

The New Way Prison Newsletter

- *Selections from Vols. 1 - 6*

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Why?

"Yes," said the old soldier, "I've been dead. And there's many more been dead that are now walking about than you would think.

"That sounds a bit puzzling at first; but just think of this:

"When a man's wounded, maybe some artery torn open and he's lost most every drop of blood in his body, and that coming upon a couple of days' fighting without food and perhaps without sleep, why ain't he dead even if they do manage to pull him round? He looks dead. There's next to no breath coming and going, and you can't feel his heart so much as stir.

"In general that *will* be the end. But now and then, if he's found soon enough and looked after by the doctors well enough and has a fine enough constitution, he gets together again, same as I did.

"'Dead unconscious?' you ask. I don't know. Looks so, of course. Maybe unconscious one way and not in another. Maybe it's different in different men. I'll tell you what was my case.

"While the fight lasted - my part of it - I was wild with it, drunk, mad. When I enlisted I knew what I wanted to fight for; wanted my country to win - just because 'twas mine, the usual reason. That was enough for me. My country must be boss anyhow. 'Glory and Patriotism and the Flag. 'Twas still that way with me when the battle began, the battle I was killed at.

"But when my line got into action, it was just *kill, kill*. We were devils, no humanity left. 'Shoot, strike and kill. 'Just killing devils with nothing left in us but rage and kill-lust.

"Suddenly everything swam and gave out - for me. I knew I fell over and after a minute couldn't move a finger. 'No pain, as I remember. But the rage and kill-lust was gone. The thought of my country and glory, and the flag - all gone.

"And then there was an awful agony in me. 'In my mind I mean. I could hear the roar and the shouting and the stamping of horses. I seemed to be able still to see the men with their bayonets at each other's throats and the blood pouring. But there was now nothing but the horror of it, the hell of it. *What's it all for? What's it all for?* Then - I knew somehow - they ran forward a big gun, ran it over a lot of bodies of dead and living men on the ground. It crushed out any life that was left in them and made the eyes and tongues of some of them start out of their heads. And all the time my question, *What's it for, what does it mean?* What was *I* in it for? I was conscious of nothing but the utter hell of it,

and my question. Hell, hell, that's all there was.

"I lay there all that night and half the next day, they tell me. I didn't know anything about time. It was eternity to me. All the while I seemed to be in that red raging roaring conflict, the same scene repeating itself before me second by second without end or let-up. I was stabbing and getting stabbed, stabbing and getting stabbed, millions and millions of times. But all the time my very soul was asking. *What is it all? Why is it?*

"Then at last I heard the nurse's voice and found myself in bed.

"I tell you, glory and the common sort of patriotism, and hatred or jealousy of some other country, and the will to steal other nations' property, ain't healthy food to go to battle upon. When you're dead they're gone out of your mind slick clean. God help you then if there wasn't any sort of light of *right* in you to shine a little star into your soul through the black hell of that question that comes sure – *Why?*

- A Private

Compensation

(From a prisoner's letter)

It is curious that in this place of all others I should have been able to find a new self, a peace-self, to give it some sort of name. Out in the world I never suspected of its existence in me. I was *one*, one mind, just me.

In here it is, for me, up to now, a kind of hell. Restrictions that seem designed to irritate at every turn; rubbing up against all sorts and kinds of men; food that does not agree; hard and utterly uninteresting work; - why should I go on? a thousand things. All that part of me that I knew of in the life outside, hurt, wronged - as it seems - irritated, infuriated.

But there are moments, when, alone with myself, some blessed influence from within me - sort of *me*, too - tells me that it is all right somehow; that things are somehow for my good in the long run, that they are looked after; a deep peace that passes all through my worried mind and body. It happens again and again, more often lately. And the more when I am most exhausted with the mental pain and discomfort of the whole situation.

So I am not hopeless. I cannot say why at these moments I am hopeful, or at what I am hopeful of. Yet I *know* that I am not being fooled. Some sort of light and help *is* about me.

I spoke of this to another man, a young fellow, to whom I have been drawn in some silent way. He, as it turned out, has the same experiences. We have

not spoken of the thing except to each other. Fear of not being understood, I guess. But we thought that it was perhaps getting to know of the soul that is so much talked of outside and so little explained. It seemed curious that in *prison*, with all that that means, a man should have the first chance to get to know something of his soul! But so it is in our case. Maybe there are many more that have got to know what we have but who do not show it and think they are entirely alone in their experience. Certainly no one could suspect it in me. For I am as irritable and gloomy and despondent and sneering and critical as anybody all day and when I am with the others. The moments of help are only at night, and perhaps sometimes during that half hour after breakfast when we may go to our cells and have a quiet smoke. The quiet that comes of the first whiffs seems to open up something inside.

I don't see why one should not be able to live like that all day. But of course it is too new as yet, and for many years outside there was only the ordinary me. One never had a time to look for anything else, no encouragement to do so, no teaching that there is anything else to look for. The "God " they talked of was never much of an attraction to me. Perhaps others had better luck in the way of teaching.

If one could live like that all day it might be possible to pass on the news, perhaps not so much by words, though. And anyhow, one must get to know more, first.

Self-Conquest

Prisoners sometimes adopt strange expedients in order to escape the monotonous unhappiness of their lives. Some, of course, fall into a sort of stunned or lethargic state and come to be only half conscious of what they are doing and lose almost all note of the passage of time.

I am not speaking of these. I am speaking of those who remain what I may call awake and who try to devise some means of getting out of themselves, out of the weight of their surroundings, away from the gray prospect of the future.

The idea came to me that I could perhaps train my mind to live almost altogether in old memories on the one hand or in pleasant imaginings on the other, only leaving just enough of it in the present to get through my work with. I would be in imagination somewhere else, outside, by the sea, with my family, happy in business, and so on. Sometimes this aroused such fierce longing that it made the present bitterer still. But by persistence, imagination did begin to win against the actual. I did begin to live in an unreal world, and it was my life in the real that began to take on an effect of unreality. I did all my usual duties, but

as if in a dream.

This same result I got from living in memories. I alternated and combined the two lines, and for a while I thought I had at last the key to something in myself which nothing and no one outside could interfere with. I began to think that with practice I could go so far that even the dreaded "cold storage," should it fall to my lot, would be no trouble.

Events mercifully compelled me to stop this insanity, or stop going on this way to insanity - for it was that.

I began to find that I was not properly doing my usual duties. My attention had become so slack or absent that I was always now in trouble and punishment for neglecting duties and points of routine, and for half finishing my work.

Then other things followed. My memory - except for the past - began to weaken. I could not fix my attention on anything I was doing and I could not think.

And, finally, strange as it may seem, my limbs began to be difficult to move and my sense of touch became so bad that I could not tell that I had hold of my knife and fork except by looking.

I was, as I think, sinking into paralysis, old age (at forty), or imbecility. It was clearly up to me to stop this game. if it was not too late, and try a new tack.

I did stop it and got back (though not entirely, even to this day) what I had lost in mind and body.

And then I was up against the original problem.

One morning early I was in the yard sweeping, feeling pretty shaky and rotten, when suddenly the sun began to rise and through the gate the intense living gold seemed to come straight at me and revive and hearten me all through, mind and body. It seemed to enfold me protectingly as if it had in it the love of some supreme life. The picture of that splendid life-giving thing, that burst of light, seemed to stay with me all day very clearly and kept me feeling the same way as when I saw it. And I thought: that picture, got from the real, is only in my *mind* now, and yet it's doing me nearly as much good as when I saw it on the horizon through the gate bars. I feel all alive and clear, and my *heart* some way seems awake. And I'm feeling friendly and good, even to those who have been hardest with me. They may have thought they were doing their duty.

I wondered if it would be safe to keep hold of *that*, of *light* instead of the memories and imaginings that had nearly done for me. I reckoned I'd try, any way, just to risk it.

In a few weeks it made a new man of me! It gave me a clear mind and a quick body and senses. I got courage for anything that might come along. That good feeling towards the other fellows, that seemed centered in my heart, stayed and got stronger, and they seemed to answer to it and opened up to me in good comradeship more than ever before. I commenced to count time, which

had before been so heavy, as nothing so long as I did my duty.

But there was more than this that happened. That picture of golden, living light in my mind, it seemed to become like a presence standing about me or around me somehow, as well as in me. At night especially I seemed to get a kind of help from it, fine thoughts, and ideas about what it was best to do and leave alone. It stood for my soul to me, and maybe my Higher Self does use it somehow as a way to get at my mind. They always call the Higher Self *light*, don't they? Maybe there's what we call "real" light, what we see, and mind light, and a sort of light that's still higher. Maybe the three are the same, according to what it's acting on, something conscious all the time.

But that's just ideas. I'm no understanding the thing yet. I only started out to tell you what I know, what the thought of light spread everywhere, in and around the and the rest, did for me. It's enabled me to take the first step to self-conduest. It's wakened me up and heartened me up all through, and I'm not afraid of anything, not even death.

- Ex-Con

Nature's Ways

A Bird and Its Problem

A dweller in Lomaland was one day attracted by a peculiar tapping sound that proceeded from somewhere about his tent-house; and on going out to explore, found a sickle-bill thrush busily engaged in fighting its reflection in a broken pane of glass. The glass stood on edge, leaning slightly forward, and with a dark background, in the space of about one foot high between the ground and the tent-floor; so that the bird saw its image reflected high up. It was flying up at the glass and pecking vigorously. Every day for some weeks the bird has continued at intervals to visit the glass in the hope of getting at that mysterious other bird, and the spectacle of his efforts is very ludicrous. The other bird is a most skilful fencer, and the thrush has not (up to date) succeeded in getting inside his guard, for the adversary parries every thrust with the most astonishing accuracy. His tactics are, however, solely defensive, and he has never been known to take the initiative. Of late the thrush has varied his procedure by making sudden lunges to the top edge of the pane and looking quickly down on the other side, in the evident hope of catching bird number two before it has time to disappear.

He has also evidently speculated on the possibility of the other bird *burying itself quickly in the soil* instantly after parrying a lunge. For at times, after delivering an attack, he rushes swiftly round behind and digs a minute with

his beak so as to defeat this maneuver which he supposes his enemy may have effected. Probably it has not been accustomed to see its own reflection even in water, but gets its drink from dew and condensed fog: but in any case the experience with the glass would be strange. No doubt it will slowly learn, and very likely its offspring, if confronted with the same situation, will learn a little more quickly. If a moral is needed for this story, it may be that we more advanced creatures are often engaged in pecking at our reflection in the glass: for, as Shakespeare says, there is a faculty of the mind that mirrors things in distorted shapes, presenting to us phantoms which we take for real foes. And the sooner we find out what they are, nothing but our distorted selves, the better for our peace of mind.

- H.T.E

The Blue and Greens and Blacks

It was a cold day and I felt dismal, chilly and dismal. The chilliness ran down my back and I began to be vaguely afraid of something without knowing what. Was I going to be ill? Was there some sort of calamity gathering in the air?

Calamity or not, I might as well get warm. So I lit the stove and put on another undershirt, a woolen thing. And in a few minutes I was all right. No calamity was going to happen.

Then I began to think. The *body* was chilly. *It* felt in its own way, that it was losing hold and that if it went on losing hold it might not be able to get it again. Some bad attacks of grippe and one of pneumonia had taught it what *that meant*.

So it feared and the fear took hold of *me*. And then I began to fear calamities the body could not understand - business failure, death of somebody, or what not. When the body got warmed up, the whole lot vanished.

I wondered how many other kinds of dismals and blues and blacks that affect us from day to day are really only the body telling back into the mind. A man went into battle once, trembling so that he could hardly stand. A comrade said: "Why Bill, you're *afraid*." "No I'm not," he answered; "it's only my *legs* that are cowards. *I'm* all right. If your legs were as much afraid as mine you'd run for your life."

One man lets his body get in on him; another man doesn't. Most of us let our bodies get in on us at the meal-table - just a little, eh? Then the liver gets out of order and has the blue or the blacks. And the mind, instead of holding its own, takes the blues and blacks over on to itself. And the man goes about like a

bear with rheumatism in its back and nobody can so much as speak to him.

Make your own body give you the password before you let it in on you. It's a fine morning and you stand in the early sunlight and the body feels cheerful. Let that in and *use it*. Turn your best self out to the other fellows. But when your body is in the other moods, blue and green and black, *don't* let it in on you; *and* - turn out to the other fellows the same self as you turned out on the fine morning!

That's the way to be a *man*. The bear can't help his temper. His body runs him. But a man has got something - or rather *is* something - much more. In that something, once he calls it out and uses it, lies his conscious immortality. If he practices, so that the body is not allowed at all to get in on him as it chooses during life, it won't get in on him at death. *He* will know, when death comes, that he is not dying but getting more alive.

This *something* is what is usually called the soul. It may be called the *man* if we give the word man its proper meaning. It is the *will-user*, he in the body who uses the will to hold himself upright against the winds of passion; who will not permit the blues and greens and blacks; who will not hate nor snarl nor mope nor snap; who *will* be everlastingly kindly and friendly and encouraging and helpful and cheerful.

Stand as a soul, stand as a *man*, for a month; and then see what you know that you don't know now. You will have begun to live a real human life. And human life, once really entered upon, shows itself as a path of ever-growing happiness that few can imagine. This expansion is eternal, without limit. Break down all obstacles, win your foothold. The universe *means* something. Use this life of a few years that you are now living, to find out that meaning, to enter into the essence of things, the mighty life of this noble tree whereof all of us are leaves. The tree has its roots everywhere and we can think of the earth as its trunk. And the eternal sunlight, visible as it were in the sun, is upon it.

- C.

Peace to the World

The Terrible Tartar was jugged at last. Twenty years he was to have of this very beneficial discipline, and he had been just now about to celebrate his thirty-ninth birthday.

He could see his reflection in the small pane of the window near which he stood looking at the night. Not old for his years he knew a better mirror would make him; tall, straight, and fierce-eyed; a man whose very energy had directed him into the wrong place; full of splendid capabilities, but with no one

but himself ever having guessed at them, because all had been turned to mischief. Jacob Blatchman, the "Terrible Tartar," was a first-rate specimen of the might-have-been class, who, at this moment, was making a picture for himself of the "has-been" that should be walking out of the penitentiary twenty years hence; he was looking at himself as an old man of sixty.

He was aroused from his imaginative employment by a fearful sound which came from his neighbor on the right. There was a moaning followed by the repetition of some set phrase, the words of which Blatchman could not at first catch. He strained to hear, and the repeated sounds took off his attention for the time from himself. As they intensified the words came clear; and it was the voice of an old man that Blatchman heard

"Peace to the world! Peace to the world! Peace to the world!"

Louder and louder came the words until finally they were interrupted and silenced by a piercing groan.

"What's all this racket here, Williams?" a voice from the lower end of the corridor demanded.

Blatchman recognized the guard's voice that answered his superior's question.

"Oh, old Number Twenty-six has gone off his hooks again. He 's been breaking out in spots for the last two or three nights. Tonight's worse than ever, though."

"Well," said the unknown voice, "if he gets too noisy let me know at once. He may have to go downstairs."

Blatchman heard nothing more, but the words of the sick old man next door to him hung upon his consciousness all through the quiet hours of the night. They seemed the complement to the picture he had made of the old man he himself was going to be twenty years hence. Why there was this connection in his thought he did not know, for he was horribly certain that never in his life had he intentionally brought a moment's peace to a single individual in the whole world.

In the morning the dead body that lay in Number Twenty-six was taken out. Blatchman saw them pass with it; and, reeling backward from the gate, he sank to his knees beside his bed and burst into a wild agony of frightened tears and sobs. With bitter remorse at his heart and with an intensity of self-searching that could only be called up in the nature of a wicked strong man such as he was, at last having come face to face with himself, he walked in soul throughout the length, breadth and depth of the hell he himself had made. He had looked upon his own end, he thought; for it seemed to him that the face of the dead man was as his own would be after old age and pain had done their work on him.

At last, when the fit of passionate terror that his imagination (or fact indeed) had produced in him, had spent itself, he stood up, dazed, weak, and

not knowing himself by the way he was behaving. He could not remember ever having shed a tear before in his life.

One thing he knew well, and that was that the dying man's voice would never leave him; and he found as the hours passed that the phrase, "Peace to the world!" had woven itself into all his thoughts. Below them, above them, behind them all, he heard these agonizing tones. After a time he arrived at the conviction that he had some wonderful connection with "Number Twenty-six"; that out of all the millions of wicked men upon the earth it had to be that he, and he alone, should have the experience of coming to the place at the time he did; of being assigned to Number Twenty-five; of hearing the groans of the old man at the very moment when self-examination had first set in upon him; and above all, of looking upon that dead face that was so very like his own might become that it could well have belonged to one akin to him.

Day brought him duties. The Terrible Tartar settled down to meek discipline in strict accordance with the Rules and Regulations that were neatly framed and hung upon all the walls; and after a while, with books, work, and study, the qualities in his nature that had earned him his street-name were changed. There was nothing terrible about Jacob Blatchman in prison unless it were his energy; and his earnest attempts at self-improvement perhaps seemed awful to those who had less daring than he had.

In the words of that dying neighbor of his this man had one watchword, one prayer, one hope, one message to his fellows. At night, when he reviewed the day's progress and stumblings, he whispered them as a promise to himself; in the morning he repeated them as a "bracer"; they lingered with him all day and silently sustained him in moments of trial; and their force was felt by the officials and the fellow-workers near him in the quality of the work he did.

Through contemplation of these simple words Jacob Blatchman began to look at eternity in the light of an everlasting Now, and he considered himself a very fortunate man. It was not at all as a "has-been," but as a keen and alert, middle-aged, educated and refined man that, when his term was done, he walked out of the house of his making-over. *Peace to the world* was engraved upon his mind and heart; and though he had never uttered the phrase within the hearing of one of them, his comrades had always felt the blessing of his life upon them; and their feeling for him showed out in the hearty words of Godspeed they gave him when they saw him go back to an honorable place in the world.

- W. D.

Smile!

Loose now and then a scattered smile, and that I'll live upon. -
Shakespeare

Cultivate it. Let it be the expression of the smile that is in your heart! Yes, there is a smile in your heart! Just look 'way clown deep. No? You have too much personal trouble to have a smile there? Nonsense! Look a little deeper and tell me what you find. There, I knew it! You find a warm place there where smolders the joy and aspiration that you have felt at times; the times when it did seem as if a little of all the trouble in the world were lifted from your life. Truly you find it there, don't you? Now let it come up and shine in your eyes. What 's the use of that? Well, because then it's contagious; that's why. It will send out rays, just as the sun does to kindle the heart of nature at springtide. It will send the darkness scurrying out of other lives, and that's worthwhile.

A genuine, kindly smile in the eye will drive the shadows from your own life, too; for they can't bear it when the smile comes from the heart. Now the smile I would have you cultivate is the smile of the eye, in which there may be no apparent change of the reposed feature. Just deliberately uncover the joy in the heart, and let it out through the eyes. It may seem mechanical to think of adjusting the eyes to let the smile through, yet it is helpful. One of the first things that the greatest of living teachers of the singing voice tells the pupil, is too "smile with the eyes." It places all the anatomy of the face, mouth, and throat in harmonious balance. in proper adjustment to permit the perfect tone. Then, when the pupil feels the thrill of the perfect tone, he thereafter unconsciously adjusts himself properly - he feels only the tone, and lives in it. So it is with the joy-tone in the heart. We may adjust the instrument for the best mode of expressing it, feel the thrill of the radiation as it goes out to lighten the lives of others, and thereafter live in that consciousness. The true smile is a *Life* radiation. It has no suggestion of simper, smirk, or grin, nor aught that will indicate being ribald, or forced. If a smile be forced, it grates. It hurts more keenly than to hear a singing tone squeezed through an improperly adjusted throat and mouth. Just as the true tone requires perfect balance of force and resistance to produce it, so the joy-tone of the heart requires the balanced adjustment of the nature truly to express itself in the eye. High motive governs the balancing.

Joyous laughter is a fine exerciser, arousing life-force throughout the body. Yet comparatively little is enough. We can't laugh all the time; it would wear us out. We may smile with the eyes all the time and be stronger for it every minute. Try it!

- A.C.M.

The Morning After

The hall was crowded and the dominant persuasive tones of the speaker's voice stirred the hearts of the hearers until even those most callous or scornful felt the impulse to cast aside their weaknesses and stand up in a new manhood.

When morning dawned, a very spirit of perversity awoke with it. It seemed as if the sincerity and aspiration felt on the previous evening had aroused into venomous activity every tempter known to the tormented mind instead of that which they had trustingly expected – a continued uplift gained from a peaceful influence wrought by purer thoughts.

As the day wore on, the "foes which lurk on every side" seemed to gather strength in the struggle, to be reinforced, not lessened, by every effort to conquer them, until, harassed and bitter with loss of faith in human power of resistance, some of these would-be fighters submitted to the nearest tempter and sank into a greater indulgence than ever before.

Out of the consequent self-loathing and loss of hope comes the cry: Why should not the awakened Soul conquer when it gives battle to the lower and ignoble? Why should the erring and fallen seek to rise only to be dragged deeper into the mire of their degradation?

The story is an oft-told one. The cry of despair is heard on every side, because the right appeal is not wholly made, the awakened Soul not given its own unconquerable sword.

By the very fact that the Real Man has roused himself he challenges every foe within the field of life to stand forth and surrender, or give battle until they meet their death-blow. And meet it they must if he holds his ground. For the man himself gave them what strength they have. And so the man himself can gradually take it away, though the struggle may be long. The more they surge around him, demons of his lower nature answering to his call, the more he may rejoice, knowing a quicker and completer victory shall be his the more they stand out in the open. As he nears victory, the subtler they become, whispering that victory is impossible and he may as well give up trying.

Though he seem to fail, let him keep up his courage. The quickest victory is his who through all his difficulties

Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held, we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

Nursing a Grievance

There is no such antidote to trouble as song. But when a man is in trouble he does not want to sing. So the antidote is useless where it is most needed.

True, a man who is in trouble does not want to sing. But a man can do what he does not want to, if he wills. That sounds queer perhaps, but it is true all the same. The fact is that though one may say that a man can force himself to do what he dislikes to do, yet in reality the man that does the forcing is not the same as the man that does the disliking. A man is not quite such a simple proposition as he appears. He is a mix-up of several "selves," and it is not easy to know which is the real one.

Every one uses such expressions as this: "*I was not myself* at the time I did that"; "*He forgot himself* for a moment"; "*He lost control of himself*," and so on.

These forms of speech show that we do recognize more than one "self" in us, and that we know we can control ourselves (*our selves*) if we will; so that it is quite clear that we do look upon that thing we call "myself" as something different from the "I" that does the controlling or willing. Yet most men will deny that they ever think of themselves as anything but a simple "self"; and some get angry if you tell them they can separate their real self from the false ones.

But now it is a fact that when a man is in trouble, he does not want to sing; but he probably knows that if he did force himself to sing for a while, his trouble would not seem so hard to bear. He knows that; and he knows that trouble is unpleasant; and he wants to get rid of it; yet he does not want to sing - at least one of his "selves" does not.

If he has strength of will enough to make himself smile when he is unhappy, and sing when he is in trouble, he can prove to himself that *he* is not the man that is holding on to the trouble as if he loved it, but that he is the man who wants to be happy, and means to be, whether the other fellow chooses to be miserable or not.

So it looks as if it were that *other* fellow who is always hunting for trouble and holding on to it when it comes, not his real self; yet it *seems* to be his real self if it gets its own way. It seems as if there were a lot of these false selves in a man, and as if any one of them can and does pass for the real self if that real self is not strong enough to be master in his own house.

When a man is at his best, he does feel as if he were master of himself and of all his lesser selves, which he generally thinks of as his moods and tempers, and so on. He does not feel then that he is a "mix-up" of all sorts of

humors and wants and disappointments and grievances, hates and jealousies, and all the rest of it; he feels that "he is himself." And one of the best ways to get into that state is to sing and to smile; but it takes a man of courage to do that when that "other fellow" has got a grievance and is holding on to it.

The fact is that if the "trouble-lover" can be forced to take his share in the song-and-smile part of the program, he is thereby forced to drop the trouble. He knows that. And as he loves his grievance he objects to the song and smile. It is curious that a trouble never hangs on to a man as tightly as he hangs on to it. Left to itself it is quite really to drop off at any time.

Singing requires the use of the body as well as the mind, and so does smiling, and when the body is busy smiling and singing it can not be growling and scowling, which it has to do if it is to do its share in the trouble-nursing business. That is why it is not enough to think cheerfully in order to make that "other fellow" let go his hold of his grievance; he must be made to do an active part. Then he will get his share of the joy of life, a joy that comes naturally when we stop picking up all the grievances we find in our path, and determine to enjoy life and to make it enjoyable for all around us.

We have to see that the fellow with the grievance is "the *other* fellow," and we have to make him sing and smile when we choose. Otherwise he will make life miserable for us, and force us to join him in nursing his grievances. Which is best?

- R. M.

Self-Knowledge

(from Katherine Tingley's Address at Helsingborg, Aug., 12, 1913)

Is it possible that there is a human heart today absolutely at peace with itself? Nay, I say, and I say it advisedly, nay. Not one human being have I ever found who was absolutely at peace, who possessed peace of mind, peace of soul, happiness – it does not exist.

Now one may have high ideals and try to live up to them; one may try to serve humanity as best he can; but he has continuously running through his life this fact: the more he serves, the more unselfishly he tries to labor, the more does memory bring to him the unpleasant pictures of the failures made consciously or unconsciously, of the mistakes, of the lost opportunities – oh so many of them! Who of us can say we have not lost great opportunities? And when these memories come, when the stumbling-blocks are met by us in life and we have only the twentieth century faith, we cannot be happy. We may have the ideals and the memory of our service; but if we are absolutely

conscientious we cannot have peace of mind, because we know (if we think at all) that our acts of omission and commission are telling along the path of humanity; because we have failed, others have failed; and because we have lost our way in the past, others have also lost their way.

Now in this picture is there not enough for us to think about for a little while? Is there not enough to bestir us to new lines of thought and possibly to new lines of action? Is it not possible that we can stimulate our actions with knowledge, something more than faith?

Knowledge - that is what humanity needs. That is what the old Teachers have said all down the ages: "Man Know Thyself." And that would be my message to the whole world: "Man, Know Thyself." And how, in the name of Heaven, are we going to know ourselves if we are constantly agitating our minds in the wrong direction, pessimistically, wondering, trying, experimenting, questioning, working only with the brain-mind, and leaning on blind faith? We may listen to the dictates of conscience, but when we stop to think - How is the conscience of the twentieth century? - we find our consciences are not yet alive to the real meaning of life and the Higher Duty. This, because of our reliance on faith instead of on knowledge. Let us begin to follow the path of knowledge and look upon life in an even more serious way than we ever have before, remembering that one moment lost may mean years of sorrow to ourselves and others; that often one mistake, carelessly made, though unintentionally, has affected the destinies of nations.

If we are to have true Christianity in human life, if we are to have true Brotherhood manifest in ourselves, we must have clearer consciences. We must feel the power of conscience in every act and every thought; we must war with ourselves, so to speak, with the struggling lower self that loves its ease and its pleasures, the temporary things of life, and often loses sight of the opposite. We must take a stand, and begin for the redemption of human nature by redeeming ourselves. This is what The New Way teaches. It would be as simple as a, b, c, if we had knowledge instead of faith; if our consciences were strong and full and rich, instead of as they are, playing hide-and-seek with our best possibilities half the time, sometimes expressing themselves and sometimes silent.

Can you conceive of a musician, a great master, ever being successful in the study of music, influencing people, unless he had full knowledge of his subject? Knowledge is needed, and with knowledge comes strength and the discernment; and more than that, there comes something else. There is a unity of feeling in heart and mind. Then, when heart and mind are attuned, then the intellect becomes pure and clear and strong and determined; and the soul, through the heart and conscience, steps out, so to speak, into more active life. There is where we have the Kingly Union, Raja Yoga, the Kingly Union of the physical, the mental, and the spiritual.

The Three of Us

There was a little fire in the room below the hall in which we were sitting. The smoke began to come up the central winding staircase which went all the way from the basement to the attic. As the people began to rush for the door the man sitting next me said: "It's all right. The great thing is to sit quiet and not congest the doorways."

So he sat a minute; then suddenly rushed from his seat and joined the frantic crowd that was trying to get out. Part of it seemed hardly human in its ferocious selfishness.

I also knew that it was best to sit quiet, useless to do anything else. I was conscious of being quite calm and reasonable in my *mind*. But in my *body* was the same fierce urge to rush for the doors, that was carrying away nearly everyone else. I was almost wondering which of the two would win, determined to be myself the master and yet wavering now and then for a fraction of a second. In ten minutes the flames were extinguished and those who had not got out came back to their seats, looking flushed and perhaps a little ashamed of themselves.

You see the same thing in a shipwreck. A large proportion of the passengers become – no; *enter into* wild animals. The body becomes a wild animal, thinking only of its safety. The man lets himself be drawn into the whirlpool of his body and becomes part of it, forgetting his humanity.

But look at the captain. He remains a man. The animal rages in him as it does in the other. But he does not allow it to have its way. "I shall be drowned!" it shrieks through his mind. "*Be* drowned, then," he answers; "I am going to make you stay and serve me while I do my duty and save (if I can) the others." In a little while the animal understands, seems to enter into and become part of the man, shares his sense of duty, faces death without fear.

It is a great lesson in the two-ness of us all. We are man and animal; and when the man grips the animal by the throat and conquers it, it changes its nature. And he changes his, becoming something more than man.

That same animal in us that rushes for the doorway or the boat, do we never meet it except at fires and wrecks? How does the passion of anger differ from the passion of self-salvation? Both arise in that animal with which we are bound up. In both the man may be drawn in. From both, the man may stand out conquering and compelling.

The *two*-ness of human nature? Not enough. We are *three*. For he who subdues the animal when it rages worst, can feel in and about him the presence and approval of his soul, a light in heart and brain.

No man requires to have *faith* that he is bound up with an animal. He can know it by just watching himself, studying the passions and appetites that pull upon him and try (usually successfully) to make him come in with them and help them with his intelligence, be their slave, in fact.

And with the same certainty he can know of his soul. Let him live day by day in that certainty, act accordingly, and he will at last achieve complete union with it and be utterly transformed. He passes into a new world of mind and thought and feeling and life, and knows then that death cannot touch him.

- A New Wayfarer

The Waiting Benediction

Strange that people recognize so little the power of atmospheres! They know of them well enough, but will not know that they know.

There is, for instance, the atmosphere of Monday morning, after Sunday. We are all "Monday-ish."

There is the large glad atmosphere of Christmas Day. There is the atmosphere of the last hour of the dying year, changing in a moment, as, at the stroke of midnight, the New Year is rung in.

Churches and public buildings soon develop their special atmospheres; so do courtrooms, prisons, hospital waiting-rooms. You could tell any of these if you were blindfolded and the place empty.

The old ruined temples of India and Egypt have their solemn and haunted atmospheres. Every public library, every dwelling-room, has its atmosphere.

There are atmospheres of place and of time. Each day of the week has one, and each of the year's seasons.

And there are atmospheres of people, of pure men and women, strengthening and elevating all who come near them.

All this and much more we all feel and know. It is only when the fact is stated, pointed out, that the mind rises up and denies or tries to explain away with explanations that don't explain, don't meet the facts.

Suppose that all over the earth the atmosphere of Christmas morning were to come and stay! Stay, with its friendliness, kindness, joy. War would vanish at once; the earth would be wrapped in brotherhood. Suppose that this atmosphere were just waiting over there behind the next hill of time, waiting to roll down over all earth's vales, an all-healing, all-blessing breath!

It was made and is ever added to by every pure and kindly thought, by every aspiration, by every act of brotherhood and compassion. It has slowly gathered in its strength through all the past of time. But it waits, waits, till the

sum of human suffering has softened us, has made us ready, has brought forth the heart-cry for better things, has made us willing to follow a new way. We must become sick of our own unbrotherhood. Then the appeal will bring it amongst us and a new life for us all will begin. That hour must be very close now.

- A New Wayfarer

How I Won Out

"Just as muscular strength comes from physical training, and is perfected by exercise, even so with strength of character and moral force; these come by *effort* at self-conquest.... Nothing less than experience and conquest determine power.... Can there be any question as to what constitutes strength of character? It is the struggle of a strong man against all his foes.... He recognizes no enemy without, *all are within* – and having conquered these he is master of the field.... at one with *Nature without* and *God within*. Here is the true meaning of life." - W.Q. Judge

"I feel as black as thunder today."

"You certainly look like it. But I would not say so if I were you, not even think it in just that way."

"Why not?"

"Because you let the thing in on you and boss you."

"You speak as if it was some kind of thing with a life of its own, as if it existed as a separate being."

"Well, it comes and goes just as if it had. It alters your nature and makes you do and say things that you don't other times and that you're sorry for after. And when it is on you, you'd be glad if it wasn't."

"But where do you think it is in between times?"

"Oh, its got a kennel somewhere inside you that it retreats to."

"Now look here, say straight out what you mean."

"Well, if you will have it, I do think these moods are living things, living in odd corners of a man's make-up and always ready for a chance to jump. I had a bad one of my own, once; got it by heredity they said. Anyhow, I had a chance for study at close quarters. You have often wondered at my showing so much sympathy for criminals, even murderers. It is because I know that if they could have had the light on their own natures that I got, they would never have been where they are. Give them an understanding of themselves, and then, as Katherine Tingley is always urging, let them have another chance."

"Let's have the yarn."

"My father was a pretty heavy drinker; gave it up though towards his later years and became as nice and peaceful a chap as you could wish to meet. But all the years of his drinking, except for short spells when his real nature had a chance, he was a devil. We young ones wished he was dead from the time we were old enough to wish anything. He never did any violence, though, to any of us except with his tongue. But he was a nightmare in the house.

"I always had his fits of gloom, one every so often, lasted two or three days. But mother brought us up not to drink and I never did till I was five and twenty.

"But once, along about that time, when I had one of the black spells on me and did not want to see or speak to anybody, something threw a drink in my way and I took it. I remember it now, how good it tasted and how it busted up the gloom spell inside of five minutes. Hello, I thought, have I found the cure for those black times?

"I did not take any more then, though I thought a good deal about the taste of it all the next day. But when the next spell came I tell you I was ready with the medicine. And I did not stop with one dose. Next day, same time, eleven in the morning, I took another. Inside of a week I was brought home drunk. Poor old mother!

"That straightened me for a while. Not long, though. That black thing got me as usual, and the first thing it said was: You take a drink. And I took it, and did not draw anther sober breath for three days.

"I don't want to make a long story. You see I had now both parts of the heredity, the gloom and the drink. They were really one and the same, but the brute had to wait for his drink till I'd once tasted it. It never got in on my father just as it did on me. I had spells of freedom lasting two or three months or more. Then a black, blind bust that lasted days, and of which, on recovery, I mostly remembered nothing. Something I did during one of these busts got me behind the bars for two years. Then I was back to where I was before I tasted drink, had the black spells but couldn't give them their medicine. I tell you it was a lively time the first year."

"But you don't have 'em now?"

"That's just what I'm coming at, and it leads to what we began with. I said to myself one day, when the blacks was on me, and of course the drink crave too: 'Old chap,' I said, 'are you coming out of this place just the same as you went in? For if you are, it'll be about two twinkles before you're in again.'

"I saw that the blacks was the cause of the drink. If I could win out with the one, I'd have no trouble with the other.

"And then it occurred to me that the blacks and the drink-crave weren't *me* at all, something that had come over to me from my father, a bit of the bad side of his life. I don't know what you think of heredity. I think that when a fellow, a

soul if you like, comes here on earth, it's got to pick up a lot of living evil elements and do the best it can against them. Some of them come from heredity, some out of the air - impulses I'd call them, left behind by evil thinking and doing. And the proof of that is, for me, that there are times when you can catch most any man, even the worst, when he's what I'd call *himself*, all kindly and straight. Next morning, or maybe in an hour, he's all shut in again, another fellow you might say. But he don't know what's happened, never been taught about it, thinks these changes is natural, or don't think about it at all. With me, as I told you, I'd be myself for weeks before the devil'd buck in - myself, except of course for small ups and downs.

"Well, I got to thinking over all this and wondering what I could do. I thought, if I can hold *myself* right through one of those black spells, not give an inch to it, I guess I can win out for good.

"And when it did come, I said: 'Old black-wings. I'm on to you. You're not me. I don't feel black. I'm all right. But I can see you trying to get in on me, trying to make me feel that you are myself. But you don't win this trick.' And I went around letting on I was as jovial as a fed dog, saying Good Morning, old chap! right and left, and doing good turns for the other chaps as fast as I could see any to do. It was a stiff fight for two or three days, but at last it left me and I felt better, more *myself*, than I ever had before.

"I'm not saying that was the finish. But next time way easier, and next time easier again. And so, by when I got out, I'd just about got through and knew I was safe. And the funny thing was that for as much as a year before I got out Dad had quit drinking too, and *he* was another chap. Mother said it went some way to pay her for what she went through on my score.

"Now that's my theory, and when I hear a fellow say, 'I feel as black as thunder,' it makes me want to tell him my story. For that's just what the black thing wants him to say. What he *ought* to say is, 'There's a black thing trying to get into my mind and run me. But I don't propose to have it.' That's the thing to *say*, and the thing to *feel*, and it's the first step for a man to take if he wants to find out what he is.

"And I wish the children could be taught from the first that they are souls. They'd have no trouble growing up like that, no trouble showing the door to any of these living things that crowd into the mind from what I call the air and from the heredity of a parent that was never taught to run himself."

- Reporter

Capital Punishment

An Address by Katherine Tingley [1914]

.... "So when we take up the subject of Capital Punishment, before we look at it with unfriendly eyes, we must consider why it is that with all the so-called education, culture and the prosperity of the Twentieth century, there is this great gap between ourselves and the unfortunates. Can you recall anything that Christ ever taught, or any of the Great Teachers, that could sustain you, or the people at large, in taking the position that because a man sins he is to be condemned? That because he has sinned he is to be punished through the laws of man? I find nothing in the teachings of Christ to support any such position.

"You leave a perfect right to feel that it would be a most unwise and injudicious thing for us to attempt at this moment to open all the prison doors and to let the unfortunates go free. You certainly might say to me: You have a theory that capital punishment should be abolished, but where is your remedy? What are we to do with these unfortunates? What is to become of them? Must they be allowed to go at large? Must they be permitted to continue their vices and their crimes? No, the spirit of Brotherhood answers, no; but it says: Treat them as something more than mere mortals....

" If you had studied your own lives you would long ago have reached the causes of these things and then you would have been able to apply the remedy. Your remedy would not be unbrotherly, it would be Christian-like; because, if you had knowledge of the Divine Law, the heart and mind would be illuminated by its light, by that power of discernment that would bring about such conditions that all humanity, knowing its responsibilities, would know how to treat the unfortunates.

"All down these years that you have come, in your soul's experience, you would have been teaching and working and serving, and today there would not be a prison in the land, not a prison, not a man caged and bound and hunted down, held in like a caged animal. No! Mercy, compassion, knowledge, wisdom and discrimination would be in your lives; you would have realized that those in prison and out of prison who have sinned - indeed, who has not sinned? - are entitled to that kind of treatment that is in harmony with the Higher Law, with the Divine Law: they would be treated as invalids.

"You treat your bodies with such gentleness and consideration, but you forget the eternal self, the soul, the Christos within you; and so, forgetting it in your own lives, you forget it in the lives of those who naturally look to you for help and example.

"So you see I am not so far away from the truth when I tell you that human society is bankrupt; that the moral and the spiritual life is not a living power in our midst today, and only a very few men and women can be found who are really working unselfishly: only a few.

"If we are to discuss this subject of the abolishment of Capital Punishment,

we must be prepared to state what remedy to apply in its stead: not asking for the freedom of the prisoners, not presuming to interfere with the law of justice in any sense, but declaring and demanding that every man and woman under the sun shall have their spiritual rights.

"Last Friday a man of twenty-three years of age, with not a very bad record in the past, was hanged in this state. Oh, when I think of it, when I think of it! And that any mortal, any human being can think of it and can look on the picture for even a moment, and be at ease! That is what alarms me - to find the human family forgetful - worse, indifferent! That is the horror of it; and the hardest work that a real helper of humanity has in carrying the spirit of reformation to the world is with the public; it is with the minds of men; it is with the people who support the laws. It is they who must be pleaded with and cared for, and also, in varying degree, treated as invalids.

"This is a daring speech of mine, but it is true. All humanity is in a state of invalidism, and so again that statement supports the idea that human society is bankrupt, morally and spiritually. And so with the different aspects that are presented to me tonight, of humanity going along in a half-interested way, some totally indifferent, some pretending that they are happy, satisfied as long as their little squirrel cage is not interfered with, satisfied as long as their interests are not touched. The picture is appalling - humanity in its unrest, ignorance, despair and indifference, with its weaklings going down to degradation, and then ending up in prison: and we humans, we of God's great family, supposed to have intellects keen enough to discern right and wrong, permit them to be sentenced to death - to be executed.

"Think of it! That we dare to support laws that will allow such brutal and inhuman work; that we dare to interfere with God's laws; those wonderful, divine laws that guide us in spite of ourselves.

"But to think of presuming to take God's laws and to defy them and to let a soul go out in the darkness, in the shadows, in the despair, feeling that all the world is against it; to take a life, the rope around the neck; cut down the body to earth: but, oh, ye men and women of the Twentieth century, what about that soul?

"Are you not, and is not the whole human family responsible for that act that I am now referring to and for all acts of injustice? Should you blame the governors and the law makers? No, blame yourselves. Oh, be courageous and blame yourselves! May this blame sink so deeply into your hearts that your conscience will take new life, that a freedom of thought will come to you, an enlightenment, discernment, the power to see the injustice of things as they now are.

"When you reach that point, a new life will come to glorify, and the Christian spirit will begin to work in your lives, and you will not have to sit down and discuss and worry and be afraid. Afraid of what? Afraid that if Capital

Punishment should be abolished we should have more crimes. Let some one bring me some proof that capital punishment has lessened crime. What evidence have you? None at all. You cannot bring any evidence at all, none at all.

"If we are to stem the tide of vice and degradation, we must treat these unfortunates, these weaklings, as souls; not intimidate them, not arouse their lower natures, not create a larger revenge, more passion, more hate for the world and the laws of men. But we must change these conditions through our spiritual effort. You may think and talk, and you may strain your intellects to the utmost; you may have your societies and your systems; you may make laws and laws, and yet not reach a solution of this problem. I tell you that I know this, and I know it, because I am a Theosophist.

"I know, largely from my association with criminals, in trying to help them, that we never can restore society to its dignity, we never can restore the unfortunate to his rights, until we have reached that point of spiritual attainment where we shall know right from wrong, and have the courage to declare the right, to sustain it and to uphold only those laws that make for the betterment of human kind. And when we say the betterment of human kind, we must include something more than the physical life, or our worldly interests, or our society aims, or our pride.

"So now to go back to our unfortunate and the type he represents: Let us think, at the present time when our prisons are overrun with criminals, when our youth are going to the dogs so fast that we cannot count them, and so many appalling things are happening in our own state and other states, let us see, what can we do?

"It will take time, because as humanity has been going on the downward path so long, we cannot get back to the old position of soul-life in a day. So we must be wise and work on middle lines, on lines of least resistance, endeavor to do the best we can, according to our opportunities; but we must grasp every opportunity, and we must have the courage born of the Gods, to work out our opportunities in this direction.

"So in my opinion the first thing is to arouse the whole world, this great family of humans that we are associated with, with the idea that it is savagery for us to support Capital Punishment; we must take a stand and make the first step, remove the first stone, so to speak, and arise in our righteous wrath and in the dignity of our manhood and womanhood and declare: No Capital Punishment in the state of California! Let us not take up the question of other states tonight, because we cannot make the world over in a minute. But what a glorious thing it would be if California, under the pressure of just our efforts here - this small body of people - would abolish Capital Punishment; if we could rise to that point of discernment of knowing what is our duty at this moment, not tomorrow - not to think it out or work it out by the brain-mind - but let us find our

consciences!

"Let us get right down to that point, and stop and think a moment! Think just how we should feel if our children were in prison today; or if our children were to be executed! That is the way to get home to the truth! That is the way to arouse the hearts of men; to bring the sorrows of others into our lives, feel them, understand them.

"When that power comes, that knowledge, that love, that compassion, that the Nazarene and others taught ages ago - when that comes - well, there will be no questioning. Your minds would repudiate the necessity of discussing the question. You would declare that it is savagery, that it is brutality, that it is a great disgrace to the human race today - that any man or woman would support such unjust measures. It is your duty; it is the duty of all humans to come closer to the realization of what human responsibility is.

"I have said it over and over again, and these words are always singing in my heart like a beautiful refrain: 'I am my brother's keeper. I am my brother's keeper,' and surely if we are our brothers' keepers, then we can very quickly see how we have failed and how our dear ancestors have failed in doing justice to humanity, and particularly in doing justice to those who are condemned to be hanged or electrocuted.

"I could conceive, and I always try to control my imagination when I am meeting a mixed audience, but I could conceive the psychological influence of a body like this, agreeing with me that Capital Punishment was wrong - it would affect others, and before long we should take another step in helping to change unjust laws.

"It would be our heart work, the voices of our souls speaking. We might think ahead ten years or fifteen and see the picture of some of our hills and our valleys presenting a new feature in the Twentieth century civilization, a something so splendidly remedial - and that is, that we should have our hospitals for the weaklings, for the more unfortunate, whose unbridled passions have carried them so far beyond the pale of society - we should have institutions of reformation with the name unprinted - hospitals with the name unprinted.

"There would be the gardens and the fields. There would be the houses and the homes. Do you know that I dare conceive and have written it all out, that those prisoners should not be separated from their families! That they should be placed in these Institutions of brotherhood that I speak of, and cared for in such a way that they would understand quite well that they were under a certain amount of restraint, but no more, perhaps - if we are very thoughtful - than that we give to invalids. They would feel that they were in a hospital, in a school, with everything so helpful that there would be no inducement to rebel.

"If we can now send out from the prisons on parole a certain number of men, put them on their honor, send them out with only five dollars, some of them with no understanding, with no friends, - if we can send these out on parole and

trust them to society, surely we can take our unfortunates and give them the advantages of reformation in the helpful environments I have described to you. They would be self-supporting, and in the end there would be less cost to the state - and less crime.

"And I know that in such environments it would be possible that most of these unfortunates, through the suffering that they had endured that you know nothing about, would arouse the strength of their higher nature and become in the course of time valuable citizens, and some ultimately law-makers, teachers, and reformers. How dare we stultify the possibilities of the soul of man! Can we not let our imagination soar so far into this broad arena of spiritual life and picture the future?

"Is my picture so far-fetched? If you can take men and let them out on parole now, with everything to contend with, striving for the dollar and their bread and butter, with no end of difficulties, everything to discourage them - if you can do this now, surely you could support a scheme of brotherhood reformatories, leaving out all creeds, making them a universal expression of the hearts of the people, held down by no special system, except that of the laws of the state; but those laws would have been made by you, and so you would have become a part of them.

"I call feel your hearts pulsating with the thought of this picture. There are only a few here who are so held in and limited and prejudiced, who cannot break the bars and look out, who will ever advocate Capital Punishment after this. You can't do it. My heart, the persuasion of my heart and my voice, my love for humanity and my hopes for the unfortunate, certainly will be enough to move you to concerted action; and concerted action, when hearts are united, is like one great throbbing ocean of spiritual force.

"When hearts and minds are united, then the soul speaks, and then my prayer, my earnest prayer, is that ye men and women of San Diego will arise to the occasion and that you will find yourselves in a new way, that you will study your duties in a new way, that you will realize your responsibilities in a new way, that you may feel the touch of that divine life, the divine law, that you may feel so truly, so splendidly, so fully, so generously, so divinely, that you will declare that California must take the lead. California can no longer support Capital Punishment."

Hold On!

"How one's feelings change! Some days I feel all fine and clear; my mind isn't throwing up any of its nonsense in front of me; and it seems as if I could really get to know something. But tomorrow I'm back at the old stand, all

mussed up with the usual worries and fogs. In short I'm out of my own light one day, all in it the next. What do you say about it?"

"*Hold on!* my boy! Ever hear of the law of cycles?"

"What's that?"

"There's time-cycles and mind-cycles, morning after morning, Monday after Monday, Christmas Day after Christmas Day, and so on. That's *time* cycles.

"One day you feel like you were saying, all on top of things. Another day you are down in the valley and the shadows. A week or two after comes the fine feeling again and after that again the shadows. That's *mind*-cycles. It seems to me you make a mistake the way you treat them."

"How's that?"

"You push forward towards the light, towards real knowledge, towards self-mastery, the fine days reach a certain point of advance. Then comes a dark time and you let go, flop right down into old feelings, worries and grumbles, lose all you gained on the better day. That's why men never get any further forward into real life. They go forward two steps and then fall back two. Why don't you remember this law of cycles? Make the best of your good day; press forward as far as you can. When tomorrow's reaction comes, don't give way, don't let the grumblings and shadows in. If you can't go forward, *don't go back*.

"Then what happens? This: that when the next strong day comes, it finds you where the last *left* you instead of where the last *found* you. You go forward two steps, rest there, and in due time forward two more. Catch the idea? Never let a poor day undo a good one."

"Well, what's the end of it all?"

"Why, you come to recognize and know yourself as an undying mind instead of a dying, half-the-time-sick, and surely dying body. It is only his bodily feelings and the thoughts that come from them and buzz about a man's ears all the time that keep him from knowing, what he really is - a son of the Light. It is just a question of getting ourselves out of our own way. The work's advanced on the bright days and held steady on the dark ones."

- Student

The Painted Show

I stood in the early morning light, ere the sun came up. Thought had scarce yet begun to flow; my mind was full of peace and strength, and in its silence I was alone with myself.

The great globe of the sun swam up in the east and thrilled my body with

its first light. And I was glad with the vigor of the new day.

I turned and went back from the hill into my chamber, and already the awakened body and brain had begun to stir my mind into memories of yesterday and to narrow it into thoughts concerning the day now opened, the monotony of the duties, the unpromise of any joy.

The city awoke. The air was presently filled with sound of voices and of things moving, and in another way with the thoughts of men moving to their work.

My mind was now filled and active. I was swept out of my self, the free and spacious self of the early silence, into the small and turbid whirl. It was as if I had become another self.

The morning hours streamed past, full and heated and turmoiled. Though, when noon came upon us, there was an hour of rest, there was no recovery of that early sunrise peace and no memory of it. Each hour absorbed the whole of my mind.

Evening at last, and sense of work done for the day. Peace, perhaps, again; but not the first peace. Only the peace of strength spent out, of ceased call for effort.

Do we move through time and the hours, or is it that time and the hours flow past us? We are dragged into them as they pass, dragged away from true self, from real life, from the larger peace, swept up into the folds of the passing scenery, scenery only painted, yet seeming so real.

Why should we not *hold* ourselves as the hours pass us, doing faithfully what comes to be done, yet remembering that it is but a show?

Why should we have to face it at all? Why does the Master of Life compel us?

Because we have come out into this life as to a training field. Man is man in proportion to the strength of his will. This life is a school of will.

The passing show offers us pleasures, gives us pains, contains many duties. The man whose will is growing refuses to chase the pleasures, refuses to be pained by the pains, holds himself still in himself whether pleasure or pain is for the moment in the stream that flows past. Yet he does every duty to the full, for he knows that to shirk a duty is to yield to the pleasure-seeking, pain-shunning part of himself, to be entangled yet deeper and in the end more painfully in the folds.

He who follows the upward path comes at last to be able to hold the peace and glory of dawn in his heart all day. He mixes with events and duties, but does not let them draw him from his true self. He takes pains and pleasures as they may come, not swept from his calm by them.

So persisting, ever kindly and forgiving and even-minded, he comes at last to the sure knowledge of himself as a son of the Divine, as of one nature with that infinite intelligence and compassion and peace which pervades all heaven

and earth.

- Student

Rebuilding

A man had been thrown from his auto and rendered unconscious. He stayed unconscious for a week and then suddenly came to. I was house-surgeon at the hospital to which he was brought, and I happened to be standing at the bedside with his wife when he recovered himself and began to speak. She had been thrown out with him but had overshot him by two or three feet, falling into a ditch full of soft mud and getting no injury. He had hit the hard road, full and square.

At the moment of the accident he had been saying something about some property he intended to buy and left a sentence unfinished. The first thing he did on regaining consciousness was to finish that sentence! He talked a minute or two about the property and then suddenly noticed that he was in bed in a strange place with his head bandaged.

I used to go round the wards late in the evening and if there was any man awake and well enough for a chat I would sit down by the bed for a few minutes and talk about anything that was in his mind. I nearly always observed that at my visit of the next morning the patient would refer to what we had talked of the night before. "I was thinking just as I woke...." he would say, and then go on to give me his further ideas.

This of course corroborated what I had always found in my own case, that the last thought and state of mind of the night is usually the first thought and state of the morning.

What that thought and state is, is therefore very important. The body and brain are wasting, wearing down, all day. Rebuilding is done all night. What sort of stuff will you build in? That is clearly a chance for something new and better. No man need have tomorrow the same body exactly, or brain, or mind, as he has today. With a little care, he can, in a few years, have an entirely new set of fittings.

Clean up the mind before sleeping, is the lesson I have learned. Get peace. Will away the bats in the belfry, the bees in the bonnet, the worrying memories, the little grudges, spites. Feel yourself above the whole lot, with your head on another level, in another air. Get the mind silenced so that the over-watching soul has a chance to pervade you, to get all through you and begin the healing up that it will continue during sleep. It is a little difficult at first. The mind *will* racket around in the dust of the day just closed. But practice soon makes the work easier and in time the mind will learn to quiet down at the proper time

of itself.

The next day goes better from the start, better and better the more you keep at the business. There is more peace and more self-control, a better sight of the whole situation. In time every kind of fear vanishes and there is a better and kindlier regard for one's fellows, even the worst of them. You know that the soul *is*, by its effects on you. In time you can feel yourself to be the soul, having command over mind and moods and body, unaffected by sickness and even death.

I have found all this worth trying and doing. Why not join the in the work and make yourself all over new?

- Surgeon

The "Death" Illusion

Two men sat by the roadside swapping views about various things. The talk had somehow got around to the subject of death, and though neither of the men had had much education or much leisure for books, they had done their share of thinking. One of them, the elder, who certainly did not look as if life had ever been easy or pleasant for him, had remarked that for his part he was in no hurry for death yet.

"Afraid of it?" asked the other, perhaps with just a touch of scorn.

"No, I can't say I'm afraid. But all the same I don't want to get to it till I'm ripe for it. I reckon that if a man lives rightly and thinks over things as far as he can get with them, there's a kind of natural ripening goes on in him even if he don't know it, so that when he goes through he's ready.

Anyone who brings it about before its time is the worst sort of fool."

"The strange thing to me is that more don't do it. Why live and be miserable when you can die and be done with it?"

"You've violated the natural program, so to speak, and are bound to get trouble of some sort for that."

"Well, but when a man's dead why isn't there an end of him?"

"Why should there be? It's his *body* that dies, isn't it?"

"A man and his body are pretty well mixed, so far as I can see. I can't think of one without the other."

"Well you've made two of them, anyhow, even if you can't think of one without the other."

"But you can; you are doing it right now. You can think of losing your arms and legs and yet being the same self as before. You might even have all

your body paralyzed so that it was as good as dead, and yet be able to think as clearly as ever, and still be yourself. You are yourself all complete in a dream, and some have solved mathematical problems, made inventions and composed music and poetry while their bodies were in the deepest sleep. Why should death be something like that, even perhaps clearing a man's mind rather than blotting it out? I've seen men die whose minds got clearer and clearer as they got nearer death, even in some cases talking the finest sort of stuff for the help and comfort of those about them till their lips and tongue got too stiff to move. And even then their eyes remained full of meaning. I believe some of finest thinking the world has known has been done altogether beyond brain, though of course when the time came to write it down the brain had to be used to put it in definite shape for the comprehension of others. How do you think men ever came to say '*my body*' unless they felt themselves, to the point of certainty, distinct from their bodies?"

The other man was a bit puzzled. He had always settled it with himself that death was *finis*, but there did seem to be something to be said on the other side. Strange possibilities flashed into view as he faced the idea that perhaps death was not the end of life.

"If you believe all that," he said, "why do you want to keep on living?"

"I believe that everyone of us came into this life and this body with something to learn that he needed for his rounding out of character, and also with something to do for the world that only he can do. Men have two kinds of work. There's what we usually call work, earning of our living, that is; and that finer sort of work which a man does on others by just being and trying to be and do his best. He pays out, then, a kind of special influence, special to himself, which only that special man can pay out. The world needs it of him and it remains at work in the world, like a ripple going out from a stogie flung into the water, after he has gone. And it's nothing against this that most men don't learn what's needed to round out and ennoble their characters, and don't give anything much from their better selves to stay in the world when they are gone. I guess they'll have to make them both good sometime, someway. A man ought to stay in the world as long as he can so as to learn as much as he can and give out as much good influence as he can, leaving it to the laws of his body and the wider laws of nature to turn him loose at the proper time. *Then* he goes under protection. But not if he goes by his own hand. In that case he must take what comes, unhelped and unprotected. And I reckon, too, that a man gets protection if he goes out in battle as a soldier, doing what he reckons is his duty, or goes under the infamous sacrilege of capital punishment."

"It's an awful thing to think of living forever," said the younger man after a pause.

"If life was rightly lived it would be pure joy, like a child's, and growth in wisdom and knowledge, and always a deeper joy and fuller companionship of

man with man. There's nothing terrible in the universe, that I can imagine, except man's own conduct. What hinders that our life, here and anywhere else and always, should be a joy? I tell you, man, there's *beneficence* in the universe. It's run by, and it's full of, divine mind and compassion, and general joy is only waiting just around the corner till men give up being fools and making a hideous phantom of death, which is liberation."

"They used to scare me with stories of the Day of Judgment when I was a boy; but if we are to live forever its looks to me as if the Day of Judgment would go on for eternity."

"It's always Day of Judgment anyhow. If a man goes wrong he gets unhappiness, at once or sometime. If he does right he gets happiness inside himself. That's the Day of Judgment. And when men have got through doing wrong and being unbrotherly, the unhappiness will have got through doing what it came to do, and the 'Judgment' will be that they shall be henceforth happy. When 'Judgment' has cured men of their follies it will spend its time in strengthening their happiness."

The sun was setting as they rose to go home. The elder man pointed to it and said:

"Looks like the last of him, don't it? But it ain't. When it's set in peace here it rises somewhere else in the joy of a new morning."

- R. M.

My Dog and I

"I maintain that a man dies like a dog. When he's buried that's the end of him."

It was two workmen who were talking, and I passed them slowly in order to hear as much of the talk as I could.

"I agree," said the other, "that so far as a man is the same as a dog he dies to the same extent as a dog dies. But you don't know what extent that amounts to."

"Dogs in Heaven, I suppose," sneered the first speaker. And then I got out of hearing. But the question stayed with me. A great friend of mine - a dog - who died about a year ago, had the curious habit, when he wanted to go to sleep by the fire, of pulling one of my carpet slippers from under the couch and using it as a pillow. When I got a new pair I kept one of the old ones for his special use. Soon after his death a friend gave me another, who in course of time became the mother of a litter. When the pups were old enough to crawl about. one of them, curiously enough, developed the same trick as my old friend

- crawled to the slipper, dragged it out, and went to sleep in the same very un-doglike, pillow-using fashion. *Do* dogs "die," I have questioned, in the sense of ceasing to be? Or do they come back?

But that is by the way. What I am after is: what has a man that a dog has none of? Not mind and thought, for dogs have some mind and do think. Nor power to love, for assuredly dogs have that. What then?

Man has a body, and a mind : so far, the dog also. *And* - soul? spirit? Vague words. What does soul or spirit *do*? If we can find out that, we can see what soul or spirit *is*. A thing is what it *does*.

Dogs dream. My dog had a special short sharp bark reserved for moments when he saw an unlawful cat in the garden or was chasing one along the paths. That same bark and quiver of excitement he would sometimes have when asleep, even waking himself up with it and running to the window or out of the door. In his dream he was evidently imagining himself in the garden.

I can imagine myself in the garden, and the dog cannot. The imagination or picture of the cat-beset garden came upon him of itself. But I can produce it when I will and hold it as long as I choose. I can imagine any scene I please, when I will. If I choose I can imagine a couple of tigers in my garden instead of a cat and can make the garden four times as big. When the dog is hungry - that is, has the desire to eat - no doubt pictures of his meat-pail come up in his imagination. But when I am not hungry I can call up a picture of a meal and hold it so long that at last I get to want it.

In other words the dog's imagination, his set of mind-pictures, is wholly run *for him* by his *desires*; mine may he run by *me*, by my *will*. Animals do not show any sign of possessing will; nothing but desires. Will, for our present purposes, is this power of guiding and holding the mind and imagination.

The other day I was feeling gloomy and "ornery." Looking at my own state, I was dissatisfied with it. Could an animal hold off from its own state of mind, look at it, and decide that the state was unsatisfactory? I imagined a satisfactory and peaceful state, held it a while, and presently it stayed. An animal has imaginings of another *place*, though not at will. But it has no imagining of another *state of mind* than the one it is in; still less can it decide that its present state is unsatisfactory (for instance a state of fear) and replace it by another (for instance hope). I can take a view of the sort of man I am and then, imagine myself a better sort, nobler, fuller of light and compassion and honor and openness and courage and good will to all. If I repeat that imagining every day, my will will be drawn out into action and I shall begin to realize in myself my own imagined ideal. An animal has no trace of this power.

So we begin to get a little light on our problem. I shall not say that I am an animal with something added: but, *I am the something added*. An animal is body and mind, mind with its thoughts, moods, desires, and imaginings. *I* am that which can look on at my thoughts, moods, desires and imaginings, can

judge them, can (by will) hold or alter or dismiss them. And I can, after survey, will into existence in me such moods and states as I choose. *I*, then, am a being with judgment, will, and power of imagining states. Along with me, in my total make-up, is a very highly developed animal. The sum-total is ordinarily called man.

There is not the slightest reason, then, for supposing that we die "as the dog does" (if he does). A *body* may die, but no one can ever imagine an *I* dying. That is mere words. Anyone who can thoroughly sound his own nature will reach exactly the same surety that *he* cannot die as he has of now being alive. Death is going to pieces and there are no pieces to an *I*.

- Student

The Two Lives

"I was carried right out of myself by the music; forgot my troubles, forgot everything but what I was listening to."

"Altogether?"

"Well, not altogether; there was a kind of gnaw in the back of my mind so that I knew that when I got back to myself again there were the old things to face."

"As if you had two minds, one in the music and one in the world below, here where the troubles are?"

"Yes, that's about it."

"That must be like being born."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean the coming back into the troubles and so on, into the world of the body. I used to wonder what they meant when they told me I was a soul. There didn't seem to be any marks of soul about me that ever I could notice.

"As a man wakes up in the morning he begins to get a feel of his body, whether it is warm or cold, comfortable or uncomfortable. Then he comes to himself and finds all the ordinary thoughts and memories waiting for him. There is perhaps his rheumatism, his work and all the rest of it as usual. Where (did he come *from*?"

"Didn't come from anywhere, just woke."

"It seems to me that it was his body and brain that woke and called him (from wherever he was) to come and mix himself up with them as usual. Where he was, was where you had just got one foot inside of when you were listening to the music. You had only just got one foot, because, the body being awake, you were tied to it by the other foot. If you had been asleep the other foot would

have been free too."

"But if that is so, why, when a man wakes, don't he remember where he was when his body and brain were asleep? I remembered the music when I got back again among my troubles."

"What do you reckon the brain is for?"

"To think with and remember with, I suppose."

"Imagine a man thinking very fast, and thinking very fine thoughts, and that as he thought along, his hand made quick notes on a writing pad, so that he should not forget the steps of his thought. But suppose the paper was greasy so that without knowing it he was not really making any marks at all.

"Same way with sleep. The writing tablet, the brain, is hardly taking any marks. Many men come to their bodies in the morning - that is, wake - with the sense of having been living some sort of great life; but there's no record, and so that vague sense is all they have. Most of us do not have even as much as that; we get drowned in the whirl and world of body at once.

"And so, as I take it, with being born. The mind has to let go its spiritual life and give all its attention to the new body - life just beginning for it."

"Are there no means of waking up to the other life without letting go of this one - I mean, know of it just as I now know of this one?"

"There surely are. If a man will think all this out, and then try, and keep trying, he will soon begin to find his way, find what he really is. The soul is always in the higher world. As soon as the mind refuses to let itself be bossed and run all day long by the body, it wakes up to knowledge of the soul, the constant presence of the soul, and yet remains awake to this other life of ordinary duties. Only, after that awakening, everything in this ordinary life looks different, not *ordinary* any more. For he knows the meaning and reason of it. And then he is happy once and for all."

- Student

The Two Worlds

I was moving as in a dream that day, a dream that made the outer world and my work therein half unreal. There are always two lines of thought in man, though they do not usually touch and he is usually himself in only one of them at a time, knowing nothing of the other. Dreams are sometimes the line where they do touch, and so dreams may contain and mix up fragments and bits of scenes from both.

I had dreamed that I was moving swiftly over all the field of human life, responsive to the thoughts and feelings of men everywhere. As each thought

met and touched me I responded to it. It seemed as though I was being sent about by some great compassionate Power to do this. When I met a thrill of pain and trouble I followed it till I came to the man or woman from whose heart it went forth, and touched them with some of the compassion given me that I might relive it. But they saw not whence the touch of relief had come. I gave a ray of hope, a gleam of faith that somehow in all the trouble it was well and that a new day would come. When I felt that some earnest soul was at work for the help and uplift of humanity I touched that soul with new strength from the store that was mine. I softened anger and hatred. I brought the thought of peace between men and nations. I assuaged here and there the thirst for revenge and the thirst for gold and for honor and position.

Thus I went over the wide field of thought, of feeling, of mind, filled with the light that was given me by the unknown compassionate Power that I served, and, as it seemed, clothed myself in that same golden light.

This was my dream, and though I had waked and was in the common world and about my daily tasks, the dream persisted so that I lived as in two worlds at once, at work in each.

I have called it a dream. Was it? Or was it reality – as real as this world here and these tasks?

Never since that day have I been wholly severed from that dream. Never since have I thought that this outer world of work and things was the only world.

Man's task, now I know, is to blend the two, to find himself at once as noble doer of all duties here in the realities of matter, and, within, as ministrator of the light and compassion of that everlastingly beneficent Power that needs human aid for its work on darkened, sinning and pain-struck human minds and hearts. In this work he will find an ever-growing joy and certainty that will enrich his life a thousandfold with a wealth that neither sickness nor death can take away.

- Student

This One Thing

Have you ever walked in the night in pain, toothache maybe, and found your pain was worse because everyone else was asleep and regardless of what you were suffering? A kind of heartlessness it seems.

That beggar woman by the curb has just lost her child. The people stream by, regardless, unknowing, and the ache of her heart is the worse. One man passed who seemed to look at her kindly and understandingly, almost as if he knew *what* was the trouble. The momentary compassionate glance,

unaccompanied as it was by any word, seemed to her to have some heartening power in it, a touch that comforted.

The troubled sea of human feeling is lightened by very little of that. Each must endure his pain alone, or nearly alone, and it is worse for the loneliness. It is in utter loneliness that the poor suicide goes out. A little more brotherhood thrown by the rest of us into the air, a little more of the spirit of joy-sharing, of sympathy, a little more heart-warmth diffused – and his despair would not be so black, his loneliness not so deadly, and he would take heart again.

If we did not shut ourselves in feeling so selfishly into our pleasures as *ours*, others would not be so shut in alone with their pains. In all that we have the right and opportunity to enjoy we should enjoy in the spirit of sharing. We should call in the rest, those whose lives have no such good chance, though no one be outwardly there for the call. In this spirit the whole of life should be lived. And then, though we should miss nothing, but rather greatly gain, the whole atmosphere of human life would change, would warm, would color with gold. Hard natures would be softened by the pervading influence about them, evil natures be bettered, the children grow up with a new sweetness, and in mind and soul all men would be changed, illuminated, reborn. The eyes of the mind would open upon great truths long forgotten or till now hidden. It would be the Golden Age again, the very animals and plants would change their nature. Blind indeed are all the peoples that they will not see the way to their own joy, to their own richest life. Blinded indeed is each single man that will not enter it. "I cannot conquer my failing, passions, habits" – well, this is the way to let free in the heart the Power that can; this is the way to transform them into obedient energies in your life. Cease from unbrotherhood in thought, in feeling, and then in word and deed, and all the rest follows.

- Student

A Few Don'ts

(An Auditorium Address)

We are all in here for a certain length of time, some for more, some less. "Let's make the best of a bad job," says some fellow. He's on the right track, and in one way it is a bad job. But you can't fairly call a condition "a bad job" and let it go at that when it gives you a chance to do something good for yourself that you'd never otherwise have thought of doing or had such an opportunity to do.

We've got to put the time in somehow, months or years. We can't put it in moping, or quarreling, or cussing; or let it put itself in the best way it can. But

we can also put it in *growing* - into more of a man, more of a will, more of a big character, more of a thinker. There's powers and powers - of mind and soul - in us all, latent, unused, unknown.

I read an old tag somewhere once which never got away from my mind. It says: "A stone becomes a plant, the plant an animal, the animal a man, and man a ---," don't know what.

You can see the line; it's really modern science, doctrine of evolution.

Suppose we bank on this saying and act accordingly, just for want of something else to do. It's amusing and it keeps the mind busy. In other words let's get some progress towards that - whatever it is - that man can become. Progress is our word, progress of mind.

I've been thinking over this a little and I saw that the mind needs clearing and hoeing and weeding to prepare for our new crop - which crop is our future selves a year or ten years from now. Fine crops they can be, these selves, as I see them with a little looking ahead.

The mind needs peace. You can't grow anything on a field that's everlastingly blithered with storms and hurricanes and fires.

So I looked over *The New Way* and picked out a few *don'ts* scattered here and there and strung them together. Altogether they seemed to make about the prescription I needed for my own case. Here's the little list, and as far as I've gone they certainly work all right. Maybe they will with you too.

Don't compare your lot with that of anyone else who you think has a pleasanter time. Envy does a man a lot of harm, stops his progress, spoils his peace, and prevents him seeing the compensation for his own troubles. There's always compensation for his own troubles, if a man would but look for it. It may be hidden at first; but it's there and in full measure. If it does not look the equal of the troubles, it is because we have not yet got its secret and its meaning. (Some of us will think some day that the possibility of growth was pretty good compensation for being here.) The man who you think has a pleasanter time might be surprised if he learned that you supposed he was happy.

Don't make too much of an effort to shake off or side-track some sort of unpleasantness that seems to dog you - *especially* if it seems to dog you. For in that case you are meeting the harvest of seeds - mistakes of the past; it belongs to you: that is, is a necessary discipline for your growth, is developing something in you, or correcting something. When its work is done it will fall off of itself. To shake it off before that is merely to have it replaced by another, whilst this same one is awaiting you further along.

Don't make too much effort to get pleasures that aren't naturally coming our way; especially don't do anything wrong to get them. There'll only be more pain later than you get pleasure now.

Don't kick because the door to some pleasure you used to be able to get is now closed to you; not even when - as in the infirmities of age - nearly all the

old doors are shut. A new door - peace and growth - is always opening little by little as a man's old pleasures begin to fail him one by one. Reflect whether they did you any real good, or whether they merely kept hot the desire for more of them. Look for the new door of opportunity which most men neither go through nor even see. Don't look back.

Don't look with irritation and contempt at the faults of others. It stops progress and develops in oneself an equivalent fault and sometimes the same one.

"Blessed are the peacemakers," those who make and keep peace in their own hearts and brains, new-made every day and kept all day. Peace is the first condition of progress.

- Reporter

Our Cousins

This story is going to have a moral. But all the same it is a good story.

In ancient days the great hero Thor went a-wandering about in search of adventure. He came to mighty city wherein was a mighty palace and in that a mighty banqueting hall. A king sat on the throne at the head of the great benches along the tables. He told Thor that it was the custom at that place to give no one hospitality in board or bed until he could show that he was supreme in some heroic feat.

Thor agreed and said that his first feat should be drinking. He would drink at one draught the mightiest horn of mead they could find. It was brought, foaming full. Thor put his lips to it and drank long and deep till his breath was gone and he thought the horn must surely be empty. He looked and behold he had taken little more than the foam from the surface.

The king laughed sneeringly and said that he himself would propose a feat, a mere trifle for one of such far-renowned strength as Thor. Let Thor but lift the gray cat that had just entered the hall.

Thor, disgusted at so ignoble a test, clasped his hands under the cat's belly and tried to raise her. But with all the strength he could put to it the cat's back was but arched a little and one paw raised an inch or two from the ground.

The king laughed again and asked what Thor would now propose. "I will wrestle," said Thor. "Let me see who shall outdo me." Amid the laughter of the men along the tables a toothless old woman came forward and clasped Thor around the waist. A mighty wrestle followed and finally Thor was forced upon one knee.

For some reason the king now became friendly and they passed the night

feasting and story-telling.

And in the morning the king took him upon his way for a space and at parting said: "Truly, Thor, thou art a mighty hero, and I would not that thou shouldst come again among my warriors lest thou shouldst humble them all. Marvelous were thy feats. Learn now that the other end of the horn dipped into the ocean and yet thou didst lower a little the level of the mead, and the cat was in reality the great Midgard serpent that encompasseth the whole earth in his coil. And yet thou stretchedst him so that he could barely bring tail and mouth together. And the seeming woman was Old Age himself, whom no man ever on earth shall wholly conquer, yet who did but bring thee to one knee."

And the moral?

All honor to the man that tries to overcome some evil in himself, even though he fail; still more when he wins, for the force of all human evil is against him. The whole past of humanity is part of him, thus far much more evil than good. If we could trace back the branching lines of our parentage, of our heredity, we should find that every family on earth had sometime branched into and out from every other. We are all cousins. Every embodied soul has, in the germ from which his body sprang, a complete sample or epitome of the entire race-body with all the tendencies that men in the past have impressed on their bodies. And if these were on the whole much more evil than good, how great is the task that lies before each soul that embodies itself!

And in the "air," the mental "air" that we "breathe" into our minds as we grow up, are all the thoughts, the passions, the greed, the strife, the selfishness, of the past and the present - much more evil than good; and the thought-pictures of ill deeds done - more, more, by far than the good deeds. And we were mostly never trained to know that as divine souls we had and have power to call forth will enough to triumph over it all, to paralyze the evil tendencies as we meet them and pay back pictures and tendencies of good. For this is done, in part, by him who fights himself; still more by him who wins his fight. To these, all honor!

We see the meaning of Katherine Tingley's saying that she has no censure for the weakness and failings of humanity. Let us have the same charity. It is for us to judge the deed, not the man. The Higher Law alone can judge him according to the measure of his responsibility. The only man that each of us may judge is - himself, himself honest with himself, fearing nothing once that he has put his feet on the noble path of endeavor, confessing to no one save to that Higher Self, the "Father in Secret," whose embodied ray he is, whose representative in the vineyard of earth-life.

- C.

How do You Stand?

"How many men are burdens to humanity? Are you one of them?"

It was a rough question roughly put. But the speaker meant well and under his exterior of roughness had as kindly a heart as anybody. He proceeded to amplify his meaning.

"A burden to humanity' seems a big thing to say of some ordinary fellow like you or me. Nearer the mark in some such case as Nero or Attila. But the thing came to me this way:

"I used to reckon myself a pretty decent sort of fellow, liked among my friends, popular at the club and the office and so on. But I was no saint: I drove my own furrow and looked strictly after my own interests. Though I was honest as standards go, I certainly never sacrificed my own pockets for anybody. If I had dropped suddenly through a hole in the bottom of the bucket there wasn't a soul among my circle that would have been in any way the worse off for it or would even have noticed it much.

"It struck me one day to ask myself whether anybody was the *better* for my existing, any other man's life was the easier or the higher because of anything I had ever done or said, whether the general march onward was a bit quicker for my being among the marching crowd?"

"I couldn't honestly say yes. If I wasn't a drag I surely wasn't any help. So far the case seemed indifferent. I was a neutral. That's better anyhow, thought I, than with many fellows. For many fellows, when their quit time comes, have to own up to themselves at the last view that they have actually left things here and there the *worse* for their having lived.

"How were things in my home? There was the rub. I knew at once, come to think of it, that I was a good deal of a bear at home. When things were as I liked, when I felt well, when the children were good and quiet, when my wife had fixed up everything - why, then it was all right. I read my paper, potted around, strolled off to the club, and was fairly decent.

"But things had got to *be* exactly so, or I had my growl and snarl that very moment. And pretty often I had 'em just because I felt like having 'em anyhow. Liver out of gear, maybe, or some trifle of an office upset that I brought home to supper with me and that was still roosting on my shoulder the next morning at breakfast. To be dead honest with myself, I knew that all the folks at home were under a steady strain to keep me in good temper, and that everyone of them felt the strain and was in more or less of an anxiety when they heard my key in the door as to what sort of a state father would be in tonight - 'Let's hope nothing's gone wrong.' And it's just that sort of a home-atmosphere that four fellows out of five keep up. As for being a *help* at home, fixing myself so that the wife and kiddies would be *glad* to hear the key, and perhaps run to the door - that never

crossed my mind.

"And then I saw this: That my boys were growing up with just that as their idea of a father, nothing better. I was no sort of example for them. Year after year it was printed in on them that the man of the house may do as he pleases and that what he wants must be served up to him quick. They would grow up just the same as me, nothing better, no ideals of home-life, ideals of sweetness and self-sacrifice and burden-sharing ever got from me. And each of them, because of my training - or no-training - would make a home in his turn just like I had mine, maybe worse. Or one of them might drift of on to the black-sheep line and land up behind the bars, life ruined. And so the influence would go outward through the years in a widening circle. How could I guess how much evil I had sown for the coming years and generations?

"Taking a broad view then, I reckoned that as far as I could see I was one of the burdens of humanity, one of the fellows that despite decent appearances must be marked down in the Great Book as having delayed the general march. And that's the inwardness of the rough-sounding question I asked you. Is general life any where the better for you and me having shared it for our fifty or sixty years?

"So since that I've made my little try, as well as I could to improve my record for that Book.

- C.

Being Dead

I've never bothered about death since trying it once; rather, in fact, look forward to it.

It was this way. I was mighty sick with erysipelas of the scalp and got worse and worse for some days. Lots of fever, of course, and I kept slipping off into wild dreams that were mostly of frightful attacks and perils. I would wake up and find a doctor or a nurse around, or maybe the night silence and dim light of the ward - and then the hot pain all over my head.

One night, about a week after I was taken sick, the pain, which had for some hours been all I could know of or think of - I seemed to be all head and the head on fire - began suddenly to ease, a most blessed easement I can tell you. In a little while my head and all my body seemed to get cool and light and restful. I never had such perfect bodily peace, I might say bliss, before.

Then I seemed to fill up with a sort of quiet radiance, moonlight-like, and the same light flowed out from me. I was bathed in it, and the sense of rest after the hot storm was real heaven. I wondered whether I was dead or suddenly

well, but I didn't seem to care any. It was enough to be like that and enjoy it.

Then I saw a quiet lake with the moonlight on it and green trees and grass sloped all about and there was a sound of falling water and something musical. I was a boy again, back in the little old village, and the mill-wheel up the stream was gently turning.

But there began to be more and more light, not seeming to come from anywhere, just *there*, fuller and fuller, out around and all through me. And music like I never heard, coming and going in waves, till there was nothing but light and color and music and meaning. I seemed to understand everything. There was compassion, a great love working itself out into some tremendous plan. Somehow I knew I was part of that plan, holding it up, working it out, serving it; and my purposes about it seemed to go out into the music and the light, very swiftly and constantly, and charged up with meaning. And so there was life, intense life and movement and light and music and the meaning of things and the compassion.

.....

Suddenly I heard someone say: "Yes, better, temperature normal." And I opened my eyes upon the ward and the doctor standing by me. I was cool and comfortable, no pain, only a sense of everlasting weakness that couldn't raise a finger. I shut my eyes again and tried to get back to the other thing. But I couldn't altogether. It was going like a dream. And whilst I was trying to get it I guess I went to sleep, just ordinary sleep. There were some hours of this and when I woke there wasn't any more of that other but a sort of general memory of the bliss of it, and the light and music, nothing that I could locate definitely.

But I knew that I *had* understood things, in that while, and that somewhere in me, too deep to know, everything was going on as I saw it, and I was somehow a working part of it all. And the feeling of the compassion in things, underneath them, has never left me. I knew and I've known ever since that I was *dead* as people call it. And that's why I've never feared death. It's the way into real life. Live the best you know, boys, for the better and straighter you live, the better fit you make yourselves for the real work and the joy of it and the understanding of it [on] the other side.

- Student

The Small Steps

"Leave a bit for manners' sake": Mother was always telling us that. She hated to see the plate cleaned as if we had used a cloth on it.

If one looks at that little habit one finds something more important than "manners" in it. You will not allow the animal, that wants to eat everything in sight, to have his whole way to the last moment. In that last moment you assert yourself as his master and compel him to leave something. So that little something, that fragment of food that the animal wants and hates to leave, becomes a symbol of your mastery. Instead of letting the lower nature have it, you offer it up, as it were, to your higher, and rise from the table with your self-respect.

It is a small thing, but all big things are made up of small ones and begin as small ones. The great victory, in which a man triumphs once and for all over his lower nature and attains real divine manhood, is begun in that and similar little victories. We shall see this quite clearly when in that great moment we look back to these. The sense of inner satisfaction and approval as each opportunity is taken and used is the warranty of the good work they are doing. For they do have the approval and backing of the soul, the higher man, and are, as it were, an offering to it.

There are all sorts of small chance's every day. Get into a way of making use of them. The sum up to a lot in a week. Drop something you are very interested in doing, so as *not* to be that three minutes late to a duty. When there are two or more duties take the one you would least rather do. Once a day, anyhow, look some man full in the eye, recognizing that behind is the same sort of live world of thought and feeling of hope and sadness and memories, as there is in you - and mentally salute him, whatever his faults, in that spirit of understanding. It will presently do more to free you from yourself and your worries than you can imagine. Forgive an enemy fully in your heart for one minute, for half a minute. Feel the presence, the watching, the help, the friendliness, of your higher self for one minute, for half a minute, especially at bedtime. Don't be put off that by anything.

In all these ways and the like of them, the will is made to grow; true manhood is attained; the mind is cleared; health bettered, new steps brought into view. Truly there is no limit to this way of growth by steps that look so little but are really so big.

- Student

A Cure for Insanity

No man that we are ever likely to meet is quite sane. And we shall not meet him by standing in front of the looking-glass. What we call an insane man is merely a man more insane than we ourselves are. For a deep insanity is the

root of the minds of us all.

If you want to understand the fine, unnoticed forms of insanity, study first the gross, obvious forms of it, and then work backward.

In a well-known gross form of it, the victim thinks that everyone is conspiring against him, in league against him, sometimes from the President downward.

As you work towards the finer forms of it, you come upon the man who thinks that he is generally "put upon," generally treated unjustly, misunderstood, his rights disregarded intentionally, slighted. This sort we don't put under lock and key. It is too common. In fact most of us get fits of it.

Another slight form is that of the shy young man, who thinks that as he walks about or enters a room everyone must be looking at him, noticing the crease of his trousers, the color of his necktie, some trifling peculiarity of gait or manner, and probably laughing at him behind his back. When he gets older he recognizes that to have been a mild form of insanity and that mostly no one was looking at him or thinking of him.

In most asylums there are one or two inmates who think they are their clothes. Sometimes they won't undress because it would kill them. Or they look at their coat getting more and more frayed and say, "Ah, I shall be dead soon." Just as to think that the whole country, from the President downward, is in a conspiracy against you – just as this is only an extreme form of thinking that you are generally slighted and "put upon;" so the man who thinks he is his clothes is only an extreme development of the young fellow who is so conscious of his trousers or neckties that he thinks everyone must be looking at them.

And now we get to the roots of all insanity, including yours and mine, my friend and fellow-voter.

First: we all arrange the world of our acquaintances with Ourselves in the center, the all-important center, and the others out around, with whom we have relations and who have relations inward towards ourselves. We forget that each of the others is to himself an equally important center and that to him we are but an item out somewhere along the outskirts. We all have a little of the same disease as the man who thinks himself important enough to have the whole country in a conspiracy against him.

Second: we may laugh at the man under lock and key who thinks his clothes, the clothes of his body, are himself. But as young men, too "self-conscious," we had a touch of the same complaint. And every one of us is the victim of nearly as gross a delusion *in thinking that his body is himself*.

We ought to start upon the cure of these universal forms of insanity. No one who does so need have any fear from his past or his heredity. He can get altogether out of reach of it.

And the Method?

The method is, firstly, not to be your own center. The method of *this* is, the

acquirement of a general, habitual, outshining spirit and warmth of good feeling, of kindness, friendliness, which has the happiness and welfare of others as its aim. That gradually breaks up the center of disease, which is *I, I*.

The rest of the method is to get into a way of thinking of yourself as *in* the body, in it for a certain length of time to learn certain things and acquire certain powers of character and mind and will. Keep up the effort for a few weeks or months and you will actually know this is the case and no more fear death than you fear the wearing out of your coat. You will have won the only real kind of freedom.

This is the prescription against insanity, the sure prevention of what we call insanity and the cure of that real insanity which is at the root of the other and which affects us all.

- M.D.

The Great Lunatic Asylum

Some of these men," said the doctor, "undoubtedly insane as they are, have nevertheless a sane man immediately below the surface like a rock just submerged under the waves but constantly showing its head. That man, for instance."

A man paced past on the garden walk outside the window, head down, hands clasped behind his back, muttering to himself and scowling a little.

"Mostly," said the doctor, "he's like that, wrapped in his thoughts. Watch him at table and you'll see his lips mutter even while he's raising the fork to his mouth, and in the course of five minutes there'll be a dozen expressions chasing one another across his face. A real lunatic, you'll say at once. But now, get him to talk about his daughter, or about mathematics - which is his favorite study. There'll be something new in his eyes in a moment. The real man comes out and takes hold and you'll find one of the kindest and most interesting men you can meet. Ask his help about something and he's yours for all he's worth. But the moment that's over his mutterings and delusions return at once. That fellow, the muttering chap, thinks everybody is plotting against him. The other, just beneath, friendly and intelligent, doesn't seem to have anything to do with such ideas, meets everybody perfectly frankly. And yet the two are the same man. Is the one man changing from one state to the other, or is the sane man there all the time beneath the other, looking on at crazy thoughts he himself takes no stock in?"

It seemed to me that the doctor was telling a very ordinary story, true in one or another degree of all of us. But in most of us the thing does not get quite

so far as that you can call the outer man distinctly crazy. But yet, which of us would like to have his ordinary current of thoughts become visible to others? And don't we all have times when we know we aren't 'seeing things straight'; when everything looks clouded and difficult and menacing? Another day all is clear and serene.

The doctor's insane patient was what you might call a *case of self*; himself brooding on himself all the time. Directly you got his attention off himself and occupied with his daughter or his favorite study, he was for that time well.

Which looks as though perfect sanity consisted in having shaken your mind clear of all broodings and thoughts about yourself; perfect insanity in having nothing but yourself in your mind all the time; and most of us ranging along between these two extremes. While you're on yourself you get everything out of proportion; you can't 'see anything straight'; and you're in a state favorable for the development of down-right crazy delusions: - such as that people don't like you, or are talking against you or plotting against you. I don't believe any lunatic ever had a delusion which, if you went into it far enough, would not be found to turn on *himself*. The treatment of insane people just consists in getting their thoughts off themselves by one means or another.

Now if we are all of us insane in one or another degree - and we are - we ought to be always giving ourselves a course of treatment along that same line. Namely, getting thoughts off self and on to other selves and subjects. That is, first, opening out our heart-selves, as a steady practice, to others, getting a permanent friendliness and kindness going all the time, the desire to help in every way. And, second, a hobby or study or something pursued for its own interest, like this man's mathematics. Anything that helps the mind off this I, I. And a perfectly clear, sane mind, capable of seeing things straight all the time and capable of any amount of culture and training and acquirement, is to be got along that line of self-treatment. Nobody with any amount of insanity in his hereditary make-up need have any fear of it if he will get under his own discipline in this way.

- Student

"Only One Jimmy"

"There are strange things about my business," said the schoolmaster, "things you might never get on to in anything else, things you can hardly believe when you do get on to them."

He was sitting in the schoolroom during the noon recess. The window looked upon the large playfield, now alive with shouting boys. His lunch had

been brought in to him and placed so that he could look out upon them while eating it.

What he had said was in reply to a remark of mine – that I wondered why, during the recess, he did not go to his quiet study, take his lunch in there with a book, and try to forget his boys for an hour. I could not see the bearing of what he had said and I asked him to explain further.

"Well," he answered, "I used to do as you suggest till I got at one of the strange things I spoke of. I'd go to my study, throw the school business out of my mind and take a book. I'd got a right to the quiet. 'This is *my time*,' I used to say as I pushed away the lunch tray after eating, put my feet on the table and lit a pipe.

"There was pretty often a row in the yard, a general scrimmage, two or three boys fighting – things of that sort, so that as often as not I had to go out and attend to it. And then the afternoon session would be difficult and uncomfortable, nothing going right at all.

"Now and then I didn't do that, had lunch in here same as today, and kept the playfield in view. I like my work, you know; I love to see the signs of growth of mind and character in the boys. In a way I love them all, trying enough to a man's temper as some of them are. A sort of pull they make on me, on my heart, perhaps, all the time, as if I were a kind of father to them, as if something was all the time going out from me to them.

"I noticed that when I didn't shake off that feeling, when I sat here and kept an eye on them – though they couldn't see me and knew nothing about it, didn't think of me at all – one of those rows never happened. With all their boy noise they kept peaceful and orderly and didn't break any rules. On time to the bell they trooped in happy, and the afternoon went well.

"I often thought his must be just an idea of mine at first, but I tried the thing so often this way and that, that I got dead certain about it. Sitting here with my mind and good will on them they *did* feel it though without knowing anything about it. And when I was browsing with myself in my study they did feel the loose rein, did get out of hand.

"Now all that is a fact, believe it or not as you like.

"So I'd got to solve the question of 'rights.' If I had a right to my quiet hour, hadn't the boys a counter claim, unknown to them unexpressed, on me? So I judged that my rights had to go. And I'm the better for it in many ways. That selfish hour of mine didn't do me any real good. Certainly I was more tired in the evening the other way, but I felt good along with it, somehow, and the night's sleep rested me more. As a fact, I've gained in health, body and mind. My mind's partly out there with the boys and maybe it gets something from their boy life and energy that does my body good.

"The school doctor was in here yesterday. As you know, there's an epidemic of grippe about, and he told me he was run off his feet with work. He

said that a lady whose little boy was down with the general complaint had actually asked him at his morning's visit to spend the rest of the day at her son's bedside. She was wealthy and accustomed to have everything give way to her. 'But, madam,' he said, 'what about my other patients, many of them worse than Jimmy here?' 'Ah, but doctor,' she answered, '*there's only one Jimmy.*' She was willing that the rest of his patients should be neglected so long as *her Jimmy* was well looked after!

"Now, what I'm coming round to is this: That woman and her Jimmy is only an extreme case of what is everywhere. Each little family lives all to itself with hardly a thought of real sympathy outside, a little closed circle. You might even say that mostly each member of each family lives to himself in a still smaller circle within the other. We're mostly our own Jimmies and there's only one of them. The rest can take care of themselves. And it's that spirit that makes human life the cold, lonely, painful thing that for most men and women it is. There's no sympathy in the air, no kindly hearts warming it for the lonely. The only cure, real and permanent, the only thing that will sweeten life and take all the pain and trouble out of it, is for each in his way and according to his opportunity to do what something taught me to do for my boys – *not* to live in that selfish way, *not* to be always planning a private good time, *not* to shut out the rest from one's thoughts at all; but to live as it were with the thought *outward*, with the feeling that one is a member in the *great* family, and in particular as in some way responsible for some of that family as I for my boys. If life were lived like that, and thought like that kept alive, and feeling like that encouraged, the world would be another place in six months. Crime would disappear in that atmosphere of brotherliness, and disease too. Till we do begin on that cure the congresses and parliaments may enact what they like without touching the real evils of our social life.

"But it's time to ring the bell for the boys."

- Reporter

The Odd Corners

"Look after the corners; the middle will look after itself."

Something I have often heard my mother say when she was teaching the girls to sweep the room. I didn't take much notice of it then, but it has seemed to me since to have a tighter packing of wisdom to the square inch than any other half-score of words I ever heard put together.

It counts nothing to a man's credit to get out of bed in the morning. He's got to do that anyhow. What counts is that he gets up on the minute instead of

five lazy minutes later. It's the difference between bossing the body instead of letting the body boss you; between will used and therefore growing, and will not used and therefore rotting; between asserting the man and being overlaid by the animal.

Hardly a small matter then, that five minutes! It scores nothing to a man's credit and counts for nothing in his growth that he somehow gets through a day's work that he's got to do anyhow. The scoring and counting for him, the will-growth and character-growth, come from whatever extra snap and finish he does it with - not to get anybody's favor but because it feels good to him to do it that way.

And happiness. Your five-minutes extra-in-bed man, the man with his corners unswept, is never happy on a permanent basis, just gets the little chance doses that come to us all. Happiness is only on a permanent basis when a man has made it for himself. It's only to be made by self-respect. And self-respect comes from the way that corners and odd five minutes are attended to.

We want more life of every kind. Well, it only comes from the proper *spending* of what we have, not by economizing trouble, not by paring our work down to the bare necessary bone, not from saving ourselves the corners or lolling five minutes more in bed. It is in the small matters all along the day from the beginning to the end of it that we can be amassing more life in body, in mind, and in soul. The soul comes into action through the will when we attend to corners and put the extra touch of snap and finish to our work.

To get the full benefit out of this plan we must work it as thoroughly as possible. If we but say good morning to another fellow we can try to say it with so much friendliness that he will feel the better for the greeting. A general spirit of good temper and goodwill kept up all day (the *seeming* of it, anyhow, if we can't at first manage the reality all the time) adds that final finish to all our other efforts that will give them thrice their value. The rewards are more life, stronger and stronger will: in time true self-knowledge, soul knowledge.

- Student

Substance and Shadow

The prison doctor was off on a trip the day Murray was struck down by a falling timber as he pass the new shop being built. Picked up stunned and bleeding, he found himself later in the hospital, full of pain and so weak that it seemed to him as if he could never again rouse up enough energy to fill his lungs.

The busy nurse moved aside a screen and behind it Murray saw the white shelves of the operating cabinet, filled with rows of cold, clean instruments that made him shiver. The doctor's assistant, moving about briskly, was getting things ready for the emergency surgeon.

Murry had always lived pretty much to himself. His only comrade had been his mother, who had died and left him alone when he was fourteen. Since then there had been nothing homelike for him in the wide world. He had come to accept his loneliness as a part of the scheme of things for him, and knocked about from place to place with a sort of indifference as to what happened. There was to be no more love and comradeship in *his* life anyway, though something within him was always looking for it. Oh, he was sure if "mumsy's" arms were round him now he could fight off that dreadful sinking, when even his own weak heart-beat jarred him. But why not let go and just sink out of sight and find rest? Nobody would care if No. 359 went or stayed.

Then somehow his memory recalled some sermon, long forgotten, on punishment after death for the guilty. He had usually had trouble enough on hand and never bothered much about the other world. Now he wished he had found out what to expect if he should decide to let himself through. He wasn't a coward, but he just did not know whether to try to swim back to the harsh world he was used to, or to float out into the deep water of the unknown. "Mumsy," out there in the silence, always knew the best things to do, but he might not find her if he let go here before his time came. The young assistant entered the room with the surgeon, and Murray wearily closed his eyes as the story of the accident was being narrated. But suddenly he heard something about "getting the ether." If they made him unconscious before he had decided which way to go, he thought, he would surely be *nowhere*, and that was worse than pain. With a desperate effort he gasped: "Wait! I can – stand it – without anything."

"That will be all right," the surgeon's voice answered, with a steady kindly ring in it. He sent the assistant and nurse away with new orders. Then with a strong light touch he changed Murray into a new position, drew the cramped hand out from the tight blanket, rubbed the long fingers lightly and held them with gentle firmness while he felt for the pulse.

Something in the touch and the tone seemed to clear the air and lift the weight a little from Murray's chest and send some hidden strength trickling through his veins. He looked up into a face very calm and strong, marked with some lines of sadness. Out of the depths of the clear eyes something looked into his and read him through and through, and understood, and believed in him. It was the very way "mumsy" used to look when she seemed nearest to him. It seemed simply natural to find that look again on a human face and to feel a touch like your own flesh and blood, a missing part of your very self. The haunting doubt and fear were gone now; it was somehow clear enough that a fellow *could not* get lost anywhere he might be while there was this protecting

brotherhood in some human hearts. That would keep him always one of the family, wherever he was. There was something about that feeling that could not help going on and on; it *had* to be.

"I'll take anything you want me to," he said calmly. "I'm ready now to go or stay."

"Put your will on it, old chap, and stay. Take the ether and go to sleep like a baby, and we'll do our part to set things right."

The assistant usually finished the surgical dressing after operations, but this time the surgeon attended to every detail himself and was still beside the table when Murry began to talk. The sentences were broken as he swung back and forth on the incoming waves of the silent sea.

From deep unconsciousness he was coming out of the ether quickly, struggling to keep hold of something that was vividly real to his deeper sense but was rapidly becoming dim in the light of common day.

"I know now that I" – he began.

"Some of these men are afraid of ether because they think it will make them tell tales on themselves," said the assistant. But the surgeon was intent on the patient's words.

"I know now that I, Jack Murray, am part of everything that is." Then the flowing tide swung him out and back again. "I know that I – always have been and always will be. It sounds as if I were woosy, but I *know* what I am saying." He spoke with great certainty and in clear even tones. "I can bring this message back to you, that the tie between you and me and all men is the only thing that lasts. Heart-light is life itself; all the rest is passing shadows."

What began like a day of disaster was the beginning of a new life for Murray.

- L.R.

The Self-Made Man

"A man is as his Maker made him" – is a sentence I often used to hear from my father. He was a kindly man, and that was the way by which he excused the faults of others.

But although I respected the allowance-making spirit of the remark, it always seemed to me that if a man *is* "as his Maker made him" he has neglected his opportunities. After a certain number of years he ought to be as *he has made himself*.

We start life with a certain character and as soon as babyhood has passed

and as fast as the brain develops we show up what that character is. We are now in the hands of Life. Life puts us through experiences, pleasant and painful, fortunate or unfortunate, exciting or monotonous, and in this way effects changes in us.

But what have we done *for* ourselves apart from what we came with, apart from what Life has done upon us? Anything at all?

Mostly very little. Some men never at all turn their will inward and use it upon themselves to accomplish a fixed plan of self-creation.

"Endurance is the badge of all our tribe," says Shylock, meaning that his people had had so many wrongs to put up with that at last they had got hardened to them.

But this is not endurance *won by will*, but endurance forced in by Life, by experience. That sort of endurance may be useful to have, but it does not inspire respect. If, five seconds after a man's alarm clock went off in the morning, a bucket of ice-water were poured over him, he would learn to spring out of bed on the instant of his clock, and after a while the habit would probably persist though the ice-water were no longer forthcoming. But this would be a very different sort of promptitude from that which a man would acquire who trained himself by unaided will to spring from bed on the instant of the clock's stroke. Will and character grow by acquiring powers not forced on us by Life and circumstance.

Keep ahead of them, therefore. Don't be content to be "as your Maker made you." Keep the *will to be* going all the time.

There are any number of books published nowadays that pretend to tell you "How to grow a strong will," "How to be a forceful personality," and so on. They are mostly misleading nonsense, and what isn't that, you know already as soon as you begin to think.

Every hour in the day the will ought to be a bit stronger than it was the hour before. For several times each hour we can practice it. We can will to wake three minutes *before* the bell goes and to get up at the moment we wake. We can spend a minute then in looking forward along the day and willing that each hour shall find us men on deck in command of ourselves. We can use our will in refusing to be disturbed from serenity and kindness by other men's little peculiarities and irritating ways. We can eat with the will that the food shall gradually build for us bodies of finer health and of purer tendencies. We can give that last touch to all our work and duties. We can walk with a better carriage. We can refuse to let memories come in on us and awaken longings, remorse, fear, or the blues. We can compel our lazy minds to study something every day, a language, science, or what not. And we can insist upon it with our tired selves that the last few minutes of every day shall be spent in an attempt to feel the helping presence and comradeship of our higher nature.

All this will in time give us a character of our own making, grown for

ourselves and above (or perhaps altogether replacing) that which we brought with us, or came to us by heredity, or was forced upon us by the experience of our lives. We shall have become in the true sense the *self-made man*.

- Student

The Deeper Freedom

A man has not necessarily told us all about it when he says he wants his freedom. We want to know what part of his nature he wishes to leave free.

He may, for instance, want freedom to see things as they really are.

"Well," you may say, "let him go ahead. Let him see things as they really are if he wants to."

But there's the rub. A man's got to see things through his *mind*, see them as his *mind* sees them, think about them with such thoughts as his *mind* makes. And these thoughts may be all wrong. He may even know them to be wrong while compelled to have them. This is surely bondage, the opposite of freedom.

"I know it isn't that way, but I can't help thinking it is," said an unfortunate inmate of a lunatic asylum once to the writer. He was properly a man of much intelligence, and, as his remark shows, was one of those not few insane persons who know they are insane. To be quite accurate we should have to say that his *mind* was insane but that *he* was not. His delusion (his mind's delusion) was that everybody was conspiring against him, and though he knew this was not the case he had to take the over-strong thought of his mind about it and in general act accordingly. He got on top of his mind at last, bossed it, and became again a sane man.

But in some degree we are all in just that case, even worse. This man knew that his mind was colored with a false conception. But though our minds (yours and mine) are undoubtedly full of false conceptions and notions about everything, we don't know they are false, accept them as they stand, make no judgment about them.

A dreaming man does not make any judgment about the nonsense he is then occupied with, takes it all as O.K. But after he has waked he does make a judgment about it, judges it, namely, to be mostly nonsense.

To get real freedom of the sort we are considering we have to carry our waking a stage further. How are we going to manage it?

It seems to me that we have to get such complete power over the ordinary brain-mind as to be able to get it on occasion out of the way altogether and look at things as it were over its head, then seeing things as they actually are. That would be the fuller waking up.

So we want the power of real silence, mind-silence, not mere lip-silence. We want the power to prevent the mind from throwing across our eyes its empty thoughts, whims, moods, fancies and general nonsense.

Feeling our way inward behind the mind, feeling in, as it were listening in for a while for a sense of the truth about things, about ourselves, about life, is the method. A man begins to feel himself something bigger than he ever dreamed before, after a spell of that. He will feel humble too; there's no vanity about that. He will feel as if he were a light shining down on himself and all through himself, a light that makes him feel kindly to everyone, and young and full of some sort of higher strength. He fills up with the gladness of that and begins to know what he really is and will be, though he can't put what he feels into words or exactly think it in thoughts. For it's too large and deep a piece of knowledge for his brain to tackle.

But if he goes on doing that, more or less every day, gets a habit of reaching in like that, in betweenwhiles as chance offers the opportunity, his mind gradually changes and grows, so that at last it *can* make thoughts to correspond with what he comes to know about life and himself. He's expanded his mind to suit himself instead of letting himself be narrowed down to his mind and so imprisoned.

Wouldn't that be real freedom? It is open to us all and when we have got it we shall not bother so much about any other sort.

- A Fellow Prisoner

Two Ends of the Same Stick

When I was a boy I used to dread the joy of the annual summer holiday by the sea because of the dreariness of its ending and of the return to town. The more joy, I knew, the more pain and dreariness when it went. If the joy had been merely moderate, the return to town would have been only slightly depressing. If I had not cared whether I went or not, the return would have been likewise indifferent.

Life always manages in the long run to strike a balance. If a man has but few joys, those he does get will be very keen. If there are many opportunities for pleasure, none will count for much. If there is much pain, the peace that follows each spell of it will itself be happiness.

If a man wants to get so that he is not pained by pains - and we all do want that - his only way is to refuse, little by little as he can, to be pleased by pleasures. As fast as he succeeds he wins peace. But this is a totally different kind of peace from that which comes from having for the time everything you

want. It is a peace which if persisted in and followed up, deepens to a permanent joy. And in it the mind becomes lit with a new light in which the depth and richness and splendor and promise of life are understood. It is the peace in which the soul grows to its full stature.

For consider: is not a man a *little* man who is always shaken about between pain and pleasure, always shrinking in avoidance of one and itching for the other? Isn't he the man who has least philosophy, least understanding of life, least power of mind and least concentration?

Then the opposite is true of the opposite kind of man. And it is open to any of us to become that opposite. It is in order to tempt and encourage us to become that, that nature has tied the pains and pleasures together, the losses to the gains, balancing the two. It looks like a cruel law until we see the purpose, the purpose to make us step up beyond both pleasures and pains into the peace, the joy and the power of true re-won manhood and soulhood.

This sort of life does not imply that we refuse proper pleasures when they properly come. It is refusal to look back upon those that have been, or forward upon those that may be. It is quiet recognition of the fact that pleasures and pains are parts of one program to be accepted in their alternation while we search our natures in the silence for something better. If, instead, we are searching for pleasures we must wince at the pains, which are but the other end of the same stick, and so remain halted outside the door of real life.

It is in the heart that the peace is born and from there it shines into brain and mind.

- Student

The Old See-Saw

A great Roman general, after a campaign of unbroken victories, returned in triumph with his army to Rome, to be received, as was customary, with a great thanksgiving ceremony. Whilst the ceremony was in preparation he lost one of his two beloved sons, and three days after its celebration the other.

The city wondered how he would bear himself after the double calamity. Knowing this he had the people assembled and thus addressed them:

"I, who never yet feared anything human, have always feared fortune as faithless and inconstant; and for the very reason that she had been of late so favorable I was expecting some reverse. After many preliminary successes, in the short space of fifteen days I brought the war to a favorable issue. So I surmised that perhaps on the way home fortune would visit me with some calamity. And even after my safe arrival among you here with my army, the

spoils of war and the captives, finding you all full of joy and congratulations, still I distrusted, knowing well that fortune might now be surely expected to show me the other side of her face. If she did not visit me with her ill-favor, then I thought that perhaps something evil might befall the city. But she struck me in my own family, and in the midst of the rejoicings I had to carry my two sons to their tombs. Now therefore I am free from danger for a time, and I trust that fortune, having wreaked her ill-will upon me and shown me the usual instability of her favors, may now be harmless to you."

.....

"I knew there must be something unpleasant coming, for things had been running my way for a time."

Less stately words, but meaning the same thing.

And, "after a storm comes a calm," and while the calm is reigning another storm is brewing.

It is the regular oscillation of life. Fortune is not capricious. She has never dealt with men in any other way than by this system of alternations. For by it she carries out her purpose to train us into strength, to teach us not to be elated when all goes favorably or depressed when all seems to be failing us.

Both are parts of the game. Our part in it, once we have "got wise" to it, is to make the one move that gives us final victory, to keep heart and mind serene whatever comes. We cannot stop the alternations. If we somehow seize a little more pleasure than is in the program, we have added a little more pain to that side of the balance when its turn comes.

Nor is it "resignation," in the meek, hopeless sense, that is what is required as the right attitude. That is not much better than complaint. That which, to become real men, masters of our lives, we have to get, is the unmoved mind and heart. It will not be so difficult if we recognize that the game, often so painful for us, is only played on us for our benefit. Fortune is at work for the soul, and tries to drive us to that.

"Keep on Keeping On"

What shall a man do when faith seems to fail and hope dies and final failure seems to soak in like an impenetrable cloud? Keep straight on. It is the moment of supreme peril, for, according to the old fable, the devil's best weapon is despair. It is the supreme test of character, the moment which shows whether faith has been a matter of sunshine, of prosperity, of happiness, or has become an unshakable foundation, on which rest the hopes, the performances, the strength of a man's soul. Has he the vitality of conviction and the immovable

loyalty to stand when all help seems to fail him? That hour is the supreme test of the man When Cavour, broken-hearted by failure in his ardent dream of a united Italy, was on the verge of suicide, success was already in his hands; and it was during that tragic winter when Washington's troops, ragged, half-fed, seemed like the ghosts of a lost cause, that a compact and effective army was created for him.

- from *The Outlook*

The Eternal Youth

As medical officer of one of our large asylums I had at that time plenty of material for my favorite study: human mind and character. But my patients were never 'specimens' to me; as far as possible I always tried to gain their confidence, to get at their real selves behind that layer of mind that was diseased, to be their friend and to make them my friends.

At one time I had under my care a man who suddenly developed a quite remarkable instinct for painting. He would never associate with any other of the patients, had partially lost his memory and could not often be induced even to speak. I encouraged him in his painting whim and had him supplied with all he wanted. He spent most of his time at it, and in a year or two had developed a strange mastery of his new art. Nature scenes were his favorite material, and in most of his pictures he got in the sun rising or setting.

One day I came into his room and found him as usual at his easel and as usual he at once threw a cloth over his work and turned it to the wall.

"Don't you want to let me see what you're doing?" I said. "I'm interested in painting and you've never shown me anything you've done yet."

He looked at me stolidly for a moment and then said suddenly: "Look at it, then," and turned it round. Then he stood watching me as I studied it.

It represented a figure on a hilltop looking at the rising sun: an ordinary figure in ordinary attire, perhaps meant for himself. But just behind this was another, much taller figure, robed in white, luminous, half-transparent, haloed with light so that the first figure stood partly in the halo. The right arm of the white-robed figure was raised as if in salute to the sun on the horizon, and the left hand was upon the man's shoulder. And the figure was winged.

"Beautiful," I said; "tell me something about it."

He looked at me silently for a little while and then curtly said: "That's my moment."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"It's the only moment I've got, the one for the day. It's *me*, I tell you. *This*

isn't me" - pointing to his own body, "nor what's in here all day" - indicating his head. "Crazed? Yes, all day. I know it as well as you. Not fit for a kennel. But the sun gives me a moment of myself just when it comes up, all clear, no clouds, no fog. I stand back of myself, *light*, I tell you, and know about things. Everybody's got that thing, angel, in him; can't get out. Seems like the sun. Only a minute, though. But it's worth being crazed just to have that get out and meet the sun for that moment, and know what you are inside and what you will be when this crazed thing is dead and done with. I'm not crazed. I'm *that*" - pointing to the figure of the shining youth erect behind the other. "I did this picture to show the rest here what's in them, what is them if they could know it. I don't mind their thinking I'm crazy. There's one minute when I'm not, one minute of myself, beyond myself. - Now get out; I've told you. *You're that too*" - pointing again to the figure behind. "But you've never had a notion of it yet, for all you think you're smart, no more than the rest. Get out."

To my amazement he suddenly held out his hand, clasped mine a moment without looking at me, and then pointed to the door.

I have never forgotten this, and it always mixes up in my mind with a newspaper account I once read of the escape of two convicts from a southern prison. One of the two was a youth, hardly more than a boy, sentenced to a life term for killing a girl he loved, who he found had given herself to another man. The other was an old and hardened offender, regarded as of the worst criminal type, a jail-bird for decades in many jails. How they arranged their escape together I don't remember. They had had about four or five hours' start into the woods when the boy fell over a rock and broke his leg. The broken bone tore the muscle and an artery and cut the skin, and there had been much bleeding. This the elder man had tried to stop with strips from his coat and then *had given up his chances of get-away to carry the boy a mile and a half to the nearest cottage*.

Wasn't it the same thing as the picture? Hadn't man, underneath the crazed criminal self, got out and taken charge for a while? The man wouldn't have put it that way, probably wouldn't have admitted or understood that any particular change had come upon him for the time; but there had, just as in my lunatic at sunrise.

We're all insane, more or less, see everything out of true, give wrong values to everything, make big things of trifles, trifles of big things, act meanly and selfishly. But there's something better in us than all that, something that knows and sees true all the time. But mostly it can't get itself into our brains.

As I said, I shall never forget that lunatic who came to himself with the sunrise in his heart and head or the convict called to himself by compassion for the injured boy. If we could only all get to ourselves somehow! It is not so difficult. That *Other* may always be found by those who try. It stands closest to him who need it most.

- M.D.

Keep On Keeping On [2]

A man who is trying to make himself over into something better should remember that the obstacles in front of him, no matter how many he overcomes, always try to discourage him by looking as if they were just as many as they always were, in spite of his efforts.

Another trick they have. Some very important one, perhaps the support or leader of many of the rest - even all the rest - will make itself look very small and unimportant, so as to seem not worth bothering about. Some omission of a 'trifling' duty which the man is accustomed to allow himself may be this very ringleader. And even when he has attended to this and put it right it will whisper to him that he hasn't really gained anything by correcting such a trifle as that. Then he very likely lets it in on him again.

Or it pleads for "just this once; you're tired, you know." He forgets that by doing a 'trifle' just when he is tired he makes more progress than by ten times when he isn't.

Then he may get headed off just before a big victory, especially *the* victory. They catch him when he is a bit depressed or has had some irritation or worry of some sort, make themselves look as big and threatening as they can and whisper: "What's the use? Just look at us. You know you can't do anything against such a crowd as this. Why, you can't see any light at all, we're so many."

They make great play with a failure. The man forgets himself or loses hold, lets one of them in on him, and slips back two inches. They make the slip look like a mile; make the man feel that he has made an utter wreck of the whole business and that he might as well give up.

They may make it seem that there is no goal at all, that even when they are all overcome nothing will have been gained and all the trouble taken for no reward of light whatever.

They can't make circumstances really more difficult for a man, though they would like to. But they try what is just the same: they make him more sensitive to the little worries and annoyances from events and other people that there always are anyhow, matters that in former times he might hardly have noticed. So it seems to him as if everything was against him and too many for him.

These are just a few of the ways in which the elements of a man's own nature will seem to rise up against him. In fact he has declared war on them,

and if he goes ahead with his campaign they can't beat him. So all they can do is to try to prevent him from going ahead with it by means of various deceptions. "A man's foes shall be they of his own household."

- Student

How to Do It

[Alcoholism]

In a popular contemporary monthly an equally popular writer tells the story of how he got over the drink habit. Yes, and that's the way to put it, too. He walked over it, passed it by, left it behind him. He didn't fight it struggle with it, win out slowly and painfully over it. Just walked ahead and left it behind.

And it had quite a hold on him. "I had a cocktail, or a small glass of brandy, as soon as I got up in the morning. I had a cocktail, or two, or three, before luncheon; I had a whiskey and soda, perhaps more than one, during luncheon, and a cordial afterward. In the afternoons I got to the club at an earlier and earlier hour, usually I had time for two or three cocktails before the crowd turned up and the *real* cocktailing began. Then came the cocktail with dinner, champagne, cognac, and after dinner the protraction and intensification – by means of indefinite whiskey and soda – of the effect already produced."

There were times when he would swear off for a while and honestly keep to his swear. "I began 'going on the wagon' for a week, or three weeks, or 'until Christmas;' and there was once when I 'stayed on' for four months.'

But: "Whenever I was 'on the wagon,' the thought of the jolly time ahead was continually in my mind: I felt virtuous and worthy of the reward of a great and jubilant fall from the tedious wagon. My imagination was largely liquor; I thought of it, consciously, much more than when I was 'off the wagon.' - It was a time of nervousness, irritability and yearning."

Finally:

"Then the miracle happened. I quit. Quit completely. Forever. All in a minute - just like that!"

It was because he woke one morning, got out of bed for a first drink to steady his nerves - and found he couldn't even steady his hand enough to lift the glass to his lips. "So I made up my mind, not that I *would* quit but that I *had* quit. There's an enormous difference! If you make up your mind you *will* quit, you face a struggle, it's my belief you *create* a struggle. But if you say, 'It's over - I've had my last,' and say it with conviction, *knowing* it, and are quiet and resting when you say it, I believe that's all there is to it, and there won't be any struggle. There I was with the actual habit of years fastened on me; you'd have expected

me to be in a kind of agony, summoning my will-power and fighting, 'wrestling with temptation,' battling against the craving, the terrible thirst. Nothing of the kind. I had said to myself that I was through, and I had actually meant it . . . There was no craving, no temptation, no thirst . . . That's the point in my case: there isn't any struggle if you quit as I did. They tell me there are dipsomaniacs, and there may be some abnormal people who can't turn the trick; but I almost doubt it. And I don't believe there's the slightest question of will-power. 'Never for one second did I consciously exert my will. I didn't say to myself, 'I will,' or 'I won't,' I said, 'I've had my last,' and knew it was true. It didn't take the will-power, or the strength of a caterpillar. It didn't take *any*. I just rested a little, got my head clear."

The key of the victory is in this account, and the writer knows what the key is, and even says it rather roundabout-wise. More directly, it is our friend *imagination* again.

He went 'on the wagon.' No use. Why? Because his imagination was just spending the 'wagon' time in arranging a further program. And so of course when the time came he had to accept and walk into that program. "If you make up your mind you *will* quit, you face a struggle; it's my belief you *create* a struggle."

You do; you've *imagined* one for the coming weeks, and so again you must accept and walk into your program. Every intentional action has to have an imagination of the action on ahead clearing the way.

"But if you say, 'It's over - I've had my last,' and say it with conviction, *knowing* it, and are quiet and resting when you say it, I believe that's all there is to it, and there won't be any struggle."

Why won't there be? Because, in imagination, you've created a calm *no-struggle, no-crave* period in front. And into *that* you walk. "It didn't take the will-power of a caterpillar."

Yes it did. But the will worked at the right place where very little of it was needed. It worked at creating a picture in the mind, a picture of the crave and habit as being *behind*, done with, of himself going forward without the crave and habit. It had been working away at this while the man wasn't consciously attending to what it was doing. The only change in the program for some other man would be that he might need to do that consciously. Perhaps once for all and, perhaps every day or night for several times: perhaps quite a number of times, before he could get his imagination properly fixed. Any way his victory would be just as sure. And of course the principle applies to many other things besides drink.

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Self-Sincerity

How many excuses does the drunkard [or victim of any other weakness] find when each new temptation comes! It is a new brand of liquor which the interests of intellectual culture in such matters oblige him to test; moreover it is poured out and a sin to waste it; also others are drinking and it is churlishness to refuse. Or it is but to enable him to sleep, or just because he feels so cold; or it is Christmas day; or it is a means of stimulating him to make a more powerful resolution in favor of abstinence than any he has hitherto made; or it is just this once, and once doesn't count, etc. etc., *ad libitum* - it is, in fact, anything you like except *being a drunkard*. That is the conception that will not stay before the poor soul's attention. But if he once gets able to pick out that way of conceiving the various opportunities which occur, if through thick and thin he holds to it that this is being a drunkard and is nothing else, he is not likely to remain one long. The effort by which he succeeds in keeping the right name unwaveringly present to his mind proves to be his saving moral act. Everywhere then, the function of the effort is the same; to keep affirming and adopting a thought which, if left to itself, would slip away. - Prof. William James

Seeing Across Death

In one of the cells of 'condemned row' a man lay stretched out on his almost bare cot, brooding heavily. It was a gloomy November afternoon, but the cell was dark and cheerless enough at any time to need no help from the gloom outside.

Another week of life remained to this man. That fact now occupied his entire thought. His mind would not cease from picturing again and again the morning of his death-day, the sounds of the other condemned men being led out, the steps at last approaching his own door, the keys in the lock, the guard's "come," and then in another moment the last act of his life-drama, in the still grimmer death-chamber.

And what after? There was no answer in any corner of his mind, no light, nothing but the picture of the last moment, the drop, himself dangling from the end of the rope, the removal of *himself*, dead, into the examination room, the burial of *himself* in the convict's bleak graveyard. And the spirit of the dark, chill November afternoon hung low over everything.

Suddenly, without having moved, he was standing beside the cot, looking down upon himself on it. He noticed his torn jacket, one stockinged foot, and the fallen shoe on the floor. But the walls of the cell seemed to be dissolving, getting transparent, letting in clear sunlight. Another moment and they had vanished along with the cot and his body lying upon it. He was in the open space of the country, trees and pastures, all in rich sunlight, and no cloud in the

deep blue sky.

The sudden change seemed all natural; he was not startled, was only conscious of the joy of it all: a joy that left no room in him for anything more than a passing memory, unreal-seeming, of where he had been a moment before.

The light grew greater. Every speck of air seemed to glitter with it. And now there was only the sunlit space all about him, space no longer limited by an earth beneath his feet with its trees and landscape - as it were a great freedom stretching out every way from him. And he himself was somehow one with the light, full of the intense joy of his new freedom, the utter life of it. The friendly sun was in midheaven, and it somehow looked alive and seemed to be throwing a compassionate and protecting influence around him, seemed to be saying something to him. "There is nothing to fear, old man. I am really everywhere."

Then he saw that once more he stood upon the earth, and over all was still the great light, over city and country, down in the deep-sunken city streets and through the houses, the very walls, and into and through the very bodies of the people walking about and in the houses, soaking everything. But he saw that they did not see it, or hardly, did not feel its shining presence permeating and penetrating everything. Each was wrapped up in his little mind and dark self-centered little life and his pains and troubles and poor little aims and pleasures. Just a gleam shot now and then across their minds and for that moment they did have some pure, natural joy in life, some love and comradeship one to another. For it seemed to him that this sunlight, and natural joy, and the spirit of true comradeship, were one thing, not three; that light was always those other things and they were it, if men could but open their minds and comprehend; and that the whole universe was lit and sustained and helped by this divine essence that soaked and thrilled everything and guided everything. If men could but see that as he saw it they would know there was no death and naught anywhere or in anything to fear. They would know there was no need to sin and to hurt one another, that nothing hindered them from life and joy and light.

And then he was in his cell again. For a passing moment he saw his body once more upon the cot and then it was he himself there.

But not as before. He knew something now. The *body* they might kill, might bury. But not *him*. Nay, even the body and the earth into which they might put it were themselves shot through and alive in some way with that glorious all-penetrating light. Come to think of it, they couldn't even kill the body - only let it change into other ways of life, into sunlit air and sunlit trees and herbs.

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All this he told me himself, long after. But the way and the why of his return to the world need not be here set down.

Getting It Back Again

We're not as separate as we seem to be, not as separate as our bodies make us think we are. I reckon we touch minds with one another more or less all the time. I had a queer experience on that line once during the two-year jail spell I went through.

"I'd never taken much notice of the fellow in the cell next to mine. A quiet sort, just did what he had to and never said much to anybody.

"The time came round for the meeting of the parole board. We knew they'd been sitting all that day, a Tuesday it was. A fair lot of the boys of course had put in their applications. This fellow next me had, too, but according to his way he hadn't told anybody. In the evening I heard one of the guards come round to his cell, just opened the door, said something, I couldn't catch what, and went away again.

"I was pretty tired that night and turned in early. Slept like a top, too, and never knew anything more till the six o'clock bell rang. I started up on the first crack and as I took my head off the pillow I seemed to catch the tail end of a dream. Somebody was holding up in front of me one of those printed sheets we all knew so well, with '*Penitentiary Parole Board, State of . . .*' at the top. Then came a name I didn't seem be quick enough to read, but I noticed that the first word of it had been written wrong, crossed out and written again. And I noticed also that a bit of the top right-hand corner of the sheet had somehow been torn off. Then it went on: '*You are hereby notified that your application for parole has been granted, said parole to take effect June 17 of this year. Your attention is called to the conditions under which you will be liberated . . .*,' etc., etc.

"It seemed a funny sort of thing to dream. I knew it hadn't anything to do with me. I'd never applied to the Board. My tern was up anyway in another month.

"Well, the thing got out of my head, though there was a sort of exhilarated feel in my mind, just as if a stroke of good luck had come my way.

"But after breakfast what does that fellow do but make straight tracks for me, seemingly all excited, and he says: 'Say, what do you think of that?' and shoves a paper under my nose. It was the paper I dreamed of! Piece off the upper right-hand corner, given name written wrong and crossed out, date June 17 for release! There were two Lensions in the place, and the clerk had written the other man's name first, Joseph, and then crossed it out for Edward, which was my man's name.

"Now what do you make of that?"

"Just what you began with," I said. "We touch minds all along and especially where men are housed up with each other and have the same work and experiences. We don't notice what goes on because there aren't so very many such sharp-cut cases as yours, though it isn't the first I've heard of. But the thing goes on all the time in a more general way."

"What do you mean by a more general way?"

"Well, that was a special picture, strong and sharp-cut, that flashed across from the other fellow's mind to yours. It happened to be so vivid because his mind was so stirred up over the thing. And you got some of that feeling along with it, felt as if something good had happened to you too. In general we don't get each other's actual thoughts so much as the state of feeling behind them. *That's* what's infectious. And that's why, apart from his actual doings, every man is a help or a hindrance to everybody he gets near, whether he speaks or not. He heartens or depresses them, gives them a little more spirit for their work or makes their work the heavier. And then they react back on him. His own flavor becomes intensified. The friendly man gets friendlier, the other sort sourer and crustier and consequently unhappier. "

- Reporter

The Other

A man does not know much about himself till he has got on to the fact that there is another of him. It is only the *Other* that he needs to find; for the *one* he knows already, his ordinary self.

First he finds *traces* of the Other, scattered here and there along the day's stream of thoughts and feelings. Then, if he is on the watch at favorable times, he may become aware, just for a flash, of the Other's very self and presence. But the flashes may be made to lengthen and the traces may be so encouraged as to be there all the time. Finally the Other may become a constant presence with him.

In the place of Light out of which we come to birth and to which we return after death the Other is the man himself. There is no distinction.

Birth brings forgetting. There is so much to attend to here! And so he comes to himself as the infant, the child, all-attentive to the new keen bodily life and sensations and appetites. Even then, as you may sometimes see for a moment in a child's eyes, there are flashes of half-memory which the child is hardly aware of and does not understand. The young man may have them oftener, but in our days there is no one to tell him what they are. And the young

man's strong bodily life and active brain-mind generally make him quite inattentive to them. Nevertheless if he makes any attempt at right life, and the more he makes it, the Other part of himself is beginning to awake, beginning to burn up brighter in there behind his stream of thinkings and doings. It grows stronger with every good deed that he does and every good thought and impulse he encourages. It is like another self being born in him.

This Other is told of in many an old legend and story. In one of the ancient Persian sacred books the man who has just left earth-life meets in the field beyond a radiant youth and asks him who he is. "I am thy good thoughts and deeds," replies the youth, who at first guides him but afterwards becomes one with him.

So in each of us that has tried even but a little to live rightly there are two natures, one always standing in light and radiant with light, the other the creature of moods and personality, of worry, animosity, longings, dependent for its happiness on possessions and externals.

Take note when for a little, now and then, the self of light gives you one of its touches, so that you are, for a time, your best and kindest. Note how it has to stand back, usually very soon, before the common self of moods and unfriendlinesses.

Sometimes in early morning, when we get the awakening thrill of sunrise, the better self comes forth; sometimes at night, or after music or the reading of something that uplifts; sometimes without any apparent occasion. Our troubles vanish, look unreal, of no weight; there is hope trust, peace, indifference to small worries. We can turn to our common life with new strength.

Recognize them when you get them and recognize their absence when they are not there and there is nothing but the ordinary self. That is the first thing. Note when and on what occasions this higher comes forth and touches you with its peace and light, and then see that those occasions and opportunities for it are never missed. Open the way.

So, gradually, we learn to extend the spirit of our better moments into the worse, to have the light of the upper self playing more and more and for longer times along the hours of the day. And at last the reward comes. We are re-made, reborn, freed. The door showing the heights of human possibility beyond, is open. We have not waited till after death for the blending of the two, the personality and its Companion and Helper, the Other. We have entered the real life.

- Student

The Functions of a Door

What is a door? That seems a foolish question, and yet it will bear a little attention. Children are sometimes reminded that doors are made to shut.

Which is true; but also they are made to open. They are equally barriers and openings. Which they should be at any given moment depends upon circumstances. A door may be most valuable as a barrier to be opened only with discretion; we all know that. But we sometimes forget it when the house is our own minds, and the doors are openings through which come visitors of every sort and kind. The man who keeps open house in his mind will frequently find himself entertaining very unwelcome guests, and he may finally decide that there is much virtue in a closed door.

But he may then have almost lost the art of closing it, and in upon him will be coming all kinds of tramps, undesirable acquaintances, and even animals that should be housed elsewhere or in some cases killed outright. All of which feed on his vitality and spoil his best possibilities of life and thought.

A man should be master in his own house - which in this case is his mind in which he lives out his life while he is on earth. It is for him to say at all times whether his door shall be open or closed, and as he exercises his rights so will he find his company and so will he find himself. So it is well worth his while to practise this great art of opening and shutting at will the doors of mind. The acquirement is not easy and needs a good deal of perseverance; but he can do it if he will.

- M.

Discouraged!

Those who are trying to live a higher life often notice that worse failure than ever seems to follow upon increased effort. Even the common circumstances of life seem actually to conspire against the man who is fighting for his spiritual life.

Then discouragement comes, and that effort is not repeated for a long time.

But the fight should have been taken up with a better consideration for its consequences. It is easy enough, and quite unheroic, to drift and float. The man who fights, even seeming to fail, *remains the man who fought*. Whatever his present plight, he is never again among the herd of those who never tried; and sometime the force that made him draw sword once, will inspire him to do it again.

Every first sincere effort has within it the indestructible seed of ultimate

victory, sure sometime to grow.

A man has other living things beside himself in his own nature. Just as one who begins to try and live a higher, richer life than he has in the past will certainly awake the hostility of some of his quondam boon companions who perceive that he is separating himself from them, so with certain elements that are within himself. He who tries to mount will now have against him *that* in his nature with which he previously lived in harmony, regarding it as himself. He has now got an intelligent *opponent*, trained into intelligence by association with himself. This, feeling itself deserted and in danger of completer desertion; able, too, to assimilate and use some of that very energy which the man is calling out in himself – proceeds to fight for his life, with mind for the field.

So the man feels all disturbed. He thinks he must have gone the wrong way to work. He stops his efforts and the aspiration out of which they grew. Let him remember that between the two harmonies, the old harmony with his lower nature and the not yet come harmony with his higher, lies a necessary period of discord. If we shirk the discord we shall never get the harmony.

- Student

The Soul Spoke

(From a letter)

I was a materialist once, and I want to tell you how I found the way out. But I don't want you to think I ever hunted for the way out. I didn't.

I was perfectly content with my position.

So as I say, I regarded myself as just matter, body, flesh, that much of nature, one hundred and fifty pounds of nature-stuff, nothing else. All talk of 'spirit' I just laughed at.

Well, it got to be spring after a pretty hard winter. I began to wake up livelier in the mornings, felt sprier and lighter all day. Every fellow has that feel, of course, when spring comes in, "feels the spring in his bones" as we say, feels like jumping about with it, sometimes.

One morning I was out in the woods, and this feel got to a climax. Trees all breaking into buds, flowers all coming through everywhere, birds singing. I felt like I was part of it all, going to bud and flower and sing myself with the joy of it and the sense of new life.

"I'm a part of nature," I thought, same as I always had thought it. But now it came to me in a new way. "If there's nothing in me but what's in nature and nothing in nature but what's in me, and I'm a part of nature - why, there must be joy in nature." And of course you can't have unconscious joy. That's a

contradiction. The very essence of joy is the consciousness of it. If anything is unconscious it can't be having joy. "Well then, if I'm a sample bit of nature and I'm consciously in joy, so's nature conscious. Nature-life is *conscious* life, same as mine."

When I'd got that far another idea came along. "I'm watching myself happy," I said. "Who'm I that knows himself happy? Who'm I that thought he was nothing but a body? You can see your body. Who sees it? Look in the glass and you can see the eyes. Who looks through the eyes? Who thinks about what he sees? Who's here noticing what he's thinking about?"

Then I went on questioning myself. "Where did you get the notion of death, of your ever coming to be dead?" I didn't know altogether. But for one thing I had seen my mother dead. "She's gone," I remembered saying as I watched her last breath. It now seemed to me that I might have been speaking more of a truth than I then knew. *Gone*. Gone out of what was there on the bed, the form I loved so much. What saw in life through those eyes, what lived in that body, what thought in that brain, maybe was in some state where no eyes and no body and no brain were necessary to live with. There might be other kinds of life than the sort we live here. Maybe we live that other kind all the while inside of this one.

And suddenly, all in a flash, I *knew*, knew that I was immortal, knew I was in the body, knew I was something like *light*, divine, spirit - words are not much good. A man's got to get his own realizations of this. Man is divine life touching and for the time mixing up with that much of nature-life that is in his own body. He's the soul of his own nature, and all nature has got a soul too.

I only wish I could have put it all better. But the proper state of life is joy, whatever the external conditions; and when a man has made joy all through him, even for a minute only, there's the time to press in and find himself in the middle of it all. Throw out the troubles for that while, however short, and in the joy and peace and faith of that moment get in to yourself. Do it every day till you realize what you are. Then the joy won't need any more making. It'll be there always, permanent spring and sunrise.

The Unity Beneath

"Humanity is one" - to think that out is the first step on the *New Way*.

What does it mean? How is it true? How does it work out?

It shows itself in this: that the currents of human thought and feeling rise and fall in great waves that involve once many people. Do we not speak of an age of materialism, of an age of belief, of unbelief, of progress, of retrogression, implying a general tendency of the whole mind of humanity? In the very words

we recognise the unity of human consciousness. We know that spiritual movements, reform movements, pass at once over great areas of mankind.

Examples and instances each can think out for himself. There is there can be, no other meaning to them than that the life of humanity is one common life deeper than the separateness. The place in each man's inner life where it touches and unites with and reasons to the whole may not be recognized by him, but it exists. In each man's heart is a deep awareness and preparation for that which is coming, is at hand in the close future, out of sight for the brain mind but yet real. And so when the word is said, when the reformer comes, when the spiritual message is uttered, great masses of men and women are inwardly ready.

In our smaller groups the same is true. What one is thinking about or feeling, that also is in the mind of another. In family life and in all the closer associations of men these coincidences of thought are constant.

The run of men, feeling blindly, but not recognizing, this common life running beneath the surface, are at the mercy of its tides, are in no case its guides or helpers. It can only be recognized, consciously worked with and worked upon, by those who have to some degree got beyond the usual intense preoccupation of men with their private affairs, got over the usual intensity of self-feeling.

He who would find this common life must often retreat inward to his own heart, must find himself there in the silence. In thus seeking the soul he will become more and more sensitive to the currents of general feeling that play in the consciousness of humanity. For a while he may tend to be more fully their victim. He will feel more than ever before (and presently with understanding of what he feels) the gloom, the depression, the elation, of large bodies of men, of a nation, of nations, their tension or relief as they watch some great struggle or even the death-bed of some great figure. Upon his heart will break with more and more force the waves of their triumphings and lamentations. He is fully in the current which is deeper than that of merely personal life. Then, deeper yet, he will come upon the fountain of *all* life, the spiritual fountain whose waters emerging as human consciousness become turbid with human passion. And it is by uniting himself with that, that he gains the power to guide the whole life of man, to sweeten and uplift it. Whatever his outer duties, behind them, in a deeper life, he can be continuously upon this highest of all duties. To be conscious of divine Compassion, of the Power that is ever seeking to carry men onward - that is a possibility for us all. And it is only thus that we can gain knowledge of our immortality.

- Student

The Submarine

How well most people realize the fitness of the expression 'keeping one's head above water,' when applied to the struggle for life or for the things generally supposed to be necessary to life!

The idea of 'keeping afloat' seemed to be an image that was permanently established in general use. But now that the submarine has come into use (or shall we rather say abuse?) the allegory has lost some of its force. Now that men can live under water or up among the clouds for a considerable time, many of our familiar images will have to be recast in a new form, if they are not to be discarded as out of date.

This is interesting to one who has had the experience of failing to keep afloat upon the tide of prosperity; for it suggests to him something he might have learned from his own experience, if he had been able to learn that way. The fact that there are more ways of keeping going than by staying on the surface might have been apparent to him when the tide of fortune swept over his head and almost drowned him.

It is curious to note that when a man is sailing on the surface he calls the ocean allegorically the tide of *fortune*, but when it swamps his boat he is said to be overwhelmed by the flood of *misfortune*. From which I argue that fortune and misfortune are not different in themselves but are different appearances of the tide of life to different men.

The submarine has taught us that submergence may be a means of protection against worse dangers on the surface.

Let a man who has seldom managed to 'keep his head above water' in the affairs of life, and who perhaps fancies that he is drowned because the waters have closed over his head, think of the submarine, and remember that he too has the power to live a long while 'under water,' and to come to the surface again as a surprise to those who had thought him drowned.

There is something in the idea more than a mere fancy. The submarine is a hard fact. I am not going into the question of how it is now being used, but am merely noting the fact that it has proved the possibility of successfully sailing below the surface of the water. A fact in nature is a demonstration of natural law; and natural law holds good all through the whole realm of Nature in which we live.

That is why it is possible to 'reason by analogy.' The law of Nature is not capricious, and it can be seen to operate on all sorts of levels of the world's life, adapting itself to circumstances. So that when we talk about the 'tide of prosperity,' and of a man 'taking advantage of the tide,' or of his being able to 'just keep his head above water,' or of his 'going under,' we are not talking fancifully but scientifically, using a visible condition of nature to illustrate an

invisible one. The ocean is visible and the tide of life is not; but nature's law works all the time and everywhere appropriately adapted to the circumstances.

May it not be that there is a navigator in man, of whom he does not know much, but who knows a good deal about the ocean of life and its dangers, and also knows many things about the possibilities of the craft he navigates? This unknown navigator may know all about the advantages of an occasional submergence as a means of protection against some worse danger. He may know just how long his craft can stay below, and he may know how and when to come up to the surface again - all of which knowledge is beyond the outer man's grasp.

It may be that the worst 'submergence' that a man knows this side of the grave may be the means of saving him from enemies on that 'tide of prosperity' beneath whose waves he has 'gone under.'

A man may have worse perils to face in the day of his prosperity than when he seems down and out. It all depends upon his store of oxygen, and on his machinery, how long he can live down there and whether he can come up again. The submarine has taught us that much: that a man may go under and come up again. That is worth thinking about, for all men are liable to 'go under' for a time.

I think that the necessary store of oxygen or 'breathable air' is like hope which means life to the inner man as air means life to his body; and hope is based on faith in a man's own inner self and on trust in the Higher Law. So long as he is Man, he is alive and so long as he lives he has no need to fancy that he is dead, or drowned because he has 'gone under.' He is alive, and he knows it; that is enough to prove to him the folly of despair. He may be under water, and out of sight, for a time, but he may be safe also for a time from some other peril that he failed to recognise when he was on the surface. Let him reflect upon the submarine; there may be something there for him to get a new idea from as to his own submergence.

- R. M.

Knowing Human Nature

There's a surface human nature and a deep human nature, and you can know the first as thoroughly as Sam Weller knew London without having the slightest touch with the other.

The first is known by observation. Some acute business men do this in perfection. They reckon a man up by all sorts of signs, the way he walks, speaks, looks at them; his complexion; fifty little outward indications.

Sometimes they make a judgment about some applicant for a post so swiftly that they don't themselves know how they did it; and it may be almost infallible. Their power comes from the long practiced habit of studying men as a horse dealer studies horses. It's a science, needing, like other sciences, the coldest observation; and, like other sciences, *not* needing a heart.

But as it needs no heart for its practice, so it doesn't give any knowledge of the heart, the deeper nature, of the man on whom it is practiced. The other way reaches after a while all the knowledge that the first one gets, as well as much more. It rests on sympathetic fellow-feeling leading at once to action. It is knowledge by service.

You notice some other man suffering or in difficulty. Your friendly desire to help is aroused and you go and render the help. This action awakes in you a brotherly feeling towards the man you have helped. There is now an inner in-touch-ness between you. He has become a fellow-creature, not a mere outward form.

There is a double effect. Your own inner nature has enlarged by as much of him as you have now got the feel of in your heart. And your knowledge of inner human nature has grown by as much, though you could not put the addition into any form of words or description. You got it by *doing* something, not by mere outer observation. The profoundest knowledge of human nature, finally including all that the other way yields, comes by this method, by action towards and for others, by service. The constant practice of this has been the secret of their knowledge of human nature in the wisest of all ages, all the spiritual teachers of all times. These men have seen human failings and weaknesses clearly enough, but they were always holding on to that part of human nature which is deeper than its failings. By constant service and the kindly and compassionate will to serve they did the holding on and got the knowledge. It is deeds of service resting on the desire to give help that alone will open up full knowledge of human nature, knowledge by sympathetic in-touch-ness, realised knowledge, *direct* knowledge as distinct from knowledge which rests on inference from appearances.

This principle of coming into inner touch with a man and so knowing him, by acts for him, is capable of being applied further. God, the Divine in all things, may be known in the same way, understood, got into touch with. Real inner knowledge and communion can be opened up. The way of brotherhood towards the hearts of fellow-men may also be the way to the heart of the Divine.

Constant service of some sort must be rendered. Part of this service is service to humanity, for the Divine is present there in each one, however hidden.

Let a man make the highest idea of the Divine presence, of God, that he can, one that satisfies his ideals. That of itself will be one act of service and will bring it's reward. The idea will be imperfect and perhaps wrong in part. But in part it will lead to and be accepted by what it is intended for.

Then, to the Divine he has thus reached in his thought and in degree got into actual touch with, let him make offering of all his work as he does it; doing it in the spirit of offering it; do it at his best and as best he can. Let him treat his pleasures in the same way - those that are fit for this offering up.

The touch between the man and the Divine will grow closer and more conscious. The man will come to know, where at first he could only have faith. And because of the companionship his whole nature and will, will gradually get purified and ennobled and strengthened, and his failings will be outgrown and drop away.

This Way is as open to us now as in older times, the times when men symbolised their offerings of their deeds by little daily offerings of water, a flower or a fruit. The symbol and deed went together.

- Student

The Magic of Right Action

A right action, done against the temptation to do a wrong one, instantly strings up the entire nature, sweeps clouds out of the whole mind, tones up the body, makes Satan of a sudden get behind us.

That is magic, and there is no other way to get for ourselves those results. They are very pleasurable; we are tempted to repeat the process. Imagine having a nature that continually tempted you to do – right! We are familiar with the other kind of temptation; this one would be a novelty.

If men would only learn how easy it is to get the habit of right action! The pleasure of it! The tonic of it!

You have to be careful about a right action; you will certainly be tempted to do another, and you may at last get so infatuated with this kind of work that no other will satisfy you for a moment. It rouses a good many little imps in the lower nature, and if you go back on your tracks and yield to any of these as you used to so easily and constantly, you will feel peculiarly mean and small and out of tune. And there is no way of getting rid of these feelings except by returning to the new and charming policy of right action. All the people who have thoroughly tried the policy agree about all this.

But let us think: Why didn't we try this before as a steady principle? Because something in our nature tempted us and we yielded. And that something said: "Right action is difficult and painful; leave it and try my pleasant way." We believed it and acted accordingly. But if we gave the matter a thorough trial we should find we had been lied to; the pleasure is the other way. Let us now try it and a surprising thing will become obvious. The pleasure

in wrong action is not ours at all; it is the lower fellow, the little imp, who gets that pleasure; but he asserts so positively that we get the pleasure that we are deceived and come to take his pleasure for our own.

All the while we secretly loved right action without knowing it, and the pleasure of it is ours. We have a right to it; why not get it oftener? The pleasure is the approval of the soul, the only real and lasting pleasure without a reaction, productive of health of mind and body, productive of wisdom and knowledge of spiritual things. It is a pleasure altogether peculiar to itself. It endows the possessor with a magic touch, a magic something which causes all those who are distressed and in need of help to come instinctively to him; to all who see him it gives a sense of safety and protection which they cannot explain; all who are trying to do right are encouraged in his neighborhood; all who are in doubt between right and wrong are encouraged to select the right by infection from him.

Right action is the easiest way out of wrong action. To be continually examining oneself - have I done wrong? - is apt to be morbid and to breed that fear of consequences here or hereafter which paralyses any action whatever. If the steady principle is to do right, wrong will soon go of itself, and there will be no need for morbid heart-searching.

A man need not be worried about right action *tomorrow* or look forward wearily to months or years of it. His concern is only with the next action on his list; in the path of right action you live from hand to mouth, healthily and cheerfully doing the next thing that turns up.

In constant right action we can come to know our immortality. For we come to know the soul, the very principle of immortality itself. We are friends with our own souls.

- Student

Open Your Front Door

I got to wondering why the birds sing; it was that started me off.

They sing at mating time, says science, to attract a mate. Maybe. But why do they sing all along the rest of the year, now in November, for instance? A mocking-bird used to get up on the arbor top in my garden in the early evenings and for thirty minutes put his whole energy into rendering the songs of every other sort of bird in the neighborhood, did it for pure enjoyment, all by himself. When he was satisfied he went to bed. In the mornings he sometimes did the same.

It seems to me that that wants a good deal of explanation.

Why do the plants put out so much gorgeous color in their flowers? To attract fertilizing insects, says science. Maybe. But just as the birds sing as much when there is no mating on, it seems possible that four-fifths of the flower display that plants make has nothing to do with insects. In fact some *self-fertilizing* plants throw out very fine flowers.

When a man is suddenly struck with a great idea his first impulse is to talk it, write it, tell it, put it on the air. He may be restrained, of course, by various secondary considerations. If he sees money in it, for instance, he may hold it; or if there is no one who could sympathize with it. But his first impulse is to spread it out before his fellows. And this the more, the more generous - that is, the higher - is his nature.

The same with the composer, the poet, the artist. The inspiration that comes upon them they must throw out, express. They burn to give the symphony, the poem, the picture, to the world. Thoughts of fame or money have nothing to do with this primary impulse. If they persistently resisted the impulse, the inspiration would soon begin to cease coming upon them. To continue getting it they must give it out. The process is as natural as the singing of the bird, the color show of the flower.

There may not be much difference between the song of one thrush and another. But there's every difference between the poetry of Tennyson and Whittier, the music of Beethoven and Handel. The world needs all these. Each contributed a special something that has helped the mind of the race in its special way. And though each got the apparatus for expression, the brain and eye and ear and so on, from his parents and ancestry through heredity, yet the special message, flavor, so to speak, that the man of genius delivers through his art, his poetry or his music, is absolutely his own, unique, not got from anywhere but himself. He came to earth charged with that to give, and directly the apparatus was ready he began to give it - often, in fact, before that; in early childhood.

The highest sort of man, then, comes to earth as a contributor to the rest of us, with a special gift of his own for us. And everything does look as if he brought it with him, got it or developed it in himself *before he came here* amongst us. And it is just this that has made me believe that the soul of each of us existed, somewhere, somehow, before it came here to what we call life, from a place or state perhaps of so glorious a nature that we, shut in to bodies of poor disease-ridden flesh, cannot understand - till we get out again, free in death.

To return to where I started, the birds and flowers. It seems to me that they too are actuated, though without understanding it, by the same urge to give out, to contribute from within, to bring the hidden into the manifest. You see the same in the schoolboy as he goes whistling to school, though he too does not understand what he is doing. But the life in him and welling out of him may

understand.

In other words real life shows itself in contributing, giving. He who wants more and more of it must obey its law, let out his inner nature if only in a kindly smile or word. Set our minds to that keynote, and our own inner states of joy and of power and inspiration begin to open to us. It is for lack of doing this that men know so little - so nothing - of their own inner wealth.

The Inner Chamber

It was years ago that I first read Whitman. But, toiling here and there through the pages, I found nothing (or very little) to which I responded.

Lately, by some impulse, I pulled out the volume again. And now I found that here and there he was voicing the very soul and inwardness of my mind. What he said was now in me, awaiting the very words in which he said it. Poetry and all fine reading draws out into clear light what was previously hidden in us. It makes a man known to himself. The outer man has often no understanding at all of the inner man and his wealth, though the inner man is also himself. The poetry that appeals gives the inner a voice and a shape that can be heard and seen and understood by the outer. And so also of music. Neither can give outright. They only interpret and make manifest.

As we live, think, suffer and endeavor – especially suffer! - the inner man grows, deepens. So we find as the years go by that the old pleasures are empty; we are beyond them, greater now than they. Surely nothing to lament in that, the very sign of growth! And now the book, the poetry, that once was nothing to us, is aglow with meaning. We have ripened, we are ready for the message, the message from the inner to the outer. If we are wise in our life, in our readings, in our meditations, seeking daily the inner silence of aspiration, we can as it were at last transfer ourselves from the outer to the inner and find peace and wealth – and this without leaving the outer or omitting any duty or any kindly service and attention to others.

Whitman lived his last fifteen years of life paralyzed but 'uncomplaining,' they say. There was no 'complaint' just because the inner life had come out and become the outer and filled up the outer with its fullness.

- Student

The Passing of Revenge

A man hits or insults you, and you hit him back without a thought. That's ordinary, unregenerate human nature.

And being human nature, it is, on the whole, Society's treatment of the criminal. The criminal has in some way wronged Society or some one or more members of it and after certain technical procedures Society hits him back.

Until recently, and mostly yet, it hit him back without a thought, instinctively: that is, without considering whether the back-blow was the way of wisdom. It dealt out the instinctive back-blow that the ordinary man renders for an insult. It calls the blow 'punishment,' and it grades the hardness in a rough sort of way; but the name does not essentially alter the proceeding.

Which is really a sufficient argument against or condemnation of 'punishment'; for very few would question that the instant revengeful back-hit of human lower instinct is wrong.

But if 'punishment' is *wrong*, then there won't and can't be good results from it. Of the two desired results - that the wrong doer shall be hit, and that crime shall be lessened - there will only be the first. Crime is not lessening but increasing. Our method is not staying the increasing diffusion of criminality, nor causing the criminal, after release, to be less likely than before to commit his crime. As much as he is less likely, is the result, not of the 'punishment' awarded, but of the agony of exposure and disgrace. The treatment itself, dispiriting, unmanning, resentment-making, tells in *favor* of subsequent crime.

As we said, crime is increasing. The treatment of it is wrong and we are accordingly getting the inevitable results of wrong doing.

The proper treatment of crime seems to most people, once they seriously take it up, an insoluble problem.

But note this rather significant fact: That as soon as it began to dawn upon some minds that the betterment of the criminal, physical, mental and moral, and not revenge, not the back-blow, was the proper motive to start with - then some new ideas began to come and we had the parole system, the indeterminate and suspended sentence, juvenile courts, etc., etc.

And we say that in proportion as the revenge treatment is seen through and becomes distasteful, in proportion to the numbers whose minds thus change, will new and right ideas present themselves and join on to the few we now have. And at last, when the revenge idea is wholly gone, we shall find the absolutely right treatment, the only treatment that will give the steady diminution of crime which we want to see.

The revenge instinct is wholly vicious and only in proportion as we get rid of it will our minds clear up and come in sight of methods of treatment which are wise and humane and consequently fruitful. We can remain blind as long as we choose. But there is a little eye-opening here and there.

How to Make the Bed

"I couldn't bother to do it as carefully as that." I was speaking to my tent-mate who was making his bed with his usual attention to exact flatness and neatness.

"Why not be an expert in bed-making as well as anything else?" he said. "It costs next to nothing. The bed's got to be made. May as well get something out of a necessary job. At a cost of two more minutes than you spent on yours, I've accomplished quite a deal, in fact several deals, moral, mental, spiritual, aesthetic, psychological - want any more of it?"

"Hire a hall, Jim," I said. "This is too much wisdom to give out to one man. *'The Rev. James Bonney will deliver his famous lecture on bed-making. Illustrative pictures. Five reels.'*"

"Well," he said meditatively as he lit his pipe and sat down, "I've sometimes thought I'd like to be a reverend for a while so as to deliver a few discourses on a text that's never had a fair run. I mean *'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do - '* you know the rest. Now that's as full of meat as an egg. I used to keep it stuck up over my bed. And that's why I began to think it meant bed-making as well as anything else.

"Any fellow can just do what he's got to. It's the extra touch a man gives to his jobs that presently lifts him out of the any-fellow ranks into the commissioned.

"There's a string of things that a man's got to do every day, duties of one sort or another. Now I say that if a man flings his whole mind into every one of them as if he were practicing to be an expert at each, he'll be ten times more of a man at the end of a year than a man that puts his best juice only into what he likes doing.

"It's obvious that he can't lose anything at this game. He's keeping himself fit all over, mind and body. He builds something into his nature with everything he does. And when playtime comes he gets more fun out of the play because he's trained himself to throw himself head and ears into every job. His will's growing all the time because he keeps it toned up against the laziness and slackness we're all born with. His mind learns to concentrate and his body to be dexterous and strung up. If a man's mind is on tone, so is his body. His muscles are taut, not slack. He walks upright and alert, like a man, and his digestion and health generally, are good. If he uses his eyes, ears, fingers and what not to the full on everything he's got to do, they get keener and better fit for everything else. Because his will's growing he comes to be able to control himself in every direction. Then, because he's trained his mind to come to heel

all the time and not fly around so much, it gets out of the way of hunting up thoughts that worry and are bad for him, and it becomes a reliable instrument for his thinking and study. It'll get to the bottom of things he wants it to think of. And it'll stay quiet when he wants to enjoy music or a bit of fine landscape.

"And he lives about four times as much as the other fellow because he travels faster and sees more scenery."

"Sees more scenery?" I said.

"Yes, it's something like this:

"Fellows are apt to complain of their lives being monotonous - same old things everlastingly to do. I'm beginning to get on to a queer law about life. It looks to me, and looks the more like it the more I look, that these 'same old things' cling on to fellows just because they don't stand up and meet them right. I mean because they don't do them with that extra touch, don't throw themselves right in. They don't *exhaust* the situation. It looks to me that when a fellow *does* do this, does go right into his monotonous jobs and exhaust them - why, after a certain time they quit, drop off him and he passes on to something better, even if it does take the gods a little time to notice what he's doing and promote him. And all this is in addition to the fact that jobs done so as to get something out of them for will and mind and character, done with tone to them, mostly cease to be burdensome. A man partly forgets *what* he's doing in the *way* he does it.

"A fellow's got to meet a given lot of experiences till he *does* meet them. Then they quit. Just you look and see if that don't seem to be so. Slouching and shying at duties is the way to have them stick like barnacles.

"So according to this everything a fellow does should be done with a tone, done full chorus. If he says good-morning let him put some friendly juice into it. If he's got to walk twenty yards let him walk them, not slouch them.

"And there's the philosophy of bed-making. Be an expert at it, *and* at saying good-morning, *and* at playing a ball game, *and* at learning French and the big drum, and, when necessary, in resting in an arm chair and thinking of nothing *but* rest and relaxation. But you get so that you don't need much of that. This line of work presently gives the strength it goes along with, and a margin over as a tonic."

- The Other Fellow

Verse

The Great Tone

I heard it in Niagara's sound
Of tumbling waters seaward bound;
And like a thousand harpings borne
Upon the golden wings of morn,

I heard the distant city's din
Assuaged and re-intoned therein.

I heard it in the storm-tossed trees;
The trafficking of murmurous bees;
The lofty mountain's sundered snow
Loud rushing to the gorge below;
And near the lonely surf-bound shore
I heard it chanted, o'er and o'er.

The sovereign tone croons o'er the deep.
And every desert place asleep,
And is the world's eternal song,
That thrills alike the weak and strong:
But those who dare and know not fear
In their own hearts its singing hear.

- Student

* The Chinese call this great tone *Kung*. "We hear it distinctly in the voice of nature, in the roaring of the ocean, in the sound of the foliage of a great forest, in the distant roar of a great city; in the wind, the tempest, and the storm: in short, in everything in nature which has a voice or produces sound. To the hearing of all who hearken, it culminates in a single definite tone, of an unappreciable pitch, which is the F, or Fa, of the diatonic scale."

The New Way in Shakespeare

Thanks, fortune, yet, that after all my crosses
Thou givest me somewhat to repair myself.

- *Pericles*

We, ignorant of ourselves,

Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good: so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.

- *Anthony and Cleopatra*

They say best men are molded out of faults.

- *Measure for Measure*

Thou see'st we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theater
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

- *As You Like It*

Let men take heed of their company.

- *Henry IV*

He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

- *Taming of the Shrew*

Are these things then necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities

- *Henry IV*

If we do now make our atonement well
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

- *Henry IV*

He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer.

- *Timon of Athens*

'Tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are gardens, to the which
our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce, have it
sterile with idleness or manured with industry, why the power and corrigible
authority of this lies in our wills.

- *Othello*

My desolation does begin to make
A better life.

- *Anthony and Cleopatra*

Thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.
- *Much Ado About Nothing*

A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung from change of fortune.
- *Timon of Athens*

Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods
Draw near them then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
- *Titus Andronicus*

The fineness of [our] metal is not found
In fortune's *smile*; for then the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the learned and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all alike and kin:
But in the wind and tempest of her *frown*,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away:
And what hath mass and matter, by itself
Lies rich in virtue and unmingled.
- *Troilus and Cressida*

Will

- Edna Wheeler Wilcox

There is no chance, no destiny, no fate,
Can circumvent, or hinder, or control
The firm resolve of a determined soul.
Gifts count for little: Will alone is great;
All things give way before it, soon or late.
What obstacles can stay the mighty force
Of the sea-rushing river in its course,
Or cause the ascending orb of day to wait?
Each well-born soul must win what it deserves.
Let the fool prate of luck! The fortunate
Is he whose earnest purpose never swerves,
Whose lightest action or inaction serves
The one great aim.
Why, even death stands still
And waits an hour, for such a Will!

A Mystery

by John Greenleaf Whittier

The river hemmed with leaning trees
 Wound through its meadows green;
A low, blue line of mountain showed
 The open pine between.

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

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

Not otherwise above the crag
 Could lean the blasted pine;
Not otherwise the maple hold
 Aloft its red ensign.

So up the long and shorn foothills
 The mountain road should creep;
So, green and low, the meadows fold
 Its red-haired kine asleep.

The river wound as it should wind;
 Their place the mountains took;
The white, bony fringes of their clouds
 Wore no unwonted look.

Yet ne'er before that river's rim
 Was pressed by feet of mine,
Never before mine eyes had crossed
 That broken mountain line.

A presence, strange at once and known,

Walked with me as my guide;
The skirts of some forgotten life
Trailed noiselessly at my side.

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

Germ-Proof

by Arthur Guiterman

The Antiseptic Baby and the Prophylactic Pup Were playing in the garden
when the Bunny gamboled up;
They looked upon the Creature with a loathing undisguised;
It wasn't Disinfected and it wasn't Sterilized.

They said it was a Microbe and a Hothed of disease;
They steamed it in a vapor of a thousand-odd degrees;
They froze it in a freezer that was cold as Banished Hope
And washed it in permanganate with carbolated soap.

In sulphureted hydrogen they steeped its wiggly ears,
They trimmed its frisky whiskers with a pair of hard-boiled shears;
They donned their rubber mittens and they took it by the hand
And 'lected it a member of the Fumigated Band.

There's not a Micrococcus in the garden where they play;
They bathe in pure iodoform a dozen times a day;
And each imbibes his rations from a Hygienic Cup,
The Bunny and the Baby and the Prophylactic Pup.

- Selected

Waiting

by John Burroughs

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,

Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For, lo! My own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays;
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I see are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal way unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

The Coming Race

by John A. Symonds

These things shall be! A loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise
With flame of freedom in their souls
And light of knowledge in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave and strong,
Not to spill human blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm
On earth and fire and sea and air.

Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;

In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

New arts shall bloom, of loftier mold,
And mightier music thrill the skies;
And every life shall be a song,
When all the earth is paradise.

"No Coward Soul"

by Emily Bronte

No coward soul is mine,
 No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere;
 I see heaven's glories shine,
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

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

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

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

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

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

There is no room for Death,
Nor atom that his might could render void:
Thou - thou art Being and Breath,
And what thou art may never be destroyed.

The Unbroken Thread

by T. B. Aldrich

I vex me not with brooding on the years
That were ere I drew breath; why should I then
Distrust the darkness that may fall again
When life is done? Perchance in other spheres -
Dead planets - I once tasted mortal tears,
And walked as now among a throng of men,
Pondering things that lay beyond my ken,
Questioning death, and solacing my fears.
Oft times, indeed, strange sense have I of this -
Vague memories that hold me with a spell,
Touches of unseen lips upon my brow,
Breathing some incommunicable bliss!
In years foregone, O Soul, was not all well?
Still lovelier life awaits thee. Fear not thou!

Voices of Children

- Meredith Nicholson

Voices of children breaking
On eve's delaying hour;
Voices in low mirth calling
From the dusky garden bower;
They mock the late robin's chanting,
They call the young moon in glee -
And through the sweet lingering twilight
They steal in to me.
Shy girl with your low glad laughter,
Wee boy with your bubbling mirth.
The odorous garden around you

Is a playground 'twixt heaven and earth!
And what can I do to keep you,
 O sweetest and dearest twain,
Ignorant of earth's harsh discords
 And free of its stress and pain!
Soft trebles of golden laughter
 Fall faint through the starry eve;
And the robin in the maple
 Wings home and ceases to grieve;
While with drowsy steps and reluctant
 To their cots the children climb,
Their throats still bubbling laughter
 And their lips still murmuring rhyme.
I turn away to the garden
 Their goodnight sweet in my ears,
And ponder and dream and wonder
 At the mist-veiled tide of years;
Ah! if only the mirth and laughter
 From their hearts might never die;
If the sweet, shy awe and wonder
 In their gaze might always lie!
But the slim, young moon fades westward;
 The night wind murmurs low.
And above me the planets question
 What man nor star may know.

The Release of Death

(From an ancient Egyptian Poem)

Death opens before me today
Like health before one who has been sick,
Like going forth into a garden after sickness.
Death is before me today
Like the fragrance of myrrh,
Like sailing forth upon the waters before the wind.
Death is before me today
Like the coming of the rain-streams upon the desert.
Like his returning home to a warrior from the war.
Death is before me today
Like the thought of his own house

To one long in captivity.

An Arab Story

From Pearls of the Faith

- Sir Edwin Arnold

An Angel of the Lord, a minister.
Had errands upon earth, and Moses said,
"Grant me to wend with thee, that I may learn God's ways with men."

The Angel, answering, said,
"Thou canst not bear with me; thou wilt not have
Knowledge to judge; yet if thou followest me,
Question me not, whatever I shall do,
Until I tell thee."

Then they found a ship
On the seashore, wherefrom the Angel struck
Her boards and brake them. Moses said, "Wilt drown
The mariners? This is a strange thing wrought!"
The Angel answered - "Be thou silent now!
Did I not say thou couldst not bear with me?"

Yet further and they met an Arab boy:
Upon his eyes with mouth invisible
The Angel breathed; and all his warm blood froze,
And, with a moan, he sank to earth and died.
Then Moses said, "Slayest thou the innocent
Who did no wrong? This is a hard thing seen!"
"Did I not tell thee," said the Minister,
"Thou wouldst not bear with me? Question me not!"

Then came they to a village, where there stood
A lowly hut; the garden-fence thereof
Topped to fall: The Angel thrust it down,
A ruin of grey stones, and lime, and tiles,
Crushing the lentils, melons, saffron, beans,
The little harvest of the cottage folk.
"What hire," asked Moses, "hadst thou for this deed,
Seeming so evil?"

Then the Angel said,
"This is the parting betwixt me and thee;
Yet will I first make manifest the things
Thou couldst not bear, not knowing; that my Lord -
'Exalted above all reproach' - be praised.
The ship I broke serveth poor fisher folk
Whose livelihood was lost, because there came
A king that way seizing all boats found whole;
Now have they peace. Touching the Arab boy:
In two moons he had slain his mother's son,
Being perverse; but now his brother lives,
Whose life unto his tribe was more, and he
Dieth blood-guiltless. For the garden wall:
Two goodly youths dwell there, offspring of one
That loved his Lord, and underneath the stones
The father hid a treasure, which is theirs.
This shall they find, building their ruin up,
And joy will come upon their house.
But thou, journey no more with me, because
I do Nought of myself, but all by Allah's will."

A Creed

- John Masefield

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 roads again.

Such is my own belief and trust;
This hand, this hand that held 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.
