opportunities or luck?"

"Well, no, I don't suppose anybody ever wants to *be* anybody but himself."

That set me thinking. Many of us have felt like picking a few plums out of some more lucky fellow's portion. But to really change being with another — well, that is quite a different thing. Just take the idea home. To give up everything that belongs to your personality, your looks, your feelings, your ideas, your likes and dislikes, your friends and enemies, — the thousand and one things that help keep you aware that *you are you*. You can't quite imagine it, much less actually want to do it. The fellows who lose their memories from accidents or sickness, and forget their names and who they are, — they are miserable enough. But that isn't even half way to give up being yourself and being some one else.

For Selfhood is a living fact that has existed in the past and continues on throughout the future.

Selfhood relates each soul — and man is a soul — to the universal Source of all life, the *Great Self*. The Self is the conscious part of us in these bodies of earth-matter. And that deep, inner feeling of selfhood is a vague soul-memory of all our experiences, whether while living on earth and while even more alive when beyond the veil.

For the real Self is not the babe born yesterday, but has taken charge of that infant body that it may develop through just the experiences it needs. This soul-self which uses a body for the fraction of eternity called a lifetime, always was in existence and always will be, here and hereafter, on earth and elsewhere.

So, every new-born child brings its own outfit of tendencies of body, mind, and character, that is never just like another's. They all are related to its own past, some pattern of experience that heredity cannot account for.

It might be well for the best, and the worst, and for all of us, to take a new valuation of ourselves and also a new discount. For there is a lot of undiscovered country and endless resources within us all — every one — that are a part of the real Self. And that side of our nature longs to bring out these treasures of selfhood, and make something divinely worth while out of life. Our moments of aspiration and of longing for ideals hint that something in us can act on higher lines and feel at home there, and only there. But to give due credit to the deathless Self, one must discount his petty and selfish personality that is only a poor reflexion and counterfeit of the reality of Selfhood.

There is something very splendid in being human, and facing life with full faith that each one can work out the problems that belong to him. It may be that what seems an unendurable lot is a special test of selfhood which one has challenged himself to endure and thereby enrich his nature.

No matter how wretched a part one is playing just now in the endless human drama, each one has made glorious and noble records in the past and will again sometime, somewhere, in the future. Even our failures and faults and weaknesses have a meaning, and are a part of us, to be transmuted into power of self-control and self-knowledge. No, we neither could nor would be any one else. Think it out from any angle and see how deeply rooted is that feeling that 'I am I.'

STUDENT

A Yarn from the Salt Seas

IT was many years since old Captain Endicott's beard had been wet with the salt-sea spray, but he was as you might say still in full command of his own vessel — himself, I mean. And he still took a lively and kindly interest in the young fellows just

entering upon their sea-life and was always ready to slip in a wise word of counsel in the various difficulties they would be getting into.

We boys of the coast-wise cutter *Nancy Stair* never came into port without running up for a talk with the old man, who could always dig up a dozen new yarns out of his bottomless old locker. He was past eighty now, but his eyes were still as keen as ever and his square-set jaw was a history in itself of hardships mastered and knotty problems worked out successfully.

We men of the *Nancy* were a jolly set for the most part; our work was interesting and we were happy in it; but we were up against a problem just now that made us more or less serious. One of our number—we'll call him Kennedy—had made a false step a year or two before this, which had landed him in prison. The whole thing had happened so quickly and so unexpectedly that Kennedy, who had had a good home and loving family, couldn't get hold of the meaning of it all; and when he came out he would have gone adrift, no one knows where, if we hadn't been on the watch for him.

But we buttonholed him on the street one day, and being almost ready for sailing as soon as our Captain could complete his crew, we got him his papers and bundled him off to the *Nancy* almost before he knew what we were about. Our idea was, of course, to reinstate him on the old basis, get him interested in the work again, and show him that we realized that any one of us might have been in the same boat. And he was game, yes, tried to be at least when the rest of us were about, but left to himself he would get terribly blue; and at those times there was no telling what he might be tempted to do.

So on this particular afternoon as we all jogged up the hill to Captain Endicott's cottage, we were glad Kennedy had decided to come with us, because you couldn't go near the Captain without feeling that whatever your difficulties and troubles might be, there was always a way through if you kept up your courage.

We found the old man ready for us. He took a keen look at each of us as we shook hands with him—"reading up our ships' logs," as he called it—he was always great on faces. He took us into his work-room and showed us a model of a square-rigged ship he was carving.

"Funny thing," he remarked casually, "I got to working at that this morning, and I came to a point where I couldn't go on. Dead stalled. You fetch up against those snags once in a while. Sometimes it's a little thing like this, and again it'll be a big thing that involves your whole life. I struck a real big reef once that nearly finished me."

But that promised to be a real yarn, which we knew would bear listening to, so we all went in and sat around with our pipes, while the Captain began:

"I was only a kid at the time—ship's boy on a tramp schooner in the North Atlantic; and let me tell you it was no picnic. What with the kicks and buffets I got from the older men, and the seasickness and bad food and one thing and another, there were plenty of times when it seemed to me that life warn't worth living. I had no home or parents; alone in the world—just a piece of driftwood. Couldn't see what earthly use I was, and no one would miss me if I quit it all."

"Well, one dark stormy night I found myself standing by the rail deciding to take my last dive. The rain was pelting down every which way, rain and cold sleet, but I never felt it, for everything would be over in a moment. . . . And then I held off a spell to look my last at what I could see of the ship. Somehow as I watched her she seemed to be a living thing. 'Twas a heavy gale and one minute she was down in the deep sea-trough with a wall of water ready to crash down on her and swamp the life out of her; the next, taking that wall at a leap, riding serenely on the crest of the wave with sails spread, rejoicing in the wind that drove her on. Then down again into the next trough, and up again, and down again—but always up in the end."

"Suddenly my brain cleared and it came over me with a rush that life was like that! One minute down in the depths, the next—if we *willed* it—going over the top and riding the crest of the wave, fearless, undefeated, keeping on anyhow. And I saw myself where I had been a moment before—just about to show the white feather, chuck up the fight and slink out of the back door!"

"I looked up at the stars where they showed through the scudding black clouds and they seemed somehow near and friendly and encouraging. And right there I braced up, mind and body, and felt like a man, ready to face anything."

"Well, boys, life's dumped me into a lot of tight places since then, but I've always shut my teeth and played the game the best I knew and never lost heart. And a grand and royal old game it is. Plenty of rough seas, some that gave my craft all the strain she could stand, but I always kept her nose right ahead through it all."

"Yes," the Captain ended slowly, "every man must steer his own ship over the ocean of life; he must go on in spite of dirty weather and heavy seas; there can be no stopping in mid-ocean. And so, boys, whenever you find yourselves down in the trough, just remember this little yarn and say to yourselves: 'Spread your sails, my hearties! Catch the wind of *Spiritual Energy*, and then—go over the top!'"

And, as the story of the after years testified, the Captain *had* saved one more craft from going under.

M. S.

Classes One, Two, and Three

THERE'S nothing wears out a man's nerves like looking for something he's lost. You look half a dozen times in that drawer where you 'know you put it yesterday,' on the shelf where it sometimes is, and spoil the knees of your trousers going down for the tenth time to look under the bed.

"You can't find it that way," said my roommate, who had been humorously watching me through his smoke. "The only way is to go on with your work or look for something else and then it'll calmly come into view on the table right under your nose, or somewhere where you're worn out looking for it. That's why men are never happy."

"What's *that* got to do with it?" I said irritably, for the half hour's searching *had* worn on my nerves.

"My mind took a slip," he said. "We go round looking for happiness and never find it till we drop that and do something else."

He always had to be moralizing, like Hamlet. "What are you going on the river for this afternoon?" I snapped out. "Sense of duty?"

"An evil sign of the times," he answered, "is the kill-joyishness about that word 'duty.' I *might* go up the river from a sense of duty, the duty of keeping fit by means of legitimate pleasures. I don't say I *do*."

"Still human, are you?" I sneered.

"I knew that lobster-salad would be bad for your liver," he rejoined, tipping me a wink. (His own supper hadn't been much better.)

I flung myself into the other arm-chair and filled a pipe. "Now develop your point, you old moralizer," I said, after I was lit up.

"I was passing two fellows in the street yesterday," he said, "big stomachs and gold watch-chains to correspond, and one of them was saying to the other, 'I'm thinking of the Catskills for next summer, but my wife says she'd rather go south. More society and functions there. Fishing's *my* notion of a good time. What do you say to the theater this evening and a bite afterwards?' A nice little dancer at the Savoy." — Those fellows reminded me of a picture I once saw in one of the comic papers of a couple of elderly birds like them going into their club. One was saying to the other, "After all, when a man's come to be sixty, what is there in life for him except the pleasures of the table?"

"Maybe you can classify men in three lots according to their notions of pleasure and the way to get it. One lot get it in their bodies, the 'pleasures of the table' lot, the body-pleasers, fellows who want their sensations pandered to all the time, wallowers in life.

"And then there's the *active* sort, fellows that get their happiness in activity, often really creative activity, creative thought, invention,—the group that includes the great money barons, scientists, hard thinkers. The first sort, if they're nothing but that,

get nowhere in life, die as they lived, nothing acquired this side of death to light them up on the other. The second sort are running under ambition, love of power, and the natural joy of creative thought and action; real livers, they are, and I guess death can't take away their power of living. They don't drown their lives in their appetites and inertias.

"The third sort includes many who are also in the second, but the motive in this sort is love of humanity. Whatever they do has that back of it. They're lit up by that all the time. They've got past the *I, I*, that runs most of us in all we do.

"There's a noted professor, for instance, that's just discovered a great secret in the vitalizing and curative effects of light on certain foods. He was offered millions for his patent, but elected to *give* it to his university for the general good. Look here, here's what he says; I cut it out of the paper yesterday:

"I had my moment of temptation. With that money I could build my own laboratory, be free from all financial worry. Then I began to realize that I, as is every human, am inherently lazy. If I did not have the spur of necessity to drive me to my work I am afraid that I would not work.

"Men's ambitions are either to make money or to do something for humanity. Mine is not concerned with money. If I took that money it would mean that my purpose in life would be perverted. I am happy only in my endeavor to advance the well-being of humanity. I consider that I can do it best right here in this laboratory at Wisconsin."

"So there, as I take it, is the great classification. You don't often see the lines sharp cut, though; not often see a fellow who's nothing but a sensualist; nor a fellow that works hard at something with nothing whatever but himself in his consciousness; nor a fellow that's totally forgotten himself and the great *I* in his ideal of what human life ought to be, his desire to help that along, and his love of mankind. We're most of us mixtures. But that ain't any reason why we shouldn't try to get into the better class, the top one. There can't be any joy like that of self-mastery in pursuit of a great aim.

"And now all the law and the prophets have been declared unto thee; and incidentally I notice that the collar-button you were looking for is in your collar."

STUDENT

Was It Recollection?

(I found this, after his death, among the papers of a crippled patient, who had made me his executor. The paper was headed with the above query.

— THE DOCTOR)

I HAVE never known health, and now at middle age I recognise that I am for such few years as remain, a broken cripple. Upon hip-disease, dating

from my boyhood, chronic rheumatic gout has supervened, and every joint of every limb is nearly locked — incurably. I am dependent upon help for even the common acts of life, and have to be carried from room to room and assisted even to eat. For the least change in the weather I am a barometer; but the indicator of the barometer is always *pain*.

Enough of all that. *I am not the body*, and that knowledge, when I had gained it, was well worth all the pain and fever, all the mental anguish as disease steadily cut me off from ordinary life, ordinary enjoyments, and the power to earn the smallest livelihood.

One night, feverish and sleepless, I began to doze — physically; but my *mind* was too restless to be stopped in its thinking for a moment.

Suddenly I and my surroundings altered. I was much younger, between boyhood and manhood; in bed and with an aching and powerless hip. It was late in the evening or early in the night. By a little night-lamp I had been reading here and there in the New Testament. I was full of peace and hope and seemed to know that the hip-disease which held me to the bed, was slowly healing. I had plans for my future. I would teach this and that and gradually relieve my widowed mother of all the expense of my maintenance. And I vowed that however great might be my future prosperity, I would not lose hold of that spiritual life, that companionship with God as I thought it, which through the last year or two of my sickness I had slowly gained. I would reach and search; God should be an ever closer reality and should find me an ever more willing instrument for His work among men.

So I vowed; and almost as part of that same picture I saw another. It was that same youth a few years later. Prosperity had come. I was well. Nearly every trace of my disease had vanished. I was full of work. Money was coming to me in plenty from crowds of pupils whom I was training for business life and civil service examinations.

But nothing of the earlier aspirations remained. Prosperity, money-making, left me no time for the inner life. In fact I had forgotten all about it.

Then all that vanished. I seemed to look still farther back into the past. I was about the same age as in the first picture, but in perfect health of youth. I was full of life and energy — but also of thought and aspiration. God seemed near, and I would draw still closer, find His presence in my heart and soul, and fit myself to tell men what I had found. It was all ambition enough, of course; but I know that through the ambitions of a youth there did run a real spiritual thread.

I lost that thread. For then also, as in the later picture, prosperity blotted out the inner life, more and more as the years went on. The ideals faded

and in the excitement of money-making, I was content that they should.

Now suddenly I came back to my proper self and surroundings. I knew that I had looked back through two previous lifetimes of my own. I knew that I was the unbroken thread through both pictures ending in my present crippled self. And then I understood the reality and meaning of that Law they call Karma. What I now understood was this:

That in years long past, the years of two lifetimes ago, I had touched the Light — and deserted it. I had seen the Golden Door, had begun to press it open — and gone away after quite other gold.

That in the lifetime following, between that first one and my present utterly crippled life, the Law had (by means of the hip-disease) held me back for years from the rush of *outer* life that I might have the *fullest opportunity for the inner*. And I had lost the chance again, a chance which my own ideals and resolves had created for me.

And lastly: That out of two failures (to reach the fullness and richness of the inner life) might now come success. The disease that will hold me fast for my remaining years is the working of the Law in aid of my inner self against that outer self which twice throttled it.

Now I can think that this Law of Justice which creates all the events of our lives (events which we suppose to be chance), is somehow the expression of a will in our inner nature, *our own* inner will, ever providing and providing *opportunity*. If it has to work upon us — rather say, *for* us — by means of pain, but that is *our* fault. We could go forward in peace and joy. The pain is due to turning *sideways* into dark paths, and the pain is necessary to bring us up short. If we could only see clear enough we should bless this Law as our savior.

If It Weren't for the Enemy!

WE have the situation from the wrong end when we speak of a man's weaknesses. For in themselves they are *strengths*, or they would not be holding him at their mercy. *The man himself* is the weakness; that is to say, his will is. Who's on top with the strength when a man can't hold his mind from venomous or contemptuous feelings towards others — the mind or he? Who's on top when a man can't control an appetite? His weaknesses only become *his* when he gets on top of them.

"Corporal," said the captain during the battle, "come here!" "I can't, sir," said the corporal; "I've got a prisoner." "Well, bring him along." "But he won't come, sir." "Well, come without

him." "He won't let me, sir." — Which of them was it that 'had a prisoner'?

Getting on top of a weakness is calling back into oneself for one's own use the strength it had. We gave it a little of that strength in the beginning and since then it has taken more and more from us. You can see that, even physically, when a man's health has been weakened or ruined by long yielding to physical appetites. It is they that now have the strength, be the weakness; they that have him, not he them. 'His prisoners' won't let him 'come along.' We do not have weaknesses; we have weakness. An uncontrolled appetite is not a weakness but a powerful enemy.

But all the power a man has given over to his enemies he can little by little call back. There is an old Norse story of a giant hero battling the waves on the sea shore. They rolled in and knocked him down and rolled out with him, doing as they pleased. But at last he began to swallow some of each one, more and more; and the more they got diminished by his swallowing the greater and stronger he became. At last he could swallow the whole of each wave and the sea became calm and he returned to the land a mighty man of victory.

We have such a number of weaknesses? Tackle any one of them and we are tackling the whole lot. Subjugate any one of them and see how meek all the rest will be! "Do what is possible and the impossible will presently melt away."

It is worth noting, in this connexion, that angry contempt of others for not overcoming their weaknesses renders impossible the conquest of our own. It is a substitute for an honest envisaging of *our own* failings — which are usually the same as those we are hitting at in the other man. (Sometimes, though, it is anger that he can indulge himself along some line which we too would like to follow, but for some reason cannot.)

So charity for others is a first-class beginning for work on ourselves, indispensable, and often all we need for victory over something we want to conquer. It wakes up the heart, where the best of our power lies unused and sleeping.

If it weren't for the enemy what victors we could all be!

A FELLOW-STRUGGLER

Thro' The Dark, Light

G. H. C., M. D., in *Clinical Medicine*

THE day is dark and a bleak wind whines
Thro' the naked larches and rusty pines;
A white pall covers the Northern hill
And the brook is frozen — its music still.

No leaf, no flowers, no living thing
Astr on the earth, not a bird awing;

Beauty and fragrance and song have fled,
Winter has come — and the world is dead!

Somber the picture, but still we know
That a new life's dawning beneath the snow.
That "Death" to Nature but means rebirth
And green in the Springtime shall be the earth!

When we see these changes thro' out the years,
Why darken the present with needless fears?
Today may look black as a raven's wing;
Have faith and tomorrow shall come your Spring!

Special Notice

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

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

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

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

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

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

The New Way Quotebook

"THE personal human soul is, in its highest form, a compound of spiritual aspirations, volitions, and divine love. It thus stands as a link between the animal nature which its higher reason seeks to subdue, and the divine spiritual nature to which it gravitates whenever it has the upper hand in its struggle with the inner animal."—*H. P. Blavatsky*

"ONE has but to evoke one's own Higher Nature, perceiving and recognising 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?"—*Katherine Tingley*

"If thou hast once found the God within thee and art in trouble, bring to him the trouble. And if he serenely see it as no trouble in reality, but rather opportunity and helpful discipline for thee, why will thou not take his opinion and be serene with him?"

—*Stoic*

"WHERE you find unbroken gentleness, enduring patience, sublime lowliness, graciousness of speech, self-control, self-forgetfulness and deep and abounding sympathy, look there for the highest wisdom; seek the company of such a one, for he has realized the divine, he lives with the Eternal, he has become one with the Infinite."—*James Allen*

"In a place like yours, where so many of all sorts of nature are together, there is a unique opportunity for gain and good in the chance it gives for self-discipline. Friction of personality is inevitable, but 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*

"WHEN you are doing some duty do not accept any suggestions that may come into the mind to do something else, even another duty. Put the present job right through. The mind (unless trained to concentration and silence) will always be thinking of something it would like better to do or is easier than what is now in hand. Nothing weakens the will more than attending to these suggestions. Even complete 'abulia' (scientific name for inability to do or decide anything, even whether or not to light a pipe or get up from the chair) may at last result from letting oneself be run by these whims."

"There is always a proper next thing to be done when this one is finished. Take that thing in its order, put it through, and so build up a strong, positive character. Never get negative to your own mind and fancies."

"ONLY the man who can impose discipline on himself is fit to discipline others, or can impose discipline on others."—*Hewell's Magazine*

"THAT a man finds his outer life monotonous means that he has not found his inner life at all. For this is exhaustlessly rich and changeful."

"If a man views life as the life of the body, his life ends with the death of the body. But if man views his life as the life of the spirit, he cannot even imagine an end to his life."

"How easy it is to put away from us and wipe away every alien, every disturbing thought, and straightway find ourselves in the midst of a great calm! The surest path to perfect harmony is to recur to it again and again. Practise stedfastly the acquirement of that which thou despairst of thine ability to acquire."—*Marcus Aurelius*

"He alone achieves all that is possible who forever aims at the seeming impossible. This is the pathway of the great."—*Eastern Proverb*

"EVERY man's enclosure, however small, gives him room enough to grow in. Let him be assured that when he has grown as much as that place allows of, another will open to him. So if no other has yet opened."

"A WELL TRAINED cow pony is hitched by just throwing the reins over his head and letting them trail on the ground. 'Pinto, you fool boss, you're like a lot of folks I know. Them reins ain't holding you, they ain't tied to nothing. Like folks, you're just tied to a fool idea.'"

"HAPPINESS and pleasure are not two words to describe the same idea. Experience shows that we may perform an unpleasant duty and yet get happiness and even joy out of it. The sun may be shining outside and we engaged in a monotonous task in a cheerless room — which is surely unpleasant enough. But if we exert our will, confining our attention to what we have to do and determined to do it well, then with just a little perseverance happiness is unfailingly ours, though perhaps at first somewhat beneath the surface. In the beginning we may only succeed in dulling the sharp edge of discomfort. But because of the steadiness and quietness of mind that comes of fixing our attention on our duty, some healing and healthgiving process is able to take place in our minds and little by little we find ourselves more sunshiny and happy. As Emerson says: 'A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but that which he has done ill shall give him no rest.'"

21 MAY 27

MUSEUM

For Prisoners and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or not

God counts not result but effort

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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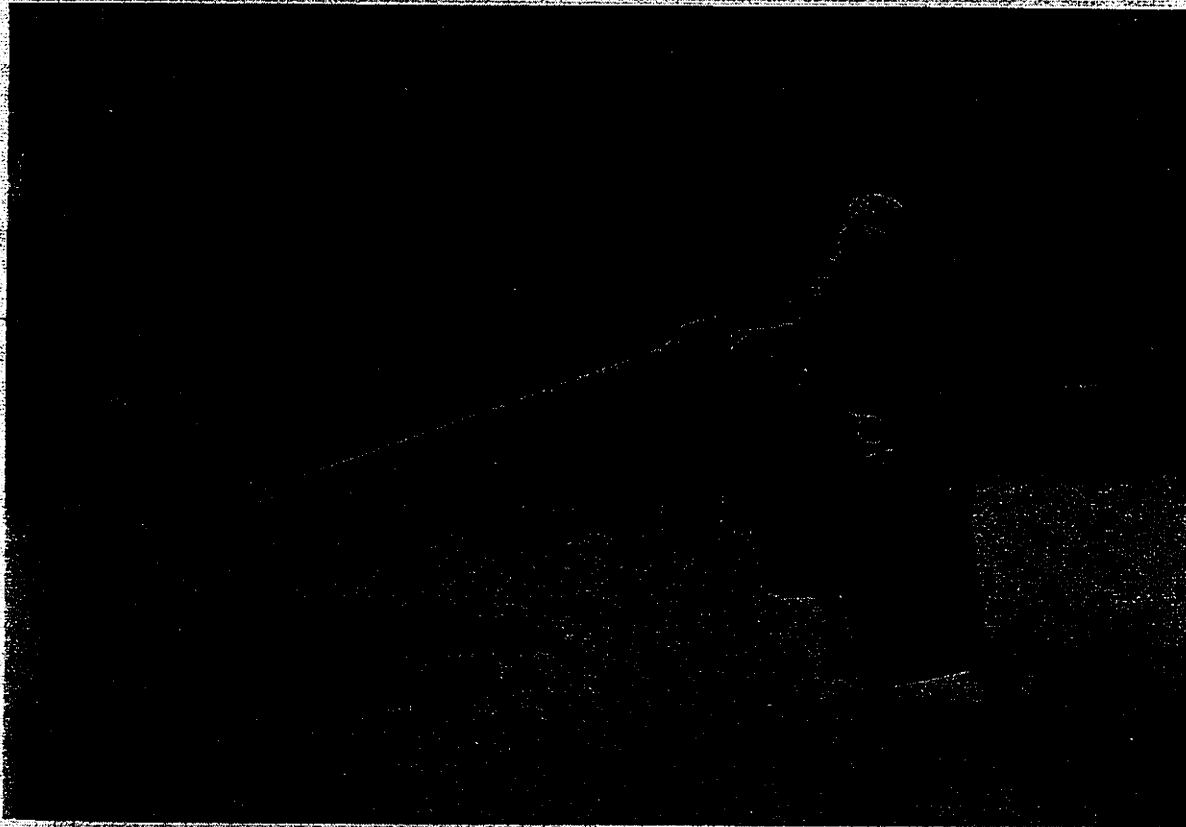
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PROSPERO AND CALIBAN

"Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill!"

Prospero, the magician, subduing the brute Caliban. He has the sun, planets and zodiacal symbols on his robe, and the wand of magic power in his hand.

From Katherine Tingley's recent production of Shakespeare's *Tempest* in the Open-air Greek Theater, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California. *The Tempest* was the last of Shakespeare's great plays and with this he too, like Prospero, laid down his "wand."

Man and Nature

From KATHERINE TINGLEY'S recently published book, *The Gods Await*.

I RECALL how Carlyle, after years of doubt, came to a place in his life where the whole world seemed dead to him and he could find no answer to his questions; and then one morning as, hungering after truth, he looked out over the hill-tops, it came to him; and in the glory of the morning light above the mountains he realized the power and grandeur within Nature, whose secret beauty was reflected into his soul; and he found the Divinity within him, and the truth and message he afterwards wrote so brilliantly for the world: a message of perfect trust in the divineness of the Universe and Man.

And this revelation is awaiting us all, for the Infinite is in everything, and all things are expressions of the Spirit. The invisible forces lying behind external Nature are identical with the invisible forces working through ourselves, and in both are many hidden things we have not discovered and do not understand.

The Spirit that shines through the beauty of dawns and sunsets, seeks equally to express its grandeur and dignity through our human lives. The spiritual will that urges us towards noble and righteous living is a part of the same great essence that breathes through all Nature, expressing itself in the hue and perfume of the flowers, in the whisper or crying of the wind, in all the music of the wild waters and the rolling billows of the sea.

In the search for freedom, in the quest for sublime perfection, there is eternal alliance between Man and Nature, and the waves and winds can shout for us the battle cry or sing for us the song of our peace, or whisper to us their dreams of sunlit ages to be. Under the blue of heaven in the free air we can always find that which is akin and most intimate to ourselves, and a friendliness in every green and growing thing, and the New Life, which is the God-essence everywhere, and it is in the plan of evolution that we should enjoy this noble, silent companionship, and that all Nature should constantly appeal to and invoke that which is impersonal, and therefore god-like, in ourselves.

Go into the secret chambers of your heart; go out under the magnificence of the constellations, arise to the viewpoint of the godhead you shall find in both; and the stars themselves will bring forth new manifestations of wonder for you, and you shall know certainly that where life is, in that place is the Divine; and that the glory of the sky and the sweet silence of the air, the wonder of music, the richness and vitality of color, all these things are but manifestations and permutations of Impersonal Deity.

Seek the upward and ennobling path, and

are no longer alone: your own Divinity is on your side with you. For music you shall have hearing of the symphony of life, and the stars in their courses shall sing to you; the trees shall chant to you the hymn of their beautiful being, and all Nature shall greet you with the salutation of respect because of the noble effort you are making. The glory of Death shall be made known to you and you shall know the path you must travel, though you may not foresee the goal; for the Soul shall implant in your mind the knowledge of its high possibilities.

There were many periods, anciently, when the Soul was better understood than now, and when men fashioned their lives simply and beautifully in accordance with the magnificent aspirations of Nature; when they listened for and heard, as we do but very rarely, the melody of life, which is the voice of the Inner Divinity; when they talked with the stars, and had no fear written on their faces; when they knew no dogmas at all, nor fear of death, nor spiritual nor moral error. All that was best in the history of those early races is here now in the very atmosphere in which we live. It is not lost, it is in Nature; it has made itself a part of the harmony of universal life.

Through our own efforts we may lift the veil and understand the mysteries of being, and the whole meaning of the conflict within ourselves and so work out our own salvation; for he who will crucify his earthly passions will find strength to roll back the stone from the doorway of his own inner being wherein the Divinity lies entombed, raising as it were the Christos from the dead.

We are not brought into existence by chance, nor thrown up into earth like wreckage cast along the shore, but are here for infinitely noble purposes. Rising in the morning, we should be conscious of the Divinity within; retiring at night, we should be enfolded in the protection of the Law.

For none of us is overlooked, left out, or forgotten in this Scheme of Love of whose sweeping beneficence each is a part. In all situations from the most trivial to the most important, in all temptations from the smallest to the largest, a man can find in his own reflexions and inner consciousness that which will convince him that he is more than he seems, a knowledge that leads not to egoism or self-importance, but to great simplicity, impersonality, and balance.

For Man is the Soul, and there is no wisdom so divine that he cannot attain it; the Soul belongs to the beautiful eternities, and we are here to make all existence beautiful. The Soul can rest on nothing this side of infinity. All eternity awaits it; how should it be satisfied with the half-life we live and the many imperfections that mar us? The nature of the Soul is to be winging its flight forever towards the boundless, to be working, hoping and conquering, and going forward forever and forever.



Mind and Body What They Do With Each Other

I HAD been consulting the doctor about my rather slack constitutional condition, partly attributable, maybe, to heredity, and it started him off on one of his interminable medical philosophizings. There was nothing for it but wait till he had finished. They were usually pretty good stuff.

"I've sometimes wished," he said, "that peoples' moods affected their clothes the same as they do their bodies. If, for instance, a man got mad about something, and in a few minutes an ugly stain showed up on the front of his waistcoat. Clothes cost money, and he'd learn to be more careful about giving his devil a free hand. But unfortunately, though his anger has done much more harm to his body than the stain has to his waistcoat, he can't see it and hasn't the least idea what he's done to himself with his outburst."

"There was a Russian physiologist who experimented on some cats along this line. He gave them a good meal, and, of course, cats not being dyspeptically inclined, their digestion began at once to go ahead under full steam. Then he irritated them in some way—maybe talked the wrong politics or religion to them—and found that their digesting and the natural movements of the stomach and intestines had stopped at once and did not start up again for an hour."

"Moral," I interrupted, "keep serene while you're eating."

"Well enough," said the doctor, "as far as the remark goes, but not far enough. The moral is, to keep serene *all the time*. A fit of rage hurts *all* the intimate life-processes of the whole body. The digesting process is the only one where this happens to be easy to demonstrate."

"Fear's another of these noxious emotions. Depresses the whole vitality and lowers resistance to disease. If it showed up in the suit of clothes you'd see them all saggy, lose their color, seams rip up here and there, and buttons drop off."

"Point of fact, you could divide the main states of mind into two lots, one sort that depresses vitality and makes the way easy for disease, and the other that starts it pulsing and building everywhere, burns up disease and restores and keeps health. Anger, grouching, sullen dislike of other people and conditions you happen to be in, fear—there's one group, the poisons. Peacefulness, optimism, content, friendliness, kindness, hope, the habit of happiness—all these go into the other."

"Unfortunately," I said, "we can't help our dispositions and temperaments. And anyway, isn't it an accepted fact that a man's temperament is determined by his bodily condition and has to echo, on its plane, the same scale of tones that the other, the body, sets for it? That is medical teaching, isn't it?"

"It's only a fact as far as a man lets it be," he answered. "If a man chooses to allow his feelings to be at the mercy of his bodily condition—then they will be, that's all. But if he sets to work and alters them little by little, steady quiet pressure from day to day in the direction of the sorts of feeling that give and encourage life and away from the sorts that make dirty splotches on his waistcoat and rot the seams and make the buttons fall off—why, his body will presently follow along and right itself in the most surprising way."

"It's a steady give and take, action and reaction, on both sides. You throw your liver out of order with fits of black rage, and it'll get the trick of being easily out of order on its own account any time. And then it'll naturally affect the mind for a time even when there's nothing outwardly to cause the depression or irritability or surliness."

"You get back from the body what you paid into it. Just catch on to that: you get back *into* your mind from the body, later on, what you pay into it now *from* your mind. Every thought plays on the body, for good or bad."

"Here's a bit of an example of what the mind can do on the body. Just you think of sucking a lemon and then note how the saliva presently runs under your tongue from the salivary glands. Your simple mental imagination of the sour pulp played a tune on the nerves and glands at once and set them to work."

"How long would a man feel dismal and physically depressed if he could, just in the same way, imagine that the sunlight of the rising sun was all through his brain and heart, the very image of the sun itself? Not so difficult to do, after all, with a little practice of the imagination. You don't have to depend on a real sun any more than on a real lemon for your results."

"That the body acts on the mind is true, of course; but even if the other way about were not equally true—that the mind acts on the body—we could still do very well just by *using* this action of body on mind instead of *submitting* to it. You can smile in a friendly way and say a friendly word, can't you? even if you *don't* feel like it. And you know very well that in the very act of doing that some of the corresponding feeling has been created. You have used for your own profit the law of the effect of the body and muscles on the mind."

"Did you ever see a grouchy sullen man with anything but a grouchy sullen walk? But now, suppose he forced himself to stand upright like a man and put his shoulders back and walk like a man and look other fellows pleasantly in the eye like a man, how long do you think it would be before he's *feeling* like a man, mentally? He'd have used his body to lighten up his mind instead of letting it darken his mind all over, more and more, with every slouchy,

drag-foot-step he took. He'd have made his own tonic.

"You think all this out, this interaction of mind and body, and use it for all it's worth to offset what you think is your poor heredity or upbringing. You'll get results in the full proportion of your efforts. A continuous dosage of tonic made by yourself will do more for you than my three-times-a-day-after-meals sort, I tell you."

THE PATIENT

The Two Handles of Men and Events

I DON'T like him in that coat. — No, of course that isn't what I mean; but why be pedantic? What I mean is that I don't like that *coat* on him. I wouldn't like it on anybody. It's dirty and misshapen. However, I guess he's about through with it himself. A nice fellow disguised like that!

Wagner, I've heard, used to dress differently according to the character he was writing the music for. Used to put on a tiger's robe to write the Siegfried music. The different dresses made him feel different and compose differently.

It is rather the same with us. We feel differently according to the way we're dressed — in our Sunday best, in overalls, in a comfortable old lounge coat, in a brand-new suit, or a disgraceful, threadbare old one; feel differently, speak differently, bear ourselves differently in presence of others. It ought not to be so, of course. We're the same man inside them all. But our taste in dress sometimes changes, becomes better, and a get-up we once wore, thinking it quite O.K., we wouldn't dream of selecting now.

It's about the same with character and mentality. That's a dress, too, a sort of coat. When we say "I don't like that man," we mean, I don't like him in (or with) that *character*. Still more correctly we mean, I don't like that *character* on him. We shouldn't like it on anybody. It's dirty or ugly in some way. We wish he would change it and get a better. Perhaps he would like a better one himself, but does not know how to set about it, or has tried and failed and thinks it can't be done. Or he may not see anything wrong with it, ugly as it is, and lets it have its fling all the time.

However, any time his taste in character may change for the better, and the unpleasing get-up of ways and manners and doings he wears now, he may entirely discard later on, having become ashamed of it. Men often do that gradually or suddenly. When occurring under certain special circumstances it is often called "conversion." To be accurate we ought not to say that the man is changed for the better, but that *he* has changed his *character* for the better.

I can't help (and don't want to help) imagining a time coming when all men will have got themselves

into better shape as regards characters — there I am again. I mean, got their characters into better shape, the very best and noblest shape, satisfied with nothing but the very finest, put on god-characters, god-mentalities, every one of us. And then of course our bodies will follow suit: no more diseases, deformities and the likes of that — and no more unhappiness.

We've got on dirty old suits and feel and act accordingly. But any man who can get a feel of the deepest part of himself will for that time know that he isn't wearing the suit he would like to, that the suit he wears isn't a fit and isn't pretty, is out of key with his real inner nature. For inside, he is a soul, as are you and I.

I've found it a mighty comfortable and agreeable habit to insist on seeing something good in every fellow, some little outcrop of the soul, and holding on to them by that instead of by what's unpleasant on them. It's a habit easily acquired, and it makes one much less irritable. The critical habit is really an awful nuisance, a brain-ruffer and mental peace-disturber, and it actually makes the *other* fellow worse too.

My new habit makes relationships much better from the very first, seems to affect the other fellow in a way that he likes, though he mayn't be conscious of what's getting him. Your different feeling shows up somehow in your eyes — and the other way about: for if you'll look at him appreciatively while you talk to him or when you meet him you'll be able to get that new feeling better.

There's a gleam that just shows up once in a while in everybody, the better part that's mostly hidden, a sign of what they've got it in them to be and some time will be when they've come to their best and realest. That's the handle to take hold of them by as far as you can.

The old Roman philosopher Epictetus said that everything had two handles, one good to take hold of it by, the other bad. Which of them you are in the habit of using — is *your* habit. Upon that depends your mental peace. Their best is the handle to take hold of others by if you want to help them and have pleasant relationship with them and clear your own mind of its clouds and storms. Get the right habit and keep at it till it is a habit.

And apart from other men, the same is the wise policy of mind training with respect to *events*. Take hold of unpleasant events by the handle of what good they can do you in the training of equanimity, of will-power to bear without loss of self-control and self-respect, of will-power to face life as it ought to be faced, not by the handle of their disagreeableness.

Every man has his share of the unpleasant; you know that. Let each take his share of it as a man when his turn comes and use the situation for the growth towards manhood which it surely contains as a possibility for him. We miss the finest oppor-

tunities by not cultivating this habit. Let us remember that any mental attitude soon becomes a habit, soon and easily, and it is according to our habits that we live in constant discomfort and irritation, or find peace.

Trust life to give us the closest best capable of helping us at the best time. We are not here to live, merely, but by *means of life* to get closer and closer to ideal manhood, which is *soul* hoded. STUDENT

Constructive Work

BECAUSE the reporter sent to interview some inmates in the big prison let them tell their stories in their own way, he got some gripping human documents. Reading them, you went into the other fellow's mind, saw things through his eyes, and knew how he felt about his outlook. Somehow, the *way* he mostly was taking his sentence came home like a personal challenge, "how would *you* take it in his place? For any of us might be some time." It was the unexpected that had happened to many of these others, and none of us knows either the heights or the depths we may touch yet.

One interview was with the nation's trusty in the women's ward. It was the most vital column in that day's paper. The printed paragraphs pictured this "like's" own story, and voiced the composite personality of the "celled sisterhood," I've read it twice. The real womanhood breathing through the lines, and between them, made me want to know her. She would be well worth knowing — and loving. Already, she feels like an old friend.

She tells her story simply: an epic of a young bride's pioneering in our western open spaces, a nature-lover making a home-nest, then estrangement and broken ties; love turned to hate and bitterness, strange driftings through sin and crime to conviction, and imprisoned remorse and despair; and, finally, self-won peace. Still in the early thirties, this woman-soul has run the gamut of experience, and at last has struck the keynote of life itself. Out of the soil and storm and struggle, something of the real self has come forth in full flower. She is a living truth of how to solve the common human problem — of man or woman.

In short, this "lifer" has come by the awful detour of the prison pathway on to the high road to wisdom. She has already arrived at self-knowledge, — a point far in advance of most of us.

She sketches the horror of those first long prison nights that only ended with drab, hopeless dawns. She saw some of the women inmates, sunken into a death-in-life attitude of mind and body, — others in same with remorseful brooding. Some healthy instinct in her warned against yielding to a like fate.

"I was overwhelmed with remorse for my crime," she said, "but, having made a sort of peace with my-

self, I had to put that aside to retain my sanity. . . . I interested myself in beautifying the barren prison court, planting climbing roses and ivy. I studied languages. The seasons passed, and gradually I came out of my melancholy bewilderment to calmness and readjustment. But always there was something profoundly nagging, a ceaseless unrest. Finally I identified it. It was my concentration on myself.

Not until I shifted my center of gravity outside myself, did I find even such satisfaction as may be had in prison. I began thinking what I could do for the other girls, seeking to serve wherever I could. You see I came painfully but inevitably to that nub of all religions and sound philosophies here in my cell — concern for others, the crux of civilization.

"Now, if I had something constructive to do, I could be wholly resigned to stay here the rest of my life. I have wondered why the women of California who profess an interest in us, who come to read and sing and talk to us, don't concern themselves with getting us something constructive to do — work in which we could interest ourselves, which would be a balm, indeed, and a regenerating influence.

"What do we miss most? I, most of all, the murmur of the sea I love, and the solemn stillness of the woods. If we didn't have them, I should have hungered most for books. Most girls here perhaps miss dancing and shows. Mothers, their children, of course. Some simply can't seem to wean themselves from their kiddies, and for them prison is frightful beyond words.

"The sex impulse is one of the paramount things to contend with here. Most of the privileges lost by inmates are for attempts to communicate with the men across the dividing wall. This would be greatly minimized if the women's quarters were entirely removed from the men's penitentiary. . . .

"The majority of life-timers have at some time lived on a farm — some of them homesteading as I did. Their eagerness to escape the perverting influence of idleness is pathetic. They want to dig, plant, produce, a passion akin to maternal instinct in many. The feeling that I am non-productive is hardest to bear."

From the standpoint of the Higher Law, this woman is doing the finest kind of constructive work, and doing it well. She is the embodied truth that the Real Self can reconstruct the wreckage of a life, unaided, and with all a prisoner's handicaps. She is a vital center of sanity and hope, of courage and spiritual will, in a group sorely in need of the saving touch of these very qualities.

The women around her cannot but be affected by the quiet dynamic power which she has found in herself, the power to rise above the deadening level of the situation. And on inner lines of thought and feeling, she is broadcasting into the common social atmosphere the inspiring message that every human being has the power to be self-redeemed.

And the method — so simple and universal — is

just losing the petty personal sense in the unselfish outgo of good-will and helpful service for others. That is indeed the "nub of all religions and sound philosophies."

The inner life is enriched with giving freely, for the more one gives, the more he shall receive of truth and light. The gods themselves are obligated to help those who truly help others. Every heart is dear to the heart of the universe. And the most severely tried soul may find in suffering that innate nobility which can withstand the storm within, and, out of the very struggle, win an inward place of lasting peace.

READER

Making a Hundred Thousand Loafers a Year

THEORETICALLY, men are put in prison to repent their crimes and learn to be useful citizens. As a matter of fact, repentance is short-lived. It is over within a matter of a few weeks or months with the normal person.

Human nature demands and builds up a defensive philosophy.

To remain sane, convicts must and do achieve justification or excuse. Any idea that they sit around and mourn the acts that brought them into conflict with the law is absurd, and neither long sentences nor harsh treatment can bring this about.

It must be borne in mind that criminals, where they are not just accidental or incidental law-violators — victims of some unexpected combination of circumstances, and hence just normal human beings — are individuals long on imagination and short on perseverance; in other words, men constitutionally unwilling to wait for the slow and ordered results of steady work and saving. They are men who try to acquire money and ease as the result of some supreme but momentary effort — gamblers who throw life and liberty in the scale of value for value, in place of conscientious work and self-denial. The nature, character and duration of the penalty they hazard means nothing, as they do not expect to be caught, and would not take the risk if they did, any more than any other type of gambler would bet if he knew he would lose.

What is needed to reform men is to teach them, train them, and make them work constructively and find out by actual experience the rewards of honest labor. Therefore, incarceration for a limited period would benefit men where it was coupled with intensive mental, moral and spiritual education, as well as plenty of work on a fair wage basis. On the other hand you cannot teach a man any lesson for good, by putting him in prison for five, fifteen or fifty years, to lay around and do nothing or next to nothing. Furthermore, you cannot make a good citizen and an honest workman out of a man by conscripting his labor over long periods at nothing per annum. You

rather teach him to hate work and to become an enemy to society.

More than a hundred thousand men are languishing in various penitentiaries and jails in the United States, learning to do as little work as possible year by year, and confirming themselves in habits of slothfulness. The slogan of all jails is "lie down," by which is meant that when not actually working — or rather pretending to work — the inmate is expected by everyone from guards to fellow-prisoners to lie on his bunk and do nothing.

While on the subject of work it can hardly be amiss to state that it takes from four to seven convicts working for no hope of reward, to do the work of one paid workman. This is so because the jealousy of business-men who should know better, and labor-unions, which might know better, is consistently standing in the way of the application of an honest and just industrial wage system to prisons. On a fair wage for honest work basis, convicts can and do turn out as good and as much work as free men.

The bad effects of the present system are ultimately inflicted directly upon society in the release of one hundred thousand trained loafers per year. Men who could and would become honest workers, and readily absorbed into our industries with beneficial results to business and labor had they been properly trained while in prison and kept in industry, are instead weaned away from it, and come out unable and unwilling to work.

The question is, what are the intelligent leaders of our present day society going to do about it? Do they want a million more loafers in the coming decade or a million working-men? The answer is in their hands. — A. H. M. in *Good Words*

Not the Time for That Now

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

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

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

But the helplessness is only habit. We have never even thought of treating our minds as we would treat a young horse we were training, gradually forcing in upon them once for all the idea that they must not

wander from the straight road, saturating them with it.

As in every other acquirement we must begin at the easy end. *Not the time for that now* the more we exercise the power of saying that, the more the power grows. It can be successfully used at last in the worst cases so that any line of thought can be shut off at once and, if desirable, altogether. A wrong or injustice or insult can be brushed aside in a moment and peace regained. And when peace can be regained in a moment it is only another step for it never to be disturbed even for a moment.

It is a fact that in proportion as we get into the mind the idea that it must not wander, it not only becomes infinitely more efficient as an instrument for thought and study and practical achievement, but also becomes capable of understanding what life is for and what is its goal and its ultimate possibilities. It is only our instability of mind that makes this knowledge so difficult to gain.

In the effort to hold the new peace of heart there is a steady growth of character and dignity. Mean and petty things we once did without a thought of shame become impossible to us. We become strangers to fear of any sort and less and less at the mercy of outward conditions. For the inner life, the life of the soul, is becoming known to us. And in some moment of silenced thought, thought silenced in aspiration at night or in early morning, this inner, greater life can be found in its completeness.

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

From Beethoven's Note-Books

"In my childhood I tried to remember the good in others and not to forget it. Later on I tried to make it a principle not to condemn the whole man because of a few weaknesses, but to be just and remember the good in him. I have considered myself not merely a friend of the whole human race but always to call individuals my friends and to treat them as such."

"There is nothing higher than to approach Divinity closer than other men, whence to spread the rays of Divinity among the human race."

"Courage, so it be righteous, will gain all things."

"He always was my enemy, and it was for that reason I did him every possible service."

"I would rather forget what I owe to myself than what I owe to others."

"No friend of mine shall suffer want while I have anything."

"Humility of man towards man pains me, for when I consider myself in connexion with the universe, what am I, and what is he whom we call the greatest? And yet, herein lies the divine in man."

"NEVER, since my early childhood did my eagerness to serve humanity somehow with my art permit any other payment, and the inner glow of satisfaction sufficed."

"My resolve: to live only in the country. It is, indeed, as if every tree spoke to me in the country: holy, holy! Sweet stillness of the woods! I am filled with bliss and happiness in forests: every tree through Thee, O God! What sublimity! In such a wooded region there is Silence on the heights, Rest to serve Him."

Special Notice

THE NEW WAY was established by 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 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

"LET us not lie down to sleep without becoming something higher than we ever were in our life before. This is accomplished by surveying our conduct and thoughts of the day from the highest critical standpoint. To become our own critics and judges in this way is to rise a rung higher on the great ladder of ascent. The whole sublime ascent in soul-life is accomplished in just this way. We raise ourselves up out of the welter of the day, becoming more than we were while we lived through it. And we cannot altogether lose the strength for further effort that is thus won. We have laid up one more coin in our 'treasure in heaven' and there it is forever, even if it be years before we may realize what we have done, before the fruits of the effort become manifest to us as a sudden new awakening."

"THEN take this honey for the bitterest cup.

There is no failure save in giving up.

No real fall so long as one still tries.

For seeming setbacks make the strong man wise.

There's no defeat, in truth, save from within.

Unless you're beaten there, you're bound to win."

"THE battle of life is a battle not for, but against self. By wrestling with it, we strengthen our souls."

Jerome K. Jerome

"IT is not our sins that will drag us down, but our want of will to fight against them."

Jerome K. Jerome

"IN these days men's desires are enormous but their wills feeble." Guizot

"DO not let your will go soft. Draw up an iron time-table and stick to it. Nail your time-table on the wall and allow no leakages. In a month you will be master of yourself. In a year you will be a man. In ten years you will be whatever you choose to be."

James Douglas

"NOW which of these is better — to be thinking of your mistakes and sins, or of that ever-present Power in you which can overcome them? ~~Which~~ ^{Which} ever of these you are thinking of, you are ~~enforcing~~ ^{enforcing}."

13 JUN 27

"WHEN a man is not misled by that logical apparatus his brain, it is astonishing to what clearness of perception he may attain." Grant Osburn

"CALL this world, if you please, 'The Vale of Soul-making.' Then you will find out the use of the world. I say Soul-making. Soul-as distinguished from Intelligence found! There may be intelligences in millions, but they are not Souls till they acquire identity [self-consciousness], till each one is personally itself."

"If what I have said should not be plain enough I will put you in the place where I began in this series of thoughts — I mean I began by seeing how man was formed by circumstances — and what are circumstances but touchstones of his heart? and what are touchstones but provings of his heart, but fortifiers or alterers of his nature? and what is his altered nature but his Soul? — and what was his Soul before it came into the world and had these provings and alterations and perfectings? — An Intelligence without self-identity — and how is this? Identically to be made? Through the medium of the Heart. And how is the Heart to become this Medium-but-in-a-world of Circumstances? — From a letter of John Keats, the great English poet to his brother and sister."

"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-predominating, 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 that 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." Katherine Tingley

"THE lighthouse is still a beautiful symbol. It stands for the supreme function of man on earth, and of each one of us within the radius of his own small circle. To transform the spirit of love into light that shall illumine the night of life for those who pass darkly through it — that is the function of the lighthouse, and the humblest human glow worm who is merely true to himself is instinctively doing just that." Havelock Ellis

"We must accept the moral law which governs our existence whether we like it or not. And we must courageously confront the manifest fact of all human experience that there is no forgiveness for a broken law. We are meant to be careful, and nature is intended to hurt us when we affront her." L. P. Jacks

For Prisoners and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or not

"The More Handicaps the More Honor."

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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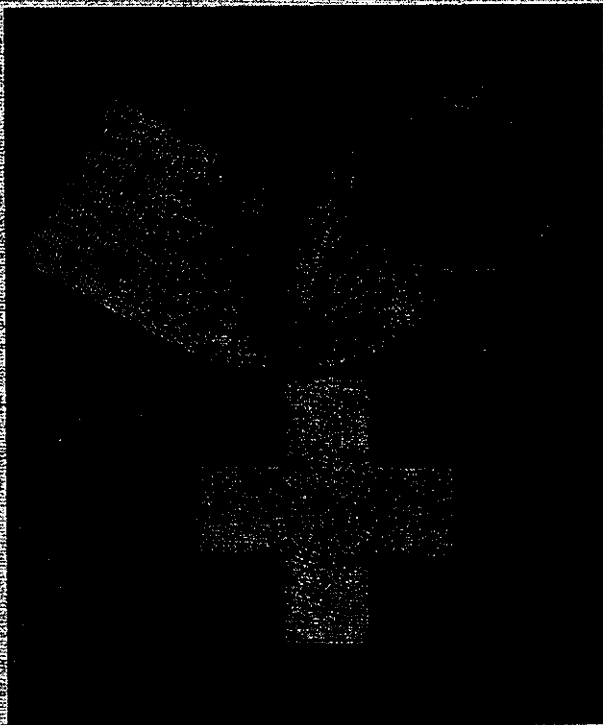
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The Deeper Silence

*From an address recently delivered by
KATHERINE TINGLEY
in The Memorial Temple of Peace,
Point Loma, California.*

ONE has not to move very far away from himself to realize that the very best thoughts he has ever had, have remained for the most part unuttered. Man's greatest aspirations, his brightest dreams, his grandest hopes, have been so deep in

his heart-life, in his mind, and in the silent yearnings of his better nature, that no words could utter them—so sacred are they and so little understood.

We have never realized or dreamed that it is in the silence, the stillness of the brain-mind that our best and most helpful ideas come to us. There is so much that we meet in our everyday lives that we cannot explain, that we do not understand. And the reason is that we have removed ourselves so far away from our higher source of knowledge—the better part of us, the nobler, aspiring, eternal part, which is to be found only in the silence.

Hug to your heart the idea that you are divine in essence. Believe that the best of yourself is to be found in the silence, when your soul is seeking recognition. Yet — it is so lonely! The soul of humanity is so lonely, because men live so much on the outer plane and so little in the inner field of the aspirations, and the hopes, and the consciousness of their essential divinity.

Oh if every man today could have just this one living idea of his own essential divinity, of his everlasting, eternal life, of his being a part of Deity's great family!

We have been educated for ages to look outside of ourselves for help; so most people have tried to penetrate through the mysteries of life with the brain-mind alone, and have never reached the Real. They have depended upon external help instead of retiring into the silence of their deeper natures and feeling their own heart-throbs, so to speak, and challenging and questioning themselves. They do not reach it, because struggling humanity has for ages been continually reminded of its mistakes, its weaknesses, its 'sins.'

So men have had little time left for finding out who they are, where they come from, and whither they go. They have had little to satisfy their souls. There are some things that may satisfy a limited mind — the brain-mind, — because that mind may be yet psychologized with the unrest of the age. It may mean well, but it does not know itself; consequently it does not aspire. But there are thousands and thousands in the world today who are seeking the Light and the Truth.

I shall speak of America in particular. We cannot help acknowledging that in the material sense America is prosperous; and as the country advances in its outward prosperity, so do the people to a degree. But they do not reach the deeper needs of their natures in this way; and bear in mind, what they do get through such prosperity is only for this one life, unless they are of the kind that believe there is more Light; and therefore long for, strive for, and work untingrily for, more Light.

Such as these latter are moving in quite another direction than those entirely occupied with material prosperity. They have a superb trust; because, when one is absolutely conscious of his own essential divinity, the Light breaks, the veil is lifted, and life has a new meaning.

Until a man has the knowledge of his own essential divinity, it is to me quite out of place to think for a moment that he is to be condemned for what he did not know! He is not to be condemned for the mistakes he has made, when looking outside for the Light, while it was within. But he is to blame, if he continues doing so, after he knows that there is another door open for him, and that all he has to do is to enter in.

There is a great poverty of ideals in human life today. The best of them are unexpressed. What field does the world offer in order fully to live out our ideals? Where is the comradeship, or the education, that will take us out of our limitations into a larger view of life and a larger view of the majesty

of the Infinite Laws, and the glory of living? In very truth, humanity is crying today for the peace that comes from living out our inner ideals! Even the unborn children are calling for it!

The silent power that I spoke of is everywhere. You will find it in the kingdom of Nature, in the woods, in the sound of the waves as they wash the shore, in the stars as they speak their silent language to us, and in the silence of human hearts everywhere. And then your mind will go beyond into a grander vista of another world and more superb possibilities for all — even for the very least of us.

The things you have lost or missed in this life, that really belong to your souls, can be yours. For to every one of us will come another chance, other chances to make good where now we have failed.

There are of course very good men and women everywhere, but they are the exceptions. And when I refer to the poverty of our ideals in this country, and indeed in other countries as well, I am not referring to our beautiful buildings, our splendid school edifices, our great inventions, nor to the world's enormous wealth of material possessions. No, I am talking about our children, our boys and girls, who walk our streets every day. I am thinking about them.

Most of them are not going the right way, many of them are drifting the wrong way — some rapidly, others slowly and insidiously. There is no real chance for them. Why? Because high ideals are not presented to them from Monday morning until Saturday night, as they should be. On the contrary, they have dammed into their ears, and they read in the newspapers and everywhere they turn: Dollars! Dollars!

Now of course the dollar-and-cent question has its place, but our minds are made for something more! They are made to do grand thinking, to echo the thoughts of our higher natures!

When the body dies, the brain-mind dies with it. What does go on forever is that eternal, spiritual part, the spiritual soul, the essential divinity that I have told you of.

Of course you must have your outward life and you must work for the dollars and cents rationally. But you must divide your time and give to your souls, to your consciences, and to those you love, a tribute of the gods, so to speak, for such it proves to be, when a man finds in this noisy world of ours, that humanity is divine in essence, and that nothing is lost in the Great Scheme of Life. This gives a man a larger view, another view, and still another, which are not contradictory, but are the result of his continuous growth, of his deep aspirations, strengthened by his spiritual will.

One need not be surprised if he looks in the glass and finds that some of his wrinkles have gone out of his face, that his sorrow and despair have begun to vanish. He will begin to find in himself secrets of a divine love that warms his soul and enlightens his mind, and enables him to give courage to others. Perhaps he will find in his own home new opportunities and ways of speaking more kindly and building more securely and more richly for the future, through his knowledge of the everlasting life.



But we need not wait for another life. Every moment can be made so precious that ere long we shall have the evidence of true, splendid, royal ideals active in the world for our children, taking the place of all that distressed us yesterday. Then we shall find men and women growing more closely to the Divine Plan, more gloriously and splendidly for their fatherhood and motherhood, and for the greater good of all humanity.

A Traffic Cop's Philosophy

I USED to pass the big policeman every day at the busy center of the town's traffic, but never did I get the chance to hear him talk until the day when we both had a long wait at the dentist's. "There's lots of life to be seen at my corner," said he in answer to my question, "and take it all together I'm glad to be alive and have a hand in the game. A good many sad faces go drifting by and things take place that make my heart ache; but as I see it, it's just the law of sowing and reaping working itself out before our eyes and that's the way folks get licked into shape and learn the lessons they came here to learn."

"There's a certain look on the faces of the fellers who are trying to act on the level, and a way of walking they have, and as they go by I kind of size 'em up and keep tabs on 'em and they're the ones that get ahead mostly."

"And then there's the other kind, the 'grab-and-beat-it-gang,' I call 'em. They say that the world owes them a living and they're out to collect it, but as long as they stay like that I've no more use for 'em than I have for the flea that lives on my leg; he gets a good living at my expense and never does a hand's turn for his board and lodging. Some of 'em are smart enough to carry on for a goodish while and dodge what's coming to the man of crooked ways; but sooner or later there's something that drops on 'em with a crash and the jig is up, and then they go into the quiet place and have a chance to think things over."

"Even when life is going easy with 'em they never have a real good time to my thinking. There's a queer look in their eyes as if they felt that something was after 'em. I guess they've a hunch that there's something watching, watching all the time for the right moment to give 'em what's coming to 'em."

"I feel dead sure of it myself that things don't happen to us by chance and there's something that chalks up an account of good and bad and lets us have it according, sooner or later. A feller can't always follow it out; but that's because we can't see far enough ahead or back; but sure's you're born there's something always on the watch to straighten things out and put to rights whatever's gone askew. If you're crooked you think it's something you've got to fight or run away from; but if you're on the level you know it's the best friend you have 'cause

it's out to give you a square deal. It's out to give you honest justice and what's more, if there's any rotten spots in your life it'll show 'em up so you'll have a chance to cut 'em out and get into the sound fruit class, and that's your opportunity I reckon."

"But mind you, it never makes a fellow act decent—it's up to him to do as he likes about that. What'd be the use of a world where everybody was like a cog on a wheel doing his own particular little stunt simply because he couldn't do any different? But every once in a while it gives you a rap or a shove to wake you up and let you see what a cheapskate you really are and then you take yourself in hand and make a new start."

"I tell you it's hard to act as you'd like to in a world like this; but you can hold your mind on something fine and try for it. It's like the kid who kept a bantam hen and he wasn't satisfied with her output. The young feller went to work and got an ostrich egg and hung it up right in front of her nest and chalked up on the wall: *Keep your eye on this and do your best!* 'Twouldn't be a bad motto for anybody to stick up over his wash-basin."

"One big idea as it seems to me is to be on the lookout to do the other feller a good turn as the chances come cropping up all the time. To feel that we're not here just to work for ourselves; but to keep one eye at least wide open for the good of our neighbor in everything we set our hand to."

"This old world's in a pretty bad fix, but though there's sad things and bad things and mad things aplenty, yet you and I are the parties responsible and every day brings its chances to do our bit to change things over for the better. No, I don't mean voting and politics and that; but getting right down to brass tacks and reforming our *own* habits and our shady talk and all our little ways that set a bad example all round. It's the little things that count, I reckon. If we look after them we're safe on the big ones."

"My turn for the chair is it? Well, we'll finish our talk next time we bump into each other."

REPORTER

Self-Realization

SELF-REALIZATION is a word to conjure with nowadays. But it needs a little definition, does it not? If you met anyone wearing that badge, how could you tell whether he was a prophet or a profiteer; whether he yearned to find his place in the universe, like a circling, light-giving globe; or to destroy everything and everybody that stood in the way of his own interests?

Let us take as text a quotation from the commonplace book of the late eminent surgeon, Dame Louisa Aldrich-Blake:

"Suppression of self is always the condition of true self-realization."

Here in a nutshell we have the whole philosophy

of the distinction between true selfhood and what falsely appears as such.

This is of course the teaching of religions, to be found in the *Sermon on the Mount*, and many other sacred scriptures. It is expressed in paradoxes like, "He who loseth his life for my sake shall find it," "Give up thy life, if thou wouldst live." The meaning is that that which we must suppress, or lose, or give up, is not the Self, but only something which we mistake for the self. So the saying is equivalent to, "Give up the false and find the true." To find the Self, we must eliminate from our character all that serves to hide and mask that Self. The lust for gain, advantage, pleasure, ambition, vanity, such things as these lead us away from true self-realization. But these are the very things which run so many people who think they are doing the best for themselves, and in the very name of self-realization they are practising the methods most hostile to it.

Souls rich in experience have ever found that the fruits of personal desire turn to gall and bitterness, and thus they have learnt the great lesson of life that man is far greater than his own petty and beloved personality.

It is said in an old scripture that Self is the friend of man, and that self is the enemy of man: an apparent contradiction arising from the use of one word in two senses. That 'self,' as the word is ordinarily understood, is the enemy of man is apparent. Study the life of some person familiar to you, and see how there was a continual conflict between his attempt to realize the finer side of his character, the *true* Self, and his clinging to 'self.' You, viewing the drama from a detached position, can see it all clearly enough. Perhaps you are detached enough in your moments of self-examination to see the same conflict in your own life. Perhaps you have lately succeeded in letting in the light upon some delusion of selfishness that has been misleading you, and are rejoicing in the freedom.

After we are dead, the Soul will be freed from the delusions of the lower mind and the passions, and we shall know what was the true purpose of our life. But is it necessary to wait until we are dead? Cannot we now—today—arrive at a conviction that the real purpose of our life is far greater than what is sketched out for us by our plans and wishes; and that a willing consent to this greater purpose brings a satisfaction that no pursuit of personal aims can bring?

If so, we may begin to realize that no life is futile; and even the lower self may appear in the guise of a friend, in so far as, under the light of discernment, it becomes our teacher.

Sometimes we ask ourselves what is the meaning of life and are perplexed to find an answer and take refuge in the policy of just living on from day to day. The trouble comes from trying to find an answer in terms of our mental power of conceiving, the actual purpose of life must be greater than we can define. If it were not so, would it be worth while? So we must endeavor to glimpse that purpose, not as a defined idea, but as a motive felt deep

in the heart, or a light beckoning us on to prospects not yet in view.

In short, our real inner and divine Self stands as a Deity, able, if trusted, to inspire us with right motives for the guidance of our conduct all the time. To that guidance we can resort when the counsels of our mind are perplexed. So long as we are following desires and schemes, ignorant of the real purpose of our life, we shall seem to be at the mercy of an inscrutable power that continually thwarts us. But this conflict will cease when we come to realize that the power which is guiding us is the wisdom from within—our own real Self, which we long to realize.

STUDENT

The Body and I

THE doctor made his examination, meditated a little and then said, "You'll have to give up smoking."

"What! Altogether?"

"Altogether."

It sounded like a death sentence, and I went cold all over. How could I endure it? The pipe had been my companion for thirty years, constant, an unfailing comfort.

The doctor looked at me sympathetically for a while and then said, "It won't be so hard. Anyhow it's only the body that wants to smoke. If you'll hold on to that idea there won't be much trouble after a few days. And there'll be a lot to learn in it."

That was five years ago. I wouldn't have missed the experience for anything. That the body and its wishes and tastes were something I could stand back from and look at, was certainly a great idea, and a real medicine for the acute discomfort. But, like any other medicine, the doses had to be repeated at due intervals for some little time.

Very few of us realize that the body is distinct from the man living in it. We may think we believe quite fully that death delivers us from the body and that we then go on into another field of life, leaving the body behind. But that is only a half-finished mental picture, hung up on the wall of the mind, never taken down to be dusted and well-studied and completed. But if rightly completed it would show that our separability from the body at death, for a higher destiny, of new work and experience means that *in life also* we are essentially distinct from it.

Failure to complete the picture leaves us to continue thinking of ourselves as identical with the body, and so at the mercy of its impulses and wishes (which we take for our own), with a fear of death which for that reason is always more vivid than our faith in immortality, and without a gleam of real self-knowledge.

"Man, know thyself!" But how are we knowing ourselves while we feel ourselves identical with something *not* ourselves?

Perhaps the doctor's words were wiser than he

himself realized. But perhaps he was intentionally handing me a key for myself to put into the lock and open the door. "Yes, my friend, body," I would say, "I know you're in trouble for want of your smoke, but for your own good I can't let you have any. And I added to myself, "And for my own good too for I'm now beginning to get some notion of what I am. I'm putting some fresh touches into the picture. I'm grasping some of my immortality now instead of waiting for death to give it to me."

We don't have to wait till death for the Light and the Power. We can begin getting them now. We don't have to wait to realize ourselves as souls; we can begin to feel ourselves as that, right now.

Maybe there was something better than chance in that heart trouble that required me to throw the pipes into the ash-can. And maybe also in troubles of every other sort also.

STUDENT

Day Follows Night

THERE was an epidemic in the city, and the doctor, his face pale with fatigue, climbed the narrow stairs of a house in the poorer quarters to a room almost bare of furniture. He was met by the hurried voice of the grandmother. "Thank God you've come, Doctor, but I am afraid you're too late." The father, sitting just within the doorway, lifted a hopeless face from his hands as the doctor entered. The mother, kneeling by the bedside, did not move.

If she had had a little more wisdom just then, she would have known it was her husband who most needed her help at the moment. When the doctor made his pronouncement that the child could only live a few hours longer, that undernourishment had left no reserve of strength in its body, Mrs. Hutton rose to her feet with a superb courage showing in her face. "Now that I know the worst I will meet it," she said quietly.

But for Hutton the room became dim. The word "undernourishment" seared his brain and a dull-anger and a desperate purpose rose within him. He slipped quietly from the room, downstairs and out and made his way through the streets to the other side of the town. Night had come, and as he took his way through the light snow that was falling, his mother's words to the doctor repeated themselves over and over in a maddening way in his brain. "Thank God you've come, Doctor, but I am afraid you're too late."

Hutton reached his destination and sized up a likely-looking house, standing well back from the road, with plenty of shrubbery to hide his movements. But hearing an auto coming, he slipped quickly into the long covered way that led from the road to the house. The car drew up where he had entered, the occupant got out and said to the driver, "You can go, it may be here some time."

Hutton had moved up to the center of the covered

way to where it broadened into an arbor. It was dark just there, and as the newcomer passed him he felled him with a blow, quickly took his coat and hat and put them on, caught up his bag and ran to the door of the house. A maid was peering out into the darkness wondering at the delay. As Hutton pushed past her she said hurriedly: "Upstairs—first to the right."

Hutton leapt up the stairs and entered the room abruptly. An elderly lady came forward and startled him with the words: "Thank God you've come, Doctor, but I am afraid you are too late." By the bedside a woman knelt just within the doorway a man lifted a hopeless face from his hands.

Hutton stood transfixed and utterly confused. Was he dreaming? Had he returned to his own home? A strange sense of identity with the man before him drove all evil out of his mind; he seemed to be himself looking at himself. And there was surely his own child on the bed, his own wife and mother in the room!

Then there rushed in on him an overwhelming horror of what he was doing. He sped downstairs to where the doctor had risen dazedly to his feet. Throwing his coat back over his shoulders and pushing his hat on his head and his bag into his hand, Hutton urged him forcibly to the door and up the stairs. Having delivered him to the astonished man now waiting on the landing above, he ran from the house.

Two days later, Hutton and his wife were winding their way from the cemetery. He had not told his wife yet of his recent madness; he dreaded to add to her trouble. But Mrs. Hutton was far more calm than he. She had the strong consolation that comes from a conviction of a divine law of justice and mercy ruling the universe. She had long treasured one of Katherine Tingley's writings, under the heading of "Love, the Great Mystery," and she was reading extracts to her husband as they walked slowly homeward.

"The greatness and the mystery of life come to us so clearly and convincingly when we study the great mystery of impersonal love. Think how many definitions there are of it! . . . But when we do realize just what it is, we who have loved, can we explain it?"

"That love is the voice of God speaking through man's higher nature. . . . Love is eternal! The essence of love and truth lives on and on and perpetuates itself in human life, as it lives in the trees and in every living thing. We cannot limit it. The ego, the divine soul of man, lives on and on. So does true love live on and on. Anything that was true in the lives of those who have gone before, anything that was noble and uplifting, that held them to us, still lives, because it was the divine soul-attributes that made the permanent beauty and charm of the character; and although we may not hear their voices, though we may not see them, yet they themselves live."

"The moment I reach out for them to comfort

me, I am selfish; but sometimes, out in glorious and beautiful Nature, on the shores and hills of dear old Point Loma, where I live, in that great, silent wonderland, it seems to me that the flowers talk to me and yield their secrets; and I say to myself, why! if these flowers can come again each year, the real, essential life the same as last year, if I will open my heart and mind and believe that I am a part of the eternal life, all that belongs to me is mine forever!"

So Mrs. Hatton tried to comfort her husband; she had no inkling of the other trouble that was eating out his heart.

As they neared the entrance, another funeral party passed along just in advance, returning from a different part of the cemetery. Hatton started: there were the man and wife whose house he had entered! Telling his wife he had need to talk to the man in front, Hatton hurried forward and asked for a few minutes talk.

He was recognised at once. Fearing the effect of Hatton's agitation on his wife, the man took Hatton a little distance away. "Well," he said, "does this mean that you are giving yourself up?"

Hatton nodded; his breathing was labored and he trembled. "Tell me, did I — was I responsible for —?" He could say no more; but the man understood.

"No," he replied, "she was past all help when you came."

Hatton's agitation and deep relief were so evident that the man's resentment was overwhelmed by wonderment. "Thank god!" Hatton said. "Well, you can give me in charge now. Let me call my wife over; I haven't told her yet. I didn't want to worry her till after the child was buried."

"Whose — your child?" — Hatton nodded.

"Had that anything to do with what you did? Wait a moment, there's plenty of time to tell your wife. Look, she's talking to my wife. And I'm in no hurry to give you in charge. It seems to me you hurt yourself more than anyone else. Tell me more of what led up to your coming into my house."

"Nine months out of work!" he said, after hearing Hatton's story. "What firm did you work for last? W. A. Wilson! Why, I'm that man! Were you one of the packers discharged in that trouble? Yes? Then did you know whose house you were breaking into? No? You had only been in our employ a few months, and hadn't seen me. — I wish I had looked into that matter myself instead of leaving it to my manager to do as he liked and throw out a lot of men as he chose."

"Tell me," continued Wilson sternly, "in the sacred presence of your dead child, did you have anything at all to do with that trouble?"

"Absolutely nothing," answered Hatton sincerely.

"Well," said Wilson sadly, "it looks as though I had gotten my karma. Maybe in helping to lose you your child I took away the chance of my own child's life. Come in to work tomorrow, and I'll start you off again and square things up as much as I can."

Wilson was about to end the interview, when he

caught sight of his wife's face as she listened to Hatton's wife. It bore the first bright look he had seen on it for weeks. He changed his plans rapidly. "Will you and your wife get into the car with us and come to our house?" he said kindly. "I think we may be able to help each other. — The doctor? Oh, well, his head is pretty sore, but I'll make it all right with him." J.

A Few Ideas about Pain

MOST of our pains come from adding in imagination those not yet come (and very likely not coming) to the one now present. Your dog is wiser. He takes his pain, if he has one, just as it is. He does not anticipate its recurrence or its continuance. He does not worry about its coming again in a while or as stretching along indefinitely. He neither anticipates nor consciously looks back. Taken in this way, without fear or retrospect, just as it comes, no pain, mental or bodily, would be what we make it by our dread, anticipations, and recollections.

And it is just as unwise to be dwelling on pleasures to come or remembering those that are gone. The latter is a direct invitation to pain and the former to disappointment.

Pleasures and pains do not exactly go hand in hand. They are rather two ends of one and the same stick, two links in one revolving chain gear. If one comes along it must be dragging the other after it, though a good long piece of the chain (of time) may separate them. For if you get wrapped up in the enjoyment of something, you must in the same degree have pain or discomfort or disappointment when the opposite sort of circumstance comes along — as it must by the deepest law of life. If we are in love with the feel of the pendulum at this end of its swing, we must be correspondingly troubled when it inevitably travels towards the other. Everything in nature is rhythmical like that.

The wise man will not let himself get absorbed in pleasure or the wish for it. As fast as he succeeds in that as regards pleasures, pains also gradually cease to absorb or disturb him. "Yes," he says quietly, "this is pleasure," and "Yes, now it is the turn of the unpleasant." That is all.

Don't think he is deadening himself to life, shutting himself off from its pulse, in that way of holding himself. He is gradually finding himself in a new life where his whole soul is growing, reaching a peace which ultimately deepens to a joy unknown to the ordinary pain-ridden, pleasure-seeking man; a life that does not have its roots in anything that comes and goes, but in the rich source of life itself. His life becomes as great as Nature's, as wide as humanity's, as full as compassion's.

We don't have to live so small a life as we let this one be. We don't need to be children pleased with toys, and horror-struck when they fail or are broken. We are free for something bigger. STUDENT

Overcoming Negativity

WHAT is gained by overcoming negativity, slackness?

There is no progress without *work*. Real work means effort on the part of the individual to a definite end. That must mean some kind of thinking, even in plants and animals.

What power there must be in the sunflower to turn its heavy head and follow the sun all day! It must know what it wants, and we certainly *ought* to have a power superior to it. Why do we not use it to *work* more and *grow* more? Is it all laziness, or a love of something that *drags down*, instead of building? We have the power of choice.

Like the little plant, always trying to open itself to the sun, we ought to be trying to open up to *our* Sun, the Divinity within, around, and above us. We can succeed, just as the plant does, *if we keep on*.
E.O.

Nothing Is Enough

Laurence Binyon

NOTHING is enough
No, though out all be spent
Heart's extremest love,

Spirit's whole intent,

All that nerve can feel

All that brain invent—

Still beyond appeal

Will Divine Desire

Yet more excellent

Precious cost require

Of this mortal stuff

Never be content

Till ourselves be fire

Nothing is enough!—*Selected*

Within My Temple

Edward Sandford Martin

WITHIN my earthly temple there's a crowd,
There's one of us that's humble, one that's proud;

There's one that's broken-hearted for his sin,

There's one that, unrepentant, sits and grins;

There's one that loves his neighbor as himself,

There's one that cares for naught but fame and pelf;

From much corroding care I should be free

If once I could determine which is me.—*Selected*

The Ways

John Orendam

TO every man there openeth

A way, and ways, and a way;

And the high soul climbs the high way,

And the low soul gropes the low,

And in-between, on the misty flats,
The rest drift to and fro.

But to every man there openeth

A high way and a low,

And every man decideth

Which way his soul shall go.—*Selected*

"The tasks in hours of sunshine willed
In hours of gloom may be fulfilled."

—*Matthew Arnold*

Special Notice

THE NEW WAY was established by 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

"TRY to realize that progress is made step by step, and each step gained by heroic effort."

— *H. P. Blavatsky*

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

"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*

"GOD counts not result, but effort."

— *Sir Berkeley Moynihan (the great surgeon)*

"A DESIRE is a force arising of itself in the mind and swaying the man; will is a force drawn out and directed by the man himself."— *SPRENGLER, Essays*

"IN these days men's desires are enormous, but their wills feeble."— *Guzot*

"THE one secret of life and development is, not to devise and plan, but to fall in with the forces at work—to do every moment's duty aright—that being the part in the process allotted to us, and let come—not what will, for there is no such thing—but what the Eternal Thought wills for each of us, has intended in each of us from the first."

— *GEORGE MACDONALD, in Sir Gibbie*

"THAT a man shall so spend his life that when he leaves it he shall be fitted for the service of God—that, surely, is the explanation of our life and death."

— *Jerome K. Jerome*

"Do not be anxious about tomorrow. Do today's duty, fight today's temptation and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things which you cannot see and could not understand if you did."— *W. Q. Judge*

"WHAT then is left, but this, that we be brave And steadfast in our places, not afraid However fell our lot, and we will lave Us deep in human waters till our minds Grow broad and kindly, and we haply steal A paradise from Nature. Nothing binds Man closer unto man than that he feel The trouble of his comrade. So we grope Through courage, truth, and kindness back to hope."

— *James Stephens*

"THEY used to symbolize death as a broken column. You can see these objects yet in grave yards. Death, they thought, broke the fair column of life. But the wise see it differently. It is death that completes the column that life leaves unfinished."

"DEATH sets free! It is Life that holds in thrall! Blow up, O trumpets of eternity! Shout, souls of God, from starry sea to sea! Stars, clash your shining shields—a soul is free!"

— *Walter Blair*

"WHAT IS THE SOUL?"

DION— from the senses only, none can attain to bliss

Because we are spirits and deathless

PRINCESS— Dion, what is the soul?

DION— That which desires the perfect, which is both winp and goal

PRINCESS— That which desires the perfect?

DION— That which drives us on

Forever and forever from shape to shape till all be gone

Or else till in one form of beauty the soul gain All it has thirsted after

PRINCESS— And seemed to have sought in vain

Tell me of beauty, Dion! It all can forms decay

How shall the soul find rest in what will vanish away

DION— The soul then, like a traveler seeking his native clime

Bears to eternity the treasure found in time

— *CLIFFORD BAX, in The Sinner*

"If a man can astonish the world with the extraordinary, seemingly miraculous, results of his achievements in music, in art, in invention, and so forth, we call him great. But great as he is, how small he is in comparison with the man who has discovered within himself that sweeping, rushing, pulsating, ever-living power of his own divine soul! You cannot get away from it. It will hold you forever. Your eyes may become dim in time and your hair grow gray, and your body look tired and worn, but the soul is alive; there is no aloneness any more; there is the realization of the higher state of consciousness, the consciousness of the companionship of the gods, so to speak."— *Katherine Tingley*

"WHEN is man strong until he feel alone?"

— *Robert Browning*

"A man cannot directly choose his circumstances, but he can choose his thoughts, and so indirectly, yet surely, shape his circumstances."

— *James Lane Allen*

"Life may be what it likes, but it does not seem logic. Again and again it outrages our sense of justice. But that, perhaps, is because we do not see far enough. I can recall how in three crises of my life there have been meted out to me what I thought to be injustices; but years after, looking back, I can see that had I known I should have chosen those very things which at the time I thought heart-breaking."

— *J. A. R. Cairns (a London magistrate)*



For Prisoners and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or not

"He who seeks his own soul serves humanity."

Please Handle with Care
And Pass on to Another

THE NEW WAY

FROM

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DANCE OF THE WATER-NYMPHS

Prospero, the magician, evokes and makes visible the spirits of water, air and earth, to celebrate the marriage of his daughter Miranda to young Ferdinand. These are the spirits haunting the 'winding brooks.'

A scene from Katherine Tingley's recent production of Shakespeare's *Tempest* in the Open-air Greek Theater, Point Loma, California.

The Splendor of the Inner Life of Man

*From an extemporaneous public address
recently delivered by KATHERINE TINGLEY
in the Memorial Temple of Peace, International
Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California*

I AM not seeking for nor trying to teach what are called 'phenomena,' nor unbelievable and uncanny doctrines, nor superstitions, nor so-called astrology, nor palmistry, nor any of those strange things so popular in some quarters today. I am trying to enlighten the people that they may know that there is something holy and uplifting that can be held to and believed in and taught and lived, in which one will find progress, advancement, enlargement of vision, and explanation of the meaning of life.

My subject, the splendor of the inner life of man, should appeal to and interest everyone. We desire the truth about why we are here, what we are here to become, and the meaning of life. When we find the answers to these questions and apply the knowledge to our daily living we also find the beauty of life and wonderful explanations of the apparent injustices of the world.

I believe with my whole soul, that man cannot live rightly without the splendor of his inner life, though of course there are different degrees of it, different expressions of it, and different stages of its growth.

The body dies, but the higher soul lives on, for it is a part of eternity. There is majesty in the thought; it is something to lead us away from our trials and difficulties, out into a realm of thought where we can think, and live, and know, and grow, and love, and serve. And the poorest man can do this, the most uneducated or the educated. Each one has his opportunity of finding the key that will unlock the riddle of his own nature. "Man, know thyself!"

The world may not know anything about the inner life of man; many may not believe in the possibilities of the inner life. But that does not make any difference. A fact is a fact; and Nature is a fact, and the universal infinite laws of life are facts; and we must meet them, whether we will or not.

The great purpose of man's existence on this earth-plane, living this life and other lives, is that the soul may have the privilege of growing, and advancing, and learning through experience. Verily, this teaching opens a new vista of inspiring hope for the human race. It lifts the veil, so to speak, on the inner life of every human being.

You know that in the Bible, Jesus taught us that the kingdom of heaven is within. He did not say we would find it in a boat out on the great sea of life without a rudder, or on some other planet, or anywhere else but within ourselves! To advance along the path of self-directed evolution implies self-study, self-growth, self-control.

Unless a man has found within himself something he is applying to his life in order to make it better,

to make his tomorrow brighter than his yesterday, to give him new life, new blood in his veins, new thoughts in his brain, new vibrations and pulsations in his heart, he has not found the path. But when he gets it he never lets it go. He has discovered that there is something more than the outer life for him.

We must be like the in-born musician, who starts in life with the five-finger exercises and counts aloud — 1, 2, 3, 4. As he continues his work something new and promising is aroused in him and increases day by day, and after years he becomes at last the master-musician. So with the great artists, the great writers, the great inventors, the great thinkers. They have found within themselves the splendor of the inner life, which is the key to their success. Their souls have been touched by their aspirations. They have made up their minds that tomorrow they will do more than they did today. Nothing can discourage them. That is what I mean by the splendor of the inner life of man.

We must look for something that our hearts yearn for. There is not a man living, if he knows how to think and his brain is properly balanced, who does not yearn for something better, something higher and truer, who does not aspire to become a nobler man. But how much encouragement does he meet with in the world? Not very much, you will agree with me.

When we are in search of the truth and upon the right path, when we believe in self-directed evolution and in our own essential divinity, we are marching forward in confidence. We may make our mistakes; we may falter and find ourselves in the shadows; but believe me, the spirit of the Eternal Truth is working through our lives, no matter how little it may be seen by others.

The splendor of the inner life of man is manifested by the truly great thinker. I hold that no man can think in the truest sense and find himself, even in small degree, without drawing upon the spiritual strength of his nature. He finds the truly creative powers of his mind, if he is not wedded to mere intellectualism. The moment you find a man who thinks he knows much, run away from him. He is dangerous. His egoism is so great that he is really a colossal failure.

The real thinker is not to be judged by his wealth, nor his fame, nor his position. He may or may not partake of these things. But the real thinker is so involved with, and so much a part of, the new life and the new knowledge that come to him from the inner man, that he has twice the strength to do his daily duties, he meets the battles of life with twice the courage he had before. You will find more love in a man like that in one moment than you will find in another in ten years. For his mind is open to the light of the Eternal and of the soul in him.

It is the great thinkers who are the dominant powers of the age today. And none but the generous and unselfish can ever reach the real thinking quality. Others are so absorbed in themselves and so afraid of losing their identity, fearful lest they become lost in the clouds, or something of that sort, that they

Mr. Bates Takes a Walk

THE working-day had ended, and the office-door closed with a bang. It was Mr. Bates, the senior clerk, whose hand had supplied the impetus to the door; and he now stood outside it in the corridor apparently prepared to go home. But it was unfortunate that his office frown and a small army of office perplexities should have followed him like a usurping force, to take up time and energy that were not properly theirs. Nor could he shake them off: they clung to him all the way down in the elevator, into the street, and did not leave him even when he was seated in the street-car.

What these worries were need not matter to us. Business is always more or less a succession of blind alleys and open thoroughfares; and from the expression on the senior clerk's face it was surmisable that no thoroughfare at all, but only a blind alley, lay immediately ahead. In fact, it seemed that at this point in his life every road he tried to pursue, in whatever direction, turned out a blind alley; and this through no apparent fault of his own. Yet, there must be some reason behind it all; and dumbly, inwardly, he felt that it was up to him to find it.

Gradually his thoughts disentangled themselves from office affairs and turned towards home. But home, with a sick wife, and two growing children who were not receiving what was really their due for their advancement, was not the home his young ideals had pictured. Something must be done about it; but just now all the ways seemed closed. Hope, like a dim light far in the distance, was almost obscured by the problems near at hand.

"Hey, there!" came a most unwelcome voice at his elbow: "hey, mister! Is this a joy-ride you're taking, or what?" It was the conductor laughing at him.

He came to himself with a start, realizing that he had ridden to the end of the line. No troubles in the world should make a man forget himself like that! He stood up and looked out of the window.

It was country out there: only a few houses, then trees, and beyond them, seen through the leafy lanes in snatches of blue, the roll and swell of the ocean. And over and through it all, the warm, rich light of sunset floated, bronzing the boles of the trees and flushing the sky with sanguine fire. There was something out there that he needed very much just now, thought Mr. Bates. He would walk home by the North Road — it wasn't far.

A whiff of salt air smote him as he stepped down from the car. Something bounded up in him then: an energy, a buoyancy, that had long been a stranger to his heart. He did not loiter, for he must get home; but as he went forward through the sunset light, the long wash of the waves, and their hollow sound on the rocks below, mingling with the whisper of the tree-leaves above him, was music to his ears: the music that the gods produce to melt away the discords made by man.

Presently he entered the thickness of the wood, crackling along among the dead leaves, releasing their

delicious seasoned fragrance, that mingled with the dusty radiance filtering through the trees. Sleepy twitterings came from birds going to bed above; and the wood was full of the rustlings of small creatures going about their day's last business. All this penetrated Mr. Bates' mind almost without thought. In a flash of perception he was aware of the miraculous behind it all: the nature children harmoniously active; the leaves falling silently at the magical moment of change; the life-giving scents of the woodland; the energizing radiance of the sun. It was at this point, probably, that Nature stepped in in her full power and laid her light touch "pausefully upon Life's headlong train," quieting, subduing, and teaching.

He passed out of the wood into the dusty road. Across the fields came the perfume of a hay-stack. A herd of cows, with their gentle ruminating faces turned towards home, passed him by, giving him a detached stare out of their calm eyes. After them came the cowherd on his horse, with his dog trotting diagonally now on one side of him, now on the other. Then again Mr. Bates was left alone, to make the last lap of his journey across the fields, with the singing silences all around him — the air tingling with the rhythmic songs of frogs and crickets.

At length the sight of his own garden-gate recalled him to a sense of the anxieties that had oppressed him so terribly only half an hour before. But now they no longer threatened. They had receded into their true place as mere incidentals in the composite of life.

Now Mr. Bates could not have told exactly what had caused the change, or whether it had come about beside the ocean, in the wood, or on the country-road. He only knew that he had found something in himself that could forevermore face with firmness any situation that Life might offer. For a little while the dynamo of thought had been stilled. Peace had enfolded him; and in the healing stillness Soul-energy had welled up again; and had made itself so manifest that never again would he be without the knowledge of its presence — never again would he be in doubt of its endless resourcefulness. "Nature, the Great Mother": he had often read those words, but it had never before occurred to him that they might contain anything more than a pleasing poetic sentiment.

Just then his boy and girl came running to meet him; hand in hand the three of them entered the house — and the Joy of Life entered with them. M. S.

The Song of Life

SOME little children were running about in the meadow with their teacher. I had only to raise my eyes from my books to see them from my window. And they were not too far away for me to hear their laughing and shouting. The natural joy of life, I thought. But is that limited to children?

There was a bird in the pear-tree just outside the window, sitting on a high-up twig. He was singing as

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"The dregs, of course, should not be used. The bottle should be cleaned and an entirely fresh culture should be put in day by day."

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"Reliable house?"

"Yes; in this case the only reliable 'house' is that neglected presence we ought to call the soul, always ready with its drop of elixir for the day if we make sure and catch it with our first thoughts, reach up after it, make sure of it, hold it steady a minute or so, and fill up the vessel of the new day with it. Every day we get furnished with a new supply of the best 'milk' for mind and body. It comes with the rising sun. And you can almost hear the musical call and sunrise bell of the bringer, if you're out on the hills. It's flooded all over things, the same for everything and everybody. But it needs individualizing, touching with those drops from each man's soul so as to individualize it for him. Then the draught becomes an elixir for us, whatever outward things may happen, or whatever outward circumstances may be.

"Just you think out that bit of symbolism, my boy, and get your daily dose of elixir. Don't let yesterday's sour dregs get into it. Then you'll gain new life every day, in body and mind, and *grow*. No limit to our growth if we work that way. And so we can die when the time comes all ready for the greater work in what we call 'beyond'; but don't you put that 'beyond' too far away or make it too unreal.

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He must have long worked interiorly with the good forces of Nature, and for this Nature worked with him in his long and lonely flight. "Work with Nature and help her, and Nature will regard thee as one of her creators and give to thee of her powers and secrets." Think you this man's victory came to him of a sudden without years of good work and high thoughts and high ideals—yes and lives of it too? Eternal Law of Justice rules, not Luck—unless we say and believe 'Luck' to be a mere name for a Law now little understood. But thank God that Law is being studied again as of old, so let us join the ranks of the wise and learn why we are here, whence we came, and whither we go.

Does the thought of his good fortune give us joy or the opposite? Joy, of course, would all exclaim. Well then, in this one case at any rate, and to that extent the whole world shows its divine kinship. In that kinship we are to a degree our brother's keeper, and that spark of divinity in each of us warrants that we all hail from that grand Divinity which is unity, thus constituting us brothers in the truest sense. Let us co-operate then, one with another, for the good of all that is.

We are here to know the truth about ourselves, by thought and self-directed evolution, growing from good to better and then to best. And knowing the Truth, the Truth shall set us free. Otherwise we are bound hand and foot to our lower selves, our lazy selves, our unreal selves, those selves we are here to dominate and to guide as we guide fire or electricity or other force, good only when so guided.

Our Bible we so love says, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors." So we are doors everlasting, and gates to that Heaven (the only one man shall ever know) which is within us where sits and waits that Divinity which is our real self—so far, to most of us, unknown. It is for us to

if he was determined that all creation should know the joy of his little heart. But of course he had no such reason as that. He was just letting out his joy because of the joy of letting it out. His reservoir was flowing out over.

The tree was rich with bloom. We cannot hear flowers, though they are surely the song of the trees. The sweet note is too far up the scale for our dull ears. The song is visible instead of audible, and the whole tree must be pulsing with the joy of life like the children and the bird. (There are a few people, however, who do consciously see sounds as colors. For instance some poet speaks of "the red trumpets of war.")

In our own bodies a taut, healthy muscle, ready for action, does yield a tone, sixteen vibrations a second; physiologists tell us, a deep hum. But there must be overtones on that bass, though we do not hear them. Natural joy, stringing up all the muscles, must make a real string orchestra of our bodies. The Chinese say that all nature yields a great musical undertone, the *kung*. The ancients ascribed tones to the planets as with their several speeds they swing their great courses round the sun.

What of empty space? But is space empty? Isn't it full of what we cannot see? I think that 'empty' space sings, is full of harmonies. Go out into the 'silent' night and try whether you cannot feel the tones of space, of the great blue dark, star-dotted heaven. There is life in all space, though our minds cannot say what life, all through it, immense and resonant. What might we not get from this 'silence' if we tuned our ears more sensitively to it?

Life in its fullness is full joy, always expressing itself, always pouring itself forth from where there is most of it to where there is less. Its work is naturally an outpouring, a giving, even when, as with the children and the birds and flowers, the things through which it is passing have no knowing of its work. Its ever-springing fountain is Deity. He who has the spirit of giving, of service, of brotherhood to all that lives, is nearing that Fountain and partaking more and more of life and joy at its primal and only source.

To seek 'salvation' otherwise than through cultivation of the spirit of giving, is futile. There is no welcome from the Giver of all save for him who has that spirit. Outgoing beneficence is the only path to life and joy. Lying thus, we may aspire towards, look for and find that eternal Fountain of compassion, wisdom and life and joy, and so assure our immortality even here and now. A NATURE-LOVER

Nature's Gifts

From *God's Country*, by JAMES CURWOOD

BEFORE men find a satisfying faith and peace, they must come to see their own littleness. They must come to see that they are not alone in a partnership with God, but that all manifestation of life, whether in tree or flower or flesh and blood, is a spark loaned for a space by that Supreme Power

toward which we all, in our individual ways, are groping.

There is one teacher very close to us, as close to the poor as to the rich, to show us this littleness and make us understand. That teacher is Nature — and, in my understanding of things, all Nature is rest and peace. I believe that Nature is the Great Doctor, and, if given the chance, can cure more ills and fill more empty souls than all the physicians and preachers of the earth.

I have had people say to me that my creed is a beautiful one for a person as fortunately situated as myself, but that it is impossible for the great multitudes to go out and find Nature as I have found it. To these people I say that one need not make a two-thousand-mile trip along the Arctic coast and live with the Eskimo to find Nature. After all, it is our nerves that kill us in the long run, our over-restless minds, our worrying, questing brains. And Nature whispers its great peace to these things even in the rustling leaves of a corn-field — if one will only get acquainted with that Nature.

Because I have spent much of my time in adventuring in distant wildernesses, and exploring where other men have not gone, it has been accepted by many that my love for Nature means a love for the distant, and, for some people, the inaccessible wilds. It is true that in the vast and silent places one comes nearer, perhaps, to the deeper truths of life.

Of the wild and its miracles I love to write, and when I come to that part of my story, I shall possibly be happiest. But I would be unfair to myself, and the religion of Nature itself, if the great truth were not first emphasized that its treasures are to be possessed by mankind wherever one may turn.

I was personally in touch with one remarkable instance of this in the Michigan State Penitentiary, at Jackson, where a canary-bird and a red geranium saved a man from madness and eventually gained him a pardon, sending him out into the world a living being with a new and better religion than he had ever dreamed of before.

But the open skies and the free air were intended from the beginning of things as the greatest gifts to man, and it is there, if one is sick in body or soul, that one should seek. Whether it is a mile or a thousand miles from a city makes little difference. For Nature is the universal law, It is everywhere. It is neither mystery nor mysterious. Its pages are open; its life is vibrant with the desire to be understood. The one miracle is for man to bring himself down out of the clouds of his egoism and replace his passion for destruction with the desire to understand.

Inoculating the Milk

"**S**OURED milk," said the doctor, "is nowadays quite a fashion. There is something to be said for it if you make it in the right way. And there's quite a bit of symbolism there, too." "Symbolism!" I said, "in soured milk?"

"Well, yes. I had a patient who got into trouble with this stuff the other day, and that made me think of the symbolism. Each night she left the bottle unwashed so that there should be some sour dregs in it to inoculate the milk of the next morning with the souring germs and so have it clot quicker than if left to itself. When the fresh milk came she would put those last night's dregs into it. This plan usually worked all right, she thought. But once in a good while some markedly noxious sort of germ would also get into the dregs and then the milk of the next day would not only get clotted but additionally poisoned and there would be a day or two's trouble in her interior.

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transmute that unknown into our book of knowledge. "Neither shall they say, Lo here! or, lo there! for behold, the kingdom of God is within you"; and "Ye are the temple of the living God."

But man can choose his path onward and his will will be exercised in the direction of the desires he encourages. We have but to examine our motives to find which way we are tending. We can en throne the soul on the one hand or our passions and desires on the other. One will open the door to heaven; the other will keep it closed. In which last case war, pain, suffering will be our daily companions. In the name of common sense which? Choose, O ye men and women!

W. E. B.

An Unposted Letter

THERE came unto me a man who desired my Advice, and he did not come Any Too Soon. And I said unto him, Thou hast acted Unwisely. And he said, I am afraid that what thou sayest is true. Tell me wherein my Fault Lieth. And I told him the best I could.

And he said, I verily believe thou art right. I will amend my ways.

Then we talked of other things, and he spake as one who was free from Care. And when he left me, he seemed Happy.

And I got to thinking it over, and I said, I did not Rub It In enough. I should have been More Severe.

And I ate down and wrote him an Epistle, and said unto him, Forget not that thou hast much whereof to Repent, and I told him again Two or Three things.

Now I had other letters to Mail, and it chanced when I picked them up that I overlooked that one. And I returned to mine home, and saw it still unmailed. And I said, Let me look again at that Letter.

And when I read it over, I said, How will that sound when he readeth it, and peradventure handeth it across the Table to his Wife?

And I said, Verily, it was of the Lord and not of mine own wisdom that this Letter had not gone out in the Mail.

And I tore it across, and then again across, and threw it into the Fire.

And I said, I have rarely repented of a harsh word that I left unspoken or a harsh letter that I did not mail.

And when I next met that man, he said unto me, I thank thee for what thou didst say, and I thank thee yet more for what thou mightest have said that would have been true, but which I was in the Mood to Resent. And because thou wast kind to me, and hurt me no more than was Necessary, behold I have resolved to be a Better Man.

And I went unto my home, and I said, O my God, I have much to thank Thee for, but just now I thank Thee for the times when I stopped just short of Making a Fool of Myself. For surely it is no Credit to me that having done that man a Good Turn I did not Run it all by Overdoing it.

— "SAFED THE SAGE" in the *Christian Commonwealth*

Hold Fast

James Russell Lowell

ENDURANCE is the crowning quality,
And patience all the passion of great hearts.
These are their stay, and when the leaden world
Sets its hard face against their fateful thought,
And brute strength, like a scornful conqueror,
Clangs his huge mace down in the other scale,
The inspired soul but flings his patience in,
And slowly that outweighs the ponderous club—
One faith against the whole world's unbelief,
One soul against the flesh of all mankind."

Special Notice

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The New Way Quotebook

"THERE is and can be but one Absolute Truth in Cosmos. And little as we, with our present limitations, can understand it in its essence, we still know that if it is absolute it must also be omnipresent and universal; and that in such case it must be underlying every world-religion — the product of the thought and knowledge of numberless generations of thinking men. Therefore, that a portion of truth, great or small, is found in every religious and philosophical system, and that if we would find it we have to search for it at the origin and source of every such system, at its roots and first growth, not in its later overgrowth of sects and dogmatism." — *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*

"No man can incline his way in the slightest degree to the will of God without having a flood of light shine round about him that all the learning in the world cannot afford." — *James Denny*

"NONE sees the slow and upward sweep
By which the soul from life depths deep
Ascends, — unless, mayhap, when free,
With each new death we backward see
The long perspective of our race,
Our multitudinous past lives trace."

— *William Sharp*

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S EPITAPH

written by himself

"THE Body of B. Franklin,
Printer,

Like the Cover of an Old Book,
Its Contents Torn Out

And

Stript of its Lettering and Gilding,
Lies Here

Food for Worms.

But the Work shall not be Lost;

For it Will as He Believed

Appear Once More

In a New and more Elegant Edition

Revised and Corrected

By the Author."

"If we would only understand that the line of duty, duties followed along constantly as they present, is the only one that leads to peace and happiness; and that the line of pleasures, pleasures sought one after another, leads only to pains and disappointments! The first days of the right path may seem dreary, but after that the days fill up with content, and soul-growth begins. The coin is thrown and we say to trouble: 'Heads, I win; tails, you lose.'"

"THANK God we can hear the birds! All Nature sings, but this is the only bit of her song that falls within the scale of our ears. And thank God we can see the colors of the flowers! For this is the only bit of everlasting color-play that falls within the scale of our vision. If we could hear and see all, we should know the soul of Nature and our own souls and have done with sorrow and fear and discouragement. Nature, the Eternal Mother, and her omnipresent productive life and tenderness and outspringing joy! Maybe if we tried to listen we could hear. But there must be silence in the mind for that, as a man silences his children, that he and they may hear distant music. The song of Nature sounds always and her tenderness permeates always, and if we would feel the latter we must likewise silence our antagonisms and criticisms, and make the heart as is hers. And thereby is man's path onward and upward. It is our right to know, and be no longer blind, but we must claim that right and take that one way to actualize it."

"A BEAM of light, from the infinite depths of the
midnight sky,

Painted with infinite love a star in a convict's eye;

When, lo! the ghosts of his sins were afraid and fled
with a curse,

And the soul of the man walked free in the fields of
the universe!" — *John Jerome Rooney*

"PROGRESS comes from acting, when you feel at your worst, in the way you resolved to act when you were at your best. The good time will surely come round again, but unless you have filled up the interval in holding on, you will make no more of it than you did before. Therefore use the blank, slack, hopeless times and be glad of them. Anybody can have a spring in his walk when he feels like spring. But the man who wants health must put the spring in when he feels like slouching. The law is the same for the mental and spiritual as for the physical."

"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 *To-Day* and your soul shall be strong to meet *To-morrow*. Hope, Courage, Energy, and You! — against whatever odds."

"Lift up your hearts!" — *Michael Monahan*

"THE whole creation is following my life, is involved in my triumph. . . . Every little calumny or temptation I overcome, every weakness I uproot, brightens the future of the world." — *Frederick Brooks*

"IN these days, we have lost belief, and yet in all the pitiful and tortured ways of man, in his baseness and his pains, in his terrible perplexities, his fierce appetites and sordid joys, there is still one desire always in his heart. He would know the spirit that lives within him: he would know that which we call God." — *Layton Crippen*

For I know not where I shall go,
Whether behind the bars or in

A dreary world of day in at
Then take hold and lift it

Please Handle with Care
And Pass on to Another

THE NEW WAY

FROM
THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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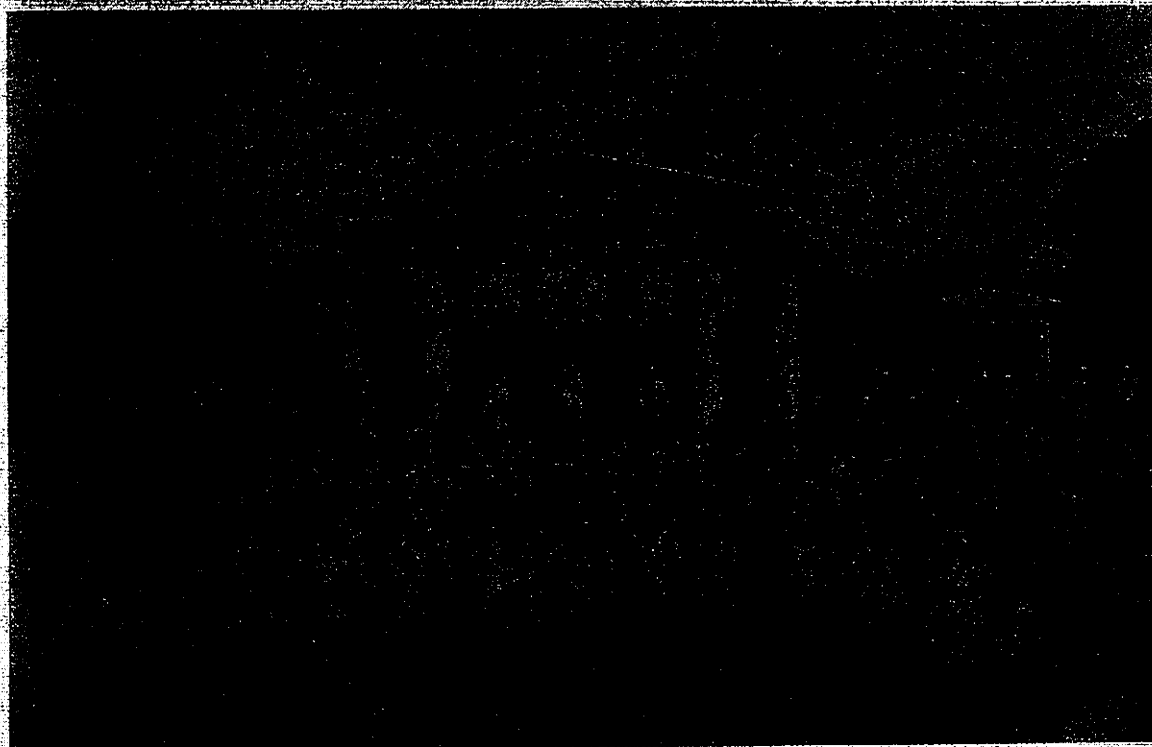
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FINAL TABLEAU FROM "THE EUMENIDES," AESCHYLUS' RENOWNED MYSTERY-DRAMA AS
RECENTLY GIVEN BY KATHERINE TINGLEY IN THE OPEN-AIR GREEK THEATER, INTER-
NATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Orestes, pursued everywhere, because of his crime, by the Furies (Eumenides), was followed by them even into the temple of the warrior-goddess of light and peace, Athena, whose protecting presence he invoked. She induces them to throw off their black robes and transform themselves into compassionate and beneficent powers of light, thus freeing Orestes from the guilty horror they had inspired in him.

In the illustration the transformed Furies are in the foreground and Athena is in the center of her temple.

The dramatist Aeschylus was the author of ninety plays. Of these, only *The Eumenides* and six others have come down to us.

Courage, versus the Psychology of the Age

From an extemporaneous public address recently delivered by KATHERINE TINGLEY in the Memorial Temple of Peace, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

NO man can ever find that quality of courage needed to strengthen his own soul as long as he is afraid of anything. Every human being who desires to climb the ladder of life, so to speak, to reach the heights, to understand, to have an answer back from the Infinite Laws to his questionings and his yearnings, must rid himself of fear. He can never have it as long as he lets fear touch him.

Each effort that is made in self-analysis, in challenging the self, in trying to make tomorrow brighter than today, and daring to live royally, and truly, and honestly, gives one at last the supreme courage. That is the quality that all humanity needs.

If a man does not know his own essential divinity he has not the key to the situation; he cannot know his God nor even begin to think towards Deity intelligently. He does not know himself; to himself he is the greatest of all mysteries, for the last thing in the world he does is to come to himself for knowledge. He refuses to challenge his heart, his soul, his principles and his conscience. No! He will go anywhere and everywhere but the right place.

But the supreme courage that I speak of can only be manifest in one who knows himself, at least to a degree. One who has such knowledge is as sure of it as he is that the sun shines; he is as sure of it as he is of his love for his mother; he is so sure of it that it is teeming through his whole nature; it revivifies him, puts new blood in his veins, gives him a new conscience, so to speak, and a new courage.

Any man can make the effort to reach that knowledge. It requires no great strain, no remarkable process of the mind or anything of that sort. It is just a calm, quiet confidence in oneself, that one can reach the goal. Then comes the joy of living. We must admit that we do not meet so many people in the world who carry in their lives or in their faces, or in anything they do or say, much that bespeaks the joy of living.

No matter how much wealth, or intellect, or education, or culture we have in the outward sense, what man really needs to give him the secret of living, the 'worth-whileness' of life, so to speak, is that quality of the soul and of the heart, which bespeaks the divinity within. Each one of you has known it at some time and under some circumstances; otherwise you could not smile; you could not love anything; you would be adverse to everything. It is the eternal, divine life growing in the hearts of men.

Nature awaits all the time our recognition of the wonderful, invisible forces of the inner life. And the reason we do not take into our souls the sweeping forces of these divine, eternal, permanent qualities, is that we have lost faith in ourselves, in our fellow men, and in our God. That is the great trouble with humanity. If it were not so, we would have no war, no semblance of war. We would all be living together peacefully, doing the duties of every-day life, but spiritually conscious of the inner life, drinking in the strength and the beauty of the eternal life.

It is only those who have felt the touch of the divine life who can talk about it; and those who have felt it more than once can talk about it better than those who seem not to know anything about it. But the fact is that every man, when he tests his strength, when he challenges his own soul, reaches out into the sunshine of life and finds that life is worth living.

Thoughts of charity, small efforts repeated daily of human kindness and gentleness, make up a great aggregation of force for the world's betterment that cannot be described when it starts. It is like the inspiration that one feels in association with noble men and women, an inspiration which they themselves are not conscious of, when they touch the image of truth and are entering the Kingdom of Heaven, so to speak.

The present deplorable aspects of humanity appeal to the very sinews of our hearts; they arouse our souls in a new way, and demand of us something different, something better. And yet the answer is right with each one of you all the time; and it can be found, if you are carrying through your lives every day the consciousness of your essential divinity, if you are acknowledging in your hearts and in your smallest duties, the supreme power of the divine love. Its appeal is made in the silence, in the very atmosphere in which you live, from nature, from past history down to the present moment.

If you could get yourselves out of the glamor of the world, out of the psychology of the age, the insanity of its unrest, you would find a new empire within yourselves. Each one of us has the key to the situation. There is no limitation to the power of the soul of man. All that is needed is for him to become conscious that there is this divine power of the soul. It may be sleeping, but it is within the very nature of man.

What could be grander and more beautiful than to reach a point of surety? Everything in life would change. I am not an extremist; I follow middle lines; but I am firmly convinced that if we take care of our divine natures in the sense that we should, and if we utilize for all our lives this knowledge of right living, we would have the secret of longevity; and really and truly, the old would commence to grow young.



• Current Methods in Suicide

"HAVE you ever noticed that we die by arrangement?" said the doctor. "Arrangement with in ourselves, I mean. We make a schedule and stick to it. Our deaths are mostly cases of suicide. You're arranging for your own right now."

"By coming to see you?" I said.

He smiled. "Not so bad for a dying man."

"A dying man! Why you said that I could easily get on top of my troubles."

"And so you can if you'll stop scheduling your own death. A young fellow like you, too; it's a shame."

"Oh come!" I said, "I'm sixty-four after all. Sir William Osler said—"

"Hang Sir William Osler! He's done more harm by that talk than the 'three score years and ten' text. And that's saying a good deal. Men die around seventy mostly because they're fixed in their minds that they've got to. You told me yourself that you'd got to."

"When did I tell you that?"

"Didn't I advise you to break up your all-day desk-sitting habit and find something that would take you out of doors and open up your mind in a new direction? What did you say when I suggested geology or wild-life study with a camera or starting a garden and things like that?"

"I said I was too old for that sort of thing now."

"Exactly! In the back of your mind, what they call the subconscious, you've got it fixed that there's only a trifle of life left for you, at the most as many years as you've got fingers of one hand."

"But you told me yourself that I've got high blood-pressure and hard arteries."

"So you have and I said it to encourage you!"

"Nice encouragement!"

"To encourage you, I say, to throw off the vicious load of bad habits that have got you into that fix. Desk-sitting all day, arm-chair all the evening, and three meals that would be about right for a navvy or a plowman. High blood-pressure, hard arteries, and sixty or seventy pounds superfluous flesh! And you blaspheme against Nature by calmly assuming that it's one of *her* regulations that we should draw down the blinds and retire to our coffins at an age when she meant us to be entering upon a lease of life of a new and finer sort than ever we knew before. You've got it fixed in your mind that it would be no good reforming your ways because you'll have to walk off the boards pretty soon anyhow. Double suicide: Suicide of ante-hygienic habits, and suicide of auto-suggestion."

"Do you suppose the body don't feel your continuous thinking year after year that you've got to die around seventy, and the more the closer you get to the deadly period? Feel it and be as much affected

by it—to the *bad*—as it would to the *good* if you were passing through a sickness and never allowed a moment's doubt that you'd come out all right? The body accepts your thought in these things and is pretty likely to put it through to a fact."

"Here's an extreme statement that isn't true, but it's got enough truth in it to make it worth living by. Nature will heal a man of *anything* chronic that's the matter with him if he'll turn on his tracks, stop doing what's brought on his trouble, and have confidence. I say that the hard arteries will begin softening and high blood-pressure will begin coming down if the man will begin playing the game of life according to the rules."

"—Yes, I know: the medical authorities speak of those conditions as mostly irremediable. Quite justifiably, too. For the orthodox medical law-makers have to found their dicta upon observations on their own patients. And, by and large, the patients never *are* willing to alter their ways, do a little self-denial, and try to play the game of life on all the levels according to the rules. Old physical habits have to be thrown over; mental habits have to be changed; spiritual habits have to be acquired."

"Spiritual habits?"

"No, I'm not going to say anything about that—except this, maybe: A famous New York publisher of the last generation, eighty years *young*, was asked by an interviewer to what he attributed his sustained health and faculties. He said (in effect) that in his opinion and experience, no matter what a man's religion was, so long as he had one of some sort, he should try every night before sleeping to get into conscious touch with the Source of all life, whatever his name for that Power might be, or whatever his mental ideal of it."

"We don't get older by day; it is at night that we grow older. The reconstruction of the day's normal wear and tear *should* be done in the hours of sleep. But it's mostly done mighty incompletely. For instead of the brain passing to sleep on the keynote recommended by publisher Holt, we allow it to get there still occupied with the day's happenings and general mess of thoughts. And so in the morning the body wakes only half-way refreshed or even altogether un-rebuilt and unrefreshed—and actually *older* and *less* competent than the night before."

"A tree's a chunk of timber to some men. To others it's *visibly* a sort of fountain of upspringing divine, conscious, rejoicing nature-life. 'Communion with nature' is what they're cultivating. And so they are healing and vitalizing themselves with nature's life all the time, letting it in on themselves by their sympathy with it. Publisher Holt might have added that as another way to getting into touch with the Source of all life."

"And then, *mental* habits. Not much to say there either. Just keep the mind alive and alert and

acquisitive. The English queen, Victoria, started in calmly at eighty to learn Pali or some other difficult Indian lingo. Evidently *she* hadn't auto-suggested herself into the idea that it was time to be dying. Don't admit the idea of decay or wearing out or anything corresponding to the words 'at my age,' etc.

"And lastly, whereas most men have the habit of eating all they can get away with and be reasonably comfortable with after, the rule should be to eat as little as you can be efficient on, and, if over-weight and over fifty, to cut and cut till you're about ten pounds under the official standard for your age and height — and keep there.

"If you'll do all these things, in about a year you'll have your blood-pressure so low you'll have to go down in the cellar to find it and your arteries will be as soft as a baby's biceps."

PATIENT

'Forgiveness,' According to Chris

I HAD run down from the city on Saturday night, as I often did, to have a restful Sunday with old Chris in his little cottage on the outskirts of the village. He was an ex-con, 'out,' however, these many years, possessed of a small income and otherwise supporting himself pretty much from his own little garden. Alone with himself so much and reflecting sagely on his own life and experiences he had evolved into a good deal of a philosopher, and his comments on human nature, touched with humor and always kindly and tolerant, were well worth listening to. His years of prison life had left no bitterness and his views were often illustrated with incidents from that period.

It was after supper on Sunday, and as we sat in his little rose-covered porch with our pipes, and the bells of the little village church in the distance began ringing for the evening service, we drifted into some talk about religion.

"I've sometimes wondered," he said, "whether some o' those other hard nuts I was 'in' with is livin' yet. At the old game, maybe, some of 'em. And I've wished I could get two or three of the toughest of 'em down here for a softener. I guess old Mother Nature could do something even for them, same as she has for me. A sorter sense of forgiveness seems to come up out of her over a man's soul an evenin' like this here."

"What do you make of forgiveness?" I said. "I never could get very clear about it."

I knew I could tap his reserves with a question like that, and I much preferred to listen than talk.

"I've done a lot o' thinkin' on that 'ere question," he replied meditatively. "If a chap was to ask me if I believed in it I should likely tell him we couldn't do business over that counter till he made it clear

just exactly what goods he was dealin' in. Likely there might be trouble then, 'count of his not knowin' clear in his own mind what his own notion of forgiveness actually was. Lots of fellows is like that.

"We'll take this feller I'm supposin' and maybe we can get what he means by 'forgiveness' by pushin' along the lines of why he wants it.

"Now how about *fear*? Say there's a good deal of a low-down thing he did once that ain't known to anybody else. Natural, he don't want it known. Maybe it'll disgrace him with his feller-townsmen. Maybe it'll get him behind the bars. Maybe he don't exactly figure out *what* it'd do to him; don't let himself think of it at all if he c'n help it. But now and then somethin' brings it right up into his mind and for a day or so, till the black spell's over, he goes around with that old deadly chill in his heart — fear!

"Maybe he's got what he reckons is religion and does reglar what he reckons is prayin'.

"Now supposin' I get this chap to overhaul himself — dead honest, mind you — and find out deep down just what he wants that dose o' forgiveness for, which is the same as findin' out what he means by the word. And finally he comes up out of the deep water he's dived into with the truth in his mouth. And he says to himself, says he, 'Forgiveness,' well, I've found out that what I was after was to be made to feel safe and sure that that thing wouldn't never get known. Safe and sure. So's I'd have that fear wiped out for good. But now, here's an awkward question: Have I become a man that's outgrown (spiritually) the 'doin' of such a thing as that, again even if all the circs. and the temptation was the same as before *and no chance of bein' found out*? I've learnt that 'doin' some things is folloed by the gnaw and chill of the fear of bein' found out. Is that all there is to why I wouldn't now do 'em? Or am I a different man, spiritually too clean to do 'em?"

"And so," Chris went on, "don't that supposed feller's case let in some light on forgiveness?"

"We'll suppose another feller, there's all sorts to choose from. He's just done, we'll say, somethin' he'd give a good bit to have side-stepped. And he wants forgiveness and puts up the best prayer for it he knows how. But he don't do much 'delvin' and 'divin' for his motives, don't need to. He's got some fear, maybe, but that ain't his drivin' urge on to his knees, not this feller. He reckons if there's consequences he'll face 'em and take 'em and learn from 'em and come out the wiser for 'em. That, he reckons, is what consequences is for, and ain't adjusted by the Power that's Above for any other purpose.

"This feller's got religion, that's clear, a pretty good brand of it. There ain't no trouble in definin' his brand, either. He tries to keep his heart and his feelin's and his thoughts and his doin's in touch with the God over him, all the time. And he gets the touch

back, sense o' steady and very upliftin' companionship, all the time, companionship and help and compassion. But he knows he let slip on all that when he did the thing I'm supposin'. And he feels kinder holler and lost and astray and all alone with himself. He slipped hold o' the Presence, which he reckons as his best life.

"Now with this chap prayer consists in goin' right into himself—knees or no knees—and tryin' to come in touch with that Presence again, get so's that Presence can come right in on him and re-establish the missin' relationship. He kinder holds up that shady deed or rowardy deed into the Light and looks it over and reckons up how he come to do it, and looks and looks at it just as it was, till, with the sense o' the Presence again, he feels that he wouldn't do that thing again, not that class o' thing. *Restoration of relationship—that's the forgiveness he's after and gets.* And with it comes the strength to over-top that low-down sort o' things when they come round again askin' to be done.

"I tell you, son, I've found out that the touch o' that Presence in a man's heart and soul is the biggest thing in life. It's so near to every one of us that a man's prayers—the real sort—I don't mean askin' for luck or outside stuff of any sort—can't miss gettin' home there, and the answerin' benediction can't miss comin' right back. Put what else to your religion you think belongs there, but if you ain't got this the rest ain't goin' to do you much good."

And the old chap lapsed into silence with his pipe as the sunset spread its peace over the distant village and the trees and garden in front of us. THE AUDITOR

A Lesson from the Heart

"DOUGHNUTS, as sure as Fate, or my name's not Hank Merriweather!" This remark was occasioned by an unmistakable and most enticing fragrance that was wafted to Hank's nostrils as he approached the farm-house door one sleety day in February. He had been working with the stock all the morning, and the thought of the warm stove, with his sister's company, and doughnuts, was attractive, to say the least.

He opened the kitchen-door cautiously, to behold his sister, Abbie Ketterly, a being as small and compact as he was large and loosely hung, busy, being the author of the aforesaid fragrance.

"Hullo, Abbie! I'll say you couldn't be much better employed! Got any room in the oven for a pair of wet feet?"

"Not today, Hank. I happened to have other dishes for dinner! But bring a chair over here where it's warm, and put your feet on the fender. My sakes, you're wet through and through, aren't you?"

The brother and sister were great pals. She was

a good ten years older than he, and he had always regarded her as his guiding star. They were not much together, though, for Hank had been away at Agricultural College, and this was one of his rare visits. Just now it was bliss enough for him to sit still in his warm corner, doughnut in hand (that is, an ever-diminishing portion of one!), and watch his sister as she went quietly about her work.

Now there was this about Hank Merriweather: he always had room in his thoughts for plenty of people and things besides himself. He had the kind of face that showed the student habit; and that applied not only to books, but to the meanings of everyday events. Abbie was used to his quiet ways, but this time he was silent for so long that she was moved to offer him a penny for his thoughts.

"I was thinking, Abbie, of the old rhyme:

'Man's work ends with set of sun,
But woman's work is never done.'

Now while I've been sitting here you've done about ten things. Besides the doughnuts, you've tidied up the dining-room and kitchen, cleaned out the flour-bin, bathed and fed the baby, fixed up a sick chicken on the back porch, mended Reuben's coat and Marjorie's sweater, and counted out and packed the eggs for tomorrow's market. And as for getting dinner, why, that's merely on the side. This afternoon it'll be the same thing, and like as not after the children are in bed tonight you'll be out here with your candle setting bread for tomorrow's baking. Honest, I think it's wonderful! How in thunder do you do it, and still keep so rosy and bonny?"

"Why, work's good for people, I suppose!" laughed Abbie in her cheery way. "I only do one thing at a time, and while I'm doing that I can't be doing anything else.

"But I do remember one thought that came to me long ago, that seemed to help me a good deal. It was the second winter after I came here with Reuben. That was a hard winter, and for a young couple just getting started in life it seemed we had more than our share of trouble. No one will ever know how hard we worked, Reuben and I, though there have been many others just like us, of course.

"One night I went to bed tired and discouraged, wondering how I could ever keep going. I went to sleep right soon, and then about midnight I woke up, feeling more easy and quiet-like than I had for a long time. There was snow falling, and it was very still—so still I could hear my heart beating. And I got to thinking about the heart: how it starts going at our birth, and keeps going without a break all through life, sometimes for nearly a hundred years! There's a worker for you! Never stopping night or day, year after year. It was a wonder to me. It shows us how we can learn to rest right in the midst of our work: not by stopping it, you know, but by

being so interested in carrying it out right that we forget all about ourselves. That's the real secret! And then we keep rested all the time. For I know we get tired much, *much* more by the restless thoughts that keep going through our minds all the time we work than by the work itself even if it's quite hard. They keep the brain-bearings hot all the time.

"Oh, of course I didn't learn all this in a minute, Hank! But when I am working many hours alone these thoughts come to me and help me."

"You might say the heart is like a companion, *heartening* us as we trudge along the way," ruminated Hank. "Of course, all people don't have to work as hard as you do; but if they could learn the heart's way of working they could exact much more from themselves and do far more unselfish work—the kind, I mean, that keeps the heart in tune with the *Great Heart* that's everywhere and in everything. For after all, our little heart is only a symbol in a way of that Universal Heart. And of course *that* never rests either. But that makes me think I ought to be getting busy myself. It's getting late."

"Yes, you might hitch up old Tipton and go to the village for the mail, if you will," said his sister; "and when you come back dinner will be ready."

"I will, with all my heart," laughed Hank; and off he went whistling into the rain and sleet. M. S.

Picking on the Other Fellow

"NOT only that but, would you believe it, the other day I saw him. . . ." etc., etc. A loud laugh follows. And so on.

Of course they are discussing an absent man and holding his faults up to each others' derision.

A large proportion of some men's conversation is on that line. What is the secret of the pleasure they get out of it? The pleasure they know, the underlying secret of its cause they may not realize.

Are they not, of necessity, *small* men—as to character? In the presence of a morally large man they are usually uncomfortably conscious of their smallness. In this 'picking-on' the weaknesses of the absent man they are enabled to get the pleasure of feeling themselves bigger than he. How's that for an explanation of what they are doing? If not that, what is it? Their talk reinforces their sense of their own superiority. But they forget that as soon as any one of them leaves the party he will be immediately subjected to the same derisive dissection and—usually—caricature. It is usually that because the absent man's *strong* points are not in the picture they are gloating over; what they sneer at as his *weak* points—a devotion to duty, for example, which shames the rest of them—may really be fine qualities; and the failing they credit him with may not be

there at all. Anyway they establish very pleasingly their sense of superiority.

Some who are too big to cackle in this way, nevertheless do something of the same sort and for the same reason, in the privacy of their own minds.

Harsh critical thought against another man with a failing in his nature, resting on a mental picture of him in which that failing is the leading or even exclusive feature, is almost always a self-defensive attitude. The critic himself has that very weakness or one closely allied in kind, but he won't know it and face it as it really is. If he knows it he glosses over his own knowledge, keeps his awareness of his fault out of his own sight, or minimizes and justifies the weakness. A good way to do this, he finds, is mentally to belabor and despise some other man with the same. Then comes that pleasing sense of superiority to the other, that feeling of being larger and stronger than he. Attention is taken off from where it would be disagreeable and humiliating to have it, and placed on to where it gives this pleasurable sense of superiority.

We do not realize how great a waste of power, mental, moral, imaginative, and creative, is thus going on in us: an amount of power which, if turned in upon a full and honest face picture of our own similar weakness, would be enough to conquer it. Any weakness, fully faced and admitted, begins to wilt. For we are no longer wrapped up in and at one with it; we are standing back from it or standing up out of it in the very act of looking at it. Keep on, and we have by degrees the full power of victory.

Love of proper self-respect develops as we earn the right to it, the self-respect that can only come from real efforts at self-mastery. We have only to remember that as soon as we begin winning, the more will the defeated element try to get us to slip off along the old track of despising or feeling superiority to some other man. "He hasn't the grit to do what I am doing," we think. That is the only thing that can defeat our power to become. Beware of pride. The old saying that it goes before a fall is alive and kicking.

STUDENT

The Bell and the Lights

ONCE upon a time there was a Judge, whose Bench was in the City but whose bed was in a quiet Village with no very modern inconveniences. And the Judge had a friend who was President of an Electric Light and Power Plant.

And the friend visited the Judge, and said unto him, That is a fine old Knocker thou hast upon the Front Door, but thou mightest just as well have an Electric Bell that would ring in the Kitchen. A very few Dry Batteries would take care of that.

And the Judge became interested, and he got some

Wife, and some Dry Batteries, and an Electric Button, and he did his own Installation, and he soon had a Bell that would ring in the Kitchen when the Button was pressed at the Front Door.

And he said, I might just as well have Electric Lights. So he bought some more wire, and a lot of Dry Batteries, and he bought some Electric Light Bulbs. And he bought another Button.

And when he had tinkered sufficiently he pressed the Button, expecting that the whole place would be flooded with light. But there was no Deluge.

And he tinkered Some More, and he got no Light. And he wrote a Letter to his friend, the President of the Electric Light and Power Company, and inquired, saying, Why is it thus, and what is the cause of this thunders?

And the President of the Electric Light and Power Company replied, saying in his Epistle:

My dear Judge: When thou art as old as I am, thou wilt learn that it requireth Much More Power to Produce a Light than it doth to Make a Noise.

Now when I heard this Tattling Story, I said, The Judge is not the only man who should hear that Epistle. The world is Moderately Full of men who have not yet learned that Distinction.

For I hear Many Orators, and Much Speaking, and I do not always learn Wisdom from that which I hear. And I know that Many men have not yet learned that it doth require more Power to Produce Light than it doth to Make a Noise.

—Sawd the Sage, in the *Christian Commonwealth*.

It Couldn't Be Done

Edgar A. Guest

SOMEBODY said that it couldn't be done. But he, with a chuckle, replied:

"Who wouldn't say so till he tried."

So he buckled right in with the trace of a grin.

On his face. If he worried he hid it. He started to sing as he tackled the thing that couldn't be done, and he did it.

Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do that."

At least no one ever has done it.

But he took off his coat and he took off his hat.

And the first thing we knew he'd begun it.

With a lift of his chin and a bit of a grin.

Without any doubting or quibbling.

He started to sing as he tackled the thing that couldn't be done, and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done.

There are thousands to prophesy failure.

There are thousands to point out to you one by one

The dangers that wait to assail you.

But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,
Just take off your coat and go to it;
Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing
That "cannot be done," and you'll do it.

"Some persons can get up to care

And lay it by at night,

And when they strip their bodies bare

Can make their spirits light."

Gonville Bradford

Special Notice

The New Way was established by 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 Mine 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

"Know ye not that ye are a Temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?"

"Know ye not that your body is a Temple of the Holy Spirit which is in you, which ye have from God?"—*St. Paul*

"Our examination of the multitudinous religious faiths that mankind, early and late, have professed, most assuredly indicates that they have all been derived from one primitive source. It would seem as if they were all but different modes of expressing the yearning of the imprisoned human soul for intercourse with supernal spheres. As the white ray of light is decomposed by the prism into the various colors of the solar spectrum, so the beam of divine truth, in passing through the three-sided prism of man's nature, has been broken up into the various colored fragments called Religions. Combined, their aggregate represents one eternal truth."

—*H. P. Blavatsky*

"OVER in the immemorial desert yonder there goes the Arab. The desert is a desert to him. It is merely sand; and nothing more. But one day there comes a man who pauses at the same place in the uncharted desert. And he says, 'Dig there.' And presently they lay bare a temple filled with memorials of a great past, a temple of which the frescoes are as fresh as when they were painted. He knew it was there. There is a buried magnificence in every man. There is a hidden splendor, a secret temple, and God alone knows that it is there." —*W. J. Dawson*

"Let not him that seeketh cease from his search until he find, and when he finds he shall wonder, wondering, he shall reach the Kingdom, and when he reaches the Kingdom he shall have rest."

—*One of the Sayings of Christ*

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

"In life, as in whist, hope nothing from the way the cards may be dealt to you. Play the cards, whatever they be, to the best of your skill."

—*Bulwer Lytton*

A FEW RULES FOR ATTAINMENT OF A NEW

KIND OF HEALTH

1. Change your temperament, if it needs changing. *His (am) he (am)!*

2. Get and keep a positive and active friendliness in your heart all the time. Don't keep up, if you will, towards anyone.

3. Recognise your opportunity when your body is feeling flat and unstrung and disinclined to stir. Keep forcing it to go at job after job right along as if it was feeling just the opposite. Walk, work, and act as if you were full of energy. I have no let-up till the spell is over.

4. Recognise your opportunity when you feel that your body is feeling surly. Take care to be extra genial.

5. Carry out to the full when you are feeling disinclined everything you resolved to do when you were feeling fine. Allow no let-up in this.

6. Study something hard to learn every day.

7. Keep your heart up and act as if all the evil spells of misfortune and perhaps some actual disaster threaten. Don't tell anybody about it. Turn all fear out of your mind and body by acting as if it wasn't there.

8. Keep the top of your head just where it belongs when you get a stroke of good fortune.

9. Never admit the thought of wearing out.

10. Learn to think of yourself as *in* the body as its tenant and boss.

By following these rules, though the body must in the way of nature get old, you will greatly defer that time, and when it does come you won't get mentally senile. Though the body will ultimately die you will have learned that *you* don't.

—*An old stage*

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

"Don't worry when you stumble. Remember a worm is about the only thing that can't fall down."

—*Samuel Johnson*

"But fortune is like muddy water: give it time enough, and don't stir it, and it will clear."

Please Handle with Care
And Pass on to Another

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UNSECURED AND NONPOLITICAL

Kent-Ton, China

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No. 9

[illegible]

For Prisoners and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or Not

When in Doubt, Go Right

Please Handle with Care
And Pass on to Another

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL PHILOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

OF SECTARIAN AND NON-SECTARIAN

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Evangelical Photo & Engraving Dept.

SCENES FROM A KATHARIC PRODUCTION OF THE SUPPLEMENTARY PART OF THE ANCIENT GREEK
MYTHIC DRAMA OF THE PROMISES OF THE CREATOR, IN THE OPEN AIR GREEK THEATER
OF THE INTERNATIONAL PHILOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY, 1014 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

The black-robed figures, who have hitherto been roading the conscience of Orestes
for his crime and humanity for his suffering, were made play the compassionate Goddess
Athena, and his appeal to change the sentence, throw off their black robes, and as beneficent
earth spirits (daimones) to devote themselves to making the fields and orchards fruitful
for man. Orestes, freed and happy, returns to his native home. Aeschylus perhaps in-
tended to symbolize with this drama the transformation of an evil power when he finds
and appeals to the light, the Goddess in the Temple, and in the picture the transforma-
tion of the evil power into a beneficent one, taking place in the Temple.

The Inner Life

*From a recent Address of KATHERINE TINGLEY'S
to her students at the International Theosophical
Headquarters, Point Loma, California*

MAN undervalues himself. I do not mean in the worldly sense, but in the spiritual sense. He undervalues his own inner nature. He undervalues his responsibilities, and he is very apt to undervalue his neighbors. If, on the other hand, he begins to value his inner life and the spiritual side of his nature, he is bound to reach a quality of his nature that will bring him closer to more conscientious thought of his neighbors. Pursuing this line further, we shall find ourselves working out a grand scheme of justice to each other; and we will begin to have some idea of the splendid and royal promises that are written in every moment of our lives.

There is so little evidence of that consciousness of real manhood and womanhood that we must have, if we are to do justice to the purpose of our lives. We do not have to follow beaten tracks in any of our efforts to help humanity. We must begin a new way. We need to think of the new-born day. We need the new-born man and woman, the new-born hope, and the new-born promises. We need many things, which we have not, because we do not reach out for them.

Nothing is more pitiful and more shocking to me than to find a person so tied up in himself, that he cannot move outside of his own narrow horizon. That to me is committing a crime against the Holy of Holies in oneself.

Men look upon life too lightly. They lack that deeper and more serious tone that must come into their lives, if they are ever to reach that point of self-directed evolution which is possible for humanity. The preciousness of the moments lies not so much in the actual physical work that one does, but in feeling through every strain of our being something that will strike a note for a brighter tomorrow.

It is essential that we attend to the small things in life—the small duties and responsibilities, and the small demands that are made upon us by the very laws of our being. The seemingly small things in my life have often led to the greatest opportunities. It is the small things that carry us to our goal.

My endeavor is to give you a conception of the importance of a man's life, when he has found that he has an inner nature, and that it is dependable; that he has within himself those rare and wonderful resources for self-restoration, so to speak. In the inner chambers of our natures there are wonderful mysteries. If we could fathom these, we would have a true companionship with the inner self, and that inner self is of abiding, eternal character.

Do not try to fashion yourselves like others. Dare

to think sufficiently long and sufficiently deeply to receive a revelation from within. Make self-analysis a regular habit. Take ten minutes with yourself every day and absolutely surrender your mental self to your higher self. Then you will open for yourself a book of revelation.

My thoughts turn to young Lindbergh, the aviator. Somewhere along the way, it will be found that he marked time with a positive quality of his nature, that brought the spirit of self-control; and that self-control has marked the history of his whole life in very small things; so that when his hands were guiding his aeroplane all that long distance from New York to Paris, the revelation came to him of the lessons he had learned, and the conquests he had made from childhood. Then the power and majesty of his soul, which had received its enlightenment in small ways—in devotion to duty, in real honesty, and great conscientiousness, enabled him to become the controller of his destiny, and to win the honor of the best in the world. Great lessons can be learned from studying the life of this young man.

When we all come to the point where we are absolutely honest with ourselves, with not a bit of anything false in us, we shall make a mark for the world that cannot be dreamed of yet. In this new-born time, new opportunities are ours, if we will take them. And they are nearer to us, because of what this young Lindbergh has achieved in his simple, heroic effort and in his self-control as a man.

Brain-Storms

THE scene kept coming back to me for hours as I lay in bed trying to sleep, till I thought my head must burst—the exasperating things he had said, the retorts I had made or might have made if I had been able to think of them at the time; could not keep my mind quiet a moment; dropped at long length to heavy sleep; woke late and found the wheels beginning to start again on the same awful grind.

That day was ruined for any other work or thinking. It seemed to me that I was five years older, not so much for the row itself as from the brain wear and tear it had cost me after.

Well, that was my temperament, I knew. I must put up with it and be resigned just to suffer till these brain-storms, one after another, had spent themselves. They have their times just like a cyclone, and the wreckage will clear itself up somehow when the thing was over. But the traces would be left.

A beaten man. But is a man beaten while he keeps up a fight? Fighting the storms seemed to accomplish nothing; but what about the intervals between? Could nothing be done *then* that would

give me more chance of victory while the storm was on?

Tornadoes are not all the same size. Some of them devastate an entire town. Some are little whirls in the sand that die down in a minute and that you can quench with your foot in a moment. The practice of doing that with the little ones would not of course develop in you any power against the big ones that wipe out towns. But with brain-tornadoes it might be different. Learn to tackle the little ones and there might be no great trouble with the big ones. You might get them before they became big, or they might even cease to come at all.

What are the little mental ones? It was soon obvious that any snarly thoughts against anyone, such as some of us have and permit a dozen times a day, do not differ in kind, but only in degree, from the great twenty-four-hour fellows; often, in fact, develop into one of the larger. These little ones *can* be wiped out. We *can* refuse to let the mind go on with that sort of harsh and acrimonious or angrily contemptuous thinking. Some other line of thoughts *can* at once and fairly easily be substituted.

We need not let the mind have, and develop, and dwell on unpleasant pictures and memories of other people or see in that critical way the unpleasant sides of their characters. We can either think, approvingly, in passing, of something likeable in them, or (perhaps better) not think of them at all; certainly not hold any interior talking with them or at them, or get to interior belaboring of them. Still more easily we can avoid talking *about* them to other fellows — a most potent and mischievous creator and sustainer of the interior sort which gives us so much worry.

The sun shines in his kindly, life-giving way, all around, not singling out any special thing or person to shine on. He shines on evil life too, as well as on innocent life, and always has, knowing perhaps (which is of course true) that in the long run great Nature, in her vast evolutionary scheme, will see to the total good and progression of life, see to the final outcome of the best.

Can't we do something like that? There is a Law which in the long run makes evil and weaknesses in men come to a reckoning with it. Can't we leave them to that Law? *It knows its business!* And we don't.

Practice the habit of refusing to let the mind indulge in any interior picturings of others, or imaginary talk with them, friendly or acrimonious. Keep silent with yourself on all this sort of stuff. There is plenty else for the mind to do. It is personalities, our own and those of others, which, using up time, energy, and 'brain-oil,' hamper and sterilize the minds of all of us, keep them from their best and highest. Nothing depletes brain-oil and general vitality like anger, angry contempt, angry rasping at the ill ways or weaknesses of others. Why not have peace instead of all this — and it is so easily got, too?

We can change our temperaments, little by little, just as a man can climb the highest hill step by step. In the mental sphere we can gain the power to stop — and, finally, not to have at all — the brain-storms which consume years of life of so many men and women. And this power is gained by habitually putting our foot down upon the little sand-whirls that are always springing up at our feet. Keep the mind from thought-picturings of other men and from imaginary talks with them or to them, even of the pleasant sort, and you have the secret of mastering and of at last not having the storms.

Any temperament can be changed into a better — as fine as you can conceive, — or allowed to degenerate into a worse — down to the evildest, — by little daily efforts, on the one hand, or little daily yieldings and permissions, on the other. There is all the good and divine in the universe to draw on, and wanting to be drawn on, if we will; and all the evil in the universe to let in on us and pressing to be let in — if we permit. It's the little daily steps that lead to the final grand result, one way or the other. Keep pushing; that's the trick; that's all that's necessary.

THE OLD STAGER

Billy Jenkins on Patriotism

THE Glorious Fourth was over and the feasting and the fun were already taking their place in the line of faded yesterdays. The younger generation was feeling the depression which usually follows a day of excitement; but not so Billy, who having taken his holiday with calm enjoyment was now resuming his labor with an equal serenity.

Calling for a pair of shoes I found him speechless with a mouth full of brads; but I was content to wait until such time as he had driven them into the sole of the shoe on his lap. My cobbler was a great fellow for observing daily life, and putting what he saw into the teapot of his mind he extracted a rich brew to be served out to his friends.

"This here patriotism," he began as soon as he could speak, "what does it all amount to? The most of us seem to think that it's cheering the flag, celebrating the brave deeds of our forefathers and especially having a good time ourselves. But I say it's holding the good of the country in mind and letting Number One take second place. It isn't a grand flare up on the Fourth and then go on with looking after Number One for the balance of the year: not by a jug-full I'll tell the world.

"Three cheers and a tiger for the flag is all right, but don't let the cheerers go off and act tiger to their fellow-creatures, eating everyone that's weaker than themselves. We cheer the flag, but what does the flag stand for? It stands for the big crowd who live

in these United States of ours, and when we shout, that means we're boosters for the bunch of us taken together.

"It isn't just liberty to do as a fellow wants to that we're after, nor lots of prosperity and everybody carrying around a wad of greenbacks big enough to choke a cow. One may have all that sort of thing and yet be going to the dogs all the time, rotten-ripe with laziness and pleasure-hunting and having a good time.

"As I see the matter it's using good leather when you put on a new heel and making the best kind of a job with a pair of shoes that you know how. It's paying your debts when you've got the money and not holding it back to spend on yourself while the other feller waits and has to put in his time with calling around to beg for the money which really belongs to him.

"And another thing: Patriotism is living so squarely and sensibly that you keep your health and patch up your body to make it last out, not wearing it to shreds in sprees and jamborees so that you get old before your time and come on the public for your board and lodging. But there's a whole heap more to it than that; you've got to set such a good example that when you're gone people will be living better lives because of how they've seen you act, and that way you'll be helping your country long after you've passed on. You'll still be alive in the hearts of those who've known you and keep right on working for the good of those you've left behind.

"And 'tisn't only the patriot's country that gets the benefit; the whole world is the better for his life, I say. A real patriot doesn't stop short at the frontier of his own country—he can't. If he can work for his country and forget himself in the doing of it, he can look a bit further and see other countries; and wherever in the world he sees his fellow men in trouble or wanting help of any kind, why he simply can't rest till he's done something about it, anything he can.

"Who was it said: 'The world is my country and to do good is my religion'? I reckon it was Tom Paine; but no matter, he wouldn't want to take out a patent on it, and I reckon it's a pretty good motto to act on, whoever said it. It doesn't need proving 'cause you can see with half an eye that it's all right the first time you hear it.

"You don't have to learn up anything out of books, or be a highbrow or anything like that. Just start in right where you are and get busy trying to forget yourself in working for the bigger thing—your country, and after that the world. All them other nations is part of the general human family, anyhow."

Billy hadn't poured himself out to the last drop, I could see; but at this point a little girl came in for a pair of laces, and as Billy turned to fetch them

I saw my chance, whipped up my shoes and took an inconspicuous farewell. My wife was making a new flag for our garden-pole and I thought I'd get her reaction to Billy's views on the larger patriotism.

P. L.

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The Body's Co-tenants and their Instrument

SMOKING, he had decided, was doing him harm. "Well then," I said, "don't you intend to give it up altogether?"

"Now you've asked me," he admitted, "I do. But I don't tell my personality everything and I was trying not to let him know my intention."

"Him?" I queried. "That's a curious expression. How do you distinguish your personality from yourself?"

"There was a very wise old woman I once knew," he said, "who put me on to the philosophy of the sentence I used. She was much interested in the future of a young fellow of the utmost promise, her nephew. But his life was being utterly ruined by indulgence in morphine. He had begun with the drug some years before, found presently (as they always do) that he could not leave it off, and was at last an abject slave, apparently done for in mind and body. All *pleasure* in his injections had long disappeared and he now used the syringe only to escape the agonies of abstinence. As sooner or later with all these poor creatures, he was on the verge of suicide.

"She told him she would cure him if he would turn himself over entirely to her care, let her do the gradual reduction according to her own judgment, and live for the period of the cure in her house.

"He seemed suddenly lifted for a moment out of his black despair and joyfully closed with her offer. 'Can you promise me,' he said, 'that I shall get absolutely freed, cut the infernal stuff right out of my life?'

"She was diplomatic enough not to say yes. 'The man's soul,' she told me, 'seemed to be looking at me out of his eyes, imploring my help.' But I knew that the *personal man* of him, if it was brought to face the possibility of a time coming when there would be no more morphine for it at all, would rather have rejected the cure at that price. It was a fight between the real man, as it were, speaking to me in his eyes—and the personality; and it was the latter that would win. I said, 'Well, no, you won't ever absolutely give up the drug, you won't need to. What I can promise you is that you won't be in the *power* of it any more. You'll be able to use a little or not, just as you choose, leaving it alone or taking an occasional dose, according as you feel minded to do.'

"That was instantly satisfactory," she told me,

and she felt the unexpressed opposition of the threatened part of his nature die away. He agreed to let her do the gradual reduction with the syringe in her hands instead of his and in her complete control. He was not even to know from day to day the amount of the dose given.

"In six months she had brought him absolutely through and he regained his health of mind and body and has never touched the drug again.

"Now do you see what I meant by 'not telling my personality?' I intend to quit this smoking habit for good. But I keep the intention to myself, in the quiet and silent back of my mind. The thing in me that wants to smoke is reasonably willing to have his supply reduced, but if he faced the fact that the reduction was the preliminary to total deprivation pretty soon, there'd be trouble. I don't let that secret intention out into my open thinking, keep quiet to myself about it, least of all tell anybody else, though you did get it out of me.

"The philosophy of the old lady (and it strikes me as O. K.) was that there are two fellows in each of us, *using the same mind*. There's the higher I that decides and wills, and the lower that wants and craves. The lower uses the mind to think out ways of getting what he wants. The other uses it for real thought, to think into the reason and meaning of things and of life as a whole, and to register his judgments as to what's *right* and best, and how to carry those judgments into effect. In its very highest reaches we call it the soul.

"The mind is the battlefield, occupied by both parties, but sometimes so thoroughly occupied by the lower that the higher has hardly an inch of standing ground. And it's only in a few of us that that situation's reversed and the real man guides the life and thoughts and conduct so that the self-centered, selfish cravings and wishes of the lower don't get any show or are held strictly inside the lines of right and reason. Some men have let their minds get wholly turned over to the use and occupation of the lower. And on the other hand perhaps some are absolute self-masters.

"This was the old lady's philosophy, and she'd done a lot of thinking about human nature. What do you think of it?"

STUDENT

The Dog and the Book

IT amuses me, said the yard philosopher, to hear these scientists talk about life on other planets. *Can't be*, says one of them, they've got no atmosphere. Or *can be*, says another, because we've just found there is a little. — Like a fellow decidin' some house *couldn't* be inhabited 'cause it had no garage — or *might* be, after all, 'cause there was a bicycle shed.

I was layin' out on the beach one Sunday after-

noon two or three years ago — oh, if I could only get there now! — readin' a Sunday paper, an' the chap that did the science page was discussin' this very thing, about life on Mars and how some scientists said one thing and some another, but they all seemed to agree that there was none on Venus and none on Jupiter nor Saturn. 'Cause why? Conditions all wrong, no atmosphere or no water or too hot or somethin'.

Well, I kinder dropped off to sleep like you do on beaches on Sundays after dinner. (I'd had toasted crab and shrimp sauce, with pie and cream to follow, let me mention.) I thought I was in the sea, somehow, down under, but not drowned. There was two fishes a-talkin', but they never saw me. An' one of them says: 'Queer place, that dry land,' says he. 'Don't seem to be good for anything. No water, no life, no nothin' much at all.' 'No life?' says the other. 'How do you know that?' 'Why, how can there be?' says the first. 'No water. How could livin' things move? An' how could they breathe?' 'Why not?' says the first. 'Why,' he says, 'you breathe oxygen, don't you, what's dissolved in the water? There may be some oxygen, perhaps (but I guess not), up there *above* the water where it's all blue, but no livin' thing could get hold of it and use it. And anyway they wouldn't have any food, no little minnow things to gobble up and nothin' growin' up like we have in the water.'

An' so they went on, a lot of piffle like that. But when I woke up an' thought about it, it didn't seem any worse piffle than what the scientists was talkin' when they said there couldn't be no life on Venus 'cause of the heat, and none on Mars 'cause of no air, and none on Jupiter 'cause he's just a chunk of hot gas.

I tell you, boys, it's just conceit, nothin' else in the world. They laugh at the conceit of the old fellows that reckoned that this little earth of ours was the center and axle-pin of the universe. We've got the same. Where's the diff? This little speck of mud — *our* speck — is the only spot of life anywhere in all this eternal universe of ten thousand billion suns and planets! That's just 'cause it's *our* speck, we, lords of creation! Same conceit, I tell you.

Go out in the silent night, say the preachers, and look up at the stars all over, 'the handiwork of God.' O. K., I'm perfectly willin'. But not if I thought that all them millions of worlds was just useless chunks o' hot rock or balloons o' hot gas or whatever else like that. What'd there be in *that* fool notion to make a man give two looks upward or get to worshiping the power that ran the said chunks and balloons for no reason whatsoever? No sir. But it's another story if you reckon all them worlds as *homes*, places where life is bein' waked up and trained, same as it's been waked up and trained here — all makin' ready in the long-run, when the trainin's

ripe, to be brought together and swop notes and experiences and help each other on to what they've learned and grown up to. Don't that idea give things a better look? If it ain't that way, what's the idea of the whole show?

"Maybe there ain't any idea," said skeptic Jim, who had joined the crowd in the yard.

All right, Jim. Ever keep a dog?

"What's that got to do with it?"

Well, there he'll be, lyin' at your feet evenin's. An' he cocks up one eye and sees you take a book off the shelf an' get to readin' it. An' he wonders to himself to see you lookin' two hours at a dead chunk of paper and boards. 'He thinks there's somethin' in those old chunks,' he says to himself. 'If he'd ask me I could tell him right away there ain't any thing.' See the idea, Jim?

A Chinese chap told me once he loved his language,—all them queer spider-marks. Says he: 'When I look at a page of writin', perticlerly poetry, I don't let my mind take in any of the *meanin'* at first. I just look at the signs and remember the history of 'em an' the little pictures they grew out of. But after a while of that I turn on the other part of my mind and let myself get to the *meanin'* of the writin'.'

Just you do that, Jim. Take a good long look at the stars and after a while turn on the other part of your mind and read the *meanin'* of 'em. You c'n get it. But if you can't, try it on a tree or a flower and look at them so's to get the *meanin'* an' purpose an' real conscious life of 'em. Keep at it right along till you do, every time you see 'em. If a savage looks at a sketch of a face he don't at first see nothin' but lines, all anyhow. But after a while, if he keeps at the job and takes the word of a white man he trusts, he suddenly sees the face that's there and all its expression.

I don't want to be noways personal, Jim, nor say you're the savage and I'm the white man—there's the dinner-bell a-goin'. I guess you'll know the *meanin'* of a plate o' hash, Jim, anyhow.

And the two men arm-in-armed in. They were old combatants and older chums. REPORTER

That Bitter-tongued Martian Again

WHY in the holy name of Jupiter, said the visitor from Mars, don't you put your prisoners in such conditions of housing and fresh air and sunlight and diet and occupation as will conduce to their health? You return most of them; you say, to what you call 'society.' Why not return them in better health than when you jailed them up?

You think a lot of what you are pleased to call 'the Newer Psychology.' And yet you don't know that a man—if you Earth-people can be called

human yet—can't have clean, clear thoughts if his bodily organs are out of harmony, each in itself and each with all the rest. How can a man be expected to *do* right if he can't *think* clean, clear thoughts?

You haven't learned yet that if there's one man pushed down into bad health and bad morals or suffering by the callousness of the rest, every one of the rest of you is *pulled* down (by an infection you can't see) in the same direction. Do you suppose that because you've got one of your human family inside a jail-house you've got his infective *influence* jailed in-too? The worse you treat him the worse you are treating yourself and your sensitive unborn children. And you wonder, when they *are* born, why they're born criminals—some of them right out and even the best of them *touched*.

On my planet, where we do know some psychology, we know that and act on it, and that's part reason why we've got a Martianity that's a real humanity. You earth-crowd are not fit to gild our shoes, to use your phrase—though, come to think of it, I believe that you characteristically *blacken* yours.

You don't know any psychology, you don't know any humanity. And you think you've done all that's right and necessary for a man who's broken your laws when you've shut him up in a cage and put him on a regime that's likely to wreck his health. You see things as valuable that haven't any value at all—social rank, for instance; and you attach no value (except in words) to what has worth beyond reckoning—all-embracing, terrestrial Brotherhood, for instance. And I can tell you, you won't be promoted to one of the better planets till you do get some brotherhood on the planet you've got now.

I'm sorry I ever came here. You aren't fit for a Martian to associate with. I'll look in again in two or three hundred years and see if your cloudy half-developed intelligences have learned anything. IM.

A Conjuror's Views on Reincarnation

(The 'magician' Houdini, in an interview published after his death by 'The Detroit Free Press')

"THERE is something in the theory of reincarnation. Just how much, I cannot say, nor do I believe it will greatly profit us to seek to tear aside the veil. In due time it shall be lifted and we shall see, with Milton, 'the bright countenance of Truth.'

"I firmly believe, and this belief is based on investigation, observation and, in a measure, personal experience—that somehow, somewhere and some time, we return in another human form, to carry on, as it were, through another lifetime, perhaps through many succeeding lifetimes, until some strange destiny is worked out to its ultimate solution.

"Every one has had the experience of saying a

thing and immediately getting an indistinct flash of memory that tells of having formerly somewhere, some time, said or done the same thing under exactly similar circumstances.

"I, myself, have entered some Old World city for the first time in my life, so far as I was aware, and found the streets familiar, known just where to go to locate a certain house, for instance.

"Things have come to me that it seemed could only have been results of some former experiences. I seemed from earliest childhood to have a grasp upon certain faculties and a knowledge not according to my years — as if the understanding were from past education and that I had entered the world with certain fixed principles and ideas that could not have been at that time the result of any present education.

"I do not believe in spiritualism as practised by so-called mediums. I do not believe that spirits return, because to my way of thinking they are on a plane of thought which renders it as impossible for them to communicate with us earth-folk as it is for the sleeper to communicate with his friend who is awake.

"I cannot believe that the good that is in us ever dies, that the great things we do are ever wasted, or that we — those of us who have developed individual traits of character or accomplished distinctive works for good — shall perish utterly or fail to reap the reward of good things well done on earth.

"Possibly the Great Intelligence that rules the universe plans beyond our ken, knows what lives shall be most essential to the well-being of the world and sends them back to finish what they have begun and have been forced to lay down before the beckoning finger of the Dark Angel."

Cannot You Say "Hello"

From the *Masonic Home Journal*

IT'S such a little thing to smile and say "Hello";
And yet, when on the street you pass someone you know,
It makes the day seem clearer,
It makes life seem the dearer,
It brings the friend much nearer,
If he smiles and says "Hello."

It's such a little thing to smile and say "Hello";
And yet the little things are what count in life, you know.
A friend may greet you blandly,
Condescendingly or grandly,
But it seems a heap more friendly
If he stops and smiles, and says, "Hello."

It's such a little thing to smile and say, "Hello";
Yet we hesitate to do this, sometimes, don't you know,
It seems to me we're cheating,
It's our ourselves we are beating,
If instead of formal greeting,
We don't stop and smile and say, "Hello."

But there's music in the word of greeting, don't you know,
It's such a little thing to smile and say, "Hello";

The sun more brightly shining,

Clouds will have a silver lining,

It's good-bye to our repining,

When we stop, and smile, and say, "Hello."

It's such a little thing to smile and say, "Hello";

And yet, it does a lot of good, don't you know,

Forsake that heartfelt sighing,

And start in right now trying,

To keep friendship's banner flying,

Let's all stop, and smile and say, "Hello."—Selected



Special Notice

THE NEW WAY was established by 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 rises after fall on fall,
Unconquered, conquers all."

"SPEAK to Him, thou, for He hears, and spirit
with spirit can meet.
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than
hands and feet." — *Tennyson*

"FOR there is that in every human being which
demands communion with something more fine and
potent than itself. Perhaps, indeed, this is only
another way of saying that man is innately religious."
— *James Branch Cabell*

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

— *The late octogenarian publisher, Mr. Henry Holt*

"IT will all depend upon self-mastery. The self
below will continually drag down the man who is not
self-mastered. This is because the lower one is so
near the thick darkness that hangs about the lower
rungs of evolution's ladder that it is partly devil.
Like a heavy weight it will drag into the depths the
one who does not try to conquer himself. But on its
other side the self is near to Divinity, and when con-
quered it becomes the friend and helper of the con-
queror." — *W. Q. Judge*

"HE did not believe those who said it could not
be done." — *Said of Columbus*

"WHEN a dreadful object is presented, or when
life as a whole turns up its dark abysses to our view,
then the worthless ones among us lose their hold on
the situation altogether, and either escape from the
difficulty by diverting their attention, or, if they can-
not do that, collapse into yielding masses of plaintive-
ness and fear. But the heroic mind does differently.
To it, too, the objects are sinister and dreadful, un-
welcome. But it can face them, if necessary, without
for that losing its hold on the rest of life. The world
thus finds in the heroic man its worthy match and
mate, and the effort which he is able to put forth to
hold himself erect and keep his heart unshaken is the
direct measure of his worth and function in human life.

He can stand this universe. And hereby he makes
himself one of the masters and lords of life."

— *Professor William James*

"MY experience is that the full force of a blow
[calamity], such as I have indicated (where, so to
speak, the pins are quite knocked from under you),
lasts for forty-eight hours. This period varies some-
what according to one's age, and doubtless, according
to one's temperament. Still, it is very important to
remember that at the end of about forty-eight hours,
the worst thing that can ever happen to you will
begin to lose its force, and you will begin to gain upon
it. Nature, as I have said, is kind to us."

"It would seem that right after a blow such as I
have described takes place, a healing fluid, impalpable,
but definite, flows in upon one, much as the corpuscles
of the blood coagulate round a fresh wound. Our
marvelous ability to adjust ourselves to calamities
must always fill us with wonder when we come actual-
ly to consider them in a rational and scientific manner.
During those intense moments, therefore, when we
have been suddenly overwhelmed by some swift disas-
ter, let us remember this: *It passes.*"

"In considering our troubles, therefore, let us do
so fairly. Let us never forget that we carry about
in us a kind of magic which enables us to right our-
selves very quickly, and that, day in and day out,
hour by hour, we are having a much better time than
we are always willing to admit. After a situation
has been met which beforehand seemed utterly des-
perate, we often find that the new conditions are
better than the old." — *THOMAS L. MASSON, in *That
Silver Lining**

HOPE

"HAST ever been in Hell, dear Child of God?
Hast fallen down — down — down to those rayless
depths where thou couldst no longer feel the support-
ing hand of God, and where thou didst seem to taste
the agony of the last abandonment? Hast thou
known that ultimate remorse wherein the soul exe-
cutes judgment on herself — true image if may be of
the Last Judgment — that night of the spirit whence
hope and blessedness seem to have utterly departed?
Hast known all this, dear child of God, not once but
many times? — nay, livest thou in a constant dread
expectation of knowing this again and again, so long
as thy soul liveth? Then, be of good hope, for thou
art indeed a Child of God!"

"There may be many ways of winning Heaven,
dear heart, but this is of the surest — to know and
feel Hell in this world. And the more ferribly thou
comest to realize in thy spirit the horror and desola-
tion of Hell even in this mortal sojourn, the better
approved is thine heirship in the Kingdom. For when
thy feet take hold on Hell, then of a truth thy hope
is high as Heaven!" — *Michael Monahan*

For Prisoners and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or Not

"Character makes Destiny."

Please Handle with Care
And Pass on to Another

THE NEW WAY

FROM

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(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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IN FRONT OF THE CAVE OF AMARNATH, HIMĀLAYA MOUNTAINS, INDIA

Part of a company of some eight thousand pilgrims from all parts of India. In the distance, in the midst of the snow-fields, more pilgrims are seen approaching. This pilgrimage carries them to a height of nearly 15,000 feet, and requires a week, often longer, for the ascent. Where the Hindûs undertake the journey clad only in the thinnest of cotton garments, where not entirely unclad, the European nearly freezes in his wools and furs. The ascent is perilous and steep — over tumbled boulders, often along paths less than a foot in width, with mighty walls on one side and abysmic depths on the other, where a misstep would mean destruction.

Spiritual Optimism

From an Address delivered in Sweden, 1926.

BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

MY mission is to try to have people look more hopefully at life, to find within themselves the great secret, for it is there that it will be found. Good books will tell you some things; great teachers will tell you other things; but the great secret — the key to the situation — lies in the heart of every man.

When man is so attuned to the higher things in life, when his trust and confidence in the Divine Laws are so great that he soars out into the conception of the greatness of Universal Life, then you may be sure that he is living a well-balanced, all-round individual life — not the half-life, not just the exterior life, not the life that keeps him satisfied today and tomorrow dissatisfied, in joy today and in the shadows tomorrow! Oh no! no! It gives one an all-round view of life, and one finds his balance. Then one finds that which is the deepest in his nature, that which is the most permanent, the most revealing and enlightening; and that is, the spiritual nature, the inner nature of man.

"Man, know thyself!" That is the secret.

But man does not know himself. That is why humanity is in its shadows. That is why the earnest hearts in every country are crying for more light and for help. These lie within the hearts of men. And not until men face the world with the consciousness that the real life is very beautiful — and that the real life can be attained by everyone, — will man begin to know himself truly.

And the reason that man does not know himself, is because his education for ages has been on the mental plane almost exclusively. He has been living the exterior life only — living today and hoping for tomorrow, but with nothing certain in prospect.

The trouble with the world today is that man does not understand himself. We must awaken men to the importance of challenging their own natures. The statesmen of all countries, the educators, the thinkers, the writers, must all have that one key: the conviction that the nobler man, the greater man, and the truer man, and the eternal man, is the inner nature of man himself.

Humanity is only half living, because it is living in the exterior almost exclusively, or in the mental life only, hoping today, as I have said, and tomorrow despairing. But when we have within us a real consciousness that we are a part of the divine scheme of life, and that the whole scheme of life is beautiful, then we understand that the Divine — usually spoken of with such a limited conception — is eternal, all-powerful, all-loving, all-just, albeit unknowable, incomprehensible; and any conception of Deity that is less than this, is limited and sacrilegious.

None of the world's trouble, mishaps, and afflictions come as the 'punishment of God.' They are due to the fact that the human mind has not found the secret of right living; it has not the broad vision of life; it limits human existence to one short span of seventy-seven or a hundred years. But the Real Man lives for an eternity; he has ages and aeons in which to evolve his higher nature towards perfection. This is the great plan for the eternal man.

Consequently, if he makes a mistake today and tomorrow finds enlightenment, he begins to see something ahead, to find his own heart, to listen to his conscience; and in a little while to find that superb something, that spiritual enlightenment, that is his own possession. One must have faith in himself and conviction that he is a part of the great Eternal Plan, which is one of infinite possibilities, infinite promise, and absolute justice.

With such a conception, how different life seems! How bravely and courageously and superbly one can meet his trials! One realizes that he himself is responsible for whatever experiences he has in life. This, I declare, is solemn truth. So often he inflicts suffering upon himself through ignorance — he reaps sorrow from some former lack of knowledge, not always through having acted unjustly or with evil intent, but because he was unacquainted with himself. He had no knowledge of his essential divinity.

But man need not go from age to age persisting in this lack of self-knowledge. He can find the panacea for all the ills of life. It is free to all; it is offered without money and without price; it is right at hand for every man to take unto himself. It cannot be imparted to him; he must impart it to his own intelligence after his soul has found its way, after his mind has perceived a broader vision — a picture of the possibility that the spiritual inner man is eternal.

If he is eternal the experiences of this life are merely the lessons of his school time; and this life itself is like one of our days in school. What we learn in one term enables us to advance into the next higher class; and so the experiences of this life assure us that the next life will open up something better for us.

Death is simply a change, a passing to another school of experience. We follow the law of Nature, which tells us that the soul which has worked its way through this life, meeting with so many disappointments, goes to its rest, its sleep in activity, so to speak; and then it seeks more experience, another effort, just as one reaches out for more knowledge when he is in school.

Look at the blue skies and the beauties of Nature all around you! The very air that you breathe bespeaks the great central infinite Source of Life. When one thinks in this way, God can be with him and he can be with God. One can understand the love of the Higher Law — the Infinite



Laws. And then, before long one finds new light.

As the years roll on, such men instead of dying at fifty or sixty, are growing not old in spirit, but renewing their youth, rejuvenated, reborn in a sense. This is the knowledge that we need. We need the touch of the Divine Law in our hearts; we need the revelation in our minds; we need to hold this key of success within our control—this optimism, which brooks no disappointments, no heartaches, no shadows. It overcomes them.

This is not the language of a fanatic, at all; it is common sense, and it belongs to each of you and can be made a part of your lives. You can take up your duties in life just the same, also your honest and clean pleasures; and you can live as men and women with an understanding that tomorrow will be better than today, that the next life must be better than this one, if we strive to make it so; and that the promise is written in every word and every idea for the great future of man.

The ancient teachings are here, and they are all that you need. They are filled with the fire, the flame, the glorious divine touch that belong to us, and that we must have and we must apply and make a potent part of human life. And if you have not the courage to take this picture for yourselves, you mothers and fathers, take it for your children. Build a new way, a broad highway for your children.

Teach them that spiritual man is deathless; that he is a part of the great scheme of life, and that we are all dependent upon one another more than we know; and that we are all held together and prevented from sinking below the human level, only because the Divine is in us.

It is that Divine in us that we must encourage, that we must hold in our hearts, that we must endear, that we must cherish in order to make life what it should be, in order to bring home to each the glory and the beauty and the mercy and the justice of life; for life is beautiful. Every life can be beautiful. Take that into your mind every day and see what it will do for humanity. You will find that everything is changed for the better, and that you are nearing a brighter view of life.

If I had a thousand voices, and could speak in all the senates and parliaments all over the world, I would tell humanity that this is the key to the situation of all national and international troubles, of all the problems of life, and of all the sorrows. There is nothing miraculous about it; nothing remarkably quick. It is a slow process; but it would be the beginning of a new life, a new world, and above all, of new men and women, new mothers and fathers, new children, and of a golden promise written in their lives, because they would then have the divine touch in their inner natures, and they would then live it.

Concentration

"WHAT States bound Nebraska?" asked the teacher of one of her class.

The little girl hesitated. "Come, look at your map," said the teacher encouragingly.

But where was the map? I couldn't see any. Nevertheless the child now went ahead, a little slowly but quite correctly.

"What map was she reading from?" I asked. "I don't see any."

"The one in her head," said the young woman. "The child's mind was wandering a little and I got her to call it back."

It seemed rather a wonderful affair to me, and a more wonderful one followed. After the class was dismissed I asked for a little more light on the feat the child had performed.

"We always try to teach everything," she said, "in such a way as to teach (or rather, evoke) at the same time the power of concentration. Not only do the children then learn anything in a quarter of the usual time, but they have acquired for life an inestimably valuable power available for everything they do. When I asked the child that question she instantly had a picture of Nebraska in her mind with the States around it and was going to tell me what they were. But the little boy at the desk in front of her was drawing a funny picture on his slate and her attention was caught so that she lost her inside picture, the mental map of the State and its neighbors.

"It was the same with the mental arithmetic you saw. Those who could hold their attention perfectly came out with the right answer. *Seven, plus four, plus three times seven, divided by eight, then cubed*—and so on as quickly as I could speak for three minutes, needs, if the answer is to be reached, that the children's minds shall not waver an instant till I have finished. Of course they cannot all get there. You saw that only five out of the twenty held up their hands at the end. The rest had slipped a link somewhere along the chain. But they are all improving.

"Languages again: they have their little French and Spanish lessons. We give them just time enough to read silently and very attentively, once over, two or three sentences—an increasing length of the paragraph as they gain more power of attention and recall. Then they look up from the book, one by one, and each repeats aloud what he or she has read; or they come up to the blackboard and write it. If, as they read their sentences, the mind slipped, it is just at that point that they will hesitate or fail at the repetition. They take great pride and interest in these various exercises. I have to be a little careful lest they find out that some of them are ahead of me!"

"I should have thought," I remarked, deeply interested, "that grown-up people could develop this

power of mental concentration more easily than children."

"Perhaps they could," she said, "if they had these children's regular daily training in it. But not many grown-ups will take that trouble with themselves, or even appreciate the value to themselves of doing so."

"They haven't the time, perhaps," I suggested.

"But surely," she said, "they don't have to set apart any particular time for it. These children don't. It is done at the same time as whatever else they are doing is done. The mother of one of these children was here yesterday, and she said, 'I'm sure I could never do it. I'm never doing anything but what I'm thinking half the time of what I'm going to do next. My husband says half the mistakes I make are just that. I'd forgotten to put any fresh coffee in the coffee-pot and the grounds from yesterday were still there!'"

"Don't you think that all our worries come from thinking in advance of something that may happen but probably won't and that anyhow can't be done anything about till it does come? That's so much thought let wander off from where it is needed."

"You think," I said, "that we should practise concentration on everything we do? But we do a lot of things, routines, that surely don't need our whole mind."

"Well then, if we let it slip it will surely scare up some worry or something we don't want at all to think of, perhaps something very painful. But of course for fullest results we have to learn to concentrate our mind by a discipline that doesn't seem at first to have much to do with it."

"Wasn't it Emerson who said: 'Do your duty. Yesterday is yesterday, and tomorrow isn't come yet'? If we've done our full duty today we've done all we can for tomorrow. Don't you think there's some power that will take charge of 'tomorrow' for us, and adjust it for the best to us if we do all the duty we owe to the tomorrows and let it go at that? I think that adjusts us in the best way as well as the only way to what's coming. It's doing *our* part and leaving the rest where it belongs. There surely are results from *trust* that we don't get unless we do trust."

"Well, then there is peace and no worry; and concentration on what we are doing is much easier. And if what we are doing really doesn't need all of our mind and thought we can hold the rest of the mind silent, quite silent, don't you think? Just as it is silent when you are going to bed after listening to very beautiful music, or looking at very beautiful scenery."

"But what takes the place of the music or the sunset or scenery when there hasn't been any for you to hear or look at?"

"I think the power that adjusts tomorrow for the best for us is the same that comes in upon us when we

are stirred and made silent in mind by the beauty of music and nature and as you said, the sunset. If we wish and go about in the right way we can always be learning more and more of that power and letting it in more and getting closer to it. Emerson called it the Oversoul, but for me that name seems perhaps to put it too far away or make it too cold or something."

"Isn't that the children coming back?"

"Gracious, yes! And I haven't eaten my lunch yet!"

"That shows the danger of too much concentration," I said. "You miss your lunch."

SCHOOL VISITOR

Reaching Upwards

THE two John Egertons, father and son, sat together on the front porch of the old homestead, which the younger man had left a dozen years before to try his hand at business life. He had returned a business man of sorts: success being a relative thing, he had undoubtedly become what is called a successful business man. The father had remained, and had preferred to remain, a country doctor—not the slow, antiquated type, content to jog along in the old rut; but a man of some determination who had simply found men more interesting than money, and who considered his studies somewhat less than half completed after almost a lifetime of medical experience.

It was interesting to observe the contrasts in the two faces: in the one, the lines of study, penetration, reflexion; in the other, a sort of guarded alert watchfulness, born of a determination not to let the other fellow get ahead of him. This expression was well-defined just now, as the younger man finished a glowing recital of some of the big "deals" he had "landed," each of which had proved a step in the progress to success and fortune. "So you see, step by step we climb!" he quoted with enthusiasm. "And I'll say the game is nothing if not exhilarating."

After that a silence fell, while the two sat listening to the rustling of the wind in the tops of the old elms on the lawn. At last John Jr. spoke again:

"It seems a long time since a certain small boy I used to know spent the whole of a summer morning here on this very stoop. It was too hot to play, I remember, but the porch here was shady, so I hauled out old *Peg-Leg the Pirate*, or some such book, and setting my back against the wall, proceeded to forget everything, even my new pet puppy."

"Well, I had not long settled to my book before the old mother dog appeared with her little one, and set up headquarters down there on the slat mat. It wasn't long before that pup spied me up here

and decided he wanted to come to me. He was so small that he had to stretch himself to the limit to get a start up the steps, but after a terrific struggle he managed to gain a foothold and pull himself up the first step. Then he took a short rest, and tackled the second step: and so on with all seven of them. I never saw a little thing work so hard!

"You might have thought I'd go and help him, but I wanted to see if he could do it himself. And he did! It took him a good half-hour, but at last he gained my side, and snuggled up to me with a comical little sigh of relief—the very littlest sigh I ever heard. I'll never forget the picture of that plucky little fellow struggling upwards!"

And John Jr. fell to picturing it all over again in his mind.

Meanwhile a smile was spreading itself over the old doctor's face.

"Some men I know could take a page from that little dog's book with profit," he began. "Far too many of them are content to rest, or at least to hustle around carrying on the business of life, on one of the lower steps. But let them stop a moment and look up, and there above them they'll see an ideal, a picture of a noble life: something they will naturally love; something that will cause them to be dissatisfied with the level on which they are moving. And when their love for this grows strong enough they'll reach up and find the strength to draw themselves up to the step next higher; and a new trend upward will have begun: the ideal growing more glorious, more luminous with promise, as it recedes, leading them on and on to a more purposeful life.

"That sounds rather visionary, I know; but in reality it is only plain common sense. We need to get the habit of reaching upward in spirit. When we do that, we shall find that it is really an urgent need of the soul that we have been ignoring. Because it is certainly a fact that high aspiration, leading to deeds of the same quality, is what nourishes the only permanent part of us."

After this there was such a long silence that the old doctor glanced at his son inquiringly; but at last the younger man began to speak.

"It's queer, Father, but I feel just now as if I were a type, a composite, of all the business-men in the world, and that you, in talking to me, were really trying to get your thought through to that whole class which I represent. And now it seems that after all that has been gained in fortune and success I—or we—find that we haven't begun to gain what we really want at all! We've been climbing the wrong ladder—following something that wasn't a true ideal after all, but only a means, as all our life-activities can be made to be, of reaching an ideal.

"I feel like a man that has taken a wrong turning in the road—that I'll have to go over all this ground again in a different way: in other words, instil into

my commercial life a different motive and quality, before I can feel that I am on the right track. And if I am typical of the class of business-men, then all my efforts to do this will make it easier for all others of the type to find the more permanent way. It may be a foolish idea, but it came to me just now like a flash of lightning!"

"Far from originating a foolish idea, my lad," said his father, "I should say you had hit upon a law of nature, which men will understand better when they realize how very closely we are all knit together, being, as we are, one in essence. . . . But we are getting almost beyond our depth, and had better pull up, and prepare to put into use some of the energy that such thoughts as this generate."

"I will, Father!" responded his son: and it was plain that somewhere he had found the strength to take the next step.

M. S.

The Club Meeting

THE chairman of the 'Old Fellows' Pleasure Club' called the meeting to order and declared the floor open for the discussion of anything that might be of profit to the members.

That night it was an old ex-plumber who started the ball rolling. He had, he said, a newspaper clipping to read which opened a problem that he invited the club to attempt with him to solve. The clipping follows:

"DIGGS FALLS, IDAHO. January 26. William Drake, fifty-year-old truck-driver was the outstanding figure in the disastrous Wolverton Mills fire here last night. Drake, with remarkable heroism and a seeming disregard of his own danger, saved the lives of five mill-workers who had become imprisoned in the top story of the now demolished building. Five times he braved the flames, each time returning with one of the half-suffocated workers. As he gave the fifth victim over to the waiting firemen, the roof crashed in. He had done his work just in time. Drake is quiet and does not wish to talk to reporters. He says, 'It just had to be done, that's all.'"

"Now, fellow-members," proceeded our ex-plumber, "we read of these things pretty often, but this is what worries me: I worked with Bill Drake not so very long ago, and I've been acquainted with him on and off all my life, and of all the shiftless, lazy good-for-nothings I ever saw, he was the worst. And what's more he was quite something of a coward. Now what does he do but pull off a stunt that takes real honest pluck, and make a name for himself in a night. How do you explain it?"

After a good deal of talk the ponderous chairman

heaved, reached for his gavel and whacked the room into silence. Then he said: "I propose that we hear from Mr. Halton."

From somewhere in the back a tall elderly figure arose and began slowly to get under way.

"Friends," he said, "the subject and talk to-night have been very interesting indeed to me, and as our president has asked for my views, I think I can do no better than to give you a little story of some of my life.

"We will pass over all of the first twenty-five years of my term on this earth excepting to say that I started in circumstances quite the average, had a fair education, and at the age of twenty-five found myself in prison. Never mind why; I was there; that is the important point, and I was due to stay there for ten years. Ten years, friends, is an eternity when it is looked at towards the future.

"I was bitter, angry, moody, blaming everybody but myself for the circumstances, and this frame of mind slowly ate like a canker into my being, and drew me into companionship with others of the same feelings. I was thrown among some of the worst of the criminal classes, and I learned many of their worst tricks and practices. We schemed together and several attempts were made at escape, but none were successful.

"The associations, and the thoughts and broodings, finally undermined my health, and I was taken to the prison hospital. There, learning the nature of my disease, I grew hopelessly indifferent. I just did not care what happened to me, and I was failing fast.

"The prison doctor used to come around once or twice a day to see us, and when he had time he used to talk to us and read things from various books to try to get our minds off our troubles. He was a very jolly and likable chap of middle age, and (I realize now) full of sound common sense. One day he said: 'Boys, I want you all to listen to this, all of you now, because it is something that is easy to understand and if you can get it, it will help you very much.'

"He then read us a little article called 'Another Chance,' in which the writer said that there was another chance for everybody, no matter what they were or what they had done.

"I turned away with a half-hearted, sneery smile and thought: 'That may be all right for some, but it is not for me; I'm too far gone.' But it had hit something in my mind, and I could not seem to get rid of the idea. Another chance—another chance—suppose it were true for me. Heavens, what would I not do for another chance! But no, it couldn't be.

"The next day when the doctor came around I asked him to sit down; that I had a question to ask him. I said: 'Doctor, that bit you read us yesterday about another chance has hit me somewhere and I can't get rid of it. Now how do you suppose I could ever have another chance? Here's my body,

just wasted away, no good for anything; here's my mind, absolutely rotten with the stuff I've learned from going with the Bad Gang in here. What's the use anyway, Doc, can you answer me that?'

"My boy," said Doc, "if your body and your mind were all you had, then you might be in a sorry way, but is it? Can't you believe that there is a part of you which is the really important part, the part that can go through everything and always come out clean and bright? Let us call it the Divine part. Can you not imagine that there is a spark of this divine part in each of us, and that these sparks come from a grand current that flows through all life, a current that joins us all together? Think of that, and then you will have the answer to your question. The divine part is always there, you have but to give it half an opportunity to show itself, and there comes your 'Another Chance.' Think it out for yourself now! Good-bye."

"I thought it out all that night, and have been thinking ever since. I found the divine part in me, encouraged it, and grew well. Then I began to seek for it in other men, and learned some wonderful things. I came to be trusted in the prison, and was released before my time, on account of good behavior.

"I have seen many things happen very similar in circumstance to what Bill Drake of the fire did, and have always had a satisfactory solution in the thought of that everlastingly noble part of man which stays with us through all troubles and joys, which is the real We.

"Friends, it is in all of us, and if we only know it and give it a chance to shine out, we shall fear nothing. Thank you."

He retired to his corner. All were silent until, through the heavy blue atmosphere, rumbled the chairman's voice: "Mr. Halton, sir, I wish you was all the judges on the criminal bench." SECRETARY

Quest and Attainment

THERE spake unto me a man, who inquired and said, Hast thou a Summer Home?

And I said, I have. For Keturah and I found one long ago, and there do I still grow the Summer, and my children and grandchildren are about me.

And he said, I have one and I sold it. My wife and I spent Three Delightful Summers on Chesapeake Bay endeavoring to find a Perfect Summer Home. Such days and nights as we had, exploring bays and inlets and sleeping in interesting camps and inns, would make a Book. And those Summers were perfect.

And I said, What came of it?

And he said, We found the Perfect Summer Home.

And I said, Was that the reason thou didst sell it?

And he said, Exactly. For when we had got our

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And I said, Was that the reason thou didst sell it?

And he said, Exactly. For when we had got our

Perfect Summer Home we discovered that what we really wanted was not a Perfect Summer Home, but the quest of one. And so, though it took us three Summers to find it, we sold it after two.

And I said, I judge thou didst have thy money's worth.

And he said, Yea. We had it. If or we found that our joy was not in the thing we obtained, but in the Common Purpose, the Ardent Quest, and the Spirit of Adventure and Expectancy.

And I said, My Friend, what thou sayest doth not diminish my love for my Summer Home, and I shall never sell it. But I understand what thou art saying, and it is sound and true. People make the mistake of supposing that what they want is the Acquisition of things, but it is the Adventure, the Quest, the Anticipation, yet and the risk and the occasional defeat, that give life its Value. For God hath put Eternity in man's heart, even as my friend Solomon used to say, to the end that Man might Aspire and Seek further, and never content himself with Summer Homes or any other things of life.

And he said, Is there no value in Attainment? And I said, There is both Value and Peril. And therefore I have an idea that in Heaven God will keep us still Aspiring, still Searching, and will never leave us long enough Content to let us suffer Celestial Dry Rot.

And he said, If it be so, I shall be willing to go there, but I have sometimes been less afraid of Hell than of Heaven.

And I said, Fear not. God will keep thee Busy, And he said, I hope so.

—SAYED THE SAGE, in the *Christian Commonwealth*

A Graciously Prayer

Lines hanging on the wall of a country inn in Lancashire.

England

GIVE us, Lord, a bit o' sun,

GIVE us a bit o' work and a bit o' fun,

GIVE us aw in th' struggle and splinter,

Beant' daisy bread and a bit o' hairet,

GIVE us health, can't keep to make,

Aw a bit to spare for poor folks sake,

GIVE us sense, for we're come of us duffers,

Aw a heart to feel for aw that suffers,

GIVE us, too, a bit of a song,

Aw a hale, and a book to help us along,

Aw give us our share o' sorrow's lesson,

That we may prove heav' n's a blessin.

GIVE us, Lord, a chance to be

Lean grandly bet for causers and others

Fill aw men here to live as brothers.

—From the *St. Martin's Review*

Opportunity

Walter Malone

THEY do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and fail to find you in;

For every day I stand outside your door,

And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away,

Weep not for golden ages on the wane;

Each night I burn the records of the day;

At sunrise every soul is born again.—*Selected*

Special Notice

The New Way was established by 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

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

— Tennyson

"SPEAK to Him, thou, for He hears, and spirit
with spirit can meet.
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than
hands and feet." — Tennyson

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

"IN each heart burns, however feebly, the spark
from the Divine ever seeking the way back to the
center from which it came." — W. Q. Judge

"NOT a sound has ever ceased to vibrate through
Space; not a ripple has ever been lost upon the ocean.
Much more is it true that not a true thought, nor
a pure resolve, not a loving act has gone forth in
vain." — Robertson

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

"GREAT is the power of silence. There is nothing
more eloquent than the still small voice of conscience.
Think of the silent growth of the giant forest. The
world upon which you now stand is whirling silently
through space. The greatest forces of nature are
silent. How wonderful is the silent power of truth,
constantly at work, without effort, sound or confusion!
Only man is wasteful, prodigally squandering words,
speech, and energy. Silence will help you to solve
the most difficult personal problems. Silence is gold-
en. Silence will give you rest from inordinate ambi-
tion and desire. Silence will promote quietness of
spirit. The more you cultivate the spirit of inward
silence, the better you will have communions with God.

"Millions of words are squandered in useless daily
talk. The loss of time and vital energy from this
source alone is incalculable." — *London Public Opinion*

"EACH day is a vessel into which much should be
poured, if we would truly fill it up." — Goethe

"THE thought 'that our existence terminates with
this life,' doth naturally check the soul in any generous
pursuit, contracts her views, and fixes them on tem-
porary and selfish ends. It dethrones the reason,
extinguishes all noble and heroic sentiments, and
subjects the mind to the slavery of every present
passion." — Bishop Berkeley

"MAN has that within him out of which the uni-
verse was builded and by whose command order pre-
vails. God is the spirit that is in man, raised above
all limitations." — Victor Southworth

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

"THE real criterion of the greatness of a civiliza-
tion is not the mechanical things such as buildings or
railways, but the type of humanity which that civiliza-
tion produces." — Tang Leong-Li

"AN angry criticism or spurt of contempt is a
blow — mental. Its natural development is a blow
physical and arises, like the latter, from the killing
instinct. It is hate, however short-lived. You cannot
permit it in the mind without moving nearer and near-
er to actual murder. Many more murders are of this
sort than of the cold-blooded, calculated kind."

"FEAR is produced altogether by lack of faith.
Faith is produced by demonstration. Try it and see.
The rule is plain:

"Your business is with your Creator. It is of
small consequence what your religion is. There is
always a Creator somewhere in every religion; the
rest doesn't matter. Go to headquarters. Accept
no substitute.

"I say your business is with Him. He is not going
to change the laws of the Universe because you wish
Him to. All you need to do is to do the best you can.
After you have done this, leave the rest to Him.
Try it and you will find it always works. Stop being
afraid. The only time it doesn't work is when you
go back on God; when you attempt to fool yourself
and Him.

"We have to work all the time, forget ourselves,
and not try to change others, love, not hate, seek out
the spirit of Truth, and that is about all there is to it."

— THOMAS L. MASSON, in *The Silver Lining*

"No calamity is so bad as it seems at the time.
The moment it happens it begins to cure itself. This
healing process is marvellous. Everything in the
Universe comes to the rescue." — Thomas L. Masson



For Prisoners and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or not

"Great mental close range often seem so ordinary,
so human, that it inspires new faith in oneself."

Please Handle with Care
And Pass on to Another

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

Published Monthly by the League under the direction of Katherine Tingley

Point Loma, California

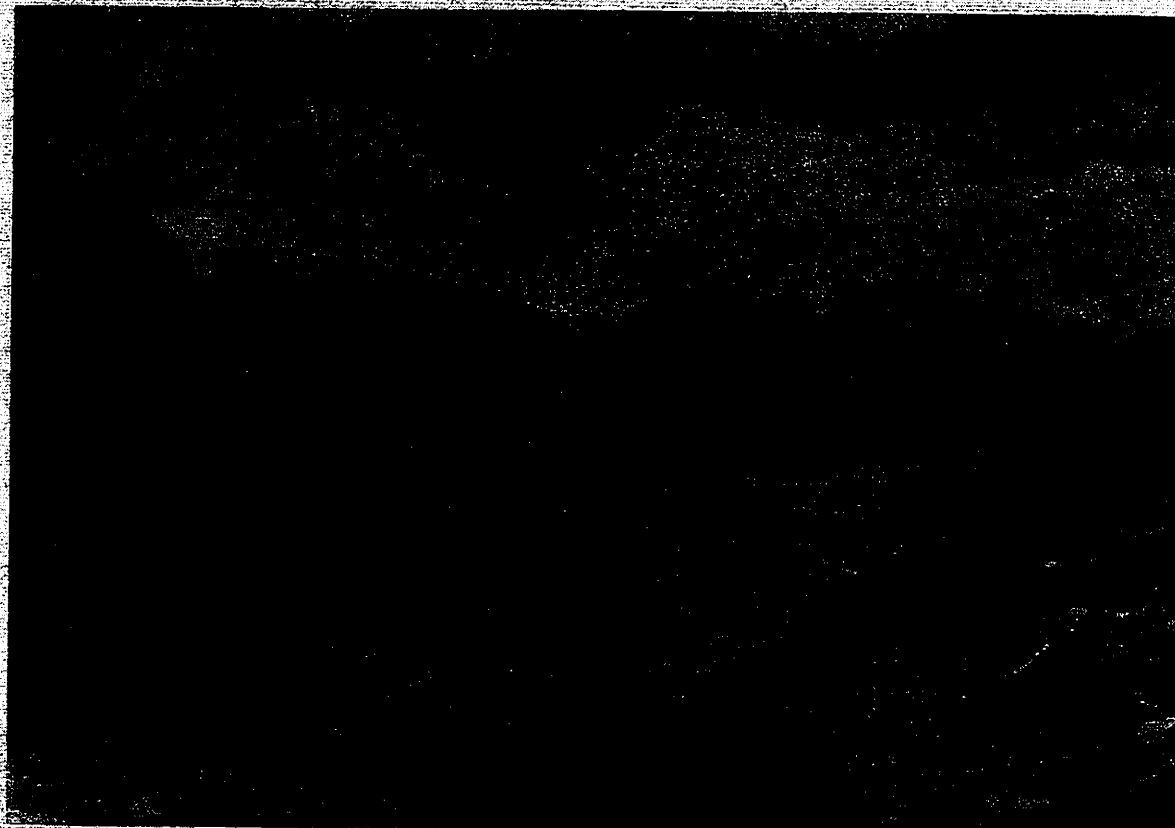
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THE UPPER ENGADINE, SWITZERLAND, FROM ABOVE ST. MORITZ

Climbing upward from the warm Italian air of Como and skirting the lake of that name, one crosses over into Switzerland on a winding road among the trees. On such a road one may pass through a village and not long afterwards look down and see the village two thousand feet below. The road has wound about the hillsides until it has returned to its starting-point — but higher. Such is our course through life; we go upwards as we may and then the circle returns on itself, but on a level of higher attainment.

The real climbing begins at Boval Hut, to which one walks from the railroad, and although six thousand feet above the level of the sea there is no impression of great height because of loftier peaks which tower skyward on every hand.

The Right Conception of Deity

From one of Katherine Tingley's public addresses

MY effort will be to lift the veil a little, if possible, and carry your thought to a broader conception of Deity — the Absolute, the Supreme, nay more, the Omnipresent Divine Essence in everything visible and invisible. He who is inspired by this broad conception of the Supreme would soon find himself outgrowing the old limitations of his beliefs. He would begin to realize that there are invisible laws close at hand, touching all life, such that if man only understood them he could rise in his strength and become, without struggle, without strenuous effort, without fear or suffering, freed from the bondage of all these limitations.

Let us take this idea of Deity, the Supreme, Omnipresent, Divine Essence, in everything, visible and invisible. This would be the first step to a better understanding of life and its mysteries. Let us conceive of this Essence as permeating the life of everything that breathes, expressing itself even in the flowers, in the song of the birds, in the wind and the waves, in all that Nature presents to us. The classified sciences teach much, but the invisible forces lying behind the outer expressions of Nature are identical with the invisible forces which work through ourselves, and from these we learn the inner truths.

Why do not students of the Bible endeavor to gain that understanding which Jesus Christ spoke of, promised to all who would seek the Inner Light — not through the letter of the word, but through the spirit, in the symbology of the book?

Study the life of the great Syrian from a new standpoint; study the motives of that noble Teacher of men, who showed in thought and act that he had attained some of the heights of perfectibility. Think of the promise that the Syrian Initiate gave to the people of his own age and indeed of all ages to come when he said: "Greater things than these shall ye do." He here points out to you clearly that the salvation of man lies within himself.

Let us try to lift in our own lives the veil cloaking the mysteries of being and to move on with earnest endeavor; let us learn to know and to feel that divine quality in our natures which declares to us that there are no limitations to our growth nor to the heights that man can attain to, if he but *will*. And in this process of evolution, of inner awakening, let us go through life unafraid. Let a man make his motives unselfish, pure, and strong; let him invoke the Higher Self, the Christos-spirit within; and then, though but a unit, he can work magic for the advancement of his fellows on the path of perfectibility, and inspire others to do likewise.

But does the aspirant draw the necessary distinction between the merely personal will of the brain-mind, and the impersonal, spiritual will? How

many are there today who have studied the duality of man's nature and realize that the spiritual will, that which urges man to live the noble and righteous life, belongs to the immortal part, to the Higher Self, and that this Higher Self is ever seeking to impress the lower mind with the knowledge necessary to understand the wonderful mysteries of life?

The spiritual will is, in essence, the divine urge; it is that superb power that we catch glimpses of occasionally from those whom the world calls great geniuses — from our heroes and heroines, our great writers and composers, our artists, inventors and statesmen: yes, occasionally we catch glimpses of the divine in man, and we pause, we are startled, we are inspired, we are lifted out beyond all our limitations for the moment and declare that something new has happened for the world's good.

But let us remember that the divine light is in every man; it is the Christos-spirit, a direct radiation of Deity, a part of that great spiritual essence that breathes through all Nature, through all life. Yes, where there is life, there is divine power, no matter how you may view it.

Can you not, in contemplating the possibilities of spiritual advancement, feel the divine urge? Can you not reason and feel that these divine, these immutable laws that hold us in their keeping, are all-merciful, all-powerful, and a part of the great, the universal life?

Think of what wonderful inspiration man can find in his desire for a higher development and in the knowledge that he is dual in nature: that the lower, animal part, with the brain-mind, on the one hand, and the Ego, the Real Man, the Christos-spirit, on the other, are constantly battling for mastery.

If we make the proper analysis of this duality of man we shall easily realize that the Christos-spirit, the immortal part, is ever urging us to a higher life; and that that within us which brings the unrest and the conflict and the despair, is from the lower nature, which seeks to gain the ascendancy for the gratification of desire, selfishness and lust.

Man cannot reach a point of discernment as to true values, whereby he can hold his lower self in abeyance, until he has the knowledge of the strength of his higher nature — his spiritual will.

O ye men and women, study the divinity within you; analyse yourselves; recall, as far as memory will permit, the beginnings of your own weaknesses, doubts and fears! Stand face to face with them; blame no one, remembering that whatever has come to you in this life that is regrettable, deplorable, and apparently unprofitable, is the result, as I have said before, of the seed of your own sowing, somewhere, at some time. Once that you can see the justice of the Divine Law working within you, then you will have the courage to go on and on forever.

If humanity at this time had attained to a higher

understanding and to a more perfect living, we should not have the chaos and confusion, the suffering and the warfare, that are the burdens we carry today. If the true teachings of Christianity had been rightly interpreted in centuries past, we should today have a higher expression of manhood and womanhood, a more inspiring picture of society and of national and international life — a true civilization.

Strange as it may seem to you, humanity has inflicted the present conditions upon itself; today it is reaping what it has sown in the past. It is the law: 'As ye sow, so also must ye reap.' Humanity, because of its wavering will and selfish acts in times past is now reaping, individually and collectively, what it has sown in the past.

In conclusion let me say that the urge of my heart is to have humanity reach its heritage, to have it find its true place in the great scheme of eternal life, where man may know himself, and in knowing himself understand the Higher Law and be given the power to overcome, and thus advance on life's journey with courage and wisdom.

Let me assure you that in this you have the key to all the problems of human life. Take it home to yourselves, apply it to your own needs, your own trials, your own sufferings, your discouragement, and your doubts. Let it become a beacon light to yourselves, and let it shine forth and illuminate all mankind.

A Live Subject

"I HAVE no patience with this magazine writer," said Ned Wert in the general direction of a smoke screen and a newspaper on the other side of the room. "He is not serious enough in his treatment of important matters. But are you listening, Harry?"

Harry Wert emerged. "I gathered you were disagreeing with somebody, Ned."

"Yes, here is an article on evolution, and it has the frivolous heading: 'Is Man Only a Monkey Shaved?'"

"*Hum!* Does the author publish his portrait with it, and a picture of the razor?"

"I don't see any, but I say he should be more dignified."

"Well, Ned, you know the rhyme which runs:

*A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men,
And truth in merry garb may teach
Where solemn wisdom fails to reach.*

"Yes, I've heard that; but I say that in this case he is not teaching truth with his frivolity."

"In what other way does this writer risk your displeasure, old dear?"

"Well, summing it up, he says flatly, as though the matter was past argument, that man is at basis purely and simply an animal; and that no matter in what way he reaches out with attempted flights of imagination and faith, his standing ground — the obvious fact in which he is rooted, and on which he always comes back to rest — is his virile animal nature."

"Evidently a man with a good digestion and the means to gratify it, Ned. Now, I would prescribe for him the care of a large family and a twenty-year course of strap-hanging to and from a city office."

"Well, be serious, Harry! You know it's such strong statements as he makes which mislead people and dull whatever gleam of hope they have in something higher than material life."

"He seems to have burnished your gleam, Ned."

"Yes, but I'm thinking of weak minds."

"Oh!"

"Well, you know I mean people who haven't really thought about the subject: those who are influenced by popular opinions."

"But the scientists have thought deeply about the matter, Ned; and perhaps they regard it as a duty to share their findings with the weaker minds."

"That may be. But they use their imagination (which is not an animal faculty) to build up theories about their findings, and then they wish to impose their theories upon others. By all means let us know the result of their valuable researches, but we surely are to be allowed to draw our own conclusions. Now I say that imagination, and faith, and hope, the power of self-judgment, compassion, art, music, architecture, have quite a separate evolution from that of the animal: they work on things material and mold them."

"Well, Ned, why worry? Are these superb qualities going to lie down on their job and refuse to mold, just because the materialist says they are of the earth?"

"To my mind that isn't the point at all. What I am thinking of is the welfare of men and women. Those qualities come into action when they use their wills; so are they to immerse themselves in animal life and be miserable and unhappy, or are they to assert their essentially divine nature, and live in the light and beauty of the constructive side of life?"

"Essentially divine! And immortal, too, Ned!"

"Surely. You remember what you said when your boy died, Harry."

"Yes, I remember, I remember. Forgive me, Ned, for carrying my joking too far. I know that there is nothing greater in the world than true love and comradeship: that it comes like an echo out of the past, and will stretch on endlessly into the future. And I know that the animal side of our nature must be kept in its proper place or it degrades love, destroys comradeship, and leads to despair and gloom."

"That's the point, Harry! The animal is not ourselves. No doubt it has had a wonderful and intricate evolution over aeons of time: but we never were

animals under any circumstances. At some time in the life of the animal, *we* came to continue *our* evolution in conjunction with it, gaining experience ourselves and lifting it higher. And the mark of our conscious presence in these bodies is always consideration for others, and co-operation. To be complaisant about 'our virile animal body' is to have forgotten *our dignity and high purposes.*"

"Yes, Ned, you're right. I feel at this moment as though I had been part of humanity for ages past, and wanted nothing better than to be part of it for ages ahead. Life is wonderfully interesting." — D.

*

Bill and His Body

"WELL," remarked Bill as we sat by the camp-fire after a good day's work, "now we've had supper and it's near ten o'clock I guess I'll turn in and know nothing more till sun-up. And that's the end of a perfect day so far as yours truly is concerned. How do you feel about it, old scout?"

"Same here," I said. "Only why don't you square up your remark with what we agreed on last night?"

The night before, likewise by the camp-fire, we had felt philosophical under the moon in the quiet, and had got round, somehow, to a talk about soul and body.

"It might sound a bit strained or pedantic," I went on, "but just now and then it might help us hold on to the facts. A man's mind sort of pays attention to what he says and gets to accept it just as he says it. You know a man can get to believe any old story about his supposed adventures or what's happened to him if he only tells it often enough. What you said stamps the mind a bit deeper with two false ideas, same as we agreed last night. It combines soul and body into one and calls it 'I'.

"Couldn't we sometimes put it like this for a change: 'My body's fed itself, and as it's near ten I propose to let it lie down and get to sleep.' That way we not only sidetrack the two false ideas but take a firmer hold of the true one. We avoid deepening the idea that 'I' feed, and the other on the same line that the real 'I' is no better than a dead man all night till the getting-up time.

"It's a mighty poor thing when a man lets himself become one with his body in the act of eating, and a very queer notion he has of himself if he thinks, because his *brain* is asleep and taking it easy for a spell, that *he's* gone out like a spent match and only comes to life again when the brain starts up work in the morning.

"Most people think in words, and if a fellow all day long hears himself say 'I eat my supper, I weigh a hundred and fifty pounds, my brother was put

under the ground last year,' he gets to thinking that it is he himself, *the real man*, who absorbs the pie and pumpkin, and not simply the body he carries around with him. He gets to thinking that it is his very self whose weight is recorded by the pointer on the scales, and that his brother is gone to the worms and done for; whereas it is only a case of his brother's body becoming uninhabitable so that he had to clear out.

"Same way with birthdays. A man whose mind is set right can feel himself in his real eternal nature most of the time. The life-force that opens the flower-buds and makes the kitten chase her tail, and wakens life on the planets one after another at the proper time, is flowing through him, and the more he gives it a sympathetic, kindly outflow, the more he has of it.

"There's something wrong, too, about the way we speak and think of birthdays. A man doesn't wake up in the morning all there on the instant. It takes him a while to creep all through his brain and resume charge and pick up the day as he left it last night. Same with being born, only of course it takes longer to pick up heredity and come into full understanding and touch with things. It's the *body* that's born as the new infant and it's the *real I* that takes charge little by little as the brain and body develop for his instruments. Mind you I've nothing to say against keeping people's birthdays. It gives you a chance to say you're glad to have your friend around; but don't let us get ourselves fooled into thinking that we start out for the first time when our bodies are born."

"Well," said Billy as he blew out a huge cloud of smoke, "I guess that's all right, but I was loaded up with that 'soul and body' stuff, all put wrong, somehow, when I was a kid. It takes a while to get it straight and common-sense."

"That's just the trouble," I went on. "We hear about soul and body once a week and then go and talk body, body, *body*, all the balance of the time. 'I eat, I drink, I get bored, and I die.' We never once really look on the body as a possession which we *own*, but always call it *I*. And in a way I believe we're right. If you never stand back and consider your body as if it was a thing apart, then whatever the body wants and craves you'll feel it's *you* wanting it and so never win the power to discipline it. And so when it dies there'll be mighty little left of *you* to realize and grasp your rightful immortality."

"Habits of thought make character, and as your character so will your destiny be."

Billy was staring into the fire, but he seemed to be looking through and beyond, so I quit talking. It's all very well to sow a seed; but you don't want to hammer it in as though you were trying to get a nail into a plank. The subject never came up again, but for the rest of the trip Billy was different. More than once I got the notion that "I and my body"

was beginning to have a meaning for him. Once you get a fellow to thinking that way there's no knowing what place he'll bring up at. PAX

Mind-Training

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

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

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

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

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

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

There is no limit in this direction. Many sentences, even a long paragraph, can at last be seized in one reading. The mind *can* be controlled from flirting off, taking side glances at other topics, when we want it to stick to a book or a line of thinking.

This speaker knew a shorthand student once who without any other dictation than his own, acquired

great speed by this practice. He would read several sentences and then, looking away from the book, dictate them mentally or aloud to himself, writing as fast as his growing speed-power permitted.

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

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

These are of course very specific methods of mind-training. To bring them to greater efficiency, that is, to become more and more efficient men, there should be some more general methods going on all the time.

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

So really the whole day offers opportunities to us for mind-training, mind-steadying. If we could but make use of them for say a whole year I think we should find ourselves so much more efficient, to say nothing of being so much more peaceful, that we should seem to have entered a new life. And the self-control would give us more self-respect, more dignity.

To give things their right name, what we call self-control is really *mind*-control. The self is mostly controlled by the mind, drawn along whatever thoughts the mind chooses. Thoughts create desires and desires acts. Self has to reverse the situation and become himself the controller, and then he can find out what he is behind the ups and downs of body and

moods. So far he only knows the poor creature he is in his unsuspected slavery.

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

No. 135

Handsome Is As Handsome Does

A RECENT traveler among the Negritos of the island of Luzon in the Philippines tells of an old man, hideous and blotched with sores, who came up and looked on as they were at their lunch. "There is the most hideous human being I have ever seen. I have traveled in South America, in Africa, and all over the South Seas, and I have never seen a human being nearer an animal than that old beast." — Said one of the newspaper men in the crowd.

"I looked around," writes the traveler. "And sure enough, there beside me, squatting within reach, was a half-animal, covered with scars, dirty and ferocious-looking. We all agreed that he was the most hideous human being we had ever seen."

"Suddenly the old fellow disappeared, and when he came back he carried in his arms a bundle of huge palm-leaves. These he spread out on the ground in the shape of a bed and pointed to me. Seeing me ill he intended that I should lie down."

"He disappeared again, and returned with a great bamboo-tube of spring water. He came up to where I was lying, flipped the tube of crystal water from his shoulder, and filled a bamboo cup for me to drink."

"As he smiled down on me I decided that he was not so ugly as I had thought."

"After lunch was over, one of the party took a sandwich and handed it to the old man. He looked at it with hungry eyes but did not eat it himself. He took it away and gave it to a mother with a child at her breast."

"He came back and they gave him another sandwich. This one he gave to an old woman who was peeping timidly behind the bushes."

"They gave him a third sandwich. He gave this to a hungry old man."

"They gave him a fourth, a fifth, and a sixth, and he gave them around until every man, woman and child of that starving crowd of Negritos had been fed. Then he partook himself. Yet, only a few moments before, we had decided that this ugly old man was the nearest to an animal of any human being that we had seen." — *The Dearborn Independent*

Dreams

READING a 'dream-book,' eh? Telling you that if you dream of a cabbage on the thirteenth of the month you will get a legacy? Something like that?

You can do better than that in the investigation of dreams.

Some few dreamers, now and then, dream and know that they are dreaming. With one foot, as it were, they are involved in the dream and thoroughly interested in what's happening there, whilst with the other (yes, metaphor mixed, I know) they are conscious that they can put an end to it at any moment and wake up. They are awake and at the same time a dream.

A dream is a real experience, in its way, and may have its effect on the mind and even on character just as waking experiences do. From that point of view dreams are just as 'real' as 'real' waking experiences. To the dreamer, at the time, they are bits of actual life, extending often over much apparent time and crowded with much apparent event, very moving, very pleasant or dreadful, and always interesting. So vivid that if the dreamer, between snatches of his dream, caught remembered glimpses of his waking life, he might count that as illusion intruding into his present reality of experiences. You see, it depends on the point of view, on which state you happen to be in.

May there not be some way of waking from both, waking out of what we now regard as reality into real reality, permanent, — just as in the morning we wake from sleep-dreams into the waking dreams we call 'real life'?

Clearly the thread running through the waking state, and the dreaming, and on into the real waking — is the man himself. He confronts and mixes himself into the world of waking events, and that of dreaming events, and at last (if he can) comes into that of permanent reality.

We wake, we sleep and dream, day after day and night after night. At last comes death, which they also call sleep, or sleep's twin sister. But that is wrong; death is sleep's antithesis. For it is death that brings to us the real awakening.

But he who in daily life has found the light of his soul has done for himself what most of us wait for death to do for us. What could Paul have meant when he said that he 'died daily,' yet lived and worked and suffered — through it all, rejoicing? — STUDENT

The Man and His Voice

IT is not easy for a person to estimate the effect of his own voice on his body, and few are physiologically candid enough or observant enough to find the sound of their own voices pleasant or unpleasant. But as the voice not only affects the body of its owner, but the bodies of those within hearing, it is possible to make an estimate of the effects on their own bodies of the voices of other people and so learn to make a

home inference. The voices of some people are unpleasant to, and even exhausting to, a part of the brain rather back of and above the center, and few voices will bear listening to for a long period.

Children are often sung to sleep. The peace-giving mood of the mother is conveyed to them through her voice. And she partakes of her own medicine, for many a mother thus sings away her own irritability. Audiences are often roused to the highest point of enthusiasm, not so much by what an orator says as by the ring of his voice. STUDENT

Chauncey M. Depew, 93: His Views on Life

INTERVIEWED on the occasion of his ninety-third birthday, Mr. Depew was asked why he considered life worth living. He said:

Because I do—that's why I consider life worth living. The blues are hereditary in my family. My father and my grandfather both died with the blues. Low spirits. They wore themselves out worrying and I could have done the same thing. But I decided to take another view of things.

I think life is worth living because I decided long ago to think that way. After a while a man just gets into the habit of continuing to think that way through will-power, I suppose.

The way to be contented with life is to be contented. It is a man's part to make as much as he can of his life.

I have always found life filled with interesting things. Every day there is something new—books, people, talk, events, work—in spite of the fact that I am ninety-three. That isn't so old. But I began finding the world interesting long ago. A person should do that. You can't cultivate a taste for travel at ninety, or a taste for athletics, if you haven't started sooner.

Then eventually you've got to make up your mind how you stand. For my part, every day I take an inventory—mental, moral, and spiritual. 'Chauncey,' I say to myself, 'How do you find yourself this morning? What's on the good side? What's on the bad side?'

And, notwithstanding my dispirited heredity, I find, somehow, I always come out on the optimistic side.

(Mr. Depew still goes to business every day.)

The Ancient Message

WHEN I behold how men do leave their lives
No fuller grown than when their life began,
No richer in the marks that show the man,
The will that grows in him who greatly strives;

When I see death, preventing age matured,
Creep backward down the years and claim the youth
That should have ripened to all deepest truth,
Self-knowledge won, of boundless life assured;

When I behold old high ideals blurred
In lust of gold and deadlier lusts of flesh,
I pray that not too late shall sound afresh
That deathless message bygone peoples heard.—Anon.

Special Notice

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

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

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

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

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

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

The New Way Quotebook

"THE truest help we can render one who is afflicted is not to take his burden from him, but to call out his best energy, that he may be able to bear."

— *Bishop Brooks*

"THE Path of Paths is nowhere to be found. The Name of Names has no name of its own. For what is everywhere cannot be anywhere, and what is everything cannot be anything. Yet the impersonal way of existence leads far beyond any human concern."

— *Lao-Tse*

"WOUNDING one soul, you wound the soul of all, the unity of Life, the soul of God."— *Eva Gore Booth*

"IN quietness and in confidence shall be your strength."— *Bible*

"WHAT you call 'Christian duties' were inculcated by every great moral and religious reformer ages before the Christian era. All that was great, generous, heroic, was, in days of old, not only talked about and preached from pulpits as in our own time, but acted upon, *sometimes by whole nations.*"— *H. P. Blavatsky*

"ANY sort of bodily or mental torment may serve to make us sensible that we have a soul that is not within the jurisdiction of such shadowy demons; it separates the immortal within us from the mortal."

— *Nathaniel Hawthorne*

"THERE'S a wonderful music in Silence, if only we train our ears to listen to it."

"HE was the kind of man who could think about God on Monday morning."

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

"ON the whole a man must not complain of his 'element,' of his 'time,' or the like; it is a thriftless work doing so. His time is bad; well then, he is there to make it better!"— *Thomas Carlyle*

"A MAN is not strong who takes convulsion fits; though six men cannot hold him then. He that can walk under the heaviest weight without staggering, he is the strong man. We need forever, especially in these loud-shrieking days to remind ourselves of that. A man who cannot *hold his peace*, till the time come for speaking and acting, is no right man."— *Thomas Carlyle*

"THOU art eager to be in company and delightest in the conversation of thy friends; yet thou hast a better friend than any of those who constantly solicit thee, one whom thou wilt seldom hear—thy soul!"

— *Michael Monahan*

"IS not the evidence of ease on the very front of all the greatest works in existence? Do they not plainly say to us, not 'there has been a great effort here,' but 'there has been a great power here.' It is not the weariness of mortality but the strength of divinity, which we have to recognise, but think that we are to do great things by help of iron bars and perspiration; we shall do nothing that way, but lose some pounds of our own weight."— *John Ruskin*

"To keep silence with the mouth is much; to keep silence with the ears is more; to keep silence with the mind is most, and gives both power and peace."— *Book of Items*

"THE earth is crammed with heaven,
And every common bush affire with God!"

— *Robert Browning*

"NATURE never provides for man's wants in any direction, bodily, mental, or spiritual, in such a form as that he can simply accept her gifts automatically. She puts all the mechanical powers at his disposal—but he must make his lever. She gives him corn, but he must grind it. She elaborates coal, but he must dig for it. Corn is perfect, all the products of Nature are perfect, but he has everything to do to them before he can use them. So with truth; it is perfect, infallible. But he cannot use it as it stands. He must work, think, separate, dissolve, absorb, digest, and most of these he must do for himself and within himself."— *Henry Drummond*

"MINDS roll in paths like planets; they revolve
This in a larger, that a narrower ring,
But round they come at last to that same phase,
That selfsame light and shade they showed
before."— *Oliver Wendell Holmes*

"APPETITE can never lead beyond a ceaseless recurrence of wants and satisfactions—of a feeling of emptiness and a temporary filling of the void. It is therefore really a stagnant condition, but we usually imagine that it is leading us to some end, and therein lies its illusory character."— *E. J. Cluick*

"THE world is a mirror of Infinite Beauty, yet no man sees it. It is a Temple of Majesty, yet no man regards it. It is a region of Light and Peace, yet no man disquiet it. It is the Paradise of God, the Place of Angels and the Gate of Heaven."

— *Thomas Fothergill*

For Prisoners and Others
Whether Behind the Bars or not

Without joy there is no creation, only he who feels
joy can create

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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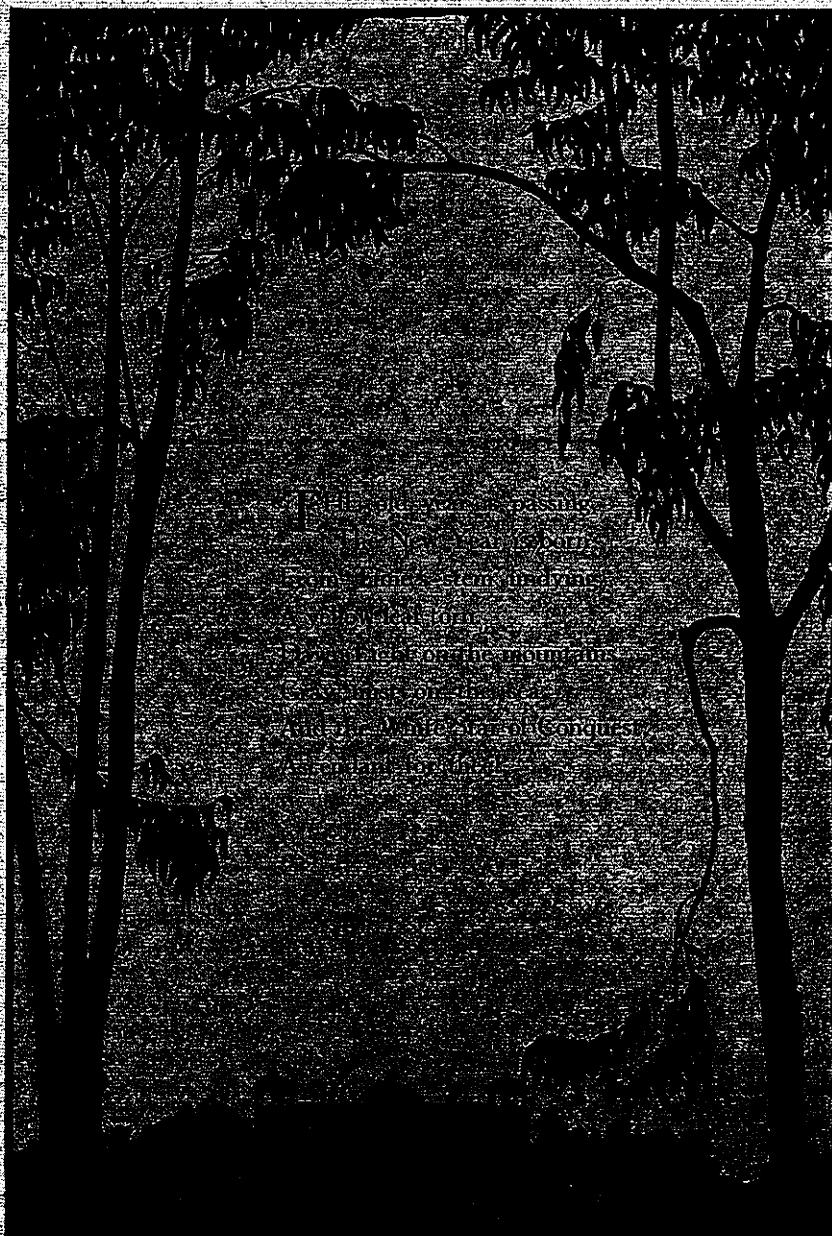
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No. 12



Truth, Light, and Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

A Bouquet of Helpful Thoughts from the Writings of Katherine Tingley

AS we move out into the future with the mighty soul-urge of universal love, we implant into the very atmosphere in which we live and breathe a something that was not there before — seeds that take root and grow and blossom in the hearts of all with whom we come in contact. And I hold that just as far as one makes his life true, strong and selfless, just so far is he building mighty and glorious ideals for the future — ideals that the world today cannot comprehend, but that are recorded upon the mystic screen of time.

FEAR nothing, for every renewed effort raises all former failures into lessons, all sins into experiences. Understand me when I say that in the light of renewed effort the influence of all your past alters; it no longer threatens; it passes from the plane of penalty before the soul's eye, up to that of tuition. It stands as a monument, a reminder of past weakness and a warning against future failure. So fear nothing for yourself; you are behind the shield of your reborn endeavor, though you have failed a hundred times.

A PURE, strong, unselfish thought beaming in the mind, lifts the whole being to the heights of Light. From this point can be discerned, to a degree, the sacredness of the moment and the day. In this life the petty follies of everyday friction disappear, the higher consciousness is aroused and the heart acts in unison with the mind, and man walks as a living power among his fellows.

If you are in the right place, at the right time, and working in the right way, you have nothing in the universe to fear. And if you are following duty with that discrimination and resourcefulness that belongs to you as a soul, you *are* in the right place and working in the best possible way, however humble the duty may seem. "Nothing is great, nothing is small in the divine economy."

You cannot afford to be negative, and if you allow the moments to be unguarded, or neglect to fill the time with creative images and invigorating thoughts, these moments will become surcharged with energies and agencies inimical to your best welfare.

THERE is always the superb energy of Eternity in the heart of one who does his best. If at the moment when this is felt the man would pause, reflect, and meditate, he would find his way to the Light. The mysteries of his own nature, his own inner Self, would be revealed to him.

THE presence of the soul is eternally manifest —

to the degree that you hold to the path of right action, to the degree that you love and aspire and strive. You must cultivate a larger trust, a larger hope. And there must be constant, quiet effort on a thoroughly balanced line, without this spasmodic shifting up and down. Holding to calmness and balance striving continually and with no concern as to results, before you know it the victory will be yours.

DARE to be yourself, your greater Self! Dare to leap forward and be something you never before knew it was in you to be! Dare to move out and up in the strength of your soul and find something new in your make-up. It is a critical time for everyone who aspires, for many things are in the balance. The need is for energy, aspiration, trust and the power of the Spiritual Will. "The more one dares, the more he shall obtain."

LISTEN to the note of a bell resounding; its vibrations get fainter and fainter, but though there comes at last a point, different for different people, when the sound is utterly lost for the outer ear, we know that the thrill is broadening out, and will forever go on doing so, into eternal and boundless space. And especially when the note is from a human voice it carries with it a *quality from the consciousness* of him who sent it forth.

In sleep the soul is free, winging its way into new spaces, finer worlds of thought and feeling, evolving, growing, expanding — and it longs to carry you with it, the *you* of prosaic daily life.

YOUR spiritual energy grows day by day and hour by hour just as far as you permit it to grow and help it to evolve. It is a force that is very real and immensely powerful — a potent force that becomes, if you do not prevent it, a great wheel of activity in the universe.

DIFFICULT as it must be for you to believe what I say, yet it is true that the Kingdom of Heaven is nearer at hand than you can realize, and that all the storms, trials, and sorrows that we see now raging in human life are but indications of the passing away of the old order of things. All that we have to do is to seize our opportunities, do faithfully our duties as they lie before us, ingrain in the very atmosphere in which we live the finer vibrations of the Higher Law, study and work, work and study. We are indeed at the pivotal point of our world's history, and are called upon to act our part nobly, wisely, courageously, dispassionately, and justly.

We are all brothers — children of Deity, members of God's great family. The mighty must reach downward towards the lowly; the lowly must be borne upwards.

A Bouquet of Helpful Thoughts from the Writings of Katherine Tingley

AS we move out into the future with the mighty soul-urge of universal love, we implant into the very atmosphere in which we live and breathe a something that was not there before — seeds that take root and grow and blossom in the hearts of all with whom we come in contact. And I hold that just as far as one makes his life true, strong and selfless, just so far is he building mighty and glorious ideals for the future — ideals that the world today cannot comprehend, but that are recorded upon the mystic screen of time.

FEAR nothing, for every renewed effort raises all former failures into lessons, all sins into experiences. Understand me when I say that in the light of renewed effort the influence of all your past alters; it no longer threatens; it passes from the plane of penalty before the soul's eye, up to that of tuition. It stands as a monument, a reminder of past weakness and a warning against future failure. So fear nothing for yourself; you are behind the shield of your reborn endeavor, though you have failed a hundred times.

A PURE, strong, unselfish thought beaming in the mind, lifts the whole being to the heights of Light. From this point can be discerned, to a degree, the sacredness of the moment and the day. In this life the petty follies of everyday friction disappear, the higher consciousness is aroused and the heart acts in unison with the mind, and man walks as a living power among his fellows.

If you are in the right place, at the right time, and working in the right way, you have nothing in the universe to fear. And if you are following duty with that discrimination and resourcefulness that belongs to you as a soul, you *are* in the right place and working in the best possible way, however humble the duty may seem. "Nothing is great, nothing is small in the divine economy."

You cannot afford to be negative, and if you allow the moments to be unguarded, or neglect to fill the time with creative images and invigorating thoughts, these moments will become surcharged with energies and agencies inimical to your best welfare.

THERE is always the superb energy of Eternity in the heart of one who does his best. If at the moment when this is felt the man would pause, reflect, and meditate, he would find his way to the Light. The mysteries of his own nature, his own inner Self, would be revealed to him.

THE presence of the soul is eternally manifest

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Mind Pictures

WE were taking a few minutes rest in the middle of the morning and Sam and I were discussing things in general, when Jack came around the corner on his wheel. "What's up, boys?" he inquired. "Directing the affairs of the universe?"

"Well," said Sam, "we're trying to figure out what it is that makes a man who spends most of his time in worthless gossip come out all of a sudden with some brilliant idea that is liable to give one a new outlook on life. I know a fellow like that—not to mention names—quite senseless, though perfectly harmless and goodnatured. But every now and again if someone in a real difficulty comes to him, he will give him such good advice that a parson couldn't do any better. How is it done?"

"Well," says Jack, "I'm no psycho-analyst, but I've got an idea it's this way." Here he sat down beside me and began whittling a stick.

"Yes, it's like this," he continued. "His words of wisdom come from inside, so to say, that's *Him* talking. All the chatter you hear from him most of the time does not come from *Him* at all. It's like an old ragged coat he puts on. It don't improve his looks any, but he's inside it, just the same, and he can think and talk like any man."

"But why, if he's got such a head, is his mind idle most of the time?" I asked.

"It's all according as to how he uses his mind," said Jack. "It's something like a mirror. If you keep a looking-glass face to the wall, there's nothing for it to reflect. But, nevertheless, it has an endless capacity for reflecting things, as you can see if you put it at a window facing a street. All the passersby are pictured on the surface of the glass. Then you take it out of doors one night and, lo and behold! all the stars, millions, billions of miles away, are reflected in it. Yet it's the same mirror that was hanging face to the wall, and doing nothing."

"Then you mean that it depends on what his mind is looking at, so to speak, what kind of thoughts he will have?"

"That's the idea exactly."

"But how's a man to know which way to face his mind?" I asked.

Jack picked up another stick. "It strikes me," he said, "when a fellow turns his mind to the everyday side of him, it's like facing the mirror towards the blank wall, but if we look inside, way inside, we can go deeper and deeper, much farther than the stars. Yes, if we turn our minds so that they will reflect our real selves, there is no limit to what we can learn, for we have to look into our minds and get the impressions from there."

"As far as it goes, it's all right," said Sam, "but it seems to me, you are as good as saying that when we look at things, we are not seeing them at

all, but only their reflexions in the mind-mirror."

"That's exactly it," replied Jack, and a sudden inspiration came over him, "it's only when we keep our minds clean and polished that we can see things as they really are, that is, we can see what's *behind* them. Some people call it God, but I've got my own idea about that."

"And then when we look in and see ourselves as we really are—" said Sam.

"Time's up, boys!" interrupted Jack. "I move that we adjourn." L. P.

Looking at Nature

HIS garden adjoined mine—at least his garden adjoined what might have been mine if I had been anything of a gardener, which I wasn't. He was at it in the early morning before he went down town to his business and at it again after supper in the summer evenings with his wife.

"Why don't you plant a few things?" he said one Sunday morning, looking over the fence from his flower-beds to where I sat in a lounge-chair with a pipe, figuring out about the fourth dimension and Einstein.

"Oh, I can't make anything grow," I said. "I'm not a magician that can make dead matter come to life and smile at me like you can."

It was a fact. Somehow I never could make anything grow. And he couldn't stick his finger into a sand-pile but what something would come up and bloom there.

"Dead matter!" he said. "My dear boy, there isn't any such thing. Everything in Nature is living. It's only a question of *more or less*. No sudden jump from deadness to livingness. The bee has more life than the flower it sips out of—different, anyway; the flower more than the soil it grows out of; the soil more than the rock that crumbles into it. And there's consciousness everywhere, too, and that's the same as life. Nothing living can be unconscious."

"But how do you know?" I said, "that dead matter isn't dead and is conscious?"

"How do you know," he returned, "that a baby is conscious?"

"Why, you can see it in its eyes."

"Precisely. And if you look at a tree in the same way as you look at the consciousness in the eyes of a baby, if you will key yourself to that sort of looking and in that spirit look at the tree or the flower, you will see that they too are conscious. In both cases, of course, you have to put something more into your looking than when you look at a column of figures or a paragraph of a newspaper. The art of seeing the life or consciousness in things is the same art that the great painter uses and the real nature-poet, — Wordsworth, to mention one of them, for instance."

"But," I objected, "you said that *all* Nature is conscious. For instance, that rock on the hillside."

"Very well; you have the power to acquire that same sort of vision in respect of that rock and so see its life, as you use for the infant and can already, if you will, use for the tree. The amount of the thing is, that you, because you are alive and conscious, have in your life and consciousness the half latent but developable power to see the same outside yourself wherever it is. Consciousness can always get perception of consciousness."

"How do you know," I objected again, "that you are not fooling yourself? The painters and poets may be doing that and just fantasy-ing when they think they see consciousness in a tree or a boulder or a cliff-face or the ocean or a flower."

"What you are implying is," he answered, "that the ordinary dull Tom, Dick, and Harry, with no creative powers of soul at all, or none they've ever used, can give a truer verdict on Nature than those highest expressions of life and consciousness we call poets and artists. You trust a specialist in his own line. Why can't you trust these highly evolved specialists in theirs? And especially since you can begin at once to feel and see in a degree as they do, if you will, and with practice get more and more of what they have so fully. Get a feel of the conscious life of everything in Nature, the lake, the flower, the boulder, the sea, the mountain, and you'll soon never be lonely again wherever you are."

"Well," I said, "I should call it just imagination."

"So should I; but imagination isn't mere *fancy*. Imagination is an activity of our being which has its perceptive faculties as well as its creative. We have more organs of sight than the anatomist finds in the retina. We don't *have* to be blind and deaf to the soul of things. Some men hear nothing more in the music of Beethoven than noise. Others hear the soul of Beethoven. Some see nothing in a tree but so much fuel or paper pulp. Others sense the efflux of God there. Some know nothing of themselves but their appetites. Others feel themselves as what Paul says we all are—the Temple of the Living God."

"Why shouldn't there be something of God in the tree as well as in you, and something to be learned of God from the tree as well as from your own heart? It's got its message and assurance for us if we take the trouble and give ourselves the education to find it."

"Some day all men will learn to live in tune and companionship with Nature and keep their own life in that way refreshed and renewed from hers to a degree we can't imagine. All nations have a tradition that they did so once and that the Garden of Eden was as big as their whole Out-of-doors. It was the Golden Age, when the gods walked with men and men with God. There wasn't any strife, because the closer we get to Nature the better we feel towards each other. — But I never meant to interrupt your

complicated-looking figurings. Try this couple of peaches. You won't figure any the worse after them." H. C.

Keeping to Middle Lines

THE Doctor, the Lawyer and the Schoolmaster were having a neighborly chat, when the Everyday Philosopher joined them:

"Glad to see you," said the host, "we are talking about modern life in general, and especially the question of children today. Everyone knows the younger set have brains and energy enough. But current news shows that neither home nor school is training them to use their ability to round out into a better type of men and women than their less lucky ancestors. We have specialists enough in every line, but no one seems able to mix their wisdom into a practical rule of life. There is a splendid daring in our youth, as a whole; but so many give it a wrong turn and are carried away with a spirit of lawlessness that spoils their future."

"The increase in juvenile crime shows that," said the Lawyer. "It's useless to pass more laws;— we have too many now, it seems. Somehow, we need a simple, blanket law of conduct that will train each one to judge himself. Every one has to settle things with himself, in the end, and we need to learn that in the beginning."

"We surely need something simple and yet broad enough to apply to every one," said the Schoolmaster. "We admit that our educational systems fall short in character-building. We can't teach religion in school, and ethics, somehow, is not made a live issue. Life gets more complicated all the time, instead of giving us simple solutions to our problems. Life never had more to make it interesting, or more means and ways to get somewhere; and yet with all our haste and time-saving equipment and rushing about, we are not arriving at any more perfect human type than before we had all this modern help;— if it is a help. Every specialist has a different guess as to what the matter is, but there is no composite remedy offered by them. What would you suggest?"

"Keep to middle lines, is about the best all-round rule that I know," said the Philosopher.

"Would not that be rather a bore for one who was out for adventure?" asked the Scientist.

"Quite the contrary. The real middle-course of thought and action calls for as much poise, nerve and judgment, all the time, as a tight-rope walker needs in his occasional feats. He surely would fall down on his job if he got bored or indifferent or wobble-kneed or reckless. Just the same, it takes all the perfect art and impulses of soundness and sanity to keep balanced in mind, body and emotions. In fact, it is so great an adventure, that few attempt it seri-

ously, fewer keep on trying, and still fewer succeed in keeping on the fine line of balance. Of course it's less spectacular a performance than some side-stepping stunts which develops one's biggest talent at the expense of all-round growth. But the middle course calls out more all-round ability and effort, and it carries one farther along on the high road of human growth."

"But you'll admit that St. Paul advocated special training when he said, 'This one thing I do?'" said the Minister.

"St. Paul is good authority on keeping to middle lines — quite the reverse of his record as Saul of Tarsus. His advice to 'Prove all things, hold fast that which is good,' shows a balanced toleration quite unlike his bigoted persecution of Christians, before he saw things as they did. He was no fanatic on religion, or hygiene or the labor question. He believed in the clean, sane, simple life, and that he and his fellow disciples should earn their food on their travels, and also should accept hospitality at the right time."

"But how will your remedy affect the body cells which pile up in cancerous tumors or the brains and nervous systems which suffer breakdowns and insanity?" said the Doctor.

"The cancer cells are good enough cells for up-building the body tissues; it's their useless, selfish, piling up out of place that makes their malignancy. The inner conscious force which directs where cells shall locate is not balanced with the body needs. Nor is the conscious man in harmony with his mental and nervous forces when his over-active ambitions or indulgences or restlessness or his sluggishness result in breakdowns or insanity. The man's higher nature must function as freely as the animal body and brain-mind, if we are to have health and sanity."

"But how shall the youth be shown the truth about the necessity of this balance?"

"By example, first. There is no argument to withstand the living truth. What our 'flaming youth' needs most today is a wiser generation of parents and teachers. They need to be shown that life is clean, vital, noble, purposeful and satisfying. If the elders show that the real adventure is not more license but an all-round liberation of one's inner resources of mind and heart and soul, — well, our youth have sporting blood enough to show that they can make their mark in human progress still further on. Have we not every needed thing to make life worth while, — except a balance of individual forces?" EXX.

Trusting the Tides of Life

JOE HUTCHINSON was lucky in having a brother to look after him when he hurt his knee; and so it happened that Joe would putter around and

do odd jobs on the row-boats and that way help to pay for his keep. I was spending my vacation at Swanwick Bay that summer and seeing Joe splicing a broken painter I sat alongside for company.

"I used to think that life was just a gamble," he began, "and that your luck was good or bad as it happened to turn out. But the longer I live the more I feel sure that there's something to trust to that sets everything to rights when the proper time comes round. F'rinstance look at those waves creeping up the shore. If you came here once in a great while you'd think there was no rule about them at all; high water never the same time two days together, but come to live here and you find that the tides go round in a circle, so much later every day and finally end up where they started. High tides and low tides come and go and wash things up and take 'em away again as the law that guides 'em rules it."

"I remember one day when a big dead whale came floating in. He was pretty bad company when he was beached and we all was right scared about it 'cause when a whale gets good and ripe he ain't no rose-garden. Well, what d'you suppose? I had to laugh, for that whale drifted out by the midnight tide and the morning flood brought in the prettiest little box of v'lets you ever set eyes on — dropped from some steamer I reckon. It don't always happen so slick as that you know. But that's life all over, one thing is taken and another is left in its place and it's up to you to take the rough with the smooth just as it comes, without grouch or grumble."

"May be you lose an old friend and it comes hard at first, and then some other feller comes along — just shoved in your way in a manner of speaking and you strike up a friendship to make up for the one you've lost. It's funny how you meet a man sometimes and it seems as if you'd known him all your life and it's like picking up a thread that's been dropped a thousand years. You've got to make the most of your friends while you have 'em, I say. In a world like this nothing lasts very long and you may lay to that. But that's all right 'cause we're here for new experience and you only get that by constant change I reckon."

"Some fellers want to plan out their lives to suit themselves and they move heaven and earth to get what they want; but when they've got it they find it's something they'd be much better without. The great thing as I see it is to do your duty whatever it is and trust the ocean of Life to wash up at your feet whatever is coming to you. Good or bad — what we call bad — let it come rolling in and get whatever you can out of it. But don't set your teeth and swear that you'll get this thing or that thing, 'cause you simply don't know what's good for you."

"Time and time again I've seen fellers pulling for all they're worth and when they get what they were out for they find they don't want it. Go easy,

I say, and don't fill up your mind with a lot of cast-iron notions as to what you want and how you're going to get it. Other people have their notions too just as set and hard as yours, and when you meet up with 'em there'll be an end-on collision and broken pieces and everything blown sky-high and grief enough to go all round and some to spare. No, Sir, I'll trust the tides of Life."

"You're dead right on that proposition, Joe," I said, as I rose and took a good stretch, "you can't always trace the workings of the slow but certain operations of the laws of Life; but you may safely trust them. There's a feeling that lies deeper than any argument can touch, that even an ant gets its rights in the long run. In fact if ever you hear anyone say that all goes by chance you can put him down as an idiot, or you may safely say that he is on his way to become one. I honestly believe that no one could carry on at all and keep sane, if he really thought that the outcome of all his effort for good was no more to be depended on than the toss of a coin. Deep down everybody knows better than that."

As I wandered along towards the Point I thought how many good fellows there were in the world like Joe. They may not have much book-learning, but they know enough to trust the Law that governs Life.

P. L.

Germany and Capital Punishment

THE recent passing of a motion by the Hessian Diet abolishes the death penalty in that state. In the event of a Hessian court passing a sentence of death the Ministry of Justice would automatically commute the sentence into one of imprisonment. The strong feeling against capital punishment which has been growing in Germany for some time past has thus produced a practical result and friends of the movement are beginning to predict that in this triumph we see the beginning of the end of a medieval point of view, the barbarism of which some of the leading nations of Europe are only just beginning to realize.

It will be remembered that this little republic was formerly the Grand Duchy of Hessen, but since 1918 has been reorganized as a republic.

L.

The Late Editor

DR. HERBERT CORYN, who has so ably edited THE NEW WAY since its first appearance in November, 1911, passed away on November 6th, after a short illness.

His interest in Humanity behind the bars has

never slackened, and only those who knew him well can realize the intelligent thought and sustained devotion with which he carried on his work. A large part of the reading matter was from his pen, and he was ever alert for anything he could gather from other sources for the help of the prisoner.

Much as he will be missed by his comrades at Point Loma, among whom he has lived for twenty-seven years, there must be thousands all over the world who have been cheered and heartened by his words, and who, while feeling his loss, will follow him into his new life with the fragrance of their grateful hearts.

P. L.

Hatch Out of Your Shell

MOST of us are like the chicken in the egg, whose outlook is bounded by the wall of his shell. His relatives in the poultry-yard have no existence for him, and his precious little self is all he knows or cares about. But one fine day the eggshell cracks and he steps out into the larger life. The chicken has only to wait and Mother Nature does the rest.

But we as human beings must make a definite effort to get out, because by living shut up in our shells and thinking only about ourselves, the shell wall grows thicker and harder every day, and what a narrow little world is that in which to live!

The man who lives the selfish life within the shell is keenly aware of the pains and pleasures lying in that tiny corner of the universe which is bounded by his skin; but of the sensations beyond that boundary he neither knows or cares. He reads about the floods in China, of thousands of wretched peasants wandering homeless in the pouring rain, but if he happens to have wet feet it touches him far more nearly. He hears of splendid crops all over the States, but it gives him little joy compared with what he feels because his private and particular pear-tree has ripened six fruits for the first time.

I like that story of the Irishman who, when asked about his health, replied that he was all right in himself, but that he had a toothache in his brother. That Irishman had cracked his shell, and though he felt the pains of other people, yet he shared their happiness as well. He was living a larger, more developed life in every way than the man who lives entirely to himself.

Next time your room-mate loses something, don't go on reading your book as though it was no business of yours. Get interested. Hustle around and help him try to find it. By keeping at this kind of practice you will one day break through by pressure from inside. You will begin to live in other people's lives. Your horizon will grow wider, and you will enjoy the freedom of those who live to help their fellow-men.

P.

Finding an Interest in Duty

FEW people seem to know that every duty becomes interesting if only we give it our whole attention. The feeling of being bored, only comes in because a part of our minds is occupied with something else. If we believe that life is under an intelligent law whose aim is to promote development, then everything assigned us as a duty, must be designed to draw out some hitherto unused, and perhaps unsuspected faculty in ourselves. The problems by which we are confronted must have novelty—must, that is to say, be new to us, and therefore interesting.

Even the humblest of our duties are parts of the great business of running the Universe, and must therefore share the interest and importance of the whole of which they are parts.

Imagine the possible results that may follow the neglect of some small duty. For one thing it tends to disintegrate your character—undoes the slow up-building process and loosens the fabric. Then again others are affected by your example; they become a little easier on their shortcomings and bad habits and slacken the rein of endeavor. And then there is the irritation caused by making good your failure to hold up your end; and in the readjustment friction is caused, and strain and disharmony subtly affect the minds of all. The ripple of disturbance does in fact broaden out forever. OBSERVER

A WISE TIBETAN CUSTOM

IN Huc's *Travels in Tibet*, it is recorded that every day at sunset, the entire population of Lhasa stops still, whatever they may be doing, wherever they are, for a few moments of tranquillity. There are nations on earth today who know how to practise rightly perfect tranquillity of mind and body as a means of strength and wisdom. But too often the case is sadly otherwise. E.

To a Successful Man

Alfred Noyes

AND after all the labor and the pains;
After the heaping up of gold on gold,
After success that locked your feet in chains,
And left you with a heart so fired and old,
Strange—is it not—to find your chief desire
To what you might have had for nothing then—
The face of love beside a cottage fire
And friendly laughter with your fellow men?—Selected

Daisies

Bliss Carman

OVER the shoulders and slopes of the dune
I saw the white daisies go down to the sea.
A host, in the sunshine, an army in June,
The people God sends us to set our hearts free.

The bobolinks rallied them up from the dell,
The orioles whistled them out of the wood;
And all of their singing was, "Earth it is well!"
And all of their dancing was, "Life thou art good!"

—Selected

Special Notice

THE NEW WAY was established by 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

If you ask an Indian: "What is silence?" He will answer, "It is the Great Mystery, the Holy Silence is his voice." If you ask, "What are the fruits of silence?" He will say, "They are self-control, true courage or endurance, patience, dignity and reverence. Silence is the corner-stone of character."

"GUARD your tongue in youth," said an old chief, Wabashaw, "and in age you may mature a thought that will be of service to your people."

— Charles A. Eastman

"THE key to every man is his thought. He can only be reformed by showing a new idea which commands his own." — R. W. Emerson

"BEFORE that Light one grows to such content,
That to turn back from it to aught beside
No soul can ever possibly consent." — Dante

"THE love that seeks for the loved one the highest development along the lines most natural to them, is the great and perfect love." — Olive Schreiner

"If a man when he experiences some transcendent joy, is prompted to express that joy in terms of nobler effort for the welfare of others — does not this fact lead him to infer that happiness is more natural, at least, than unhappiness? That the universe does indeed exist, in Emerson's phrase 'hospitably for the weal of souls?' That, in fine, when the majority turn their faces this way, first keeping the souls swept and garnished for the love they are awaiting, then will the mountains of our misery be leveled, our valleys of despair filled up, and the rough places of life made smooth?" — McFee

"It is imagination recognised as a liberating power, that produces the gems of poetry and art which we so much admire, and it is the mind properly guided by this power which will elevate us all."

— Katherine Tingley

"ONLY in solitude and silence can our imagination have play and our spirit absorb strength. Character-development requires contact with the world and with people, but spiritual development needs peace and withdrawal from turmoil." — Queen of Rumania

"FROM the love of the beautiful has sprung every good in heaven or on earth." — Plato

"THE mariner of old said to Neptune in a great tempest, 'O God thou mayest save me if thou wilt, and if thou wilt thou mayest destroy me; but whether or no I will steer my rudder true.'" — Montaigne

"O DESIRE, I know where thy root is. Thou art born of thought. I will not think of thee and thou shalt thus cease to exist." — Indian Sage

"THE place where a good man has walked is holy." — Goethe

"ALL the modern marvels of science and invention are but hints of more splendid revelations which man will make by discovering his own inner resources. He is the star actor, and all his creations are but items of stage setting. The fact is, he is over-busy playing second fiddle to his surroundings and to his mortal brain. He needs to venture further into his inner life, and realize that he himself is the important thing." — Herbert Coryn

"EVERY active, normal individual knows that the surest protection against minor ailments, mental and physical, is *work*. It matters not in what field a person's interests lie, be it the erection of skyscrapers or the painting of china, let him rise at his wonted hour of the morning, proceed to his place of business, and engage in his task, the neuralgia or indigestion which threatened on his arising will then either disappear or become endurable." — C. P. Vary

"If you have built castles in the air your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them." — H. D. Thoreau

"NEVER will I seek nor receive private, individual salvation. Never will I enter into final peace alone, but for ever and everywhere will I live and strive for the universal salvation of every creature throughout the world." — Kwanyin

"THERE is in man a duality which alone can explain the paradox of human nature. There is the higher spiritual Self, with its pure and lofty ethics, its altruistic standard of morality, its aspirations, and ideals — which to that spiritual self appear normal, and right, and reasonable, but which to the unenlightened lower mind seem unreal, fantastic, and entirely unpractical. The spiritual man may realize and know of his own knowledge that 'Brotherhood is a fact in nature,' while to his lower mind the fundamental law of life is incontestably contained in the materialistic dogma of the 'struggle for existence, and survival of the fittest.' In this materialistic age the truth about human nature is veiled by ignorance of the great fact of this duality, and of the spiritual origin of man and of the universe." — R. Macchell

"SERVICE is our destiny . . . then let it be my choice, living to serve the living. If I can assure myself of doing service, I have my home within." — George Meredith