

THE RADIANT CENTRE

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND RELIGION.

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

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Thinking in the Heart,

Or,

Easy Lessons in Realization.

By Kate Atkinson Boehme.

LESSON IV.



Consciousness is really awareness, or seeing. I have therefore placed an eye at the centre of our Star of Manifestation to indicate the perceiving principle which is at the centre of Being. Out of that inner seeing grows our physical sight, and I wish to show, if possible, in this lesson, how a knowledge of the inner sight may be turned to practical effect in improving the physical vision. Among my patients I have from time to time many with failing sight. With both young and old it seems peculiarly a disease of the present age. Often patients ask how they can cooperate with me so as to advance the cure as speedily as possible, and to those patients I write in substance what I am about to give in this lesson. Only, I am now going to work out the ideas more fully than I could possibly do in a letter.

In the April issue of the *Radiant Centre* I published an article concerning a Russian physician who is perfecting an invention by which the blind can be made to see, no matter how badly the sight may be impaired. Dr. Stien 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.”

In the concluding paragraph Dr. Stien admits that we can see without eyes, but I think he would not be as ready to say that we could see without the brain. I think we could, however. If one material medium could be dispensed with, why not another?

Every system of metaphysical healing, by whatever name it is called, builds upon this basic fact—The externalization of a body with its component parts and functions from an inner, hidden, incorporeal Something. They are at variance about the character of that Something, but they all postulate its necessity in order to account for a physical body. They go farther and say—As is that inner Something, so is the body.

Now, we will not argue the possibility of there being or not being this inner Something, for that would fill the entire lesson and leave room for nothing else. There are some things which we only know through what is called transcendental knowledge, as for instance, I know that I am, I know that I know, I know that I hope, I know that I love, I know there is

such a thing as mind, etc. These statements admit of no argument, for they are patent, incontrovertible. They simply are so, and we know them to be so.

Metaphysical as well as physical science must start with its hypothesis. When it works we use it, when not we discard it.

Well, to be brief, men have somehow discovered that the little beings which they know as their separate selves are somehow all bound together in one common unity of being. They have also discovered that there is an external or phenomenal side to this one being and an internal or noumenal side. They have discovered also that the inner, or noumenal side, is a sort of cause-world to the outer, or phenomenal side, or effect world.

It seems a well-established fact, and the mental therapist, taking it as a working hypothesis, has used it to good effect. When it fails will be time enough to discard it for another, if another and a better there be.

But, taking it as the best we have at present, let us infer that external seeing is the result or effect of internal seeing. This inner Something sees directly anything which is incorporeal, like itself, but when it would extend its sight into the corporeal world of effects it must construct for itself a bridge of sensation by which it can touch external forms of life. The seeing is not in the bridge itself, but in the seeing faculty which uses it. This seeing faculty is consciousness itself, the eye that never sleeps, or the eye of the Spirit.

You, being Spirit, have the all-seeing eye at the centre of consciousness. There is an outer form of consciousness which does not see at all times. It is a spurious form. It is not the real thing, and it is in a measure blind; that is, its sight is darkened. The outer consciousness is very closely allied to the physical sight, and acts directly upon it. This outer consciousness, taking note, as it does, of the change in the external world and seeing failure and decay written on all things and accepting that as the ultimate of life, stamps that ultimate upon the physical eye, and it degenerates accordingly.

But that is not the ultimate. There is an inner consciousness which knows better, and little by little, for such is the order of life, the outer consciousness impinges on the inner, thus seeing more and more what it sees, and knowing more and more

what it knows. This is what we call the at-one-ment, the reconciliation between the outer and temporal life and the inner or spiritual life.

Owing to this at-one-ment the way is opened through the outer consciousness so that the inner or all-seeing power can act directly upon the physical organ of sight.

To apply this practically, refer to the diagram, or Star of Manifestation. See yourself as the ray proceeding from the Centre of Life; then trace yourself steadily back (for there is no break) to that Centre. Realize that you are one with it; that because it has the power of sight, so have you. Then let your thought pass outward again to the end of the ray and feel that you are carrying the power of clear seeing with you, even to the extreme of outward vision. In this way you will join your thought to that of the healer and strengthen its effect, or if your own thought be strong enough you will be able to restore your sight without the aid of a healer.

It is in this sense that you can truthfully say "I can see," when your eyes have utterly failed you, for you are speaking of that inner self, the consciousness, whose sight is perfect and unailing, the awareness which is the eye of the Spirit and never sleeps and never knows weariness. This perfect vision is now yours and can manifest externally.

Now, let me recapitulate. Consciousness is seeing or awareness; man is conscious being, therefore he has the power of seeing. Physical sight is obscured because of a veil between an outer imperfect form of consciousness and the inner or real. The order of evolution or growth is that this veil shall be swept away, allowing the real consciousness to permeate the man from centre to circumference. The sweeping aside of this veil, which takes place gradually, is the process of at-one-ment by which man's external being comes in direct touch with his inner consciousness, and is thus born again, regenerated, revitalized in every part.

And whatever you lack in bodily functioning, know that the power dwells in perfection at the centre of life, with which you are one. See that power at the centre and then trace it out through the ray of your being. It will attend your thought and go where you will it to go, for such is the law.

"All aspiration is a toil;
But inspiration cometh from above,
And is no labor."

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The Breath of Life.

By Rev. S. C. Greathead.

Clifford, Mich.

Whatever opinion we may have concerning the Book of Genesis, it can not be called into question that no more pregnant statement was ever inscribed than that which describes the procession of divine human life from God, "He breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul." Strictly and literally speaking, the original expression is "the spirit of lives."

It was necessary that there should be in man a nucleus of life that should be in affinity with the universal breath or spirit outside him; and the union once consummated between the breath within and the breath without, in only remained for the creature to remain in correspondence with his divine environment.

The mysterious writer of the book of Job points out the nature and extent of man's dependence upon the breath of lives: "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration [breath] of the Almighty giveth them understanding."

"The spirit of God hath made me, and the breath of the Almighty hath given me life." "If he gather unto himself his spirit and his breath, all flesh shall perish together, and man shall turn again unto dust." In the book of Proverbs, too, there is a very significant passage. "The breath of man is the lamp of Jehovah, searching all the inward parts of the belly." The Apostle Paul on Mars' hill declared, "He giveth to all life, and breath, and all things." Finally it is written concerning Jesus in the original text of John, xx., 22, that "He breathed in [took a deep breath] and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Breath," and when he died upon the cross it is stated that "He expired" [yielded up the breath].

From all these things we are bound to infer that the law of duality holds good here as elsewhere in universal life. There is an atmosphere within the atmosphere, a breath within the breath, a rarer, finer, diviner essence which stands in that relation to the finer nature of man which the outer air does to his outer, coarser nature, and so verily "in him," the universal Breath, "we live and move and have our being."

The outer, earthy man only recognizes the outer, earthy breath, and, alas, many who know something of the spirit life, do not yet fully know Him, the Breath, whom to know is life eternal.

Some, however, of the All-Father's children are learning to breathe their native air, their pristine, original, eternal breath, deep into their inmost spirit that it may permeate and penetrate to outmost cuticle, until they, or their children, shall find the grand sesame to immortality and incorruption.

Surely there is no exaggeration in the exact statement of the Lord Jesus, "This is the bread that cometh down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof, and not die." "If any man eat of this bread he shall live forever." "Whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die."

The secret and mystery that hath been "hid from ages and generations" is now made manifest, which is "Christ in you,

the hope of glory." Christ lived not "by bread alone," but by breathing the breath of God, and Christ can only be formed in us by our breathing the same breath.

Even now the divine stone is being cut out of the mountains, and the God of heaven is setting up his everlasting kingdom, for the breath in men and the breath universal in God is blending and uniting, and the great, grand atonement is about to be consummated. Gladly, triumphantly, we cry, "Come from the four winds, O breath!"

Let all who profess to know anything at all about God or religion seriously ask themselves the question, if they have yet learned the A B C of life, i. e., the way to breathe the breath of lives so that it shall give life eternal, the cup running over, to spirit, soul and body. It is one thing to exist and another thing to breathe God's eternal, holy, healthy breath into our whole being in such a way as to break down and cast out the cells of corruption and build up the cells of immortality, so that with spiritualized souls and bodies we may "enter in through the gates into the city" of ultimate Divine-Humanity and "have right to the Tree of Life," whose leaves shall be for the healing of the nations.

Should any be led to inquire the way to breathe the breath of lives aright, there are those who will joyfully instruct them.

The children of Israel constructed a tabernacle that God might dwell in the midst of them, and when all the details had been faithfully carried out, and everything was in its proper place, we read that "a cloud covered the tent of the congregation, and the glory of Jehovah filled the tabernacle."

Ezekiel, strengthened of God for beatific visions that have not yet been opened up by the princes of this world, saw "a tempestuous breath" issuing from out of "the hidden place."

Jesus, gazing with sad, yearning, tear-laden eyes upon the temple at Jerusalem, said, "Destroy this inner temple, and in three days I will raise it up," speaking, as He always spoke, in mystic parable, "concerning the temple of His body," the shrine of the immanent breath.

The first apostles of our Lord, tarrying in the mystic trysting place at Jerusalem, and having fulfilled the secret conditions and laws laid down for them, were startled by a sound from the mystic heaven within their deepest being "as of a rushing mighty wind—and they were all filled with the holy breath, and began to speak with other tongues, according as the breath gave them to utter." (In short, weighty sentences, or apothegms.)

This band of new-created men and women, refilled with the breath, recharged from the divine dynamo within, went forth conquering and to conquer, turning the world upside down, until Judaism became an effete system; and the great Roman empire, last of the great world powers, became gradually disintegrated, and a new and grander civilization built upon its scattered remains.

The church itself, in its turn, became as "a valley of dry bones," until prophets, laden with the breath, came with ever larger, grander conceptions of the gospel, until the set time was at hand to favor them

so that the old-time promise might be fulfilled: "Behold, I will cause breath to enter into you, and ye shall live; and I will lay sinews upon you, and will bring up flesh upon you."

Breath, sinews, flesh, behold the order! Those of us who never learned to breathe properly until over 45 years of age know somewhat of what this means. Blessed are they who never learn to breathe improperly, that is automatically; and so "may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city," without having to herd with the dogs and sorcerers, and other disreputable characters who are without the city walls!

On every hand to-day the prophets are prophesying, and the Jerusalem of our time still has murder in her heart for them, and stones to throw at them; and there is "a noise, and behold a shaking," but the bones are coming together into their right places, and the breath is entering into them, and by and by they shall stand upon their feet with united front, "an exceeding great army."

Of course the breath is very stimulative at first in more ways than one, and many have to learn the lesson that "the spirits of the prophets are subject to the prophets," but all these things will right themselves in good time, and we are only too glad to have got so far in the quest of the truth that shall make us free, that man is the shrine of God's most holy Divine-Human breath, and that when this is fully learned, we shall have full equipment for true divine ministry, and finally arrive at the goal of humanity which is the production of a Divine-Human race.

It will be noticed that I use the words breath and spirit interchangeably. I do so after mature consideration, and with fullest conviction of the reasonableness of the usage. Any competent Hebrew and Greek scholar will tell you that breath is the true inwardness of the meaning of the word translated "spirit" in the Old and New Testament.

"Be filled with the breath," then, by systematically and persistently learning the old-time science of deep breathing. This may stagger your orthodoxy at first perhaps, but let me explain in the language of the late John Pulsford, "The breath of God is His everywhere diffused spirit, and is, of course, present within nature's breath. It is therefore very easy to make the transition from the outer breath to the inner breath—that is, from the earth's atmosphere to the vital breath, the omnipresent, eternal sphere of God. The spirit in man well understands the art of inhaling the divine magnetism, the ether of the holy spirit. Through the breath, and only through the breath of eternal God in us, are we eternal. Immortality is the inner man breathing the breath of God forever."

Man may be said to be a duality, a trinity, and a fourfold unity. As a fourfold unity he consists of inmost essential spirit—breath—four dimensioned, infinitely potential, the silent, sacred, solemn, awful shrine of Deity; next of outer psyche or soul, which also is essential breath in its true and original essence, and forms the soma or body of the spirit, sometimes spoken of as the spiritual, or celestial, or astral body. This psyche is the expression of the spirit, and both are dependent upon one another, through correlations and cor-

respondences so fine that it is hard to define between them metaphysically. Thus the psyche is the seat of personal character, or the ego expression—yea, and psyche is substance just as body is; only a rarer, finer essence.

Last of all comes the "soma," or body, which is called in Scripture the "psychical" or soulish body. That is, the body which is the expression of the soul, and therefore the outer temple of the spirit.

This body, being only soul expression, is not the true, incorruptible body, but it is closely related to, and connected with it. Jesus said, "Destroy this inner temple," referring, it would seem, to the essential and incorruptible body of eternity. Paul says, "Know ye not that your body is the inner-temple of the holy breath?" referring again to the spiritual body.

The conclusion, then, is that if the essential spirit within us is the very breath of God, then that breath must assimilate with the inner breath or spirit of life universally present in the atmosphere of the planet. God himself has joined these two together in essential union as complements of one another, and we must not part them asunder. The outer air is the environment of the outer body, and the inner air of the inner body, and inmost spirit. As dear Drummond put it, eternal life is eternal correspondence with environment, and the ability to adapt ourselves to changes in environment.

It says concerning Jesus that He "increased in wisdom and stature." Now, it goes without saying that stature does not limit itself to height, but refers to the proper, lawful development of the whole temple of the holy breath, which, among other things, includes chest measurement.

The tree of life is truly rooted in the soil of the inmost spirit, but it spreads its branches throughout the whole man; so that the lungs may be looked upon as the tree of life of the outer, soulish body.

Physical training is a necessary part of any soul's salvation, but, be it understood, that I do not refer to athleticism, although that is all right and good in its place; but rather to that chest and muscle development which is possible and necessary for all. In point of fact these are supreme laws of the Creator, written into the texture of our physical being, just as mental and moral development are demanded by the very structure and nature of the brain, and the capacities and appetites of our moral and spiritual make-up.

I see the time in the immediate future when our children will be trained from infancy in deep breathing, and chest and muscle development, together with general obedience to those laws which generate the magnetic and electric forces of life. It is quite a peculiarly interesting problem as to what the results would be upon those interested, and upon a future generation, if from now a few thousand persons would begin to so train their children.

The day has come when we must forever throw overboard the vain idea of any full salvation which is not perfect health.

Strange to say, and yet not strange, the very Greek word which denotes "restoration to health" in the New Testament really means "salvation." For instance, the woman who touched the hem of Christ's garment said, "If I may but touch His garment, I shall be saved," and the response

of Jesus to the touch of faith was, "Daughter, be of good comfort; thy faith hath saved thee." Thus salvation essentially is health of spirit, soul and body; and deep breathing and physical development are just as essential to salvation as faith.

I take it that development is all round, and only as it is all round can it become ideally perfect. It may strike you just now as a strange saying that deep breathing is an essential part of salvation, but from personal experience I can say that nothing energizes the moral and spiritual nature so much as deep breathing; and if asked for the cause thereof I can only repeat the assertion that the outer breath is the vehicle of the inner, essential breath of God, which is as necessary to the true life of the soul as the outer air to the body; and by filling the lungs with the one you not only drink into the physical system God's pure ether, but also into the spiritual system the breath of life.

Shakespeare, in a high mood of inspiration, talks of the "God within us, breeding wings." These wings can only grow as the wings of the birds grow, by deep breathing.

Are you troubled with that mental and physical condition called "a fit of the blues;" breathe plenty of good, fresh air, bathed with sunshine, into every cell of your lungs, and it shall invade every drop of blood and nerve centre, and storm even the citadel of thy gloomy soul, and cast out thy demons as the sand before the whirlwind!

Are you really tempted or tried above what you feel able to bear? Fortify yourself with God's pure zone, breathe it deep into spirit, soul, and body, and the tree of life shall clothe itself with living green, and flower, and fruit, and the leaves of the tree shall strengthen thy brethren!

Are you weak-willed, enervated in mind and body, take this elixir of life, and thy will shall grow strong in thy God's, and thy life run in the seven circles of His everlasting life!

Do you desire the gifts of the Spirit that you may pentecostally minister to the needs of suffering humanity? Breathe God's breath deep into lungs and spirit, and "all things are yours"—all gifts, all blessings, all powers, all glories, all virtues, yea, all authority in heaven and upon earth.

Do you desire to have "Christ in you, the hope of glory?" Then breathe the breath of life as He did, and the tree of life shall grow "in the midst" of the Paradise of thy being, and thou shalt "eat, and live forever," and so become one of the Christs of God for whom "the earnest expectation of the creation waiteth."

Astrograph.

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A few years before his death Robert Browning made this declaration concerning vivisection: "This I know: I would rather submit to the worst of deaths, so far as pain goes, than have a single cat or dog tortured under the pretense of saving me a twinge or two."



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KATE ATKINSON BOEHME.

ADELAIDE A. CHENEY,

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Editorial Notes and Reviews.

I keep religiously out of politics, but who can help taking some interest and expressing it in the Presidential campaign. I take a special interest in it because William Jennings Bryan is a candidate.

In March, 1897, there appeared the following in the Washington Capital of that date:

"Just about the time Mr. Bryan was traveling East to be dined by Mr. McLean an intense admirer of his was arriving here to attend the congress of the D. A. R. The admirer is a woman, and a Connecticut woman. She had a dream many years ago; before Mr. Bryan made his famous silver speech, in fact. She dreamed she was a guest at the White House. The man who was Chief Executive was one she had never seen, but he had striking, clean-cut features. She says she often thought of the dream, as it made a deep impression on her, and she wondered if she might not some time meet or see that man.

* * *

"Last spring, after the Democratic convention was over, and the pictures of Mr. Bryan were displayed in Meriden, this Daughter of the Revolution was struck at first sight of one. 'There's the man I dreamed I saw in the White House. At last I have found him.' It is needless to say her faith in his election was boundless. When the defeat of her candidate was unquestionable and the first shock of disappointment was over, faith bobbed up again. She says she knows in the end he will get to the White House. Mr. Bryan ought to meet the lady. They would enjoy each other's acquaintance, I am sure."

Now, I was the woman who dreamed that dream, and I had not seen, nor even heard of Mr. Bryan at the time. He had made no stir in Congress, and, while I might have chanced to have seen his name as a Member, I had no remembrance of it, and his name did not figure in the dream at all. I seemed to be in the White House

in a sort of library, and I saw reclining upon a couch of leather the figure of a young man. His profile was turned toward me and I noticed that the features were clean-cut. Suddenly he rose, with an air of determination, mingled with great courtesy and gentleness. In an instant I seemed to read his history, for I thought—This is a young man from the West, and he is for the people. He is full of ideals, full of enthusiasm and very sincere. He is President of the United States. Then I saw him pass out into the hall and unlock door after door with a large bunch of keys. This seemed to convey the idea to me that he was actually President, for it indicated his entry into the different apartments in the White House.

I rehearsed the dream to several of my friends, and they laughed at me when Bryan was defeated. I said—Never mind, he will be up again; and they answered—Never!

But he is up again, and if he is defeated, he will be up a third time, and when he is in the Presidential chair I hope he will not forget his ideals, and he will not.

Just to-day I ran across this from his pen, and it comes straight from the heart of the man, I feel sure:

"Nocivilization can be considered perfect which does not plant a hope in the breast of every child born into the world. The nearer we approach to this ideal, the better is our civilization. Those who complain of existing conditions can not be put aside as disturbers of the peace.

"Why should a man who eats at a well-supplied table forget the man whose toil furnishes the food? Why should a man who warms himself by the fire forget the man whose labor in the forest or in the mine brings forth the fuel? Why should the man clad in the best products of the loom forget the man whose calloused hands make fine clothing possible? Both the consumer and the producer are necessary, but of the two the producer comes first in point of time and in point of importance. Shall the rosebud, blooming in beauty and shedding its fragrance on the air, despise the roots of the bush because they come into actual contact with the soil? Destroy the bud and leave the roots and a second bud will appear as beautiful and as fragrant as the first; but destroy the roots, and bud and bush will perish."

Edward Carpenter's new book, "Love's Coming-of-Age," is a gem in the way of literature; a very Koh-i-noor in value.

A man wrote me one day and said: "Why do you and some other writers say so much about suffering animals? To me

it seems like rank hypocrisy." I thought, as the letter went into the waste-basket, that my friend had "met up" with the wrong word and then I straightway forgot the incident, but to-day it recurs to me, and I wonder how hypocrisy could possibly concern itself with poor, dumb creatures from whom it has nothing to gain. Hypocrisy always has its own selfish ends to serve. It fawns upon the rich and the powerful and steers clear of the weak and helpless creatures of earth. The merciful man is merciful to his beast, and the truly loving heart will always environ with tender care whatever is weaker than itself. Animals appeal to the heart because of their lack of resource and their enforced dependence upon us, their human brothers. Human and humane come from the same root, and I question if we are human when we are not humane.

I hesitate to cut short some of my good friends who write me about thirty pages at a sitting, and then, not satisfied with that, turn the pages the other way and write across them. Of course, it is fine discipline for me, but I do not need it any longer. I smile as sweetly when at the finish as at the start, and that is saying a good deal for an editor. Some of them do not smile at all, I am told, but of course they do not belong to the "New Thought."

Apropos of that, a very bright little woman asked me the other day if I had noticed the chronic smile the "New Thought" people sometimes wear when they meet in conclave. "Why," she said, "it makes me so weary that I scowl ferociously, just for variety and to relieve my feelings."

Now, who could smile continuously after that, so I am working up a prodigious frown to meet the next ultra long letter, "just for variety and to relieve my feelings." We certainly do not want to be smiling mummies. Let's be natural. Let's be spontaneous. Let's be serious or gay, as the mood seizes us, and let's be sick if we want to.

Possibly we don't want to, but then sickness (as I remember it) had its compensations. There was always some one who loved you and delighted in hovering about and performing some sweet little service. Through all your pain there lurked the subtle sense of joy in that loving attendance. And when you grew better, how nice it was, with a clean, clear appetite, to look forward to the dainty tray full of good things which came cheerily to your bedside. Really it was delightful.

It is years since I've allowed myself to be sick, and I'm tempted to do it by way of variety. Still I don't think I shall, for

after standing seven years on a pedestal labeled "Never sick," it is easier to stay there than to get down. Besides, if I did get down, I know a lot of people who would take a sudden tumble, so I'll try to endure the monotony. It's not so bad, after all!

Do I take patients? Why, of course I do, and cure them, too. That is why I have to stand on a pedestal.

From the Harford Times.

The thermometer went up to 101 in the shade the last week in August in Washington city, and that spicy little sheet, "The Radiant Centre," says it was rumored that this paper with somewhat fervid name had something to do with the fervid weather, but its bright editor calls attention to the scientific fact that if we could get away from earth and nearer the sun we should find cool weather. The paper is a radiant centre, but not necessarily a hot one. Its philosophy is drawn from the radiant centre of the higher life and thought.

* * *

And its editor turns about the old aphorism: "Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day," and says one of "The Radiant Centre's" aphorisms is: "Always put off till to-morrow what can't be done to-day," and recommends to be calm and cool, as eternity is ours. Among the cheery words we find in this little sheet are these: "The lost opportunity is not lost forever. We shall meet it again, and differently, through the gain of deeper and fuller experience. Some time and somewhere there shall come to us the occasion for taking back the cruel word, and undoing the deed of wrong, when fullest reparation will be given in joy rather than in penance."

The International Metaphysical League.

Second Annual Convention

Will be held in the Madison Square Garden Concert Hall October 23d, 24th, 25th and 26th. There will be an afternoon and evening session each day, and a business session Wednesday morning.

A most inspiring series of meetings is expected. The following list of speakers is undoubtedly the ablest and most interesting one that has ever been assembled at any metaphysical gathering, and others are to be added:

Rev. R. Heber Newton, New York—"The Psychic Power of Jesus."

Prof. George D. Herron, Ohio—"The Nature of Power."

Prof. John M. Tyler, Amherst College—"The Inherited Results of Experience."

Mr. John Jay Chapman, New York—"Non-Resistance."

Mr. John Brooks Leavitt, LL. D.—"The Attitude of the Church Toward Things Which Are Not Seen."

Rev. Francis E. Mason, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Col. Henry S. Tafft, Providence, R. I.—"Man's Divine Inheritance and the Use He Has Made of It."

Mrs. Ursula N. Gestefeld, New York.

Miss Ellen M. Dyer, Plainfield, N. J.—"The Secret of Growth."

Mr. Ralph Waldo Trine, Boston, Mass.

—"Our Social Problem in the Light of Certain Spiritual Truths."

Rev. Helen Van Anderson, New York.

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Miss Emma Gray, Washington, D. C.—"Cause and Cure of Disease."

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Answers to Correspondents.

And now we will continue the subject of Love and Marriage. Remember, it is not the Sex Question. Like my friend, Eleanor Kirk, I have a distinct aversion to the discussion of that problem, per se. Of course sex exists as the basis of all organic growth, from animal to man. So does protoplasmic slime. But I deny that either sex or slime can be sung by poet or painted by artist and stir the world to a perception of higher things. Roots are roots, and not flowers. I do not underestimate protoplasm, but I value more highly the flower as an object of contemplation.

And what is the use of puddling in the slime when cosmic forces are lifting us out of it and into the flowering period. Let us live among the flowers, and let the slime work out its own ends. Divinity is in it, too, but Divinity more closely veiled. There are human slugs who love the slime. It is their natural element. They are in the protoplasmic stage of their evolution and will pass from it to something better, all in good time.

There are others who feel called to go down into the slime and work in it. That is all right, too. They are agents of cosmic force, and, in their way, transmuters of protoplasm.

The Sex Question is, of course, a mighty problem, but who can solve it? What if it solves itself? Stranger things than that have happened. One factor lost from our multiple and the product falls short, but the cosmic consciousness gathers in the missing factor, and the product stands complete. The cosmic consciousness itself, using sex as its dual expression, can surely carry that expression to its ultimate. If it can not, then we would better not bother about it.

Some years ago in the wilds of Georgia I entered a little pine church. It was built of rough boards, and the congregation was colored. It was a sort of revival service and characterized by a deep religious fervor, so deep and so stirring, that sitting there in passive and observant mood, I felt strangely moved. Soon a tall, dignified, really majestic young fellow rose, and, going forward to the pulpit, knelt down and poured forth his soul in prayer. His voice was low and tender, sweet, pitiful and appealing. His God was not afar off in some

remote region, but a living Presence close at hand. I closed my eyes and felt the Holy Presence in that little room. It was intensely real. Then, as by one accord, the congregation rose to its feet, a rich soprano sang a few notes and stopped, another voice took up the motif, then another and another until the tide of song swelled into the most wonderful fugue. The Master Hand of the Universe was playing upon its living strings.

And if the Spirit of Music can so express itself, why may not the Spirit of Love? It may, and it does, I am very sure, moving not only individuals, but races, to the fulfillment of its sweet and glorious will. For the Spirit of Love is also the Spirit of Music, there being but one Spirit with its varied expression, and what is possible to one expression is possible to another. Love has its fugues as well as music, and some of its phrases must sound discordant.

Not one in that little congregation knew what he was going to sing, but at the touch of the spirit his lips opened and the notes rang forth. So is it with our loves. We love, if at all, impulsively, with abandon, not by rote or pattern. And yet, there is a science in it, only we love first and study the science afterward.

Then we love again, and study again. Somehow the study makes us love more intelligently; more wisely and more happily. The Spirit prompts the love; the Spirit prompts the study, and as the Spirit has the whole matter really in charge, I fail to see what we shall gain by arguing the sex question. Possibly you may say the Spirit moves us to that, too. Doubtless it does, but it does not move me, and it does not move Eleanor Kirk. Does it, Eleanor?

Not long ago a charming young fellow came to me for advice. He knew me to be sympathetic, and, being a woman, he thought I might be able to solve the mystery of one young woman's conduct which was grieving him sorely. Said he: "I think she loves me, but she seems to enjoy running around with other fellows, and I want her to stick to me. Now, can't I use my mind in some way so as to hold her to me and keep off these other fellows?"

"Oh, yes; certainly you can," I answered. "Stop trying to hold her. Tell her mentally that she is free to associate with whom she likes, and then act as though you meant it, and you must mean it. You must be perfectly willing to stand alone and see her go to the ends of the earth if she chooses."

"Ah, but I can not do that. It is preposterous. Why, I love her too much for that."

"No, you don't love her enough for that," said I emphatically. "If you loved her as much as you think you do, you would wish to see her happy in her own way. And if you only knew what a beautiful vibration would go out from you to her from such a mental state, you would certainly cultivate it. That, if nothing else, would awaken love in her. Moreover, Success in Love or in Finance is paradoxical. To succeed in either you must mount the throne of indifference. It is high and difficult of ascent, but when reached it is commanding. No, no—It isn't a bit like tearing your heart out and plunging it in ice

water. It is only getting the unnatural fever out of it, and getting the systole and diastole into some sort of decent rhythm."

"Oh," said my listener, "your advice sounds ethical, reasonable, but so impossible to follow. Surely you do not know what love is by experience. You have never writhed in the actual clutch of an affection which mastered you. Therefore you speak of love as it should be, rather than as it is."

"There you mistake me. From the age of 16 the earlier years of my life were full of this illusion which you call so real. I was as full of romance as of music, and that was very full, indeed. Illusion followed illusion, and glamor followed glamor, each dying its natural death, with its attendant pain. I suffered the tortures of jealousy and thought it an essential part of love. With saddened eyes I looked upon the death of affection in myself and others and lost faith in a love which might endure. It seemed the law that change should affect all things, and why not love? What I did not know was that love dies between two people because it has nothing to give it sustenance, and, bereft of food, it must die. Love is also like an electric battery, which must be charged again and again to keep alive the current. If men and women would keep their minds alive with new and vital thought, love would feed on that and live. But, above all, you must give it freedom and air. Loosen your clutch on love. Stand back and let it breathe. Live your own life to its depth, to its height, to its uttermost, and love will dwell with you forever."

My listener was impressed, but not convinced. How could he be? Time and experience must prove to him the truth of my advice, and still I think he will try to act upon it. The seed is sown, anyway, and I have nothing to do with the harvest. That is for him to reap.

Edward Carpenter, in his most interesting book, "Love's Coming-of-Age," writes as follows:

"Hitherto we have hardly thought whether there were any inner laws or not; our thoughts have been fixed on the outer; and the Science of Love, if it may so be called, has been strangely neglected. Yet, if, putting aside for a moment all convention and custom, one will look quietly within himself, he will perceive that there are most distinct and inviolable inner forces, binding him by different ties to different people, and with different and inevitable results, according to the quality and the nature of the affection bestowed—that there is in fact in that world of the heart a kind of cosmical harmony and variety, and an order almost astronomical.

"This is noticeably true of what may be called the planetary law of distances in the relation of people to one another. For, of some of the circle of one's acquaintance, it may be said that one loves them cordially at a hundred miles distance; of others, that they are dear friends at a mile; while others again are indispensable far nearer than that. If, by any chance, the friend whose planetary distance is a mile, is forced into closer quarters, the only result is a violent development of repulsion and centrifugal force, by which probably he is carried even beyond his normal distance, till such time as he settles down into

his right place; while, on the other hand, if we are separated for a season from one who by right is very near and who we know belongs to us, we can bide our time, knowing that the forces of return will increase with the separation. How marked and definite these personal distances are may be gathered from considering how largely the art of life consists in finding and keeping them, and how much trouble arises from their confusion, and from the way in which we often only find them out after much blundering and suffering and mutual recrimination.

"So marked, indeed, are these and other such laws that they sometimes suggest that there really is a cosmic world of souls to which we all belong—a world of souls whose relations are eternal and clearly defined, and that our terrestrial relations are merely the working-out and expression of far antecedent and unmodifiable facts—an idea which for many people is corroborated by the curious way in which, often at the very first sight, they become aware of their exact relation to a new-comer. In some cases this brings with it a strange sense of previous intimacy, hard to explain; and in other cases, not so intimate, it still will seem to fix almost instantaneously the exact propinquity of the relation—so that, though in succeeding years, or even decades of years, the mutual acquaintance may work itself out with all sorts of interesting, and even unexpected developments and episodes, yet this mean distance does not vary during the whole time, so to speak, by a single hair's breadth.

"Is it possible, we may ask (in the light of such experiences), that there really is a Free Society in another and deeper sense than that hitherto suggested—a society to which we all in our inmost selves, consciously or unconsciously, belong—the Rose of souls that Dante beheld in Paradise, whose every petal is an individual, and an individual only through its union with all the rest—the early Church's dream, of an eternal Fellowship in heaven and on earth—the Prototype of all the brotherhoods and communities that exist on this or any planet; and that the innumerable selves of men, united in the one Self, members of it and of one another (like the members of the body) stand in eternal and glorious relationship, bound indissolubly together? We know, of course, that the reality of things can not be adequately expressed by such phrases as these, or by any phrases, yet possibly some such conception comes as near the truth as any one conception can; and, making use of it, we may think that our earthly relations are a continual attempt—through much blindness and ineffectualness and failure—to feel after and to find these true and permanent relations to others.

"Surely in some subtle way if one person sincerely love another, heart and soul, that other becomes a part of the lover, indissolubly wrought into his being. Mentally the two grow and become compact together. No thought that the lover thinks, no scene that he looks on, but the impress of his loved one in some way is on it—so that as long as he exists (here or anywhere) with his most intimate self that other is threaded and twined inseparable. So clinging is the relation. Perhaps in the outer world we do not always see such relations

quite clear, and we think when death or other cause removes the visible form from us that the hour of parting has come. But in the inner world it is clear enough, and we divine that we and our mate are only two little petals that grow near each other on the great Flower of Eternity; and that it is because we are near each other in that unchanging world, that in the world of change our mortal selves are drawn together, and will be drawn always, wherever and whenever they may meet.

"But since the petals of the immortal Flower are by myriads and myriads, so have we endless lessons of soul-relationship to learn—some most intimate, others doubtless less so, but all fair and perfect—so soon as we have discovered what these relationships really are, and are in no confusion of mind about them. For even those that are most distant are desirable, and have the germ of love in them, so soon as they are touched by the spirit of Truth (which means the fearless statement of the life which is in us, in poise against the similar statement of life in others); since, indeed, the spirit of Truth is the life of the whole, and only the other side of that Love which binds the whole together."

Carpenter says: "Men are half grown." I would add, So are women. Both are half developed, half individualized, and Love's Coming-of-Age will be coincident to their growth. When they bloom, so will Love.

However sad the retrospect, the forecast is heavenly, for Love shall surely come-of-age.

(To be continued.)

Why Mental Healing is Generally Slow.

Kate Atkinson Boehme in "Freedom."

It occasionally happens that a patient who is under mental treatment will be instantly healed, but more frequently many months elapse before a cure is effected and possibly during these months not a sign of improvement will appear. In the latter event the patient must be possessed of more than ordinary faith in the treatment and healer in order to persist in the face of such continued discouragement. The instances of such persistence are rare, for usually the patient either drops the treatment altogether or makes a change of healer, in either case losing the effect of a partially established vibration, for even in a change of healer the vibration already set up is destroyed and another substituted.

If a man digs a foundation and starts to build a house, but each month tears down the result of his work and begins anew on another plan, it is evident that the building will not reach completion. In just this way patients through discouragement and lack of persistence lose the good result which they are seeking.

The trouble is, that owing to the occasional instances of instantaneous healing and the extreme statements of some fanatics among mental practitioners, the world at large has acquired a false conception regarding the principle and operation of mental therapeutics. Many a happy, trusting soul has lost all faith and been plunged into the very depths of despair because, as a result of one treatment, grey hair did not return to the color of youth, and wrinkles disappear. Now, all this and

more might have been accomplished by steady persistence had the principle at work been more thoroughly understood by both healer and patient.

I know of a case where a tooth was grown by the power of thought in a year, but I have yet to learn of an instance where one was grown in an hour. And yet far be it from me to deny the possibility of such a rapid growth in the future, but the time is not yet, except in an isolated occurrence.

Let us be reasonable. We are just on the threshold of a new era of mind. We are only beginning to develop the power of concentration, which is the great factor in mental healing. Whatever Oriental races may have known and practiced, we of the Occident have not reached the point toward which we are striving. The mind is still diffused over many things and it will require steady training and much discipline before instantaneous healing will be uniformly possible.

But the day is coming when the power of concentration will be so fully developed that miracles of healing far beyond our present imagination will be performed. The day is coming when a man can instantly, by the power of his concentrated will, change his environment to suit his wish.

I say that concentration is the great factor in mental healing, and I say it advisedly. By concentration a planet is formed; by concentration every atom, or aggregation of atoms, comes into existence. On the other hand, by diffusion atoms and planets are disintegrated.

This law is operative in the mental as well as the physical world. What is the first evidence of insanity or disintegration of the intellect? A lack of coherence. This lack of coherence is equivalent to a lack of concentration, for coherence and concentration are almost synonymous terms, each meaning to hold together, whether the things held together be physical atoms, worlds, or the thoughts and purposes of the mind and heart.

Let us assume, as I think we are safe in doing, that every visible or tangible thing is a thought externalized and that our bodies as they stand to-day are the expression of many small purposes concentrated into one all-combining purpose. Our bodies then owe their existence to the principle of concentration; a concentration, however, which exerted itself without conscious knowledge of its action.

A new field of growth is entered upon when the mind concentrates, and knows that it concentrates. This is the field of work where one builds not blindly, but toward a definite end. For instance, when I know that I am concentrating, and why I am so doing, I stand, as it were, above my work and am master of it.

But this consciousness is only partly evolved, therefore it is not fully master of the work of concentration. It works with comparative difficulty and requires time.

The brain matter, whether in the head, the solar plexus, or the tips of the fingers, stands in order next to thought and receives its first impression. For instance, if I direct a thought of health toward a patient, that thought goes as mental vibration straight to the brain matter of that patient and disturbs it. This disturbance

amounts to a re-polarization of atoms. It makes as great a difference in a lot of atoms to re-polarize them as it does with the blocks which a child forms, now into a house, now into a church and now into a range of mountains; the difference being that you see the child's hand when it rearranges the blocks, whereas you do not see the force which re-polarizes the atoms. The change occurs just the same and after a time it makes itself known in outward reformation.

When this external manifestation is long delayed it is because atoms, like people, are subject to the inertia of habit. They are indolent, preferring the ease of an old polarization to the effort attendant upon a new one. We thus have to contend with the slipping back again and again of the re-polarized atoms into their old ways, so that it sometimes takes month after month of effort on the part of the healer, and month after month of receptivity on the part of the patient before a new habit is established, but when this time does come there is a sudden and marked improvement, for with complete and permanent re-polarization there comes a swing of momentum which stimulates every vital function.

Then, again, it sometimes happens that during the transitional period when the old order is disturbed and the new not yet established, the state of the patient is worse than before beginning treatment. Under the old system of drugging, a patient thought nothing of the great stirring up and discomfort attendant upon a dose of liver medicine, but with this new and subtle method of mental treatment it takes a very wise and reasoning healer to so explain this most trying ordeal when every unfavorable symptom seems aggravated.

The ordeal once passed, however, there is seen to be a decided change for the better, and how has it all come about?

Experiments in Psychology, as performed in our colleges, have shown that the various functions of the body depend on the condition of the particular group of brain-cells upon which each function is dependent. If any portion of the brain be removed there will ensue utter atrophy of that part of the body related to and dependent upon it. In other words, a part of the body dies with the disappearance of that part of the brain which gives it life.

Now, since the life of the body thus depends upon the presence and good condition of the brain-cells, and since thought first impresses itself upon the brain matter, the reasonable inference is that mental healing, through the law of telepathy, addresses itself first to the brain, the atoms of which it re-polarizes, building up depleted and degenerate cells into conditions of health and vigor. Then, when these conditions are firmly established the body begins to show forth the results of good government, responding to the mandates of a healthy brain with ease instead of disease.

If it could only be thoroughly understood that within the apparently unresponsive body great, though subtle changes, may be taking place of which there is no outward sign, the work of many a good healer would not be frustrated by the discouragement of a patient who, all unconscious of the progress of readjustment within himself, is like the impatient child that plants a seed in the earth, but opens up the

soil each day and finally, seeing no sign of growth, tears the luckless seed from its resting place just on the instant of unfoldment.

Let us be wiser in our methods and see deeper into the heart of things.

Sex.

It would be a delight to my soul if folks would stop writing to me about the sex question. It is a province that I have no desire to invade. I think I know that "to be carnally-minded is death, and to be spiritually-minded is life eternal." For the present that is enough for

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