

# RADIANT THE CENTRE

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, RELIGION.

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

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## "Where Broods a Radiance Vast."

A Study of Browning.

By Kate Atkinson Boehme.

"There is an inmost centre in us all," sings Browning,  
"Where truth abides in fullness; and to know  
Rather consists in opening out a way  
Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape,  
Than in effecting entry for a light  
Supposed to be without."

Many are the sad souls crying out of darkness for that light and vainly seeking it where it is not. To them the poet's message comes with deep and stirring significance. Full well they know that inner darkness compared with which the outer night is luminous. In passing hours of joy, too, they may have transient glimpses of the inner light, but that it has its "spring and source within—to be elicited ray by ray," that they know not, these sad souls.

Until the very centre of consciousness is opened the mind dwells in outer darkness save for the occasional swinging of a door into the radiance within, and very certain it is that were it not for these occasional glimpses of light, hope would go out of the human heart forever.

"An imprisoned splendor!" Think of it! A splendor already and forever existing at the soul of things and only waiting an escape. A splendor shining as naturally as that of the sun and ever brooding at the centre. Brooding over what? Over the dormant powers of the soul.

Long before the mind wakes to a knowledge of this brooding presence it feels its warmth and is by it roused into life. In fact, all the life which the mind possesses is due to this living central radiance, this light which never shone on land or sea, but, Oh, so real.

The sun may shine without and not dispel the darkness within, as all know who have suffered from great mental depression. The world looks so dark and I see no ray of light anywhere, cries the sufferer, though the outer world may be resplendent in the noontide.

But it is the law of life that darkness shall assist in the process of germination. It takes not only the sun, but the brown earth as well to bring forth the white rose, and every seed lies hidden in darkness be-

fore it springs toward the sunlight. Perhaps it suffers down there in the dark! Who knows? Not such suffering as man feels, of course, but a sense of vague discomfort which leads it to press upward from seed life to a later unfoldment.

All growing things from plant to man move instinctively toward the light, for all seek the joy of life, which is to be found in the vibrations of a luminous ether. Occultists say that the Prana or Life Principle is the inner essence of the atmosphere. This is confusing to the student, who is also taught to look for the light within; but it must be remembered that the Omnipresent must also have its point of focus, or, to state it more clearly, the mind in perceiving the Omnipresent must focus within it. To thus focus is to establish a power-house of energy or a centre of radiation.

In a spiritual sense, this centre is everywhere, and its circumference nowhere, because form and space can not be predicted of Spirit, *per se*. In the mental and physical sense, however, the centre is within and the circumference coextensive with the personal effluence or aura. The vast and brooding radiance is spiritual, while the centre of radiation is first mental and then physical.

It can not be said of Spirit that it grows, that it is ever born, or that it can ever die, but all this can be affirmed of both mind and body; i. e., of mind and body as we know them in personal expression.

The mind is subjective to the body, and yet they are one. Then, there is an inner subjective to both mind and body, which is Spirit. This inmost subjective is the "I am that I am," or pure Being.

In this Being all things move and have their expression. It is the inner Being of the external manifestation whether mental or physical.

When the Realist declares for the reality of the outer world and for the unreality of the inner he is simply speaking from the viewpoint of Realism. When, on the other hand, the Idealist declares for the unreality of the outer and the reality of the inner, he is speaking from the viewpoint of Idealism. To me the latter position seems that of the most highly evolved mind, and I hold that the unreality which attaches to the spiritual life, as viewed by the Realist, is entirely owing to the unawakened state of the spiritual perception. That which the mind does not perceive is *perforce* to it nonexistent, but as in the

wistful eye of an animal one sees the dream of a far-off ideal, so in the sleeping state of Realism is the stir of the Heavenly Vision.

Both mind and body are mortal until the former becomes cognizant of spirit. Then this mortal puts on immortality, becoming a true expression of that which is its real essence, and is diseaseless and deathless.

What a real expression of Spirit may be is beyond our present power of conjecture. At this very moment there may be and doubtless is an inner body, which is an immediate and perfect expression of Spirit, so pure and perfect an emanation that it is without deflection or distortion. I believe in the existence of such a body on a priori principles, but I have no proof to offer.

Then, too, there may come a time when form shall cease to be and when consciousness alone shall exist, but that time is so distant that all speculations regarding it are of little value to humanity in its earnest search for happiness. We may stretch the wings of the mind and float into the etheric conditions of an unrealized future, but to concentrate, centralize and unify the effort about the present hour and make it beautiful to ourselves and others is the secret of the happy life.

Expression is that phase of the law of life in which we now find ourselves, and to that we must bend our energy. Under the brooding central radiance of each life, hopes and purposes are germinating in countless numbers, bringing unrest and pain, but it is the pain and pressure of growth in these opening seeds of our endeavor. The brooding above us is really tender and breathes of love, of patience and of the quickening or fulfillment which is to come, though long delayed.

All is good, sings the soul which has found its radiant centre. The song goes forth and some lonely passing wanderer hearing and following is led to the place of joy and rest.

Do not mistake me. This brooding radiance vast is not the external light as we sense it physically. It is far more than that. It is the real Light of which the external light is but the symbol or expression. This inner radiance is too vast to be compassed by finite conception, and yet when we approach it and receive its influx of life and love we know that whatever may be its essential being it is to us a living source of joy.

We are too ready to dissect the Heart of



the Universe with the scalpel of metaphysical distinction, and while making the stroke of separation the living essence eludes us.

A great symphony is more fully enjoyed by the simple listener who knows nothing of fugue and counterpoint than by the cultured critic who sits in judgment upon the rendering. The soul of the one melts and moves with the music, while that of the other remains coldly incisive as steel in the dissection of a living organic unity.

The true lover of music is not the critic, and so of the lover of mankind. As we gradually learn more of the meaning of life we shall know that the heart is the centre and the mind its circumference, for:

"The night has a thousand eyes  
The day but one,  
Yet the light of the whole world dies  
With the setting sun.  
The mind has a thousand eyes,  
The heart but one,  
Yet the light of a whole life dies  
When love is done."

Love but faintly reveals itself in the attraction of parent for child, of lover for maiden, or of husband for wife, and not until we understand in its full significance that wondrous saying, "Thy Maker is thine Husband," shall be begin to show forth in our lives that faith, devotion, purity and steadfastness in love which broods in the Divine radiance.

We know so little of love in the supreme majesty of its being. In the long, dark night of the past we have worn the sackcloth of deprivation and pain and are poorly equipped for joy, but the morning cometh and under the brooding radiance of the dawning light new powers shall unfold, new capabilities for enjoyment shall come to us. The man of to-day can no more measure the happiness of the man of the future than the protoplasmic denizen of primeval slime could measure the man of to-day.

Our loves of the present are but the germs of a future unfoldment, for the world is yet in embryo. Human hearts are swelling with stronger beat under the radiance of a Love Divine, but the flower of Love is yet unborn.

"Love hath full many semblances; Now this

Fair face doth lure, now yonder smile  
rewakes

A song world; now at a mad-cap kiss  
We build unstable dreams: the vision  
takes

A myriad forms, and hath the charm  
thereof—

But ever in the background soareth Love,  
One deathless creature poised beyond,  
above!"

Kate Atkinson Boehme has given to the student of Divine Science a wonderful series of Teachings under the caption of "Seven Essays on the Attainment of Happiness." As a writer of metaphysics she is clear, concise, eloquent, and remarkably luminous.—From *March Immortality*.

"He cons the passionate book of deeds and  
days;

Not self nor self-salvation is his care,  
He yearns to make the world a summer  
clime

To live in; and his mission everywhere  
Is strangely like to Christ's in olden time."  
—Richard Burton in "The Modern Saint."

## The Sun's Forces Reduced to a Working Power by the Calver Universal Power Company.

A few days ago I made a pleasant little excursion to the place where the Calver Plant is on exhibition and was much interested in its working. Dr. Calver himself was on the ground and seemed to take great pleasure in explaining his invention. It really seems that we need have had no concern about the exhaustion of our coal supply, for when Mother Earth's storehouse is emptied Father Sun can draw on his own private bank account.

Of course, my readers are interested in knowing how the sun can be utilized to bake and brew and warm our dwellings, as well as to irrigate our fields, and do all sorts of needful things. In fact, several of my correspondents have written asking me if I have seen the invention. I am glad to say that I have. But you should talk to my friend, Col. Lee Crandall, the vice-president of the company, if you want to get regularly enthused over the possibilities of the invention. I expect, if rightly managed, it will be a great thing. If anyone desires further information regarding it write to the secretary, John T. Cuppy, Stewart Building, Washington, D. C.

I append an article from the New York Commercial of January 24:

"As the Commercial pointed out only the other day, there is no danger of this country's coal supply becoming exhausted for generations. The suggestion was made that probably before we had even begun to develop some of our mines inventive genius would step in and declare coal obsolete. Distinguished scientific men have prophesied that, sooner or later, the sun's rays will be utilized in some simple manner for the production of all the heat essential to man's happiness and comfort. We read in our contemporary, the Herald, that a Washington inventor thinks he has already discovered the secret of concentrating solar heat for mundane commercial use. If he has done so, or even if he has advanced a single step along practical lines toward the goal which he has in view, then his discovery will eclipse all the other discoveries of all the ages. The account we read does not indicate that Dr. Calver, the inventor referred to, is a crank. He seems to be an earnest man and a thoughtful student. Discussing the subject, he said to a reporter: 'I know I have solved the problem of the direct conversion of the sun's rays into a heat which can be utilized on a far cheaper commercial basis than coal. I have also devised a method for the storage of this heat, so that it may be used at any desired time and place.'

"The source of all power is, as every one knows, the sun. If its heat can be collected and made to serve mankind, to do man's drudgery at practically no cost, to hew his wood and draw his water, then, as the Herald says, the dream of De Cous, of Herschel, and of Ericsson will become realized. And the realization of this dream will be as near an approach to the millennium as can ever be hoped for on this earth."

## The International Metaphysical League.

An organization bears the same relationship to a movement that the human body does to the soul. It is the instrument of expression. As soon as a movement becomes sufficiently concrete to express itself in organization, it becomes more or less of a power according to the quality of the movement and the harmonious working of the expression, or organization. Its dynamic power can never make itself so beneficently felt as through the union of all the forces that are working in the same direction.

It is to provide for such a union of forces that the League has been formed. As the first article in the statement of the purposes of the League says: "Its purpose is to establish unity and cooperation of thought and action among all individuals and organizations through the world devoted to the study of the science of mind and being, and to bring them, so far as possible, under one name and organization." And while its purpose is positive and definite, its method is free and untrammelled. It aims to be an ideal organization, as it must be in order to fitly manifest the ideal movement for which it stands.

It has met with instant and cordial approval wherever it has been presented. It now has members in most of the States and several foreign countries. It also has a vice-president, who is the local representative of the League wherever it has a membership throughout the states or nations of the world. It will thus be possible for every one, no matter where he is located, to come into intimate relation with the work of the League, and to aid in making it more vital and effective.

The published report of the proceedings of the convention, held in Boston last October, contains all the addresses in full, and is a most interesting and valuable contribution to the literature of the movement. To members paying the annual fee of \$1 the book is free. To others the price is 50 cents, a price so low that it barely pays the price of making and mailing the book.

During the latter part of the coming October the second annual convention of the League will be held in New York city, and it promises to be one of the most notable conventions, not of this movement alone, but of any movement held in recent years.

Full particulars in regard to the work of the League and the coming convention may be obtained by addressing the International Metaphysical League, Warren A. Rodman, Secretary, 201 Clarendon street, Boston, Mass. Kindly send to the Secretary names and addresses of those who will be interested in the League.

"I am one with waving things,  
For I lie and brood and grow,  
Very full of bygone springs.  
Very full of dreams that flow  
Saplike after winter snow;  
Brother to the bird that sings  
For a cause he may not know,  
I am one with waving things.  
—Richard Burton in "In The Grass."

"From depths of living on viewless wings  
The tender magic of bygone things."  
—Richard Burton in "Old Songs."



## The Tripod.

By J. C. F. Grumbine.\*

Many mental inquiries have been received by the editor of this department concerning the reality, authority and infallibility of intuition, and we gladly reply to them here. As the objective Christ, ceases to hold the devotee, and the spirit, like some vast ocean of influence, rushes in upon the mind with the impress and glory of omnipotence; when the soul is disturbed and confused as to ideals, criteria, standards and oracles of guidance and knows not how to receive God in the Holy of Holies; when the eyes dim with weeping and the heart sad with aching, find a glory from the world within, making all things new, yet this has come before the morning star or the sun have risen; when the world looks dark and old life goes out in the ruins of its own temple—then, anew, God fans the flame of inspiration in the eternal brazier and the light of intuition shines forth as the morning star. Ho! Watchman, what of the night? Intuition, the faithful sentinel of the spirit, holds vigil during the watches of the night, and sends afar the benediction—"Peace, for all is well!"

Let, therefore, the student ponder well this teaching.

In "The System of Philosophy Concerning Divinity," a regal place must be accorded to intuition. It is the oracle of Divinity through which is voiced divine inspiration.

Many doctrines have arisen among Christian mystics, metaphysicians and occultists as to the origin of intuition; some teachers maintaining that it is the result or product of past (pre-existent) experiences, while others affirming with Annie Besant (See "Reincarnation," by Annie Besant), that intuition as well as conscience are not *a priori* possessions. The student of spirit must avoid, while sifting evidence, so far as it is possible, any sophistries which befog the spirit and draw it away from the greatest and greater to the lesser lights. No forms of experience, as no processes of induction, create what is in itself uncreate. Bear this ever in mind.

Tuitions are the product of intuition and manifest it, but the perfection of tuition is not and never can be intuition. Can it be allowed that the lower self and the objective consciousness can ever become the Highest Self or the Selfless Spirit and the subjective and spiritual consciousness? The two are dual aspects of spirit and being, but the one functions outwardly and the other does not function at all.

And it can be further elaborated in the sphere of correspondencies thus: The one is limited while the other is illimitable; that is, the one is spirit concentrated upon or polarized through the mental spectrum and physical organism, while the other is the spirit superconscious and superactive in the sphere of its Divinity. One changes and perishes, the other abides and is eternal.

The office and use of the mind becomes apparent only when and where the spirit

manifests; they cease to have value when that is come which is perfect. But as the lower self through the objective consciousness is forshadowing and expressing, so far as its spectrum permits it, the Highest Self, the manifestation being merely an appearance or reflection, it can only receive the impress or impact of the Highest Self. Never can it become the Highest Self.

Similarly, experiences may inspire and lead to wisdom, but they can never become wisdom, as tuitions may inspire and lead to intuition, but they can never become intuition.

Plato, in the *Timaeus*, especially emphasizes the discreet degree and impossible solvents of the states of spirit. By the spirit itself is each state fixed in its relation, but the spirit is both free and sovereign. It can and will rise to its highest, as it can and does fall to its lowest level or plane of divine consciousness or Divinity.

As the oracle of Divinity, intuition has been associated with woman (Vide "The Perfect Way," by Edward Maitland and Anna B. Kingsford; consult all serious works on Occultism and Astrology), to symbolize or typify the Christ or regenerated man, the awareness and realization of God, or universal Spirit. Woman, with matter, has symbolized the negative and receptive vehicles and principles of life. Matter (mer, Mary, mother) reflects, but spirit radiates; woman receives, man gives the divine image and content; and in woman as in matter the matrix is but the gateway into the outer forms and inward mysteries. As a receptive vehicle of the divine mind, woman holds the keys to the kingdom, as through her physical and psychical organism and the concurrent correspondent spheres of spiritual consciousness the spirit manifests. In occultism, to be is to be receptive—the key to realization—to become, is to act or to be negative. The one dowers the spirit with the rose, its spiritual possession, the other bestows upon the spirit its various forms through the cross. To level woman to the plane of matter is to make her the medium of the creative fiat through whose physical matrix forms manifest and multiply; to elevate her to the sphere of intuition is to make her the oracle of divine understanding and inspiration where the fiat becomes no longer the creative logos or law, but the logos. Therefore, whoever realizes intuition and obeys its voice is one to whom the woman clothed with the sun has become the symbol of the regenerated man, of the Christ.

If the question were asked, Where does intuition sit and how is one to know her rulings? it is only necessary to reply that no state of the soul is without her presence and her promptings. She is the John the Baptist or Jean (the influence of Jean, astrologically, reaches its culmination in Cancer, where the sun is at the highest point of the meridian, symbol of love and understanding) crying in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord," and being able to perceive the Christ whenever and wherever manifest, is an outward sign of adeptship and hierophancy. It has no visible throne because it needs none, it speaks from the invisible heights or supernal spheres of spirit, out of the depths of its impenetrable silence, through the spaces of its ineffable glory; but its promptings are supreme and should be obeyed.

Intuition has its centre in love, therefore it is both wise and good. As wisdom it inspires to truth, as good it inspires to love, through truth or truth through man or the woman regenerate—the Christ, the perfect. In the broadest sense, intuition is universal in its inspirations, however individualized as an oracle it may be in each one. And, therefore, it is that the prophet who prophesieth by it speaks the truth. Intuition is above clairvoyance and all forms of prescience and prevision, for these are subsidiary and collateral to it. Intuition is not mediumship, nor is it to be so used. Its judgments are not to be given indiscriminately to the multitudes as so many pearls cast before swine, but they are to be sent forth at the appointed time as messages of the Divine. When they are used for any other purpose, like the prophecies which fail, they are unavailing and harmful. The supreme test of one's adeptship is to know when such messages are to be given and then to give them, that the pearl may be prized and treasured by the one who receives it above riches and above fame. Intuition can be more and more perceived by perfect service or obedience. And it is only necessary to add here that the hierophant or adept is one who has lifted the veil of Isis and holds audience with the woman clothed with the Sun. So God has not left his children without evidence that around and underneath them are the Everlasting Arms.

## Special Notices.

If this paper comes to you as a sample it will be the only one sent unless through some mistake of the mailing clerk.

Many of our friends have kindly sent names of friends who are possible subscribers. This favor is highly appreciated.

Remember there is a discount on checks, also on Canada bills, a Canada dollar being worth only 90 cents in the United States.

Mr. George Osbond, Scientor House, Devonport, Devon, England, is our European agent for subscriptions to the Radiant Centre, and also for our other publications.

Our subscribers will please state with what month they wish their subscriptions to begin, and if they wish back numbers mention which ones.

Albert & Albert, of Atlantic City, write us they have been so rushed with orders that it has been impossible to fill them, so they ask for a little patience on the part of those who have sent for horoscopes. All their patrons will be well and fairly treated.

If you live way off in some little secluded town or village and feel as though it would do you a world of good to open your heart to the Editor, write her at length if you will, but do not feel hurt if the answer should be brief, and possibly somewhat delayed, for the Editor is a very busy woman. She can send a world of sympathy and loving interest in a few words, however. It need not be spread out over many pages. That weakens it. Blessed be the editor who can say much in little, save when the printer calls for more copy.

\* J. C. F. Grumbine, editor of "Immortality," president of "The College of Psychological Sciences and Unfoldment," and of "The Order of the White Rose," under the above heading, will give illuminations to vexed souls on questions that relate to the Divine Love and Divine Science. Address him 1718 West Genesee Street, Syracuse, N. Y.





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### Editorial Notes.

Pygmalion (from East Aurora) has just made a little journey to Washington. He has made a few others in which he hunted up some of our ideals, breathed life into them and made them walk among us as men and women of to-day. It did not hurt them, and it pleased us. We love those who please us, and so we love Pygmalion.

Well, he talked to us, and we walked with him to East Aurora. Saw the Roycroft shop, where they make books and things as well as they can, and love the making. We saw the poor old blacksmith who had fallen behind the latter-day needs until Pygmalion found him out and set him to making andirons after a quaint and foreign pattern at \$50 a pair. Then we met the carpenter, all forlorn, who was set to making great solid tables at \$100 each. Then the convict whom nobody wanted who met and conquered Pygmalion by the glance of his eye, because of the indomitable strength of a spirit behind it, which was determined to do right and retrieve the past. When we heard how this convict became such a valued and loyal worker and so indispensable to the Roycrofts that a \$500 prize was voted to him without a dissenting voice, what a delightful electric thrill ran over us and how we applauded. Probably not one of us would have employed the convict, but that didn't matter, we were there to be played upon by the hand of the master, and so we all responded to his touch.

For Pygmalion is a master I want you all to know. He does not need to read "The Secret of Opulence." But some day he may bind the entire "Seven Essays on the Attainment of Misery" (so dubbed by the Editor's sister), in edition de luxe. The day is not yet, mark you, and when it dawns the price will advance from one dollar to five, the set.

The Editor's sister is a small woman, but she cuts a large figure at the Radiant Centre office. She can tell you just as much about opulence, health, happiness and all that sort of thing as the Editor herself, and a good deal more about cats. Her ear is

ever open to the cry of the hungry, and her hand ever ready to feed them.

Then, too, she has some few ideas on reincarnation, as of course every well informed person must have nowadays. One day the Editor and Sister were sailing down the Potomac on the banks of which their ancestors dwelt in the long ago. The Editor confessed to a strange sensation of having known the scene in some previous existence and the Sister said: Why, certainly. You are doubtless your own great-grandfather!

#### Would this explode reincarnation?

The next edition of the Radiant Centre will have a beautiful picture of the Swami Abhedananda and a resume of his philosophy, the Vedanta.

Here and there throughout this edition will be found extracts from Richard Burton's new book of poems called Lyrics of Brotherhood.

Some one has asked me to write on Love and Marriage. Perhaps I shall do so in the next issue.

We are going to move about the middle of May into a lovely home near Dupont Circle. I will not give the exact address lest some one may mistake and send letters there ahead of time. All letters coming to this address will be duly forwarded, and the new location will be given in the May issue.

I am glad to hear the International Metaphysical League sounding the bugle call to organization, and I will tell you why. If men who are now in Congress or who are to be there in the near future are opposed to the new manner of thought and legislate against it, we must show up our numbers and say, We, too, are the people and we help make the laws by which we are governed, therefore we are going to take our turn at it.

There is too much hairsplitting and dividing into factions in the new metaphysical movement. It is weakening so far as external measures are concerned. I notice that when a large and powerful organization waits on the Government and says it wants a thing done, that thing is done.

Homeopathy had its birth as a weakling, but it grew in strength and stature until it now stands shoulder to shoulder with Allopathy. So let it be with Mental Therapeutics, and it will if the right methods are employed.

We do not want an organization which shall control our thought, but we do want concerted action, and the organization which gives the latter and does not entail the former is what we are looking for.

Mrs. Pierre Lorillard Ronalds, who has been for years an intimate friend of the Princess of Wales, going in and out of Marlborough House by the Princess's private staircase, recently became sponsor for the efficacy of mental science, saying that it cured her of appendicitis without an operation.

Dr. Stien, a Russian physician now living in London, is perfecting an invention by which he says the blind can be made to see no matter how badly the sight may be impaired. He says: "Man does not really see with his eyes, but with his brain. The eyes are only an instrument for receiving images, which are conveyed to the centre of perception in the brain by the optic nerve. The blind man who perceives the size, shape and nature of an object with his hands sees in a limited sense. If men had evolved without eyes, but with all their present brain power, they would doubtless be able to see by some other method. Some of the lower animals have no eyes, but perceive light with their whole bodies.

"Now, if an image of material objects can be conveyed to the brain by some other agency than that of the eyes, it follows that a blind man who has a sound mind will be able to see perfectly well. This is exactly what my invention accomplishes.

"An image is gathered on a screen instead of on the retina of the eye and is conveyed directly by an electrical current to the brain. Such a use of the electric current has already been foreshadowed in the process well known to science as cataphoresis. By this it is possible to convey medicines, anesthetics, and other substances into the interior of a man's body without his being aware of it. By its aid cocaine can be sent through the solid bone, conveying insensibility to nerve and marrow.

"This instrument in a slightly varied form will also enable the deaf to hear.

"I may point out to you that the mere fact that we can see images in our dreams, in the dark, and with eyes closed, is proof of the possibility of seeing without eyes as we at present understand them."

(The man himself who is back of the brain really does the seeing, and the day is coming, indeed, is at hand when man shall see without the physical eye or any accessory like that of Dr. Stien's invention, great and valuable though it shall prove to be.)

I am always attracted to people of humane tendencies, and so I was drawn to spend an evening delightfully with Congressman Aldrich and his wife from Alabama. I was so glad to hear that in the town of Aldrich, which they own, no animal can be ill treated and none killed when they are too old to work. When a mule is considered to have served his time he is put into the "mule's heaven," a large pas-



ture where he can feed, stroll about wherever he will, or kick up his heels in pure delight just as he happens to feel. If all our wealthy people were as kindly disposed, the poor animals would have a better time of it. The world may be very full of such protecting tenderness toward helpless creatures, but one seldom encounters it. If we had more such men as Mr. Aldrich in Congress the horrors of vivisection would cease.

Some of the influential members of society are coming forward to protect the birds, and I note with pleasure their names enrolled in the Audubon Society.

This reminds me of what Rachel Foster Avery once said at a session of the Woman's Council to the effect that a dead bird upon a woman's bonnet was a ghastly thing and an offense to an artistic nature. So it is, and so are those poor grinning little heads which women of questionable taste are wearing on their fur boas. If we must go on slaughtering, perhaps it is as well that the evidences of our cruelty should face us in the street car and on the promenade that we may realize more artistic ideals.

Since the Audubon Society and other humane movements have initiated a change in public opinion the milliners are using their inventive genius to good purpose in the creation of the loveliest garnitures in chiffon, silk and other fabrics, and the effects are perfectly charming.

Whenever I see a woman struggling in the face of an east wind I gladly note her wreckage of feather, hoping the while that if no argument of tenderer moment can touch her heart, the loss of her borrowed plumage will. Borrowed? No, stolen from creatures who had a better right to it than she. And so I am glad when the east wind comes as an avenging Nemesis for our sweet little songsters.

Speaking of the Woman's Council and the bright women represented in it reminds me of Mrs. Louisa Southworth, who has written so ably on Anti-Imperialism and the Single Tax. Mrs. Southworth is stopping at the Riggs House and I have spent many a delightful hour with her. One rarely meets a woman with such an all-round culture of mind and spirit. Alive to all the burning issues of the hour, well up in art and literature, Mrs. Southworth is a living repudiation to the belief that because a woman is interested in political questions she must needs be an abnormal development. If I were asked to point to an ideal representative of the new woman, one who retains all that was best in the old ideal of womanhood, while possessing that which is best in the new, I should proudly designate my friend, Mrs. Southworth, whom to know is a privilege.

## THE RADIANT CENTRE.

### Answers to Correspondents.

I will now continue the subject of Opulence taken up in the last issue of the Radiant Centre.

I have been expecting that some one would ask me what I meant by saying that Opulence was like Happiness in that when you pursue something else you find it, and when you pursue it you find something else. But no one has asked the question, probably because every one understood that by Opulence I do not mean mere money-getting. Of the latter I will not speak, for I consider it to be a form of mental aberration or disease, and I am pledged to myself to treat of soundness of mind and body rather than disease.

Opulence is a richness of the entire nature from its innermost recesses to its outermost limits.

You do not acquire this richness by seeking it directly, for it comes as a result of seeking something else. What that something else is we shall see later.

You may store the mind with knowledge, you may have a collegiate and a business education, and yet not be educated, for to educate is to educate or draw forth from within, literally to lead out. Now there must be something to lead out. What is it? It is not the knowledge itself which is drawn out of the mind just in the same condition as when it went in, for it should be like the grain which goes into the mill and comes out flour, or like the flour which goes into the mixing pan and comes out bread.

Knowledge should be converted into something. We say the field is rich which receives the seed and turns out the plant. If the seed does not germinate the field is barren. Of course some seed would never come to anything under the most favorable conditions, and that is not the sort of seed to sow. The same may be said of certain varieties of knowledge. But, given good seed and good soil, you have a rich field and a plentiful harvest. Only that soil is good which takes hold of the seed and converts it into a living, growing thing, and that is the sort of mental soil we must possess to have richness of nature.

Now, to get this richness of nature, do we seek it directly? No! Some possess it as a sort of inheritance, while others cultivate it, and how? By doing something with every particle of knowledge that enters the mind, converting it into something which humanity really needs.

Does the college-bred man do this when he drives a milk wagon or a butcher's cart or fills some other menial office? Not at all. On the other hand, there is Herbert Spencer, who played truant from school and was chiefly remarkable for his indifference to study; but all the while during that period when he was under the ban of teacher and parent he was gathering the material for a great system of philosophy.

Herbert Spencer simply revolted against a mistaken method of education and proceeded to educate or draw forth himself, and that drawing forth, like all true education, was a great success.

Now, I am not going to enlarge upon natural bent or tendency, for no one can explain just why one man has a tendency to do one thing and another man to do another, but the fact remains that every one has a natural bent or tendency toward some par-

ticular vocation. We speak of a vocation as a calling. Why? Because it calls to the one who should follow it. Sometimes it is a feeble call or seems so because we are listening to something else; possibly the voice of a well-meaning friend, who is advising us to go in another direction. And all the while we don't want to. Then, why go? Oh, because we are given to following tuition rather than intuition. It is a habit we have, and a bad habit; that of leaning on others when all the while the oracle to which we should give ear is within. Meantime our fields lie fallow because the tiller is away from home.

Now, it often happens that the natural bent leads into the path of difficulty. It is almost always so, but this is only indicative of all the greater success in the final accomplishment. It's a way things have, for which there is no accounting. The greater an end the greater the difficulty in reaching it.

But these difficulties are usually scarecrows and only formidable in a dim light or at long range.

Then, too, this is an age of rapid transit. We are learning to obtain results without such an awful expenditure of time and energy as was once deemed necessary.

If I were asked to give one brief suggestion which had helped me to a happier view of life I should instantly reply: "The play of the Infinite." There is more joy condensed in that short phrase than I can convey to you. You must take it and dwell upon it, as I have done, before you catch the glow of it. The Infinite plays, don't you see, because it is only the finite that can have a purpose and work or struggle toward it. The finite is struggling toward the Infinite, toward an expression of the perfect. As Emerson says: "I, the imperfect, adore my own Perfect."

Yes; I not only adore, but I reach toward and endeavor to become my own Perfect. My own, mind you; not an outside Perfect. But my own Perfect seems removed, and hence the struggle to reach it, when all the time it is close at hand, even within, waiting for expression.

Now, I believe in finding a quick way out of a difficulty, and I do not think it is necessary to go on year after year everlastingly struggling and overcoming. I do not credit anyone who declares he has found his oneness with the Infinite if he, in the same breath, declares that life is an awful struggle.

He may have occasional glimpses of the Infinite, but I am inclined to think it is a bird's-eye view.

The Vedanta Philosophy teaches that the play of the Infinite is possible in finite conditions, and I most firmly believe it. You open the consciousness to the Infinite and the Infinite plays through it. If you doubt it just try the experiment, as I have done, and you will find that your burdens will drop from you with the change in your consciousness.

Now, I may seem to have diverged from the subject of Opulence, but I have not. I am sailing very close to the wind.

Your success depends upon the sort of thought effluence which emanates from you. There is an element in undeveloped humanity which makes it evade, if possible, the disconsolate and discouraged, and so if you carry about with you that mental



atmosphere people avoid you. It seems hard and cruel, but it is good for you in the long run, for it throws you back upon your own resources, and you learn to develop them.

Now, I am certain that about five hundred people will write and tell me that they are exceptions to the general rule; that they absolutely have no resources, never had any, and never expect to have; that they can not do anything which is remunerative and have no call in any direction, never had any and never expect to have.

Then I will probably answer all those people, or tell my secretary what to say to them, so that they may understand their view to be mistaken, and end by advising them to open their souls to the Infinite for a revelation of their powers.

Whereupon every identical one of the five hundred will cry: "How shall I open my soul to the Infinite?" And when I reply: "Oh, do it instinctively just as you drink a glass of water when you are parched with thirst," back comes the query, "How shall I drink a glass of water?"

Then in the silence that follows they go and gurgle down the water and think they may as well try to gurgle the Infinite, too. What! Does that shock you? Oh, you don't know the Infinite. It's as full of fun and frolic as the best of us and can stand a poor little joke at its expense better than most of us.

Perhaps I had better say in conclusion that Opulence, like charity, begins at home, in the cultivation of a mood—a permanent mood which the individual acquires as the result of right thinking concerning himself and his relation to the universe.

Some day I shall relate in these columns the true story of a Happy Man, which shows that a brave and cheerful mood may be preserved in the midst of poverty and trial. The Happy Man's ultimate prosperity, coming as the inevitable consequence of his mental attitude toward the world, forms an excellent object lesson for those who need it, and they are many.

### J. C. F. Grumbine's Class Work During May.

Mr. Grumbine will hold three series of private Teachings during May. Two of these series will be given under the auspices of the *Circle of Divine Ministry*, under the leadership of Dr. Ricker and Miss Gray, and in their suite of rooms (8th floor), Loan and Trust Building. His other series will be given at 402 A street S. E., at the home of Mr. Wood. Programs, with full list of subjects, will be ready by the last of April.

Mr. Grumbine will also conduct services in the Circle of Divine Ministry rooms (Loan and Trust Building), at 12 noon of Tuesdays and Thursdays of April, on "The Esoteric Interpretations of the Teachings of the Christ," which will be free to the public. He has consented by unanimous invitation of the Circle of Divine Ministry to lecture in its hall on Sundays at 4 P. M. as often as it is possible, or his time will permit. Announcements will be made by Miss Gray and in the press.

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## Come, Lets Go and Make Mud Pies and Be Happy Again.

Mud pies!

How long since you've made any? Do you remember? I do. Weren't they happy days!

I left them behind me long ago, but this old world can never whirl so fast that I shall forget the sun baking down, the feel of the fresh dirt in my hands, the smell of the growing things and the sense of being a part of the good old earth.

I have found them again, the mud pie days.

I looked long and earnestly, and now I have found them.

So have you, if you are wise.

Of course, our mud pies may not be alike, yours and mine. Yours may be of sand, mine may be of earth. Some are brown, some are black, some shrivel in the sun. Some grow round and portly with the breath of the warmth upon them, but they are the same to each of us. All our little fleeting, foolish, no-account, delicious pleasures—the pleasures that make life worth living. What are they? The big things of life? The elaborate affairs we plan out and work and save and scheme for?

No. The big dinner with the formal guests formally bidden is well enough in its way. One must have one once in a while just by way of contrast. But tell me—Now, let's be honest for once. Do you really enjoy that sort of thing?

What's the best dinner you ever ate in your life?

I'll tell you mine. I ate it in the mountains. My table was a rock, my plate was made of wood, and there was a slice of bacon and a rather smoky boiled potato for dinner, and the sauce was appetite and fresh air and a light heart and the delicious joy of the unexpected.

What's the jolliest evening you've spent this year? Was it the evening when you went in obedience to a formal invitation? Was it the time you wore all your best clothes and put on your best smile? Was it the evening when there were music and flowers and smart frocks?

Or was it some little vagrant hour or so snatched from the cares of the day and spent with a friend or two you love and who love you? People who know how to live count upon the simple pleasures of life as the only real pleasure in it.

The letter from a friend, the one you thought had forgotten you. The nice things some one says to you unexpectedly, a friendly glance you meet from the eye of a comparative stranger.

How these small things warm the cold heart of the day for any of us. The big things of life—how little they amount to, after all. The big troubles, anyone can meet and face them. The little troubles, the small make-shifts, the trivial annoyances, they are the little foxes that gnaw the vines of peace. Count upon anything too much, and it will escape you every time.

What a bore that outing party you formed with so much pains turns out to be. How stupid the average yachting trip can be only the misguided few who have been lured into one can even imagine.

Weren't you glad to get home from the

last pleasure excursion you took at such an expense of time and money?

But the little picnic, the jolly sail of an hour or so, the flying trip thought of at the last minute, what fun they were! What a new store of enthusiasm and joy of living you brought back with you then!

Give me the mud pies of life, the little mean-nothing pleasures, and you may have all the elaborate fete days you want. I'll none of them. That's one great fault of the American as a type. We don't make mud pies enough. We're better than we used to be. The old-fashioned American's one idea of life was work a while and rest a while—work a while and rest a while—like a poor patient animal in a treadmill. It's only within the last twenty-five years that the American citizens have made any allowance at all for the pleasures of life.

Look at the old-fashioned American village. Where were its parks, where were its pleasure grounds, what part of it ever called to you, "Oh, do come out and play?"

When you wanted to go for a pleasant Sunday afternoon walk you turned your reluctant footsteps toward the cemetery.

The Americans take life too seriously. They do not know how to play. Look at the Fourth of July. The average American loves his country. He'll brag about it by the hour—when he's away from it—and he'll die for it at a minute's notice if necessary, but the Fourth of July bores him to death—he doesn't know what to do with it. He ought to run over into France on Bastille day, or into Germany on a holiday, or into Italy on a fete day. He'd learn something very well worth knowing. The poorest, most ignorant peasant born in Europe knows more about the art of enjoying himself than the biggest millionaire in America.

Even poor, dull, old England can give America lessons in the art of holiday-making. An Englishman, be he humble or of high degree, lays out his life with a distinct allowance for play time. His play is very simple. A stroll in the country, a quiet pipe in a quiet grove, a row up the river, a game of cricket; but some play he must and will have, and he is called the saddest among the nations. Look at the elderly American we all know. Works all day, reads his paper and goes to bed. Works all day, reads his paper and goes to bed. Works all day, reads his paper and goes to bed.

He might as well live in a coal mine for all he knows of the bright, beautiful world he lives in.

No mud pies for him. They are a waste of time.

Oh, my good Sir Sensible, if you only knew how foolish you were.

What do you get out of life? What do you find in it?

What is it all for, this eternal grind, grind, grind?

The sun shines, the wind blows, the stars twinkle, the moon rises; come, come, leave your everlasting plodding for a few minutes. Stop being a mole and be a man.

The average woman—what does she get out of life? A little excitement, some happiness, much work and a great deal of worry. What for? Why not let things go once in a while and get a little fun out of things?

Once I stood under a cherry tree with a friend of mine. 'Twas a beautiful cherry



tree, aglow with luscious fruit. We picked the cherries and ate them. They were fresh and tart and sweet withal. They were smooth and juicy, and every bite brought the taste of primal Eden to the tongue.

"Dear me," said my friend, uneasily, "here come the Smiths. They'll think we're dreadful, wasting all the cherries so." "Wasting them?" said I. "Yes," said my friend. "They think I ought to boil them."

There are many thousands of these "boiling" people in the world. The fresh, spontaneous, natural joy of the moment means nothing but wasteful folly to them. They never eat their cherries fresh from the tree. They boil them and put them into jars and feel economical and managing and self-satisfied. Economical! Poor spendthrifts. They throw away the best part of life—waste and throw it away, trying to save.

Once I knew a poor minister's daughter. Some one gave her a \$5 gold piece for Christmas. She needed gloves, and she needed shoes, and she needed a new set of school books. Do you know what she did? She bought a bracelet and she paid her whole \$5 for it, too.

Foolish?

Sensible, I call her.

That \$5 bracelet was worth \$25 worth of useful things to her poor, starved craving for ornament.

It isn't money you spend that matters, nor the time you spend, nor the strength nor energy. It's the thing you buy with it that counts.

That's why men keep young so much longer than women. They always keep something to play with. A dog, a horse, a wheel, a camera, a newspaper, a yacht, a rowboat, a garden, a fad of some sort. Bless the fads. What would we do without them? What a frightful bore life would be if there weren't any fads.

Never call a man foolish who buys what he wants with his money.

He's wise.

What's money for?

Let's keep the mud pie days. Let's never forget them. Let us treasure every friend, every real affection, every human interest that comes into our life as a miser treasures his gold.

Let's keep time to be happy. The woman you really like isn't in the set with you perhaps. She lives a long way from your house. You don't visit her often. Take an afternoon off and go and see her. She'll make the world bright for a few hours anyway. The man you find congenial. He may not be just what you would like. Never mind. You like him, and that's enough. See him when you can. You'll be all the better for it. Have you a fad for queer, old-fashioned sorts of candy? Buy some of it. Are you fond of reading fool stories about impossible adventures? Read them, though every critic in the country stand aghast. The little pleasures, the little folly, the little lightening of the load—clutch at them. Do not let them escape you. Half of life, and its best half, is gone if you do. Come, the sun is shining, the wind calls to us from the mountains, the world is full of good friends and good times. Shut all the little worries in where they belong. Come. Come, let's go and make mud pies.—Winfred Black in New York Journal.

## Commendation for The Radiant Centre.

From the Swami Abhedananda.

Dear Mrs. Boehme: I thank you for your remembrance of me, and for the two copies of The Radiant Centre, which you so kindly sent. I have read them with great pleasure.

The Radiant Centre is just the kind of monthly magazine which the thoughtful and advanced class of people need in this country.

I am delighted to see that you have tried your best to give a correct interpretation of Nirvana, the meaning of which a Western mind can not grasp very easily.

I hope your attempts for spreading the truth will be crowned with great success. With kind regards,

Very sincerely,

ABHEDANANDA.

From the Secretary of the International Metaphysical League.

My Dear Mrs. Boehme: I want to congratulate you on the meaningful name of your vital and interesting paper, and in these two numbers which have come to me you have shown your ability to keep the quality quite up to the name. "Let your light so shine" in the future and your paper will do a grandly uplifting work.

Cordially yours,

WARREN A. RODMAN.

The Radiant Centre is the suggestive and appropriate name of Kate Atkinson Boehme's new journal, to be issued the 15th of each month. The first number is truly a "Radiant Centre." The editor has no label, but she looks for the truth in all lines of thought.—The Universal Republic.

The Radiant Centre is a new monthly paper issued at Washington, D. C., by Kate Atkinson Boehme. It is another worthy exponent of the New Thought, and as such we welcome it. It is not one of the know-all of the dead-sure stamp, but is a liberal truth-seeker, willing to give up all the truth it has found and to seek for more from every source. It follows mainly in the direction of the philosophy of Schopenhauer and chooses for its motto Emerson's epigram: "We stand before the secret of the world, where being passes into appearance and unity into variety." To read such a paper can not but be of great practical value to every true soul in search of health, happiness or better conditions, spiritual or physical. It is most attractively printed.—The Reasoner, San Luis Obispo, Cal.

Kate Atkinson Boehme, whose splendid articles in Freedom attracted much attention, has just issued the first number of a promising new journal, "The Radiant Centre." J. C. F. Grumbine is to be a regular contributor.—The Nautilus.

Mrs. Kate Boehme, editor of the Radiant Centre, Washington, and Mrs. Helen Wilmans, who edits another paper down South, and who has unbounded faith in the perishable, personal "I," have had a little tilt on that point. Mrs. Wilmans calls Mrs. Boehme to account for saying "God," when she really meant the personal pronoun "I," according to Mrs. Wilmans. "If you mean eternal energy," she says,

"why don't you say so? 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, not the God people have been calling God all these ages, though in veritable fact it is the only God there is or ever will be."

Mrs. Boehme sends a column and a half of philosophy from the Radiant Centre which "Helen" (they call each other Kate and Helen, as old friends) will find some difficulty in answering, at least according to the principles of the Radiant Centre philosophy. Here is one paragraph of what might be called unanswerable truth:

"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 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." The whole article is profitable reading. She closes it with this paragraph:

"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!"

Kate has the inside track. And this little discussion would seem to upset the old theory that women can not differ in opinions and be good friends. That old contention was grounded on the "personal I," personalities taking stronger hold of women than men. Probably in a majority of cases that is true, but there have been and are some notable exceptions.—The Hartford Times.

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