

# RADIANT THE CENTRE

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND RELIGION.

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

Vol. 1, No. 3.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MARCH, 1900.

\$1.00 a Year.

## The Open Sesame.

By James Edmund Searing.

Let us look through the big end of the evolutionary telescope, and, turning our gaze backward down the ages, imagine ourselves mere sparks of the divine life inhabiting rudimentary forms amid an environment of mud, sea-weed and forest; possessed of a consciousness that is unconscious of itself; not knowing enough to worry and doubt; the desires almost wholly centred in getting enough to eat, and finding it, happy.

In beginning the study of occult science, we are prone to lose ourselves by considering too exclusively the evolution of form. Much that is puzzling is cleared away after we have evolved sufficiently in consciousness and understanding to grasp, as well, the esoteric significance of a law which, Le Conte says, is "far more certain than the law of gravitation." Darwin and Spencer have given us much that is valuable as to the physical side of evolution, but we must stake out new claims and enter newer territory. Le Conte postulates a continuous skein of the life thread, by connecting "the anima or conscious principle of animals" with the spirit of man, the evolution, or emergence, as it were, from one into the other, requiring inconceivable aeons of time for its accomplishment.

Let us now drop all idea of form and not concern ourselves about our lineage any further back than we can trace it in our great grandmother's bible, and the town and country records. Let the physical scientists trace out our exact relation to dogs, cats and monkeys! Let them find the "missing link" while we consider the evolution of consciousness by following the potential man only.

With one giant stride from protoplasm up through an almost infinite variety of forms, imagine man stepping into the arena! Here he is, the same divine spark, with an inner consciousness which he has been evolving all through the ages as he gained in experience, now ensheathed as it were in the highest type of physical form known to this planet. He now acquires another attribute since he has become conscious of himself, and takes on what we will call his outer sense consciousness, or intellect.

Up to this point he has traveled a straight road, conforming to the Laws of

Being and guided by a certain something which we call instinct.

Taking up life where this consciousness of himself begins, we now find him to greater or less extent dominated by his sense impressions and catering to the intellect which he develops to great possibilities, enabling him to accomplish wonderful things in the sciences and arts. Now, to just the degree that he trusts this only, and recedes from the initial consciousness which he brought over with him, to just that extent is he bedimming his beacon light; straying into all sorts of by-paths under the guidance of sense impressions rather than the instinct which formerly guided him unerringly, to which we will now give the name of intuition. Let his intellectual powers be what they may, in following their guidance only, he is acting without rudder, compass or headlight, and his pursuit of happiness is futile. He may pile up a fortune, but we deny that this leads to happiness without the demands of the inner consciousness, the soul life, are met. Happiness from the world's standards is ever a will-o'-the-wisp. The millionaire chases her around the world and back again, and becoming surfeited with the externals which his money buys, we often hear of the hasty scrawl he leaves behind him, and after the smoke clears away we read: "Life is a riddle, and I give it up." Other deluded mortals are sighing their days away in the mistaken notion that "Life is full of trouble and not worth the living." The kindly-faced old school minister tells us on certain occasions that "Man born of woman is of few days and full of trouble." Trouble! trouble! trouble everywhere. We try to comfort ourselves by thinking of the reward hereafter, losing sight of the vital facts that we are here for the express purpose of developing character, which we acquire through experience in overcoming the errors we blunder into by trusting too much to our ignorant senses; that mere passive goody-goodyness is stagnation, adding little to character; that the heaven of bliss and inaction is a theological myth; that when we transcend the limits of sense we know that the kingdom of heaven is within—within as a state of consciousness to be unfolded now, while tenanted this body, but never through the cultivation of the intellect or the sense consciousness alone, which is grossly igno-

rant and barren of all that makes happiness, no matter how many yachts and country-houses we own, nor to what extent our intellectual powers are unfolded. Now, why is it? It is because we have been chasing rainbows, and because we have been blindly following the world's standards, traditions, and wrong beliefs, and because we will not exercise our God-given prerogative of thinking for ourselves. We thus become atrophied in the higher faculty of instinct or intuition which guided us before we became of age, as it were, upon graduating from our unconscious life. This outer sense-consciousness and the unaided intellect, while capable of much, really places us on a plane relatively lower than our little friends, the ants, the bugs, and the bees, who act with a wisdom born of instinct, which is equivalent to intuition in the man, as already defined.

Here we are, divine creatures, kings by inheritance, awaiting a heaven hereafter which we will not find as mistaken theology pictures it for us. Let us awaken and work for the crown of the higher inner consciousness, which, as before implied, is only an extension of that consciousness back of the bee's wisdom, having a range from relative nothingness up to infinity, and which we should have, up to our capacity for realization, to enjoy here and now, to our happiness and betterment in all ways and in the light of which the whole concept of life changes. Unfolding it, we would know that life in a body or out of a body is much the same, that life really means never-ending unfoldment or evolution of the inner consciousness toward the divine likeness. We are made in the image and likeness of God, who is not a creature of form, but who is Spirit, intangible to the outer senses and in the rough, can be conceived as *spiritualized mentality*.

Our problem is to unfold this consciousness while inhabiting or functioning in what we call a body, which is but a combination of chemicals, liquids and gases, and entirely plastic to our intelligent (spiritualized) will, when we have evolved beyond the entanglements and illusions of sense and can *realizingly* dictate to it instead of allowing it to enslave us.

Truly we must climb up higher and learn that all is beneficent Law; that there is no other kind of law; that our troubles are due to the ignorant view-point of a sense consciousness; that our failures are



Published Monthly by  
**KATE ATKINSON BOEHME,**  
 1528 Corcoran Street, - Washington, D. C.

#### TERMS.

\$1.00 a Year; Single Numbers, 10 Cents; Foreign Subscriptions, 5 Shillings.

Entered at Washington, D. C., Postoffice as Second Class Mail Matter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MARCH, 1900.

### Editorial Notes.

When I mentioned favorably in my last issue The International Metaphysical League I did not know what was impending. About a week later I received an announcement from the Secretary in Boston, stating that at a recent meeting of the Executive Committee I had been appointed a Vice-President to represent the League in the District of Columbia. The Secretary very kindly added: "I am sure you will co-operate in making the League all that our highest ideals see as a possibility for it, and will interest others to join and thus increase its usefulness."

I lost no time in accepting the appointment and assuring the Secretary of my heartiest cooperation in the work of the League. With such men in office as its President, Charles Brodie Patterson, and Henry S. Taft, Warren A. Rodman, Harry Gestefeld, William E. Uptegrove, Henry Wood, George Ricker, A. P. Barton, and such women as Mrs. M. E. Cramer, Mrs. Fanny Harley, Miss Ellen Dyer, Miss Sarah J. Farmer and Mrs. Jane W. Yarnall, I could feel no hesitation in lending a helping hand to the work. Glance at the clause from its Constitution in another column of this paper and you will discover a platform broad enough to uphold a mighty, world-encompassing League, truly international and universal in the breadth and strength of its underlying foundations.

Once there was a man, and a bright man, too, who edited a paper which he called "Nondependence." I ran across a copy of it the other day, a copy which I had preserved because of its merit. But the paper died. Its name killed it; marked it with death at its birth. If it had been called "Independence" it would have had a better show of life. The first thing that "Nondependence" did was to ask its friends to work for it. Then it should have changed its name to "Interdependence." But it did not. It lived right on under the old roof, and, of course, a house divided against itself must fall. So it fell. I remember how I worked for that paper in getting it

subscribers, but all to no purpose did I send in names, for there was the element of disintegration within "Nondependence," and it destroyed itself.

Probably the editor learned his lesson. Very likely he knows now that he who bases his claims to a prosperous life upon nondependence hasn't an inch to stand on. His life as a unit must have its twofold significance, *independence* at the centre and *interdependence* at the circumference, or he goes to pieces.

Interdependence is the very life of all organization, whether of vegetable, animal, man or associations of men. Interdependence is the interplay of forces, and it plays such a part in the visible universe that should it cease, at that very instant the universe would go out of existence.

Physical organisms and social organizations disintegrate because their integration is not in accordance with the laws of a Spiritual Organic Unity, which exists as a prototype or pattern for all material or social organization. A man may be an individualist at the centre, but he must be a socialist at the circumference or fall out of line with cosmic force.

Social organizations would be a success if anyone were willing to be hands or feet, but too many wish to be head, and make a grand rush for that end of the organism. Then it gets top-heavy, tumbles over and lies prostrate in the dust.

I know a brilliant lecturer for the Theosophical Society who tells me that she began her career by doing the humblest work in the society. She was one of the atoms in the feet of the organism, but the circulation took her up and carried her to the head.

I expected a little tilt from Helen Wilmans, and it came. We always get what we expect, you know. Somebody wrote me: "H. W. gave you a slap in the face, didn't she? But I like you and your paper. I like her, too." Well, I did not feel it to be a slap. It didn't hurt. I thought it was a love tap. This is what she said:

Mrs. Kate Atkinson Boehme has gone into journalism on her own responsibility. She calls her paper The Radiant Centre. She says: "The Radiant Centre is so named because it finds God at the centre of consciousness. It is in line with Herbert Spencer, who says: 'One truth must grow ever clearer—the truth that there is an inscrutable existence everywhere manifested, to which man can neither find nor conceive either beginning or end. Amid the mysteries which become the more mysterious the more they are thought about, there will remain the one absolute certainty that he is ever in the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed;' and it is this same power which in ourselves wells up under the form of consciousness."

Yes, but Herbert Spencer does not call this Eternal Energy "God;" to which Kate would

answer if we were talking together—"Oh! I don't mean the orthodox God."

"Then what do you mean, Kate?"

"I mean the Eternal Energy; just what Spencer means."

And I say, "Then if you mean that, why don't you say it? What is the use of saying one thing and meaning something else?"

The Radiant Centre is a good name, but that which is the heart of the radiant centre is the personal "I," and not God. That is, it is not the God that people have been calling God all these ages, though in veritable fact it is the only god there is or ever will be, the god man who is now in process of becoming conscious of his own power and creativeness.

But there is something in The Radiant Centre better than the quotation I have made or can make; it is the naturalness that belongs to Kate herself, and that crops out now and then half humorously.

Kate is spreading the light as she sees it. She does not see it as I do; but this is not saying a word against her or her opinions; she has been my friend for years, and was at one time the associate editor of Freedom. I considered her a brilliant writer at that time, but for the last year or two I have been too busy to follow her. She is the author of a series of lessons the price of which is one dollar.

The Radiant Centre is published at 1528 Corcoran St., Washington, D. C. (I can see the place now with all its prettiness, and with its dozen handsome cats taken in off the streets and fed and warmed, and so well cared for that they have waxed fat and glossy and too consequential to give up a seat to Queen Victoria herself if the old lady should happen along.)

The price of Kate's paper is one dollar a year. I am holding for her the best and highest thought of which I am capable. H. W.

Now, Helen, I will try to say just what I mean, so far as I understand myself, and then I am going to find out what you mean so as to see where we differ and where we agree.

When I place God and the Eternal Energy by apposition in the same case, I am attributing to the Eternal Energy just what you attribute to it—Intelligence and Love. But, if I understand you aright, you do not give the Eternal Energy this Intelligence and Love except as it comes into personal expression. Now, it seems to me, on the contrary, that the personal is but a fragmentary, inadequate and imperfect expression of the Eternal Energy.

If there is no Eternal Energy until its personal expression appears, then it does not exist up to that time, and as that which is born must die, then Energy can not be eternal. There is, according to this, no potential side to life, and something must come from nothing, which is contrary to the facts in science and to the data of consciousness. That which is evolved must be involved. That which is unfolded must be infolded. That which moves must proceed from a point of departure.

Now, our only mode of reasoning when we approach that of which we *know* so little must be inductive, from particulars to universals. From what we know of the particular we postulate the universal. Show me the finite and I postulate the Infinite. Show me the human and I postulate the Divine. Show me the personal and I pos-

tulate the Impersonal. Show me man and I postulate God.

I do this by the same unerring law which makes you say, in your statement to the sick and discouraged: "The mind trained to a knowledge of its own power can cure every form of disease. *There are divine attributes from higher realms entering into it that are of themselves so elevating and ennobling, etc., etc.*"

Now, what do you mean, Helen, by saying that divine attributes from higher realms enter the mind? Your "higher realms" and the mind can not be one, for you speak of the divine attributes from higher realms entering into it (the mind).

Now, I believe in these higher realms, but what are you doing with them, Helen? Eh? Say what you mean, honey, for "what is the use of saying one thing and meaning something else?"

So far as the term "God" becoming obsolete because of the false conceptions clinging to it, one might as well drop the term "personal I" because that means, to many, a narrow and aggressive egotism. You have chosen as your work the lifting of the personal I from the dust, and I have chosen the bringing of God into touch with the human consciousness.

The personal "I" is all right enough in the amoeba and in the higher animal, but when you come to man it must begin to spread out, as it were, or, perhaps, to better express it, be transmuted into something better, just as amoebic qualities are caught up and retained by man in his advancement, becoming a part of a larger whole. If you follow your being far enough back to its source, and say that this being is all one, you are bound to come to a One Self, and it is this Self which has all the time been expressing itself in little dots and dashes here and there in all the various forms of life, a bird here, a flower there, each an expression of the Infinite One. But it belongs to man to see this Infinite One, and know his oneness with it, from the time of which knowing his impersonal life begins. He finds his spiritual and mental backbone in this fact, and is a vertebrate compared to the protoplasmic man who knows it not.

You are a vertebrate. So am I, though we may differ as individual specimens. My spinal column is the "I AM." You can call yours the "i am" if you want to, but the lower case is very small type, Helen. It doesn't begin to represent YOU!

The personal I which you manifest is what I should call the Impersonal I, because you bring into expression those grand, all-embracing attributes which are one with humanity. I never knew anyone who did any more for the uplifting of the race than you. Yours is a noble, true egoism, without which altruism is a dead letter.

I know you, Helen. I have summered and wintered with you. Your great heart has often warmed me with its glow, and I am not going to allow a trifling difference in terminology to separate me from that heart. Not if I can help it; and I can!

The "personal I" is the only devil there is, and the "Impersonal I" the only God!

### Special Notice.

The other day some one (we will not say who) sent us the following postal: "I did not order your Paper please don't send it no more as I don't want no more Papers."

Poor fellow! We think we know why he declined our sheet, and at once, in the kindest spirit, we wrote, enclosing a postal and explaining that the papers sent were only samples, but that we regretted the necessity which he had found for sending us the postal, as we considered it an imposition on the good nature of a long-suffering public that it should be made the recipient of publications which it did not desire and be subjected to the necessity for ordering their discontinuance.

We should have stated in the first issue of our paper that after one or two samples had been sent to those on our list without eliciting a subscription, the paper would be discontinued.

In no case will it be necessary to decline its acceptance, as the editor does not wish to impose even the sending of a postal upon anyone who may receive a sample.

So far the above notice of discontinuance is the only one we have received in response to the thousands of samples sent out. Subscriptions are coming rapidly, and very many of our good friends sent in their names and their dollars before the paper was issued. This, in response to a postal sent out by the editor announcing the fact of the contemplated publication. The editor will not soon forget the gladness of heart which these early responses brought to her as an evidence of good faith on the part of the public and as an appreciation of her work as a helpful factor in the great field of the world's effort.

The Radiant Centre is organic in its nature, and its subscribers should possess it from the very first number, that of January, 1900. We still have some of the first and second issues, but they will soon be exhausted, and they can not then be supplied at any cost. If you have not the subscription price in hand, do not hesitate on that account. Send in your name and the paper will be sent you "on suspicion," as our humorous friend, Fra Elbertus, would say.

If you have friends who are interested in the metaphysical movement, please send us their names and they will be sent sample copies. The editor desires so large a circulation that she may be able to increase the size of the paper and add to its interest in many ways, such as introducing an illustrated set of lessons on the subject of Mental Therapeutics and other attractive features, which will be added when the circulation justifies the additional expense.

## Is Evolution in the Self, or in the Consciousness?

Henrietta S. McVea.

In moving among metaphysicians one is apt to hear such statements as these: "We must overcome the visible, fleshly man in order to exalt the invisible, spiritual man; we must grow out of the lower into the higher self; we are all in the process of evolution, on the road to perfection."

It might be interesting to discover just what self I am, the lower or the higher, the fleshly or the spiritual; or whether I am an uncomfortable mixture of both. This last is, I believe, the most commonly agreed upon theory. These contradictory statements place one nowhere, or vaguely, anywhere, on the road to perfection. Like the old woman of Mother Goose tradition, I cry: "Alackaday! Be I I, or be I not I, who be I?"

Let us rescue some of the terms that we frequently use from the hazy mist which seems to obscure them, and define them clearly to ourselves. First, let me state that when I use the words "I am," I am speaking of the real and only Self of man, not of the self he thinks he is at different stages in the unfoldment of his consciousness. In endeavoring to realize the truth about himself, man generally reasons thus: Through a mysterious process called growth he is to become something in the future which he is not now; he is to grow from a lower into a higher selfhood, to go from darkness into light, to change his body from matter into spiritual substance. He speaks of "spiritualizing" the body.

Let us see where this change from darkness to light, from imperfection to perfection, from matter to spirit, really takes place. It is in the Consciousness of man alone that this process of evolution goes on. The real and only Self of man and its expression—body—never changes; it is the same yesterday, to-day and forever, the "I am" which was before Abraham; it is eternally divine and complete. We must learn to distinguish clearly between man's consciousness of himself, and the Self. We can understand what it means to say that the consciousness changes, but the Self does not, by looking at the appearance of material birth and growth. Man's consciousness of himself is as child, boy, youth, maturity and old age; yet—

"Never the Spirit was born; the Spirit shall cease to be never;

Never was time it was not; End and Beginning are dreams!

Birthless, and deathless, and changeless, remaineth the Spirit forever;

Death hath not touched it at all, dead tho' the house of it seems."

When we are first born spiritually, we look out over the universe and see what we term matter. This word conveys to us that which is changing, perishable, finite. We connect ourselves, in consciousness, with this matter, and call ourselves "mortals." We conceive of a fleshly man, the lower self of the Scientist, and say: "I am this." But there is something within which rebels against the death which seems to await the flesh, and we speak of a soul which, liberated from the body by death, may escape

destruction and perhaps attain perfection. Still the Consciousness grows, and, as whatever direction it takes, there is only one thing for it to grow into—God—it gradually sees matter less and less and Spirit more and more. The first tiny point of Consciousness has grown until it says that matter is not the reality, is not greater, or equal to, but even less than Spirit; Spirit—good—is positive; matter—evil—is negative. There are two selves, it says, the natural and the spiritual; but be of good cheer, the higher is mightier than the lower; matter seems strong, but Spirit is stronger. This does not preclude strife, but the struggle is not so unequal. After his nightmare of materiality, this seems hope enough. Like shipwrecked mariners, who, for the first time, see hope ahead; so weary strugglers of the earth rest for a moment from the fight with evil, and, grasping each other by the hand, cry out: All may yet be, will be, or is well, according to the different degrees of individual consciousness.

The day dawns, the day of days, when the unity of life and the oneness of substance steals upon the consciousness. It sees spirit in and through everything, pervading and sustaining all. Spirit is all, and the Consciousness sees that it is one with spirit. Here it cries out joyfully: "I—as I have thought myself to be, weak, separate, material—no longer live; nay, I have never lived, but Christ, the real Self of me, alone liveth and has ever lived, even when I knew it not." The false conception of self is lost in the perception of eternal, unchanging, divine Self.

Man and man's body never changes, but man's conception of himself and his body changes. He can not spiritualize matter; that which is born of spirit is eternally spirit, and if there is flesh for anything to be born of, that thing must eternally be flesh. "Can the same fountain send forth sweet and bitter waters?" Can Spirit, the only source, send out spirit and matter?

"I have a temple (body) not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." St. Paul is speaking of the body not as it appears, but as it really is. One says: "We may as well say the fountain is water and the stream it sends forth watery, as to say man is spirit and his body spiritual. By using weak terms we have weakened man's consciousness." In the light of illumined consciousness, we see that the only matter in the universe is the non-recognition of Spirit; the only imperfection is the claim of separation from the Perfect. When we lose the false consciousness of matter which obscured the perfect expression of Spirit, and perceive the true substance of which our bodies (and the so-called material universe) are composed, then they will express Spirit alone. We have placed ourselves, the invisible, at one with God; let us place the body, the visible, in the Godhead also. "Do I not fill heaven and earth (the body)? saith the Lord." "I am the Lord, and beside Me there is none else." Dare we set up something else, a conception of material form, beside this perfect All?

Finding God in the invisible and the visible to be One and to be All, we find ourselves and our bodies included in that All. Under various names—"matter, mortal mind, dead form"—the body has been long crucified. We are constrained to acknowledge that God knew what He

was doing when in using so-called matter in making the universe He pronounced it "very good." We have called it very bad, and laid all our misdemeanors on its shoulders. We cease trying to improve on creation and are relieved of the necessity of making God good. We begin to pronounce with instead of against Him. Nothing is different from what it was, but we are beginning to see what really is. The Consciousness is no longer divided in trying to account for two substances. In dualism there is eternal warfare, in monism there is nothing to fight.

Henceforth, existence is the study of the one invisible and visible, unexpressed and expressed, substance. God does not become something else as soon as He precipitates Himself into visibility. Life will mean the quiet unfoldment in the Consciousness to the nature of the One, the serene contemplation of the "I Am." This does not signify idle, inactive existence. From this restful contemplation goes forth the truest activity. The Consciousness is at the Centre, close to the heart of all things. To enter the silence and centre the consciousness upon Being, is to meditate upon what "I am" regardless of appearances and feelings. Now, that I have put myself as I have thought myself to be entirely out of mind, where I have looked upon myself I see God as my only Self. The one Universal Self is revealed in the calm and holy silence of my innermost Being. I can not make this self by my thoughts, words or deeds, but I can believe in, pronounce with, and make my thoughts, words and actions represent, my true Self. To believe and be saved is to let be that which is, the Perfect, and not try to make something better.

As I read in the January number of the "Radiant Centre" that interesting experience of Lucy A. Mallory, it seemed to show plainly that the body is spirit, and that the idea of any material body is but a delusion. Many project the astral form, but leave what they call the physical body behind them. The fact that this woman went through walls in this physical body proves that the so-called physical body is spirit, and obeys the laws of spirit when looked at in its true light; that in reality we have not many bodies—a physical, an astral and a spiritual; these simply represent degrees of enlightenment concerning the true nature of the body—but we have one body which is spirit and is with us now as much as it will ever be. We will cease to talk about spiritualizing matter. Instead of matter to be spiritualized we will see spirit already there. It only remains for us to recognize this fact to bring out spirit's potentialities. The veil of materiality has been nowhere but upon our consciousness. In the continued, conscious effort to place ourselves at one with the Supreme One, we are laying the foundation of Conscious Being, of being all that is and of being eternal. In this Consciousness death is already overcome, and from this Consciousness will flow forth without effort the fruits of Being—doing. We shall "heal the sick, cleanse the leper, cast out devils, raise the dead." For all power is given unto us in heaven—the place of conscious communion—and in earth—the place where the results of that communion are manifested.

## The Tenderness of Prince Siddhartha.

Albeit beyond their learning taught; in speech  
Right gentle, yet so wise; princely of mien,  
Yet softly-mannered; modest, deferent,  
And tender-hearted, though of fearless blood;  
No bolder horseman in the youthful band  
E'er rode in gay chase of the shy gazelles;  
No keener driver of the chariot  
In mimic contest scoured the Palace-courts;  
Yet in mid-play the boy would oftentimes  
pause,  
Letting the deer pass free; would oftentimes  
yield  
His half-won race because the laboring  
steeds  
Fetched painful breath; or if his princely  
mates  
Saddened to lose, or if some wistful dream  
Swept o'er his thoughts. And ever with  
the years  
Waxed this compassionateness of our  
Lord,  
Even as a great tree grows from two soft  
leaves  
To spread its shade afar; but hardly yet  
Knew the young child of sorrow, pain, or  
tears,  
Save as strange names for things not felt  
by kings,  
Nor ever to be felt. But it befell  
In the royal garden on a day of spring,  
A flock of wild swans passed, voyaging  
north  
To their nest places on Himala's breast.  
Calling in love-notes down their snowy  
line  
The bright birds flew, by fond love  
piloted;  
And Devadatta, cousin of the Prince,  
Pointed his bow, and loosed a willful shaft  
Which found the wide wing of the fore-  
most swan  
Broad-spread to glide upon the free blue  
road,  
So that it fell, the bitter arrow fixed,  
Bright scarlet blood-gouts staining the  
pure plumes.  
Which seeing, Prince Siddhartha took the  
bird  
Tenderly up, rested it in his lap—  
Sitting with knees crossed, as Lord Buddha  
sits—  
And, soothing with a touch the wild  
thing's fright,  
Composed its ruffled vans, calmed its quick  
heart,  
Caressed it into peace with light kind  
palms  
As soft as plantain-leaves an hour un-  
rolled;  
And while the left hand held, the right  
hand drew  
The cruel steel forth from the wound and  
laid  
Cool leaves and healing honey on the  
smart.  
Yet all so little knew the boy of pain  
That curiously into his wrist he pressed  
The arrow's barb, and winced to feel it  
sting,  
And turned with tears to soothe his bird  
again.

—Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia*.

"Thinking is the talking of the soul with itself."

**Answers to Correspondents.**

Do not stick your stamp to the letter.

Always give your address in full.

When you send remittance mention the fact.

Question. I have read your essay, *The Secret of Opulence*, and I wish you would say more on the subject in your paper. Will you give some practical suggestions?

Answer. The need for greater opulence seems to be the burning issue of the hour. I am impressed with the fact more and more as I come into closer touch with humanity. My heart would ache with the pressure of others' burdens did I not see a sure way of dropping those burdens. The dropping is done scientifically, and you have to go to school to learn how, but it will not cost you anything except your thought, for the school is located within yourself, and you have at all times free access to it. It is my firm belief that a wretched environment exists for a purpose. It drives you to your centre, to your school-house, from which you would surely play truant if the sun shone and the weather were pleasant outside. But it isn't, and you are forced in out of the inclemency if you wish to keep dry and warm.

There is one peculiar thing about the secret of opulence. It is this. When you seem not to be learning anything about it you are learning everything. It is like happiness; when you pursue something else you find happiness, and when you pursue it you find something else.

Perhaps you and I may differ in our understanding of the word opulence. To you it may mean a mere accumulation of money; to me it means much more. I have seen persons who had an abundance of money who were paupers to all intents and purposes. I once knew a woman who inherited a million, and yet who was under the grinding heel of abject poverty. She was always talking about what she could not afford, and to my certain knowledge she used to launder handkerchiefs and other small pieces in her room at the summer hotel where we were both stopping. The demon of poverty was always at her elbow, and I would not be surprised if she fell into his actual clutches some day. She might as well be there now, so far as the enjoyment of her riches is concerned.

Now, I know for a fact that there is a mental attitude which is a perfect gold mine to its possessor, and it has been my business to discover its location in myself and others, until I have become quite a skilled prospector. After detecting the vein of paying ore in myself, I learned to recognize and locate it in others.

I can tell now when I read a letter whether the writer of it has struck the vein or not, and I can tell on shaking hands with a man whether he has found the Champion lode or has missed it. Some have just struck the vein, while others have commenced developing it. Others, alas, are off on a false lead. But why do I say alas! when I know there is always a way back to the ore deposit?

I agree with Emerson, who says: "Money, which represents the prose of life, and which is hardly to be spoken of in parlors without an apology, is, in its effects and laws, as beautiful as roses."

Money is the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace, although the

sign and the thing signified do seem to lose sight of each other occasionally.

The man who does not attract money to himself is the non-magnetic man. He is not moving with the world's great magnetic currents and is out of "tune with the Infinite." I say this in the very teeth of the fact that some of the most unscrupulous wretches in the world are cornering its wealth, for these men who are doing this sort of thing are operating the law of opulence in some one of its phases, and their one-sided development into thieves and robbers does not invalidate the working of the law. There is a great deal in this law, and it is not to be understood at a glance. It has many phases and many applications, but one thing is certain—wherever you see an accumulation of wealth there is an attractive force which has drawn it to that place. There is a reason why it went there instead of to some other place.

I will tell you why treatments for prosperity are effective. It is because the mind of the poverty-stricken man is like a sensitive instrument, which catches by induction the vibration of another instrument, the mind of the one who is giving him treatment. It passes to him just as surely as the vibrations of a wireless message go from the transmitter to the very receiver for which they are intended and to no other. There is no shadow of a chance of their going to any other, because the transmitter and receiver are related to each other in such a manner that one must take what the other sends.

In a more mysterious but just as exact a manner is the mind of a patient related to that of his healer, whether the treatment be for health or prosperity, but only the healer who has attained to a degree of either health or prosperity can give by vibration these conditions to a patient; for how can one give that which one does not possess?

One may theorize about a thing, and wish to possess it, but until he does he can not give it to another, for the simple reason that he has it not to give.

I could tell you many a true fairy tale to prove my statements, but will defer it to a time when we sit down side by side in a cosy corner for a confidential chat. There is no use in exploiting these sacred truths to an unbelieving world, but it is well to give them to the mind which is thirsting for such proofs, longing to know that they exist, and yet hardly daring to hope that such can be the case.

I could tell of miracles as great as those of the loaves and fishes, for the day of miracles has not passed. A miracle, you know, is simply the working of a law which we do not yet understand, and there never was a greater age for miracles than the present.

Just so long as money is the established medium of exchange, just so long must men obtain it or live the life of the tramp and vagrant.

You need not be less spiritual because you have money, and you may be infinitely more so. Indeed, the test of your spirituality lies in your methods of acquiring and dispensing this great medium of exchange, which is the blood of the body politic, and should be in free circulation. If you clog and impede the current you are a menace to the public good.

This is why the love of money is the root of all evil. It is only so because we have not yet learned to give freedom to that we love; whether it be sweethearts or dollars, we hold both in leash. Possibly that is why they so often snap their leading strings (both sweethearts and dollars) and away they go. Every atom, large and small, wants its freedom and will have it. Until we learn to give that freedom as well as to seek it for ourselves we shall be bereft again and again of that which the heart holds dear.

The multimillionaire, the man Hostetter, who amassed a fortune through the manufacture of "bitters," began with \$100 and a recipe. He asked the advice of an astute cousin of mine as to what to do with his \$100. My cousin said: "Spend it all in advertising except just enough to put up a few bottles of bitters." The young fellow said: "I'll do it," and he did. The next time my cousin had occasion to go to Pittsburgh he had the curiosity to look up young Hostetter. He found him working like a beaver in a little place on Penn avenue. With sleeves rolled up, he and another young fellow were putting up bitters with a rush, for orders were coming in fast, and they came faster still until the manufacturer moved into larger and larger quarters, employed more and more men, and so the wealthy Hostetter evolved from the poor young man with the \$100. If he had loved the \$100 so that he could not give it out he would have been in later years "poor old Hostetter," working on a clerk's salary. The very primal element of success lies in being willing to risk that which we have for something better. Remember the man of scriptural record who wrapped his pound in a napkin instead of investing it, and how the pound was taken from him in the end, all because he misunderstood the law and supposed it to be unjust, given to taking up that which was not laid down and reaping that which was not sown.

We shall go on losing our pounds until we learn that giving is essential to receiving.

There is a divine recklessness which I know to be the first swing toward success. It is a sweep of the mind out into the open of the heavenly opulence, where it fears nothing, laughs in the face of poverty, hopes where others would despair, and reaps the blessedness of all good things as its sure reward.

[My printer says that for once I have enough copy, so I shall cut this column short rather than exclude one of two excellent articles from contributors, and the Radiant Centre is nothing if not courteous to its guests. I have not fully answered this question on opulence, but will continue in my next issue.—Ed.]

"Whence runnest thou?

Thy heaven is in thee!

Seek it elsewhere,

God's face you'll never see.

Why travel over seas

To find what is so near?

Love is the only good,

Love and the blessed here.

Drops mingling in the deep

Will all become the sea.

So souls once blent with God,

A part of God will be."

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