

THE RADIANT CENTRE

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND RELIGION.

"We stand before the secret of the world, there where being passes into appearance and unity into variety."—Emerson.

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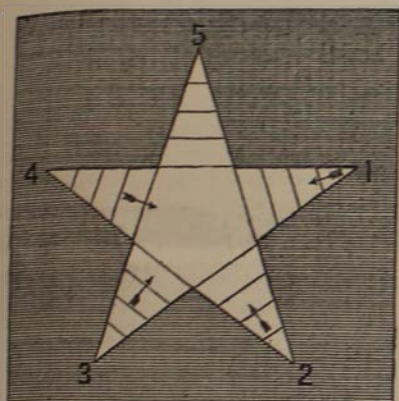
Thinking in the Heart,

Or,

Easy Lessons in Realization.

By Kate Atkinson Boehme.

LESSON VI.



I am often asked if I believe in prayer. I do. But let me explain what I mean by prayer. I mean far more than is meant in the orthodox interpretation, and yet I include that in my conception. Every atom prays, as well as man, reaching out tiny hands to be filled with that which it desires. Man can do no more. All action in the universe is based on prayer and its fulfilment. The seed prays to the earth, to the air, to the sun; that is, it sends out a demand, and that demand is met and supplied. Emerson says: "As soon as the man is at one with God, he will not beg. He will then see prayer in all action. The prayer of the farmer kneeling in his field to weed it, the prayer of the rower kneeling with the stroke of his oar, are true prayers heard throughout nature, though for cheap ends."

The man who is not at one with God does not see prayer in all action. He limits it to an entreaty from the human mind to a Divinity transcendent, separate and distinct from itself. His conception, so far as it goes, is true enough, for Divinity transcends the human consciousness. Not until it is merged into the Divine does it know itself to be not only the prayer, but the answer as well.

Those who have studied the foregoing lessons in this series will understand the above diagram to represent potential Being

and its expression. The rays stand for expression or Being passing into manifestation. The space in the middle of the diagram we call the radiant centre from which radiates every expression possible to Being, but in this instance we have attempted only to represent the human ray or expression.

The human consciousness in its progress toward Divinity awakens gradually along the whole length of the ray, beginning at the small end, where it focusses in external life, in circumscribed form, and widening with the ray until it reaches the breadth and absolute freedom of the centre.

In Ray (1) let us suppose that we have the earliest awakening of the human consciousness. The presence of Divinity is not realized, and yet its pressure or influence is felt as of something coming from afar. The state is analogous to that of our earth as it receives the light and warmth of the sun. It only gets this light and warmth after it has passed through many strata of earth-enveloping ethers. The earth does not know the sun as it really is, but as it is when affected by the intervening media through which it must pass. To illustrate further: If I were a lifelong prisoner behind red glass windows my natural inference would be that all light is red. Let me escape and I learn the truth. It may not be the entire secret of the solar spectrum which stands revealed to me, but I at least know that the light which I had supposed to be red was only so by virtue of the medium through which it reached me.

In like manner the human consciousness when it awakes at the end of the ray feels Divinity, but has a misconception regarding it. It can not be otherwise in the natural order of things. It feels Divinity and reaches out instinctively toward it blindly and feebly, and this is its prayer, the earliest prayer of the human consciousness, weak, imperfect, but natural, orderly and necessary because it is the first number of a sequence. In a sequential order of unfoldment number one is as essential to that order as the number which marks its end.

Divinity shines as surely upon the fetich worshipper as upon the monotheist, but it touches both through media, and is therefore not fully revealed.

The prayer of the earlier consciousness opens the door to an inner place in the ray of Being which lies nearer the centre. From this place prayer reaches forth again,

another door is opened, and thus is the passage made from the earliest dawn of the human consciousness to its at-one-ment with the Divine. It is a gradual awakening of life and action from the point of the ray to its radiant centre.

I have only designated four degrees in my diagram because my star has only five rays. In four of these rays I have indicated the stages in which prayer is both necessary and efficient. In the fifth there is no longer need of it because the human is one with the Divine and has all at its command. It asks nothing because it has all. It stands at the centre and speaks the creative word, the word of health, the word of power, and those words are made flesh; that is, they take on embodiment and become manifest in the external world.

The whole story of creation is told in that one brief statement—The Word made Flesh—taken in its esoteric significance. The soul of every object is its thought or idea, and from that thought or idea its outer being comes. The things which we see and touch are embodied thoughts, every one of them.

When we reach the creative realm we think thoughts of health, of beauty, of happiness and prosperity into existence for ourselves and others. A message of pure joy goes straight from the heart of the Infinite through the lips of the finite and blesses all whom it touches.

Until this place is reached there will and must be prayer. Until we come to the fountain we must quench our thirst at the chalice held by the uplifted hand of appeal.

And even when we find the fountain of all life and taste its healing waters we often stray afar from it, drawn by the rhythm of the earth life back into primal conditions, back into the weakness, back under burdens, but never to remain there, for prayer leads us again to the centre. What it has done once it can do over and over again until we are indeed and forever one with the central life.

Why the rhythm? Why the drawing away? Indeed I know not. I suppose it to be the working of the one law of the universe, the law of Love, which draws us now here and now there in the fulfilment of its blessed purpose that by many and devious paths we may attain to the fullest joy.

Therefore I believe in prayer, but I also believe that we outgrow it. Prayer and desire both indicate lack, and how can there be lack in Godhood, in Perfection? At the centre we are God even now, and at the circumference we are human. In many of us the God-consciousness is awakened, though we do not live in it continuously. We live also in the human, but by holding close to the centre we glorify the human, carrying to the extreme end of the ray the pure light from the central radiance.

But, remember to pray in this manner. Enter into thy closet and when thou hast shut thy door pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret, himself shall reward thee openly. I do not know what significance these words carried when they were uttered, but I know what they mean to me. To go into the closet and shut the door indicates silence, going within the consciousness and closing the door against the external world. There you speak to the Father (or source of being), which is in secret, or hidden from the external eye, and that Father which seeth in secret (perceiving mentally or comprehending your needs) himself shall reward thee openly; that is, from the internal hidden source there shall flow forth in answer to your demand that for which you ask. It shall come into external manifestation, and thus shall you be rewarded openly. Out of the potential or hidden world something shall proceed which can be sensed openly, something which is made manifest, externalized in the material world.

Or, if it be a spiritual blessing which you ask, there shall come something so vital and real into your consciousness that there is no mistaking it; a subjective reality coming into the open of your mind from a hidden inner source.

Call it God or the Cosmic Consciousness, as you will, there is Something to which the human heart instinctively appeals—Something which answers the appeal and finally Something with which the human heart is at last united, when it no longer has need of prayer.

No Use.

No use ter worry in de day er de night,
No use ter worry—hit'll all come right!
Black cloud's hidin' er a rainbow bright,
En we'll sing halleluia in de mornin'!
No use ter worry w'en de storm come
down;

No use ter worry w'en de thunder soun';
We'll all git ter glory w'en de worl' turn
roun',

En we'll sing halleluia in de mornin'!

—Atlanta Constitution.

To-day.

"Make a little fence of trust around to-day;
Fill the space with loving work, and there-
in stay;
Look not through the sheltering bars upon
to-morrow;
God will help thee bear what comes of joy
or sorrow."

There are nettles everywhere,
But smooth green grasses are more com-
mon still;
The blue of heaven is larger than the
cloud.

—Mrs. Browning.

"Love is the Fulfilling of the Law."

Kate Atkinson Boehme.

The mind assents vaguely to the truth of the above statement, but let us look at it more closely and see if we can not evolve a clearer and deeper meaning than any we have yet perceived. The superficial observer will readily agree that the love which worketh no ill to another better the social conditions of life, and thus fulfills the statutory law of the commonwealth which stands for the common weal or the common good; but there is a richer significance than this in these immortal words which have come down to us through the centuries—"Love is the fulfilling of the law." He who uttered them was an occultist. He sought spiritual unfoldment just as you and I are seeking it to-day. He began at the A, B, C of the alphabet of life and finally combined its letters into an all-inclusive sentence. The highest, best and happiest conditions of any and all human life he found to lie in the single effort based on that one primal element of the universe—Love.

Each little atom in nature is held to its neighbor by the inner love or attraction it feels for that neighbor, and it only loosens its hold to attach itself to another, and thus to seek a still higher expression of its inner love. Man, who is the aggregate of a vast complexity of atoms, has in consequence a complexity of loves or attractions. He is drawn hither and thither by the loves or attractions inherent in the different atoms and associations of atoms in his body. Each association consists in a sort of kingdom in itself. There is the kingdom of the brain, that of the stomach, that of the heart, etc., but all these kingdoms must be held under the sway of a general hierarchy or the body loses its coherent unity and is torn by discordant and disintegrative forces.

It is thus with the mind. It, too, must have its single and dominant purpose which brings under control every lesser purpose as expressed in the various kingdoms of the mind. Until this is brought about, the mind is in a state of anarchy. It wastes its energy in multitudinous activities and accomplishes nothing which brings to it real happiness and power, for that can only be found in the orderly play of activity. "Therefore if thine eye be single thy whole body shall be full of light."

Now, if love is seen to be the basic principle in the universe, it is very sure to be also the basic principle of mind, for the mind is a symbol of the universe. It is the universe in miniature. It is time, then, to withdraw the wandering thought which is ever going out in search of ways and means to higher unfoldment and centre it upon the one element which holds within itself the law fulfilled.

Here at our very doors and in our very households dwells the blessed opportunity which we are seeking in the ends of the earth, for Love, whatever may be its nature as potential being, gains its highest expression through the opposition and antagonism which arises in our daily intercourse with our fellow-beings. It is only through such schooling that Love is made perfect. It is not in loving those who love us that the truest and highest possibilities of love are developed, but in loving our

enemies and in doing good to them that hate us.

There is a law regulating the action and reaction of Love which is as mathematically exact as that which attends the stars in their courses and which attracts and holds in its proper place each planet in the solar system. This law is so far manifest as to evoke the question, "If ye love them which love you, what reward have ye?" This was uttered by an illumined soul which, seeing deep, deep into the heart of things, beheld the reward which comes as a reaction to the outgoing activities of love.

I believe that by a subtle law a man is related in exact mathematical precision to that which comes to him in life, and that it so comes according to the quality of his thought; and, moreover, I believe, aside from all metaphysical discussion, that man's will is free and that he can control his thought. It is only the result of long-established habit which makes it seem otherwise.

It is sometimes difficult to see that mental causation has anything to do with accident or adversity, but it must be remembered that because of a man's thought he is at a certain place at a given time, otherwise he would have escaped the accident; also that by the character of his thought he has brought upon himself a bearing of adverse circumstances.

But, on the other hand, it is easily seen that at any moment he may elect to follow out a different line of conduct and thus build for himself a new environment, and that because this is so he is in reality the arbiter of his own destiny.

To love others for the sake of the reward is not love at all. What, then, is love? It is the natural expression of the Life Principle which comes as the result of an intellectual perception. This perception has to do with the greatest truth in the world, which is that all men are like the rays proceeding from the sun and find a common centre in that sun which is the centre of Being. He who sees this clearly becomes filled with that unity of love which holds in warm embrace every atom in the universe, and he then becomes a natural exponent of that Love. Even his intellectual perception is so interlaced with the fibers of an all-pervading Love as to be eternally inseparable from it. It is thus that a man comes under the hierarchy of Love wherein all things work together for his good. He loves not for the sake of reward, but the reward is as sure and as certain as the result of a mathematical problem.

All men feel the benefit of living under a good government, but there is no government under heaven to be compared with that wonderful hierarchy of Love into which a man may come without naturalization papers; this hierarchy of the Spirit which is the very essence of all good government toward which all the nations of the earth are evolving, even though it be through mistaken methods of blood and carnage.

Love is the fulfilling of the law of health, because when a man is filled with love he is in harmonious vibration with all life, he is in tune with the Infinite and steps to the measure of the universe. It is the fulfilment of the law of opulence, for that which a man gives for love's sake shall return to him sooner or later in good meas-

ure, pressed down, shaken together and running over.

But without external reward, simply to love is to be happy. A love which does not bring happiness is not love at all, but a spurious counterfeit.

If a drowning man be thrown a plank he clings to it and is by it held up above the waste of waters. Why? Because the plank is a more definite, coherent form of matter than the waters about him on which it floats. If it were as diffused in its atoms as the water, there would be nothing upon which a man could lay his hold. A definite purpose is like a plank thrown into the waters of diffused thought. If there is a law which fulfills all law, that is the plank we are groping for lest we sink in a waste of waters. A man may be surrounded by truth, but it must present itself in definite form in order to be grasped.

Both science and philosophy are proving day by day that the underlying principle in the universe is Love, and that throughout the cycles of time this Love is continually going out and returning upon itself in action and reaction; therefore, he who loves is in league with the very essence of the universe. He does not need to seek the principle of life, for he is already posited in it. He is at the centre of Life, and is really sending out a true and living substance into all forms of expression.

To know this truth about Love and to act from it is to merit and obtain the fulfilling of all law in a healthy, happy and prosperous life.

The Hieroglyph of Nature.

By Kate Atkinson Boehme.

"In the hieroglyph of bud and bloom her mysteries are told."—Whittier.

Not in bud and bloom alone, but in every expression possible to earth, air, fire or water, is this hieroglyph written. It is for man to educe the meaning. That is really the whole sum of education, the deciphering of a mighty hieroglyph so rich in meaning that its resources seem inexhaustible, for when it has yielded its store of facts concerning the physical, it has still a wealth in reserve concerning the mental and spiritual universe.

The trees and rocks not only tell of the physical, they are equally eloquent of the spiritual, but their eloquence is sealed to all but the earnest devotee. The stones speak only to him who holds the divining rod.

I like the teaching of Plato, which later found voice in Emerson, that "Day and night, river and storm, beast and bird, acid and alkali, pre-exist in necessary ideas in the mind of God, and are what they are by virtue of preceding affections in the world of spirit." It appeals to me as the truth, and makes me feel the relation between nature and mind to be more than imaginary. I thus see it to be a real oneness, a unity in diversity.

Trees are an inspiration to a writer, and men like Thoreau have "listened to the sound of their thinking." I remember when at school, and the day for essay writing had arrived, how I often felt it necessary to go out under an immense Southern pine in search of ideas. I would stand under the tree looking up into its branches

wistfully, while an undefinable something seemed to descend to me. It did not translate itself into words on the instant, but it did later. I was really deciphering Nature's hieroglyph all the while, but was unconscious of the exact process. It began in abstract, nebulous thought, which gradually took form, was registered on the brain as concrete thought, and thus found expression in words. The birth of an idea is similar to that of a planet. Each passes in cosmic process from the nebulous to the concrete. The planet is the abstract, wrought in hieroglyph.

Even were it possible to traverse the long line of evolution to the very beginnings of rational and sentient life, it would be impossible to understand the exact impression first made by the hieroglyph of nature upon the human brain. Little by little the meaning has been revealed in response to earnest questioning. At first, man's physical needs being paramount, he sought in the hieroglyph a supply for his physical demand, and found it. Then arose his mental need, which also found its supply. Then came the spiritual demand, and yet the hieroglyph failed not. It is rich with meaning, and ever will be while time shall last.

We see in the sun the central source of spiritual energy, about which all forms of life revolve; in the moon a symbol of mind, or the medium of reflection by which the rays of the sun are conveyed in oblique fashion to the earth, which corresponds to the physical body; and by studying the direct action of the sun upon the earth, as also its indirect action through the moon, we learn to interpret those inner and spiritual realities of which the physical sun, moon and earth are but the symbols, the tracing of the hieroglyph.

Each rounded tree-trunk, each outstretching branch, each moving leaf, tells its own spiritual story of an unseen world and of powers yet undeveloped in man. The laws of growth in the plant are an ever present object lesson, to which we must often recur. When we stray from Nature's hieroglyph we lose vitality and force, and must perforce retrace our steps until we see again a few clear and simple outlines. Evolution leads to differentiation and thence to weakness, unless there be at times a reversion of type, a return to the primitive, the simple, the strong.

It is for this reason that all growing spiritual natures seek instinctively the woods, the streams, the mountains. They there find inspiration and sustenance for increasing strength. The Universal Intelligence, speaking through these natural channels, stirs anew the life forces, and moves to words and deeds of vigor.

The relation between man and Nature is reactive. He educes from her her hidden secrets. She educes from him his latent powers. Education means nothing if it be not the unfoldment of man, and unfoldment is an organic process. The storing of many facts may serve to swell the mind to the point of bursting, and yet not result in the opening of one single bud or blossom. There must always be a central point or nucleus around which facts cluster in orderly and symmetrical arrangement like the petals of a flower.

From the child's first effort to discover the nature of a bit of sunshine on the floor, to the astronomer who follows the courses of the stars, education is the reading of a hieroglyph.

Language itself is based upon the various states and processes of nature. From its earliest inception in the mind of primitive man it has been evolved with an unerring certainty which argues for the existence of innate ideas, for had there not been something within man which understood and interpreted the hieroglyph part by part, it would never have existed as a hieroglyph. The existence of a problem presupposes the existence of the solver of that problem. The latter is the correlative of the former.

The solution of a problem always gives delight. The child working over a penny puzzle, or an Edison discovering the wonders of electricity are both filled with the joy of discovery on the instant of success. Pleasure follows upon the observance of natural law, and pain upon its infringement. It is the natural law that man should decipher the hieroglyph written upon the face of Nature, and he finds happiness in its fulfillment.

But there is a goal beyond a goal. The child with the penny puzzle simply solves his problem; he does not apply it to an end. The child, however, is the forerunner of the Edison, and the penny puzzle the herald of the telephone. The former precedes the latter as naturally as the bud the opening flower.

But when at last man shall have followed the lines of the hieroglyph until it has yielded him its treasures of science and art, there is a secret yet undeciphered. His gaze has followed the outgoing curve of the spiral, and has yet to make its introspective turn.

This made, he sees the fuller meaning of this mighty hieroglyph traced in the simple letters "Tat twam asi"—"That thou art." Then does he begin to read indeed, and read aright. Then does he take his rightful position amid the forces of Nature, then does he cease to be a mere spectator, but, entering into Nature's heart, he learns those wondrous truths which she is ever striving to reveal.

He then knows that Life is, that it has not beginning or end; that health and joy are elements in the very essence of things, and not contingent upon circumstances; that at the heart of the universe all things become his without loss to any creature. What he thus gains another does not lose, and when this true opulence is his, then follows its external manifestation in richness of thought, of life and of surrounding.

He thus enters a fuller life, and this is the ultimate of true education. He will then see with Pythagoras this interpretation of the hieroglyph: "There is one universal Soul diffused through all things; eternal, invisible, unchangeable; in essence like truth, in substance resembling light; not to be represented by any image; to be comprehended only by the mind." And this will be his reading of the hieroglyph of Nature.

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KATE ATKINSON BOEHME.

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Editorial Notes and Reviews.

Elizabeth Towne, editor of the *Nautilus*, has sent me a most interesting booklet entitled "Just How to Wake the Solar Plexus." It is written in that easy off-hand style peculiar to Elizabeth Towne, but none the less it is full of sound philosophy. If you will notice, the days of stilted writing and speaking have passed, and though the writer of "Just How to Wake the Solar Plexus" may swing to the extreme of naturalism, she is always vital, always inspiring. Send for the book to William E. Towne, Holyoke, Mass. The price is only 25 cents.

Several subscribers have requested me to reprint in *The Radiant Centre* certain articles of mine which were originally written for other papers, and I comply with pleasure. In this issue I reprint "The Hieroglyph of Nature" and "Love is the Fulfilling of the Law."

Miss Alice Wolverton Eyre, who edits a journal called "Ideal Love" in New York City, came to Washington the other day and called upon me. Miss Eyre is about as radical in her views as it is possible to be. She had seen several little mud balls coming in my direction because I had declined to discuss the sex question, and naturally she looked me over somewhat curiously for signs of soil, but discovering a tolerably clean and tranquil individual, she exclaimed: "Well, Mrs. Boehme, I understand you fight shy of the sex question?" "Not at all," I said. "You are misinformed. I simply decline to discuss it for reasons of my own, as I might decline to discuss any other question or subject which might be of vital interest to others, but not to me. Sex is a patent fact in the universe, or that portion of the universe with which we happen to be acquainted, but I am not bound to discuss every question under the sun. I recognize sex as a fact, a basic fact, like the foundation stones under my house, but I let those stones remain where they are and seldom think of them.

If I dragged them out of their proper place and brought them up into my drawing-room for inspection and discussion, my lovely home might come tumbling down upon me. Neither do I go down cellar to live with those foundation stones; I simply let them alone.

"Now I love my palms, the green of their leaves and the grace of their outlines. To me they are precious, living, growing things, but I know some people who would drag those palms up and inspect their roots to the great disturbance and discouragement of the palms themselves, involving possibly their death. A botanist would do this, I would not. Roots are ugly things. They ought to be hidden in the earth. Leaves and flowers are beautiful, and they come out to be seen as they should. The order of nature is good. I would not reverse it."

Of course Miss Eyre did not agree with me, but we agreed to disagree. I found her very original and charming. So much so that after dinner I put on my hat and ran down to see her at the Regent. Then I sent out invitations to about thirty friends to meet her in social conclave at my home the following evening, on which occasion she gave us a most interesting exposition of her ideas.

The ideal condition of society which Miss Eyre believes to be possible, and toward which she is bending her endeavor, is, I am sure, rather more distant than she imagines. The majority of men and women will have to grow the wings of angelhood before we can safely dispense with our marriage laws. If those laws cruelly restrict in some cases, in others they protect. When man is a law unto himself, as he will be some day, he will then have no more need of marriage laws, or any other laws, for that matter; but until then it seems to me he would better learn how to be a law unto himself than to stir up social conditions without the means at hand of settling them into a better order.

If you had been with me in Pittsburg during the memorable railroad strike and consequent riot you could better realize what it means to live in a lawless community. For three days no woman dared venture on the street. Animalism, murder and pillage ran rampant over the city, industry and commerce were paralyzed and scenes of horror were enacted every hour. The place seemed full of fiends and no life was safe. But when law was restored the fiends sank, as it were, out of existence and it was as though they had not been. There they were, however, stowed away somewhere in the great city, but held in leash by the arm of the law. Under its protection good and industrious men and

women resumed their callings in peace and safety, and law seemed unquestionably good and beneficent, as it certainly is and must be until men have developed their better natures. When Divine or spiritual law becomes operative in each, then municipal law can be dispensed with, not before.

I am often asked what I think of Sea Breeze where Helen Wilmans lives and where she is laying the foundation for a great Metaphysical college. I will say that it is one of the most heavenly places I have ever seen. It has great natural advantages, but then, if it had not, Helen would make it blossom like the rose. A spirit like hers is bound to make a sun centre of life wherever she may place the point of radiance.

The convention of the International Metaphysical League recently held in New York City was an unquestioned success from every point of view. I was invited to address the convention, but my work was pressing and I was not even able to attend. I foresaw this possibility and declined being placed on the program, although my heart is in the success of the movement. It means so much to me, this coming together shoulder to shoulder in a mighty onward sweep, losing sight of minor differences and all united in the one great purpose—to ease the burden of the world's pain and bring it into freedom and happiness.

Pain is a good thing, a wonderful thing in the evolution of character, but there is such a thing of getting enough of it. We have had enough of it. We have graduated from its teachings and are ready to enter a higher class where joy is taught as a science.

This reminds me of Mrs. Louise V. Sheldon, who came to see me just before going to Costa Rica to spend the winter. It reminds me of her because she is one of those beautiful souls that have come out of deepest darkness into the sunlight. She did not tell me she had suffered. I simply knew it, and yet there was not a suggestion of gloom about her. I never heard such a merry laugh. It ripples round me still, though I am here and she way down in Central America.

Oh, we don't need to rub noses with our friends. We can feel their fine electric touches over thousands of miles.

Eva Vescelius, who is healing and teaching in Newark, N. J., is a sister of this same Mrs. Sheldon. Miss Vescelius writes: "I must have your *Radiant Centre*; I can not do without it." Very good, but I am persuaded it is like to like, for the sister of Mrs. Sheldon is, I believe, a radiant centre herself. I feel it in her let-

ter. I omitted to state that Mrs. Sheldon is the author of "Yankee Girls in Oom Paul's Land," a book which has called forth the highest encomiums of the press.

Mrs. Henrietta Garrison is now associated with me in my work here. I can strongly recommend Mrs. Garrison as a healer, for I know of her success. As a rule, I do not take present patients, making exception only in the cases of a few personal friends. Mrs. Garrison will give present treatments and also visit patients in their homes when unable to come to her. I give her my strongest endorsement.

Answers to Correspondents.

Question. How do you interpret the action of Jesus when the scribes and Pharisees brought unto him the woman taken in adultery? After he had said: He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her, why did he stoop down and write upon the ground?

Answer. Why that is simple enough. He was evidently declining to discuss the sex question!

Question. I do not quite understand your position. Do you believe in a sexless love between man and woman?

Answer. Not exactly that, but I believe the more the sex element is kept in abeyance, dominated or held under control, the higher and stronger grows the love. Listen to Edward Carpenter, who says: "The youth deeply infected with the sex-passion suddenly finds himself in the presence of Titanic forces—the Titanic but sub-conscious forces of his own nature. In love he feels a superhuman impulse—and naturally so, for he identifies himself with cosmic energies and entities, powers that are preparing the future of the race, and whose operations extend over vast regions of space and millennial lapses of time. He sees into the abysmal deeps of his own being and trembles with a kind of awe at the disclosure. And what he feels concerning himself he feels similarly concerning the one who has inspired his passion. The glances of the two lovers penetrate far beyond the surface, ages down into each other, waking a myriad antenatal dreams."

"For the moment he lets himself go, rejoicing in the sense of limitless power beneath him—borne onwards like a man down rapids, too intoxicated with the glory of motion to think of whither he is going; then the next moment he discovers that he is being hurled into impossible situations—situations which his own moral conscience as well as the moral conscience of Society, embodied in law and custom, will not admit. He finds perhaps that the satisfaction of his imperious impulse is, to all appearances, inconsistent with the welfare of her he loves. His own passion arises before him as a kind of rude giant which he or the race to which he belongs may, Frankenstein-like, have created ages back, but which he now has to dominate or be dominated by; and there declares itself in him the fiercest conflict—that between his far-back Titanic instinctive and sub-conscious nature, and his later developed, more especially human and moral self.

"Heine, I think says somewhere that the man who loves unsuccessfully knows himself to be a god. It is not perhaps till the great current of sexual love is checked and brought into conflict with the other parts of his being that the whole nature of the man, sexual and moral, under the tremendous stress rises into consciousness and reveals in fire its god-like quality."

"It will readily be seen that I am not arguing that the lower or more physical manifestations of love should be killed out in order to force the growth of the more spiritual and enduring forms—because Nature in her slow evolutions does not generally countenance such high and mighty methods; but am merely trying to indicate that there are grounds for believing in the transmutability of the various forms of the passion, and grounds for thinking that the sacrifice of a lower phase may sometimes be the only condition on which a higher and more durable phase can be attained; and that therefore Restraint (which is absolutely necessary at times) has its compensation."

"Anyone who has realized how glorious a thing Love is in its essence, and how indestructible, will hardly call anything that leads to it a sacrifice; and he is indeed master of life who, accepting the grosser desires as they come to his body, and not refusing them knows how to transform them at will into the most rare and fragrant flowers of human emotion. How intoxicating, indeed how penetrating—like a most precious wine—is that love which is the sexual transformed by the magic of the will into the emotional and spiritual!"

"Sex is the allegory of Love in the physical world. It is from this fact that it derives its tremendous power. The aim of Love is non-differentiation—absolute union of being, but absolute union can only be found at the centre of existence. Therefore whoever has truly found another, has found not only that other, and with that other himself, but has found also a third—who dwells at the centre and holds the plastic material of the universe in the palm of his hand, and is a creator of sensible forms."

Carpenter holds his subject in a powerful grasp and deals with it most beautifully. The paragraphs I have quoted do not follow each other in regular order in his book, "Love's Coming of Age." I have culled them here and there as they served to emphasize my meaning and occasionally I have condensed them, always, however, trying to preserve the author's meaning.

In speaking of marriage, he says:

"There is little doubt, I think, that the compulsion of the marriage tie (whether moral, social or merely legal) acts beneficially in a considerable number of cases—though it is obvious the more the compelling force takes a moral or social form and the less purely legal it is, the better; and that any changes which led to a cheap and continual transfer of affections from one object to another would be disastrous both to the character and happiness of a population. While we can not help seeing that the marriage relation—in order to become the indwelling place of Love—must be made far more free than it is at present, we may also recognize that a certain amount of external pressure is not (as things are at least) without its uses; that,

for instance, it tends on the whole to concentrate affectional experience and romance on one object, and that though this may mean a loss at times in breadth it means a gain in depth and intensity; that, in many cases, if it were not for some kind of a bond, the two parties, after their first passion for each other was past, and when the unavoidable friction had set in, might in a moment of irritation easily fly apart, whereas being forced for a while to tolerate each other's defects, they learn thereby one of the best lessons of life—a tender forbearance and gentleness, which as time goes on does not unfrequently deepen again into a more pure and perfect love even than at first—a love founded indeed on the first physical intimacy, but concentrated and intensified by years of linked experience, of twined associations, of shared labors, and of mutual forgiveness."

"But having said thus much, it is obvious that external public opinion and pressure are looked upon only as having an educational value; and the question arises whether there is beneath this any reality of marriage which will ultimately emerge and make itself felt, enabling men and women to order their relations to each other, and to walk freely, unhampered by props or pressures from without."

"And it would hardly be worth while writing on this subject, if one did not believe in some such reality. Practically I do not doubt that the more people think about these matters, and the more experience they have, the more they must ever come to feel that there is such a thing as a permanent and lifelong union—perhaps a many-lifelong union—founded on some deep elements of attachment and congruity in character; and the more they must come to prize the constancy and loyalty which rivets such unions, in comparison with the fickle passion which tends to dissipate them."

I have given Carpenter the floor so freely that I have no room in this issue for a few comments of my own, and will reserve them for another occasion.

The Godliness of Dress.

When Prentice Mulford wrote about the religion of dress, he spoke the truth, and nothing but the truth. That article warmed the very cockles of my heart, for I had been trying to stifle my love for pretty and artistic apparel and to turn and make over my gowns, wearing them in their last state until I could wear them no longer, and then giving them "to the poor." This was the economy to which I had been born and bred. I never liked it. That statement is tame; I simply detested the everlasting patching and renovating, and when it came to giving these worn-out duds to the poor, I was simply ashamed of myself. Usually some other member of the family had to do this little job.

We often read in New-Thought papers what would once have been a startling announcement, that the perusal of said journals gives the reader a very decided treatment for health. In many instances this is perfectly true. Why, Mulford's article on dress made a new woman of me. I realized as never before that "the visible declares the invisible," and that to allow the visible to misrepresent the invisible

was a sin and a shame. What harmony could there be while the inner woman constantly protested against the performance of the outer or sense woman? In such in-harmony do countless thousands live, or rather die. Right here it will be suggested that to the average woman such economy is necessary. I grant that it seems to be necessary in many cases, but my own experience proves that as a woman thinketh in her heart so is she. Just as long as I would turn things upside down, inside out, and hindside before, just so long the necessity was upon me to do so; but when I stopped—and stop I did—there was a change in my affairs worth chronicling. I had the costumes which I had long wished for, and I did not give any more old duds to the poor.

How did it all come about?

Hard to tell, but the treatment from reading Prentice Mulford's essay on this subject wrought the miracle. In the twinkling of an eye I realized that it was the business of the visible to properly declare the invisible. This I was not doing when, for the sake of living up to the economical example of my forbears, I was willing to sacrifice my taste and desire for the beautiful things to which, as a real goddess, I was entitled.

Now, I am no more of a real goddess than you, and you, and you. We are all divine creatures, and we need to be divinely clothed upon, first consciously by the Spirit of God, and next with raiment to match it. I love to think that every fabric I wear is composed of the substance of God, and that I have a right to be fond of my apparel and to rejoice in the taste that makes pretty things possible.

The other day I told a stranger who applied to me for help that I thought she had misrepresented God Almighty long enough; this, too, on top of her wonder and almost alarm caused by the reading of "Perpetual Youth" and "The Prevention and Cure of Old Age." She was attracted, fascinated, pleased, bewildered and horrified all in one breath. So different were these volumes from anything she had ever before read, that she was all anxiety to talk them over with some one who knew their teachings to be true. I do not know how old, by the almanac, this stranger friend was, but her wrinkles were deep, her complexion swarthy, her form bent, and her health feeble. She said she was "a wreck of her former self," and I wondered what could have become of that beauty which she seemed so proud of once possessing. To complete the gravity of the situation, our friend's costume was as dowdy and old-fashioned as possible. She was a woman of means, but a victim of the economic and charity fad. It was her duty to be very plainly dressed, in order that she might give to the poor. Now, this was a hard case, and, after a little skirmishing, I decided just to knock her down and then pick her up by degrees.

"Why, you are worse than those terrible books," she replied to my first fire. "What can you mean by saying that I misrepresent my God?"

"I mean that you were made in the image and likeness of God, and nobody would ever suspect it. You are crooked when you might be straight, sick when you might be well, wrinkled when you might

be smooth, flabby when you might be firm, poorly and untastefully dressed when you might have suitable and becoming clothes. Isn't this true?"

"From your point of view it certainly is," she replied, with remarkable candor. "I know my costume is not fashionable. It is, however, clean and tidy, and certainly corresponds pretty well with my face and figure."

There was no gainsaying this; so I let her go on.

"I could have expensive clothes, but I pledged myself years ago to set apart a generous portion of my income for the church and public and private charities. I have conscientiously done this, and now at—"

She was going to tell me her age, but I switched her off.

"And what good has all this done you?" I asked. "What have you got to show for it?"

"Why, nothing personally," she replied. "I wasn't working for that. My motives were entirely unselfish—at least I have always supposed them to be."

"Answer me one question, please. How many persons in this generous career of yours do you think you have really and wisely helped?"

For a moment there was no answer save a sorrowful shake of the head. Then, with a sigh:

"You have touched the sore spot. I think I can truly say that I have helped a few and hindered a great many. This is what makes life so hard, and what has induced me to look into other theories and caused me to read those books. If they are even half correct, then I have been the biggest fool that ever drew breath."

"Not a bit bigger than the rest of us. We have all been silly, and now we must drop all the old methods and be transformed by the renewing of our minds."

I know my tone conveyed the idea that this was an easy job. I am glad it did. It is easier to some folks than to others.

"And you think dress essential to happiness? To me that idea seems very vain and worldly."

"All nature gives the lie to that thought. Look at the sky and the earth this minute. Look at the green of the fields and the flowers at sale on every street corner, and dare to tell me that good taste and opulence are not the prime factors in this universe. We can wear old black bonnets and black veils and black, dowdy gowns if we wish, but did you ever see a meadow, a tree, or a flower garden in black?"

My companion glanced at her dowdy duds and sighed again.

"I'm afraid there is something in it," she said; "but I would almost rather lie down and die than start on another trail."

I knew just how she felt, and so will many another soul who has suddenly been confronted with the mistakes of its life. At this point the inevitable is always an amazing consolation to me. This work of renewal has got to be done somewhere some time, and the sooner we commence it in earnest the better.

How to tell this perplexed, almost torn-up-by-the-roots woman a very important thing about her face I did not know. My previous communications might easily have been called brutal, but, compared to

what I wanted to say on this subject, they were as milk to wormwood. Every refined woman prides herself on her cleanliness, and yet there is not one in one hundred who has a clean face.

I can hear the shout that is now ascending, but the above statement is true, as you can all prove for yourselves. It was absolutely necessary that our friend should at once see an improvement in her appearance. In the present state of her complexion there wasn't a color in the whole solar spectrum that would harmonize with it. She had without doubt used more than enough of soap and water on her face, as she had used it in her general bath; but the treatment of the face, on account of its constant exposure to sun, wind dust, and dirt, must, to be successful, differ radically from that of the body bath. Soap and hot water will not cleanse the pores of the face, and they are both injurious to tissue.

Well, I thought, and I thought, and at last an idea hit me so hard that it made me jump. I had never given a facial massage treatment in my life except to myself; but I knew that if I could freshen up this dear soul's countenance she would be so pleased with the result that she would go on from glory to glory. You see, I have a key that unlocks every woman's heart. It is the beauty key.

How I induced my caller to take off her bonnet and neckgear and sit down before my mirror there isn't time to tell. It was something of a job, but once there I had her sure.

"Ugh!" she exclaimed. "I hate to see myself. I never look in a glass except when putting on my hat."

"You'll look oftener after this; you will have to, because you will expect an improvement every day," I told her.

Then I moistened my hands with the pure toilet cream that I always use, put a few dabs here and there upon her face, a la my professional masseur, and proceeded to business. After I had allowed it to soak in a while, I took a soft rag and wiped it off, and then I exhibited the result.

It was a very mortified woman that rose from that chair and confronted me.

"And do you mean to say that I have been going round the world with a dirty face like that?"

"Yes," I answered quietly; "but you are not the only one. I did it myself until I knew better, just as I carried about with me headache and backache and general discontent. The new thought of yourself that has been aroused by reading those books will fix you all up as right as a trivet; see if they don't."

I spoke as lightly as possible to make up for the terrible effect of that innocent linen rag, and then with a little more cream I gave her a good massage.

The transformation was marvelous, and never was an object-lesson more appreciated.

"Why, I am twenty shades whiter," my patient remarked, "and it has done something to my eyes. What is it?"

"This treatment always brightens up the eyes," I told her; but it was largely the light of life shining in them, a light that had been darkness for a good many years.

So now, my friends, do wear pretty clothes, in order that you may brighten other lives as well as your own, and don't

you dare say that you can't afford it. If you do, you will be in the doldrums as long as you live. Declare your ability to have everything you want, and if a print gown is the only thing that it materializes, make it up daintily and wear it like a queen. More will come. I know it, for I have tried it.

And don't think that I am going into the massage business because I tell you how to beautify your complexions.—Eleanor Kirk, in "Eleanor Kirk's Idea."

Be Sensible, Not Sensitive.

By Winifred Black, in New York Journal.

A man not unknown to fame in the Silly Circles of London is writing a series of essays on Sensitive Souls.

Now, I don't know the gentleman and I haven't read even one of his essays.

I do not want to read them. The name of the collection is enough for me.

I've met sensitive souls myself. I am thinking of one in particular just now. She is a woman—ugly, cross, egotistical, selfish, totally uninteresting, and as useless as a dried gourd withering in the wayside weeds. Yet she rules her little world as absolutely as any despot who ever lived. She is sensitive, you see.

She lives with her sister. Her sister is a big, honest, whole-souled woman who is called "Aunt" by the whole neighborhood. She supports the sensitive soul. Gives her a good, comfortable home, decent clothes and a heart full of affection. But that isn't enough.

Once I went to visit the sister. I went for two weeks. I stayed two days, and then I wrote to an obliging person and asked her to send me a telegram calling me home on urgent business.

The day I arrived the two sisters met me at the train.

I was glad to see them, and I said so.

I chattered away delightedly for the first mile or so, and then I noticed a kind of chill in the air. "Auntie" looked worried.

She kept glancing at "sister." Every once in a while she said, "Sister, you aren't tired, are you?" and sister always said, "Oh, no," with the air of a patient martyr. I asked the sister about her rheumatism and her sciatica and her canary and every earthly thing I could think of that made up the sum of her small life. She answered civilly enough, but with an undertone of sad reproach which seemed to say, "It's no use your trying to hide your real feelings toward me; I'm not deceived. I'm too sensitive."

We had luncheon on the porch—such a luncheon. Baking powder biscuits, and honey, and peaches and cream—real peaches, luscious, yellowy red, and real cream, thick and clotted, and tea—oh, the fragrance of that tea!

There was a robin's nest in the great, green maple that cast its shadow over our table, and the robin saw that we were trying to be gay, and he almost burst his little throat trying to help us out.

But "sister" could not eat. We spent half the luncheon time urging her to try to swallow just a bite, all in vain.

When the children came home at noon one of them brought a message to Auntie

and none to sister, and sister shed a few sensitive tears on the parlor sofa pillow and made us all feel as if there was a coffin in the house.

Oh, these sensitive folk! Would that some one with sense could get hold of every one of them and deal with them as they deserve.

If you have one in your family, do have pity on the rest of the world and suppress her. It can be done, and done easily. A few little sieges stubbornly held, a few upright and downright words will do it.

One of these sensitive souls who will terrorize the whole family had a little seance with a friend of mine once.

She went into her room one night after a festive evening and threw herself on the bed in an agony of tears. "Nobody loves me," she cried; "nobody loves me!" The family flew to the rescue, as usual.

My friend sat up and looked at the sensitive soul. "What a fright you look with your hair in those curlers!" she said. The sensitive soul arose, walked into her room and slept the sleep of the good and mad for the rest of that night. She never performed for my friend's benefit again.

"Nobody loves me."

When anyone says that to me I have one answer ready, and good and ready, too. The answer is, "Why should they?"

Why Not Live Forever?

Men used to look about in deserts and wildernesses for the fountain of youth. Latterly they are more sensible, and look each man inside of himself. From teaching how to be young at sixty, they went on to teach how to be young, though a nonagenarian, and then how to retain youth's vigor for a hundred years. And now a man has written a book—and a mighty plausible book it is—on "The Possibility of Not Dying."

Why not live forever? the advanced school is saying. Is not the body renewed throughout every few years? Is it not merely a machine? Can not proper care and intelligence always replace wornout parts with new parts as good as the originals, or even better in many cases? Why not abandon the whole superstition about the necessity of dying?

There was an account in the news during the past week of a youth of upward of eighty who was making century runs down in Pennsylvania. A wagon ran over him and broke several of his bones. He was in the hospital a few weeks, and then resumed his century runs, feeling, as Teddy Roosevelt would say, "like a bull moose." And Physical Culture gives an account of a New Rochelle woman of ninety-three who is a great dancer, as frisky and limber as a girl at her first ball, and who is also a daring horsewoman, and is only kept from jumping the rope and rolling the hoop by the entreaties of her great-grandchildren, who do not think it dignified.

To resolve to live forever is a laudable ambition. It is a good idea to hitch your achievement wagon to a star. If you don't attain the full measure of your ideal, at least you will save yourself from being a whining, shrivelled, unsightly wreck of a human being at seventy.—New York World.

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