

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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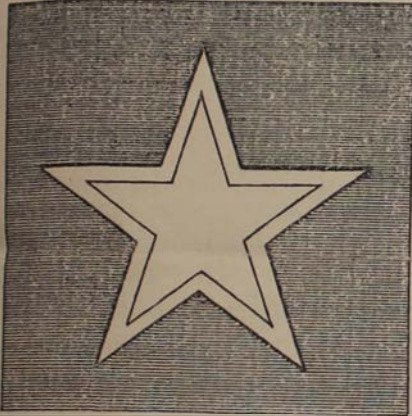
Thinking in the Heart,

Or,

Easy Lessons in Realization.

By Kate Atkinson Boehme.

Lesson VII.



As Man passes from his God-centre to his human circumference of tangible and visible expression he is subject to certain laws which distort that expression. To use an old simile, he is like a straight stick which appears crooked when plunged in running water. He is living a dual experience, that of a true and an untrue life. Between the two he vacillates as a traveler who is at home in neither. The untrue life is a necessity and a part of expression, as essential to it as the vapors which lie between us and the sun and equally illusive.

While consciousness may be only awake to the untrue life we are at the same time living the true life, each and every one of us. That we do not know it makes no difference; it goes on just the same, adjusting our mistakes, inspiring us with new and higher ideals, guiding and guarding us in all endeavor.

The awareness of life which we call consciousness (the human consciousness, I mean, which is a different thing from the Cosmic or Universal Consciousness) first manifests itself within the boundaries of the untrue life. It sees things not as they really are, but as they appear to be. You can not convince a child that the horizon is not the limit of the world, and it is the limit of his world at the time, but it spreads and enlarges with increasing intel-

ligence. When his field of vision becomes the subjective realm he is encompassed by another restrictive but ever widening horizon, which at last becomes co-extensive with Being itself and is one with the Cosmic Consciousness.

In our diagram, the star of manifestation, I have drawn an inner star to represent the true life. Between it and the outer limit lies the field of the untrue life, the ephemeral, the changeable. While the consciousness remains within this field it is subject to the illusions which it accepts as real. Here disease reigns, doubt and fear prevail, fleeting pleasure is followed swift by pain and loss, spurious love obtains with its heartaches and its jealous pangs. This is indeed the country in which the prodigal son found himself when, far away from the Father's house, he fed upon the husks.

When the human consciousness passes from this outer sphere into the inner state of Being it is making the return to the Father's house where plenty abounds and where hunger is unknown, but it will not seek that house until hunger grows intense and the fact is borne in upon it that the husks contain no nourishment. Not until all things fail in the far country does it return to its home.

Wherever this spark of awareness is alight, there the Ego knows itself. When it is alight in the outer field, in the space between the inner star and the outer, then the Ego is only conscious of a weak and lowly conditioned self, separate from its source of existence, but when alight in the inner field then it knows its true life and becomes cognizant of its great powers.

When consciousness enters the inner field, and takes up its position there, it does not lose its hold on the outer field, but reaches forth and commands it as an outlying territory in which it does not care to dwell, but into which it may make excursions at will as its lord and governor. It has thus lost nothing and has gained much. It has found a better country in which there are facilities for fertilizing or carrying new life into the old. Now when it goes forth it is not as the Prodigal, but as the Prince. It finds the husk, but the kernel is within.

As I have said before, the true life has been operative all the while, but there has been no consciousness of that life—and here let me make a distinction between consciousness and life. I will

only say that consciousness is the knowledge of life. While there can be no consciousness without life there can be life without consciousness, or, in other words, there may be life without a knowledge of itself. Most of you can remember the time when as a child you had no knowledge of your self. I can distinctly remember the hour when a knowledge of self came to me. It dawned somewhat cruelly, for an angry playmate criticised me most unpleasantly. She told me that I had a large mouth, and although I did not know the merit or demerit of such a possession, something in her tone conveyed a strong suspicion of demerit. For the first time I looked at myself in the glass critically. The survey gave me no actual knowledge, but I was a wretched child. A poor little Eve had tasted of the fruit growing on the tree of the knowledge of good and evil and was straightway driven from Eden.

After a time my mother noticed that whenever I was called into the drawing-room to be presented to callers I covered my mouth with my hand, and she said: "Katie, don't do that. It is very awkward." Here was a double grief. I not only had a large mouth, but I was also very awkward, but with the larger grief came a larger consciousness of Self. I became very thoughtful, my mind being a ground of debate as to whether it were better to disguise the large mouth or appear very awkward. Evidently it was a choice of two evils and not a good in sight. The good was to come later as the introspection grew deeper when I looked not at the mouth or any ungraceful action, but at that which had been hidden and so far undiscovered.

Then introspection touched the subjective self and went on until it reached the inmost subjective or the true life. I have used the personal illustration to show in a way how the passage occurs and also to prove that consciousness—the human consciousness of course I mean—has its first awakening in the outer or objective mind, thence moving to the inner or subjective mind and finally to the inmost or spiritual Self which always moves and acts in the true life, but is not conscious of itself as so doing.

We are driven by lash and spur out of ignorance into wisdom, out of error into truth, out of illusion into reality. Suffer-

ing and unrest are the goads which drive us on. They can not touch the real Self. That sits in motionless calm watching the apparent self that is exploiting in the outer field of illusion, and later in that of the true life. The Self is the riddle of the Sphinx, the riddle of the ages.

If you would solve this riddle watch your Self. See how the real you stands back of all action. Then see how the apparent you, the one which you know more intimately, looks to the real you for approval, for guidance and for continued existence; for this apparent you has no independent life of its own. It is as dependent upon the real Self as the shadow upon the object which casts it. Remove the object and the shadow goes, too. But the real Self is something which can not be removed; therefore its shadow lingers until the Sun is at meridian. Then is the shadow lost in substance.

And what is the true Self? It is Deity. It is Divinity. Let us not be afraid to affirm it.

I have apparently given you two contradictory statements. I have said in one paragraph that the spiritual or true Self moves and acts and in another that this same Self is motionless as the Sphinx. How can both statements be true?

Well, let us see. Suppose I go to the piano and play for you Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata. I thus set up motion in mind and body, but I am not in that motion. I cause it, I oversee it, I control it, and for those very reasons I am not in it. The apparent I is in it, but not the real I. Note the expression—My mind, my body, my self. What does it mean? Simply that I have a mind, I have a body, I have a self. I, the master, cause this mind, body and self to functionate, or act. It is thus I express myself. In rendering the Sonata my apparent self, or in other words, the self that appears, must hold close to me, the true Self. From this Self Beethoven wrote the Sonata, from this same Self I render it, for, do you not understand, this Self of which I speak, was not only a Beethoven, it is you, it is I, as well. It is back of mind and function, but expresses itself through both.

The great central Self holds the entire Sonata in the hollow of its hand. It encompasses it round about. It sees it in its fullness. This the functional self can not do, for it has not the comprehensive vision, the omniscience which sees the end with the beginning, but by virtue of its functioning must pass through all the intermediate terms, cognizing each in its passage, but never grasping the whole.

Every artist, musician, speaker or writer who thrills us does so because his functional self is in touch with the true Self, and obedient to it. All else is mechanical, automatic, dead and uninspiring. Nothing can thrill but life, and life is the effluence of the true Self.

Now, I ask, How can anyone feel alone, helpless or uncared for with such a Self at hand, full of infinite resources? If you can not believe that you have such a Self, set the fact up in consciousness and give it your attention, your criticism, your cavil, if you will. Finally, it will prevail and obtain your sanction, because it is the truth. Entertain the stranger and you have entertained the angel unawares, the

angel who is ever after to brighten your life with its glorious presence.

And when you have found the true life, and the angel and the shrine, you need not withdraw from the illusions in the outer court of the temple. Seek them if you will, but take them at their actual value. So will your sorrows be lighter, your joys higher and your loves stronger and truer.

You lose nothing by going into the Impersonal. On the contrary, you gain all.

Minister Refuses Half-rate Ticket.

The Rev. Arthur Creasy, of Oswego, Kans., stated from his pulpit Sunday morning, March 18th, "The world's need is Christian manliness.

"Knowing this, I shall no longer ride on railroads for half fare; what is good enough for you is sufficient for me. Please do not discount goods to me because I am a preacher. I ought to pay my taxes and my church should not be exempt.

"Christ did not borrow, beg, beseech His bread; but bought it like other men. If I am His follower, I will pay my way as He did.

"Men tell us divine healing has ceased. I deny this; for, to grant this is to admit that Christ has changed. But God says Christ is changeless. All healing is divine. God will cure you and me, if we believe. Dear friends, for four long years your hearty support and the prompt kindness of your treasurer have enabled me to do business on a cash basis. I fear none; but stand in the power of my own manhood alone.

"Heaven is in me, or heaven is not.

"I hate double-faced diplomacy, and so did Christ. But I love true manhood and true womanhood, and so does Christ. I shall teach to-day what I believe, though I change to-morrow."—Oswego Independent.

Christmas Thoughts.

Whenever the Christmas season
Lends luster and peace to the year,
And the ling-long-ling of the bells that ring
Tell only of joy and cheer,
I hear in their sweet wild music
These words, and I hold them true:
"The Christ who was born on Christmas morn,
Did only what you can do."

Each soul that has breath and being
Is touched with Heaven's own fire;
Each living man is part of the plan
To lift the world up higher.
No matter how narrow your limits,
Go forth and make them broader!
You are every one, the daughter or son—
Crown Prince or Princess of God.

Have you sinned? It is only an error—
Your spirit is pure and white;
It is truth's own ray and will find its way
Back into the path of right.
Have you failed? It is only in seeming—
The triumph will come at length.
You are born to succeed—you will have what
you need,
If you will but believe in your strength.

No matter how poor your record—
Christ lives in the heart of you,
And the shadows will roll up and off from
your soul,
If you will but own this true.

For "Christ" means the spirit of goodness,
And all men are good at the core.
Look searching in thro' the coating of sin,
And lo! there is Truth to adore!
Believe in yourself and your motives,
Believe in your strength and your worth,
Believe you were sent from God's fair firmament.

To aid and ennoble the earth.
Believe in the Savior within you—
Know Christ and your spirit are one;
Stand forth defiled by your own noble pride,
And whatever you ask shall be done.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in *The Light*.

Answers to Correspondents.

Question. Some of the writers in the New Thought say there is no high nor low in the expression of Love. What do you say about it?

Answer. Why, I say that wherever there is expression there must be high and low. There could not be expression without such distinction. We have high and low notes in the scale of music, and also in the gamut of Being. What makes the difference?—for there is a difference. Well, it is in the rate of vibration. You know a musical tone has its source in a mere concussion, such as the tap one may make upon a bit of paper. Subject that paper to a force which shall multiply that tap into many and you have tone with a certain pitch or level. Increase the velocity of those taps, crowding more into a second of time, and you have a higher pitch or level. Increase the velocity still more and your tone ascends the scale or gamut of sound, only stopping when you have reached the limit in velocity. Given a greater velocity and you will have a higher sound than any you have so far experienced, and so on, and up into the ethers, where we can imagine a velocity and a sound far beyond our present capability for producing or hearing. Our base may be the summit of spheres below us, our summit the base of spheres above.

Inherent in the mind is something which pronounces upon these tones, calling them high or low. This we call inherent, intuitive or transcendental knowledge. Were we not in possession of this knowledge the outer world would appeal to us in vain. We could not interpret its existence or its effect upon us in terms of mind, and life upon this planet would be a chaos of meaningless sights and sounds. By means of this transcendental knowledge we reduce the chaos to cosmos or order.

This you see, do you not? Well, by the same law of mind we pronounce upon some expressions of Love as high, and upon others as low. We say of the man who indulges his senses at the expense of the higher and finer feelings, that he grovels in the mire of sensuality. Here again we appeal to intuitive knowledge as to what are the higher and finer feelings. This is a knowledge prior to experience, and we call it, in consequence, a priori knowledge, in distinction from a posteriori knowledge, which comes subsequent to, and because of, experience. Were it not for a priori knowledge we could not imagine or formulate any ideal in advance of its realization, and thought would cease to create its likeness on the external plane.

Based on this a priori knowledge is our gamut of Love in all its manifestations from its beginning in the physical or sense plane up into the blue ether, where it eludes our present power of vision until, drawn by our aspiration, we wrest its formula from the heights and actualize it in our daily living.

Purity and Holiness are not mere words. Neither are they extraneous conditions forced upon us from without, as the result of belief and tradition. We recognize purity in the diamond, in the clear running brook, in the sky above us, but we do not see it in the mud; and yet the mud may have for an ingredient the purest water, becoming impure through its admixture

with earth. On the other hand, a murky liquid may precipitate its residuum and become pure, sparkling and clear in consequence.

Color, too, may be pure or impure. By the mixing of the earth shade (brown) we lessen its native purity, making it muddy or unclean. Color has its values, too, as the artist will tell you. It has its scale or gamut, each color tone corresponding to a synchronous sound vibration, high lights in a painting being analogous to the high tones in music. As Emerson says, there is nothing capricious or fanciful in these analogies, for they are constant, and pervade all nature.

Certainly they do. Therefore we can not stop short with the analogy when we reach Love, which is a part of nature and natural. We must have high and low loves, as well as high and low trees or high and low sound and color, and the intuitive inner sense is to say which is high and which low, in the former case as in the latter, since nature is all one.

It is only the unexpressed or the potential which is neither high nor low, and is not governed by the law of contrast. One can not say of the Infinite that it is high or low, for there is nothing outside of itself with which it may be compared; but looking at life from the human or finite consciousness, we call that high which most nearly fulfils our conception of the Divine. Each one of us holds in mind a Divinity transcendent, and that which conforms to it we call high, that which does not we call low.

A Lohengrin stands higher in the scale of being than a hog, and yet the hog is good on its own plane. But the hog can not understand the Lohengrin, neither is he thrilled by the spiritual radiance of his presence. What the hog seeks is not the Holy Grail, but the food in his trough, and to him there is no Lohengrin.

Spirit does not grow. It knows no evolution. It is its expression which grows or evolves; therefore let us take a tree for our symbol of growth in expression. The tree buries its roots in the soil, in the mud, in the impurity, but does it stay there wholly? No, it pushes up and up toward the sun. What makes it grow? Its desire, its tendency, its impulse. If this desire pushes straight up and then ramifies into symmetrical branching we say, What a beautiful tree! But if it grows crooked and gnarled it falls short of our ideal. Its central desire may have been to reach the sun, but this desire, it seems, was not strong enough to hold it to its course, hence it has been drawn and twisted by minor attractions, or pressed by external forces out of its symmetrical form. Very much like this, it seems to me, is the man who follows a desire which destroys his full and ultimate perfection of development. He is like a tree that has put out a branch in the wrong place. The desire produced the branch, but it spoiled the ideal. Desire, it would appear, is right or wrong according as it serves or does not serve the ideal. There is, however, one beautiful and encouraging potency in the human tree by which it can shape itself over to its latest and highest ideal, and wipe out completely the record of its former mistakes.

Question. I am very sensitive to the thoughts of others, and I have enemies who

are sending me evil thoughts. As a consequence, I am ill in mind and body. Isn't this black magic? If so, how can I protect myself from its baleful effects?

Answer. Do you not remember the story of Stradella? You know he was singing when the assassins approached him with daggers drawn, but when they reached the aura which surrounded the singer they fell back powerless. You can surround yourself with just such an aura. It is better than a guard of soldiers and wholly impenetrable to shafts of malice. Do not allow yourself to dwell upon the possibility of evil thoughts being directed toward you. Put the idea wholly out of your mind. Live in an atmosphere of love, and nothing can harm you. There is a phase in the study of the occult in which you are susceptible to influences of this sort, but it is a phase soon outgrown.

There is another phase in which you feel that every one is drawing upon you and depleting your force. Some occultist tells you that you must sit with your feet and hands crossed to close your circuit whenever you are in a street car, or in a crowd, or in the presence of a diseased or unhappy person, and you do it for a while. But you outgrow this, too, and the great and generous heart in you, opening itself to the Infinite on one side and to the suffering ones of earth on the other, gives out a living force and is fed continually with a new supply.

Whenever I see people in either of these transitional states, in which they fear the thoughts of others or the loss of vitality through contact with a fellow-creature, I smile, for I know what an illusion it is. I know, because I have passed through it myself.

The fact is, I smile at a good many things in myself and others. We have made life altogether too solemn. One would suppose we were in the eleventh hour and at the stroke of twelve an irrevocable doom was to swoop down upon us.

Not long ago I had a talk with a Good Theosophist, and he said: "We have no time to lose. We should begin without a moment's delay to live the higher life or we may be lost." "Why," said I, "this is a new version of Theosophy. I thought the real man could not be lost. Is it not the Divine monad, and does not this monad have quite a long trip of it from the atom to man without losing its way, and can you not trust it to go on? You say, too, that it is indestructible, so I do not see much danger for it anyway." Waiving the argument neatly the Good Theosophist said mournfully, "Oh, but think of the time wasted in the present life. If you do not improve this life through which you are passing it is an irreparable loss." "What," said I, joyfully, "is this really the unpardonable sin? I have been seeking it from my youth up, and am so glad I have found it at last. Once I was told that it consisted in saying bad words about the Holy Ghost, and in the exuberance of my youthful fancy I said a few bad words just to see what would happen. Nothing did happen, and so my faith was shaken in that statement. But where have you room for an unpardonable sin in your philosophy, when every Divine monad must ultimately reach Nirvana, a place of perfect rest and peace." The G. T. didn't know how the matter

could be adjusted, or if he did, he did not say, but continued to reiterate sadly his previous assertion about the irrevocable waste of time. I endeavored to cheer him by mention of the eons and eons of time at his disposal; I even hinted at an eternity in which time should be no more, and what difference did it make anyhow, whether we threw it all away then, or a little at a time now, just as the fancy seized us. I was sorry for him, and he is such a good man, too. He is sick now, and I don't wonder. But it wasn't Theosophy that made him sick. It was the orthodox tradition which he was trying to lug into it. That, coupled with remorse over the time he had ruthlessly wasted upon me.

Well, I have diverged somewhat from the answer to the last question, but was urged on by my desire to shake people out of their unnaturally solemn views of life. There are too many who look through a glass darkly, through a smoked glass, thick with the soot and grime of past ages.

Suppose we throw away the glass and look straight at life in all its clear and beautiful coloring. How glorious the vision!

When Minds Are Brightest.

Research proves that the human mind is at its fullest power between the ages of forty and sixty. Swift was fifty-nine when his brain gave birth to "Gulliver's Travels," and John Stuart Mill fifty-six when his essay on "Utilitarianism" was published, although his "Liberty" was written three years previously.

Sir Walter Scott was forty-four when his "Waverley" made its appearance, and nearly all those stories which have conferred lasting fame upon him were composed after the age of forty-six.

Milton's mind rose to its highest capacity when the blind poet was between fifty-four and fifty-nine. It was at this period of his existence that he offered to the world "Paradise Lost."

Cowper had turned the half-century when he wrote "The Task" and "John Gilpin," and Defoe was within two years of sixty when he published his wonderful "Robinson Crusoe."

Every reader and history critic will admit that of all Thomas Hood's works the two which stand pre-eminent are "The Song of the Shirt" and "The Bridge of Sighs." Yet these were written at the age of forty-six.

Darwin's "Origin of Species" was evolved by the philosopher when he had reached his half-century and his "Descent of Man" when twelve years older.

Longfellow wrote "Hiawatha" at forty-eight, and Oliver Wendell Holmes gave us "Songs in Many Keys" when he had passed his fifty-fifth birthday.

George Eliot was near her fiftieth year when she wrote "Middlemarch," and this was succeeded by that powerful book, "Daniel Deronda."

Bacon's greatest work took fifty-nine years to mature, and Grote's "History of Greece" some few years longer.—San Francisco Chronicle.

"I was as a gem concealed;
Me my burning ray revealed."

—Koran.



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Editorial Notes and Reviews.

Harry Gaze, the editor of "Physical Immortality," has just sent me a new book of his entitled "How to Live Forever." It is a strong book and full of suggestion. It stirs and uplifts, and what better can be said of a book or a writer. Send to Harry Gaze, Oakland, Cal. Price \$1.00.

There is a movement on foot for a new Metaphysical Centre. Plans are not yet formulated, but at the earliest possible moment they will be given in The Radiant Centre. A college, hotel and cottages are all in prospect, and the location is one of the loveliest in the country and very central. It is to be a perfect El Dorado, as you will see. I have not a hand in the project, but expect to identify myself with it as I am happy to do with all good work.

Erastus C. Gaffield, of Boston, has written and presented to the Order of the White Rose, of which he is a member, a book called "A Series of Meditations." These meditations are upon the ethical and psychical relation of Spirit to the human organism. The subject is certainly attractive, and although I have not been able to give the book the careful reading which it deserves, I hazard the opinion that it is fine. This I gather from a cursory glance here and there throughout its pages. The diction is clear, the sentiment pure and high, and the meditations as a whole point to the realization of a better ideal made practical and attainable. Publisher, Mr. J. C. F. Grumbine, 1718 West Genesee street, Syracuse, N. Y. Price \$1.00.

Mr. Frederick White, Astrologer, does not seem to coincide with my statement that man controls his destiny. In fact he repudiates it emphatically. He says in "The Adept:"

MAN'S DESTINY IS ARBITRARILY RULED BY THE LAWS OF NATURE AND NATURE'S GOD—DISEASE MAY BE CURED, BUT NOT DESTINY.

In the Radiant Centre for August, Kate Atkinson Boehme makes a great effort to show that man's destiny is in his own hands from start to finish. But like every other reasoner upon that line of thought, she does not deal with the facts of man's origin and experience. These she ignores and falls back upon the baseless conceptions of her mind. She thinks it is an arbitrary soul-crushing tyranny for man to be reduced to a mere automaton. Her attitude before the facts of the universe is similar to that of the late Madame Blavatsky; it is one of rebellion instead of humility. Her whole effort is to try to explain away facts, not to recognize them. She despises the automaton doctrine, which can not logically be explained away, and makes herself ridiculous by ignorantly asserting the self-control of human beings over their origin and destiny.

Being, she says, includes all there is and there can be nothing outside of it. By "nothing outside" of being, we suppose she means that there is nothing that can control it. We can tell her of a certainty that she is often controlled both within and without, and that her being is often obliged to do that which it would not. If we had the privilege of being closely associated with her daily life, we could easily point out in detail where that alleged god-like being of hers has to succumb to circumstances.

Her being includes all that there is of Kate Atkinson Boehme, but not all that there is of universal law. There are other beings in the world which prove to her that her being is not "all there is," and which arbitrarily force her to give in a little to them. She admits that man is ignorant of his destiny, and yet she argues that he shaped it. She argues as if a captain shaped the course of his ship without a knowledge of navigation.

Although she despises the automaton idea of man, she unwittingly makes him an unconscious automaton, working out his own destiny. She has made it evident to all intelligent people that she is yet in the zigzag calf-path so ably pictured by Charlotte Perkins Stetson, in our last issue. It is much nobler to acknowledge the facts of the universe than to try to argue them away.

Our readers must understand that we do not argue the automaton doctrine in the sense of the definition given by Webster. Although every act of man is in accordance with his will, yet his voluntary actions are just as automatic as the involuntary motions of a mechanical machine. The only difference is, man is a conscious automaton. When a man wills to act, he is caused to do so by some circumstance, and he senses his action; when a mechanical machine acts it is caused to do so by the power which drives it, and it does not sense what it does. Man is made to do as he does by the combine which nature forced into his being, and a mechanical machine is made to perform its functions by the combine which a mechanic forced into its construction. Man is not a senseless automaton; he is one that can enjoy and suffer. Nothing but a metaphysical exception can be taken against the automaton doctrine; it is as plain as day that man moves as he is moved. Let Kate Atkinson Boehme show to the contrary if she can.

If man's origin, career and destiny were in his own hands, he would not be the helpless victim that he is to all that now annoys. He is always fighting against his fate, yet often running into the arms of that which he does not want. Let every man and woman speak the truth to his neighbor, if it is not always pleasant. It is time for lying to cease. Let all of our contemporaries be radiant with truth. She that relies upon what the ancients have said, without due consideration, is sure to come to grief in an argument.

We wish to call Kate's attention to the fact that every prominent sect in the world has made great efforts to maintain its theories, expecting to reach a goal, or destiny, which its adherents have marked out, but science is fast breaking all the images which have been set up, and not one of the sectarian conceptions will ever be realized. The Indian's happy hunting ground, the Mahomedan's polygamous harem, the Spiritualist's spirit realm, the Christian's heaven for believers only, the Atheist's everlasting sleep, and the Agnostic's don't know, will all have to give way to the destiny which Nature is slowly, but surely, working out.

In his headlines Mr. White makes the astonishing assertion that disease may be cured, but not destiny. He evidently regards destiny as a form of disease and an incurable form at that. If destiny is a disease and imposed upon us by the laws of nature, and nature's God, why we are in a fix, to be sure, and it is just possible that with this view of the situation Mr. White may be responsible for some of the melancholy horoscopes which have saddened the hearts of mankind. I hope not!

In The Radiant Centre for August I made use of a little diagram by which I attempted to show that man came from Godhood down into wormhood and is now retracing his steps. Of course if he started as a worm, with no God in him, and a great God above him, ruling him arbitrarily, he is too poor a thing to bother much about anyhow. His horoscope is not even worth casting.

If it is possible for Mr. White to be mistaken, it may be in the supposition that there can be beings which are not included in one all-comprehensive Being. In my diagram, which was in the shape of a star, I made the centre of the star stand for the one inclusive Being and the rays proceeding from that centre stand for the beings, apparently separate but really united. Not united in the external expression, but in the one spiritual life at the centre. It is in this sense only that I say man controls his destiny, because he is and always has been centred in Godhood. That he has forgotten what he once planned, does not weaken the argument in the least. And yet I do not mean that man in a state of Godhood planned or outlined a destiny, as I might say I will do thus and so to-morrow, but rather that by virtue of what I am to-day there is but one course open to me to-morrow. Because of my inherent characteristics, because I am what I am, is my course shaped and not because of verbal dictum from God or man.

Mr. White claims that were he to look into my daily life he would see that I am often controlled within and without and that my being is often obliged to do that which it would not. I doubt if Mr. White would see anything of the kind, for I am at peace with the Cosmos. All is as I would have it!

As to bolstering my arguments upon the wisdom of the ancients, I am willing to do that if the bolster is what I want.

But Mr. White, the Astrologer, must know that he is reclining upon a somewhat musty and ancient bolster in the form of Astrology, recently unearthed and aerated, but a little bit stuffy still.

Well, Mr. White may kneel to the stars if he will, while we hobnob with the Gods.

Fate Mastered—Destiny Fulfilled.

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The Mind Cure of Nervousness.

Dr. H. C. Sawyer, San Francisco, California.

The brain is the largest nervous organ, mind the most important nervous function, and the mental aspects of nervousness often outweigh all others. The tendencies of nervous mind are to oversensitiveness, to exalted self-feeling, to contraction of the field of consciousness, to alterations of activity and fatigue, to morbid fears, fixed ideas, and lessened self-control. These mental states often require care as much as pain or sleeplessness.

One of the first mental helps to cure is understanding—of the meaning of symptoms and of the nature of cure. The idea of patient and physician often differ greatly upon these points. The patient's interpretation of the meaning of what he feels is often erroneous. His subjective point of view exaggerates the significance of morbid sensations. Fatigue, pain, head feelings, morbid fears, often mean different things to patient and physician. And even physicians ill in this way lose the power of estimating the value of what they feel. There is an old quarrel, too, between subjective and objective—the patient feels it, but the doctor can not. So that in the beginning, physician and patient are often in the position of Thoreau's two laborers—"they stood very near together in the field, but the things which they knew were very far apart." Then some effort must be made to understand one another. A wise physician will try to understand and enter into the sufferings of his patient. On the other hand, his objective tests must finally decide what the meaning of these sensations really is. A physician very often has not merely to instruct, but to convince a sick mind in the facts. Successful teaching is often an essential cure. "He told me the same thing you did," said one patient, "but he did not make me understand them." A little primer of ten or twelve lessons on the life and activities of a nerve-cell might be planned that would start many cures aright. "The educational method" in use in some sanitariums aims to establish mutual understanding, and through it confidence and co-operation.

After understanding comes submission, or whatever we choose to call that quality of patient-mind that unloads itself of care. Many persons find it hard to yield themselves in all things. Experienced patients, who have had to do with many doctors, are apt to be somewhat skeptical of medical wisdom. Some patients "try" a physician rather than trust him; others like to hold the reins. But the sense of responsibility, the vigilance, which self-care often maintains, is a very adverse factor in nervous disease. It is a conscious and sub-conscious strain which depresses the mind, shrinks the neurons, and hinders nerve nutrition. A wise patient will trust his physician all he can. We all have to trust many persons—the dairyman, the elevator man, the railroad engineer. The physician to whom we give our full confidence will generally try to deserve it. Trust him to consider everything; to study out the individual needs which every patient has, and to take a

larger, juster, saner view than is possible to a sick mind.

Then comes patience. In most cases nervous disease is a growth, and cure must be an outgrowth. Sometimes the set of nerve-cells which one has can never be made to act differently. But the life of these cells is limited; they give way to their offspring; a new generation comes on, and with it (as with society) our hope lies. Every man's nervous system is a current of cells that may become shrunken and degraded by ill-usage or misfortune and plumped out and vitalized by favorable circumstances. Cure is the art of managing the growth of these new generations of cells to the best advantage. It is thus slow, although it seldom takes as long to grow out of a nervous weakness as it did to grow into it. The patient's part is to cooperate with the physician, and be patient. His attitude, as Dr. Beard said, should be that of a voyager who resigns himself to the captain and does not look for the further shore until the time comes. Dr. Mitchell, too, in one of his books, advises against constantly "digging up our symptoms to see if they are better."

A third trait to be cultivated is fortitude. The feelings of nervousness are hard to bear and crave expression and sympathy. Yet the habit of talking of our "feelings" grows out of all reason, and spoils many a home life. A hypochondriac has been defined as one who feels, and makes others feel, pain. Said a daughter once, with some reason, "When mamma has a pain in her toe, the rest of us have to ache all over." We all ought to speak as little as possible of our pains. The number of those who are interested in them is probably fewer than we suppose. Besides, the frequent expressions of our discomforts intensifies our consciousness of them, and exalts our capacity for suffering. The consciousness of pain sometimes becomes habitual; the reminiscent or hallucinatory pains of chronic invalidism are very hard to manage. So the solicitous inquiry, "How do you feel to-day, dear?" so kindly meant, often repeated, does harm. It is a suggestion, a reminder, a temptation, and, so far, a psychic poison. The wise invalid will rather exhibit the spirit breathed in Marston's lines:

"Not gentle was my war with Chance, and yet
I borrowed no man's sword; alone I drew
And gave my slain fit burial out of view;
In secret places I and sorrow met;
So when you count my sins do not forget
To say I taxed not any one of you."

The physician has three psychic uses in relation to morbid feelings. First, to explain the meaning of them; second, to listen to them when they must find expression; third, to advise against, or even to authoritatively stop, the talk of them where this seems to be an evil.

Another psychic remedy is calmness. The nervous brain is overresponsive; emotion (sensibility to ideas) overwhelms reason and self-control. Little causes, entirely inadequate in themselves, evoke a storm of excitement, irascibility, anger. At such times a violent disturbance of the brain circulation occurs. A tidal wave of blood rushes to the brain-vessels and commits a true physical assault upon the weakened brain cells or a sudden contraction, equally violent, shuts off the supply of blood. The

habit of getting excited over small things is injurious, physically and psychically, to every one, and especially to the nervous. Let us remember this fact; let us consider how absurd our little tempests usually are, and how little to advantage most of us appear in anger.

One of the greatest psychic remedies is to practice all the cheerfulness, courage and philosophy we can against the habit of worry. Worry may be defined as a sustained depressing emotion within the sphere of self-hood. It is more often nerve-poisoning than a response to external troubles. It may possess the mind consciously and sub-consciously for weeks, months, years, and become dominant, habitual. It is often periodical; the curve of health is marked in the nervous; excitement and fatigue alternate; every nervous person has his ups and downs. A tired brain aches in the only way it can—in the way of ideation. The pessimism of modern life and literature is said to be only the expression of a fatigue cycle. There are minor insanities, as well as major ones, and a fit of the blues is in its way a little lunacy.

Let us reflect that in most cases the thing we worry about never comes to pass. When it does we find that there are few things that can happen so bad as our fore-thought of them.

The sensations of nervousness are often very deceptive and occasion much needless worry. For example, the subjective feeling of fatigue is interpreted to mean exhaustion—vital bankruptcy—the very end of strength. The physician's objective examination shows that the heart (the great barometer of nervous energy) is strong and steady, that all the vital organs are working well, the flesh is firm and vigorously nourished, the blood rich and the urine clear, and he knows that the reserve fund of vitality is abundant. In the creeping sensations of minor neuritis, the patient often feels paralysis coming on, but the physician knows that there is no danger. And so it is with many another morbid feeling.

Perhaps the hardest worries to escape from are those which attend adversity. Privation, humiliation and anxiety are dreadful psychic forces. The first duty of a man in financial trouble is to get out of it as fast as he can, and one way to do so is to avoid the waste of fruitless worry. In our moments of discouragement there are thoughts and counter thoughts, just as there are poisons and antidotes. There is a philosophy of adversity that has doubtless helped many a man. It consists essentially in enlarging one's thought.

First, in time. Everything passes. The dead worried in their day as we do now—to what end? A little look forward will show us that our own vexations will have little place presently.

Second, in space. One may as well live in the universe as in a street and number. Maupassant said of one of his characters, "He was a good man, truly, but his soul had never crossed the threshold of his shop," and of another great heart it was said, that "he lived in the eternal world." The study of astronomy is a good resource against worry. It suggests how great are the possibilities of creaturehood. Each of us is a part of all that ever was, or is, or shall be:

"What though thy name by no sad lips be spoken
And no fond heart shall keep thy memory green?
Thou yet shall leave thine own enduring token,
For earth is not as though thou ne'er hadst been."

Third, in the world's work. We are a human family 1,418,000,000 strong. All men desire certain things of which the supply is insufficient. After all that is to be said of energy and ability it is still a world of chance. A man may deserve success without achieving it, and when he has done his best he can do no more. It may be that our ill-success is necessary to the integrity of things. If all men had opportunity the world might move too fast.

The knowledge of poverty, too, is in one sense privileged; lifelong prosperity can never know the world, nor its friends, nor have the deep affection that grows out of sympathy and sacrifice.

Fourth, in society. The experiences of poverty are humiliating, but a man of spirit will never lose his self-respect. Class distinctions, and castes shrink in a large view of things. We are all human creatures making the journey together; we should reverence our elder brothers in wisdom and virtue; we should cherish our younger and weaker ones and never forget that we, too, are members in a great family. Each has his place, his service, that is necessary to the good of all, and no sense of servility nor consciousness of degradation can touch a man's larger thought.

"Above the clouds, upon the mountain-tops
The sun is shining and the air is still."

And there are calm heights that every man's thought may climb to and find distraction from worry and a sort of peace. But if one must worry, a good way is to do it twelve hours on and twelve off. One can keep it up longer so and do a better quality of worrying besides.

"Shines the past age, the next with hope is seen,
To-day slinks poorly off between."

"I know by my own experience and by the experience of many others," says Hamerton, "that the provision for our happiness, even in this world, is most abundant, and that we can generally enjoy it on two conditions; the first of which is that we learn to accept contentedly a sort of felicity, which does not correspond with our ideal notions of what ought to be, and the second that we make the best of the present without requiring of it that it shall be the future also." So one way is to try and take our troubles somewhat as a matter of course, and to open our minds to the hundred sources of innocent enjoyment that lie all about us.

Most nervous persons, too, are greatly benefited by association with sane and cheerful minds. The idea of having health catching as well as disease is often realized in the psychic field. Many nervous persons are shy, self-conscious, oversensitive and live as much as they can alone. Let such go out in a friendly spirit into church, club or any place where natural, kindly men and women are. Such a course would soften away the oddities of many a nervous mind.

Finally, work is a great saving force for the nervous, as it is for others. The ideal cure of many persons is to pass one or more years in an unbroken round of treatment. Such a course would often fix the disease instead of removing it. The mental habit that grows out of nervous weakness often becomes the worst thing about it, and the one that calls for cure the most. Idleness invites self-feeling; action inhibits it. There are mental climates, too; that of invalidism is depressing in the extreme. Whenever the thought of disease becomes dominant we need a mental change even more than a physical one. Nervous troubles are bad enough of themselves, without spoiling our minds.

How few of us, even in health, exhibit self-sanity? A statue, symbolic of our thought would, it is to be feared, exhibit some sad deformities. Yet mental balance, serenity, cheerfulness, courage, character, all that we admire in others, is largely a matter of proportionate thought. It comes from filling in one's time rightly—from the wise choice of places, things and people. Self-care, work, play, social intercourse make up a day. The nervous mind frequently needs to limit self-care, and to balance it by other and more wholesome activities.—Forward Movement Herald.

The Pagan Christmas.

Despite the exquisite embroidery of poetry, myth and legend with which Christmas has been decorated by the Christian world, it is nevertheless a pagan festival, and is undoubtedly the oldest one of the race. It was intended to commemorate the re-birth of the sun, and in every land where winter locks up the earth with icy bars is a season of mirth and rejoicing. In those lands where there is no winter there never was a Christmas except by adoption, and in the Southern hemisphere, what slight suggestions of the festival are found point not to the winter solstice, December 22d, but to the summer one in June. Originally, the festival meant the birth of the year, or in other words, it combined what we have divided into the modern Christmas and New Year's Day. This division resulted not from any ecclesiastical action, as has been often argued, but from the inability of our ancestors to measure time with any success.

The first clock of the primitive man was the moon, and the very word month is a living illustration of the importance of the satellite. In nearly every language the two words, moon and month, are either variations of the same root, the same word, or else closely interrelated terms. Beyond the month were the four seasons, and the four seasons made the year. Ages must have passed away before the northern races obtained any definite conception of the relation of lunar to solar time. Even then their first knowledge was so vague as to be of but little use. In one country an extra month was inserted into the year according to the pleasure of the king or the high priest; in another country, extra days were inserted, and in still others, interacting cycles were constructed whose only merit was that in the course of a half century they kept time well balanced. Even today in the Mongolian lands the cycle is almost as important as the year.

If the calendar of Christendom could be re-made New Year's and Christmas Day would be placed on December 22d. It is then that the sun changes its course and the nights begin to grow shorter.

It took our own race more than a century to adopt the Gregorian calendar, and even to-day the mighty empire of Russia still keeps time to the rhythm of dead centuries. The separation of the primitive festival into two functions occurred in Rome. The intercalation by a period of seven days has remained inviolate up to the present time. In the Far East the separation occurred at a much earlier period, and with very queer results. In some long gone age the Chinese had mastered many of the mysteries of the heavens and were able to trace both the sun and the moon through the signs of the zodiac. They realized that neither lunar nor solar time could be depended upon, and foolishly concluded that by employing sidereal time they could obtain accurate results. After years of discussion and calculation, they determined that New Year should fall on the first new moon after the sun entered Aquarius. This to-day makes the festival a movable one between the limits of January 21st and February 19th. There is no doubt but that the signs of the zodiac are changing place so far as the earth and sun are concerned, and it is therefore probable that when the system was formulated more than five thousand years ago, the New Year's and the solstice were much closer together. According to synagogues this system of chronometry was borrowed from the Chaldeans or the Babylonians. That the Chinese New Year's was originally celebrated near the winter solstice is shown by the fact that in the last week of December (23-26) there are ancient local festivals of which the Feast of the Ice Winds and the Feast of the Evergreens are still celebrated by the common people. If these be taken as the echo of a forgotten Christmas, it is clear that the Far East has separated the two festivals by at least a month, where we have sinned by a single week.

In the expression of joy by a multitude, the favorite forms are those which describe the most popular action. The more savage the community, the more brutal the elements of festivity. Our Scandinavian ancestors, viewed in this light, were not such a bad lot, after all. They had songs and music, great fires and torches, dancing and games, an ocean of ale, and any amount of coarse wit and humor. The only indication of barbarism was the bringing out of enemies' skulls and using them as drinking vessels.

The Celts celebrated the feast of Perun. The function was conducted by Druids, and among the ceremonies were animal sacrifices and at one time human sacrifices. The Goths and Germans had games, love-making, and an inordinate amount of inebriety. They do not seem to have employed any form indicative of great savagery. In the Semitic lands the celebration was pacific and orderly as far back as 1000 B. C. Prior to that time there were human sacrifices in the worship of Moloch, and strange religious immoralities in the cult of Ashteroth. Still further back human sacrifices seem to have been very general and were employed in the early worship of Bel

and of the Moon god of Chaldea. Similar ceremonies were employed in many parts of Northern India and in Burmah. In China the record is clean of human blood from the very first. Nevertheless, it is probable that animal and even human sacrifices were employed in devil and ancestor worship prior to the reign of Hwang-Ti.

The fact that Christmas is essentially a child of the cold climate justifies the student in believing that all races celebrating the day must have come from the North or else have been conquered at some time by a Northern race. This we know to have been the case with the Chinese and the Burmese. They came originally from what is now Mongolia, if not from Siberia. The Aryan conquerors of India entered that land from some territory much farther to the North. Although we know but little of the prehistoric career of the Semitic races, it is probable that they moved down into the fertile valleys of the Euphrates and Tigris from the temperate country in the neighborhood of Armenia.

Although Christmas is classified as a religious festival, yet most of its features belong to the pre-Christian period. The mistletoe is sacred to Baldir. The punch bowl, the yule log, the Christmas tree, the pine boughs and the holly wreaths were in use centuries before Christ. The feasting and inordinate use of stimulants are as old as the hills, and only the church services and the name of the day show any change in its pagan character.

MARGHERITA ARLINA HAMM,
In Boston Ideas.

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EUGENE DEL MAR,
In Mental Science.

As Young As Ever.

Oh, who'd commit the folly
Of dwelling with dull care
And wooing melancholy
With Christmas in the air?
Sing truthfully and youthfully
The songs of ages sung;
Tho' winter's cold and earth is old,
The race is always young!

Oh, who'd be nursing sorrow,
Preferr'd to joy's delight,
And, shivering, dread to-morrow,
That Christmas brings in sight?
Shout lungfully and youthfully,
As did the ancients gay,
For song's as meet and life's as sweet
As on the primal day!
—Ripley D. Saunders, in St. Louis Republic.

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