

«The Radiant Centre»

A JOURNAL OF SUCCESS

"WE STAND BEFORE THE SECRET OF THE WORLD, THERE WHERE BEING
PASSES INTO APPEARANCE AND UNITY INTO VARIETY,"—Emerson.

OCTOBER, 1901

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

PEOPLE often refer to Nature for proof that Death is an unchanging fact in the world. All things die, say they, and man, being a part of Nature, must die also. He cannot hope to escape the universal law.

But, the other day I saw something which led me to think the law not so universal after all, and I felt we might as well read a few more lines on the page of Nature before jumping headlong to conclusions.

The something which I saw was nothing more than I had seen many times before. It was a young tree in the "sere and yellow" period. It was as greyheaded as its older relatives, and evidently on the way to utter baldness, and yet, with all these signs of age, it was not an old tree.

This may not appeal to you, but to me it is very significant. For one thing, it seems to give a shifting character to the signs of age and breaks up their supposed coincident relation to the passing years.

It also indicates to me that these signs of age are superficial, that they do not truly represent the inwardness of things. If they do why do we find the old and dying leaf on the young and vigorous tree? It would seem that trees whether old or young have their cycles of growth their "fall"-ing seasons as well as their "spring"-ing seasons, and I am inclined to think it is the same with man.

It is no new thought that there is an analogy between the toothlessness of infancy and that of old age, or between the mental states of first and second childhood. What appears to us as old age, I am sure, is but the rounding of the spiral into renewed youth. It is no sign that the spiral is cut, because we think we see both ends of a segment. The seeing it so, may be, and doubtless is, one of our many optical illusions and should not be mistaken for absolute truth. As Emerson says: "There is no end in nature, but every end is a beginning."

Look at the Zodiac. Aries begins the circle. It also ends it and begins it again. Look at the year. January begins, ends and begins it again. It is only because of the cycle that the first can be last and the last, first. If progression were in a straight line there would be a fixed and unalterable beginning and an end that was indeed final.

But progression is not in a straight line. It moves in circles, or, I should say, in a spiral composed of many circles. Each time the round is made and we get back to the point of departure it is a new point and a new departure. Each January is a new January, ushering in a new year, with new experiences, new thought and new life. One year may be very much like another, but it is never exactly the same. It never duplicates in every detail that which has gone before. The kaleidoscope of events has been turned and the arrangement shifts with the turning.

So far as there is anything in the signs of age, their meaning is, I am certain, quite different from what we have thought, for if you will notice, these signs are present in the young tree as well as the old. More than that—They are passing phases in the life of each, for with the springtime comes the renewal of youth and the swelling leaf bud to both young and old trees alike.

But the tree finally dies, after its "springs" and "falls" are at an end. Yes, I know it does, but what of that? Are we not more than trees, O, ye of little faith? What of the wonderful power we are acquiring over our lives? Is not that to be considered?

Naturalists tell us of one of the lower organisms (I believe it is the *Amphioxus*) which grows a new eye whenever one is destroyed. If a lower organism can do this, why may not a higher do as much and more when it understands the law of its growth, and learns how to renew its bodily tissues?

It may, and can, and will. The human organism is developing this power already to a marked degree, and the day is not far distant when

new eyes shall replace those that are worn out and every bodily function shall return to the vigor of its youth.

Shall re-turn I say, because the organism is only moving around its cycle. It is not moving in a straight line from birth to death, but is passing from its spring to its fall and back again to its spring continually, and the spring may as well come to us here as in some undiscovered country, if we wish it so. I can find no law against it.

I am not afraid of the undiscovered country, for I know I can never get beyond the land of Infinite Good and Infinite Love, stray where I will, but there is so much to learn here, so much to enjoy, so much to do, that my choice is to remain here for awhile, and so I seek the ways and means by which I shall retain my place. I seek them for myself and for others who also love this life and would have more of it.

Whenever we hear that Nature has restored the sight of an aged person or has attempted a renewal of youth in any particular, a tremendous fact is involved. A mighty principle is shown us in embryo. An initial step is taken toward a new era, in which the human race is to lift itself to a position far above its present level. Nature simply presents the law. It is for us to apply it.

The evergreen tree has in some way lifted itself above and out of the reach of the sere and yellow period and performs the cycles of its growth without a sign of age. What an evergreen tree can do surely you and I can emulate and excel.

And just think of the trees that live for thousands of years, while man, the heir of all the ages, thinks he must die at the early age of three score and ten. Go to the tree, O mistaken one, for it has something to tell you of Immortal Youth.

Or if the tree has no language for you then listen to Sir James Crichton-Browne, who says: "Those keep young longest who love most."

Sir James did not have the whole secret by any means, but he certainly had a part of it, and an important part.

If you are interested in overcoming the signs of age and in rounding the cycle toward the renewal of youth, go down to the coming Mental Science Convention at Seabreeze. There you will hear the subject ably discussed and will undoubtedly learn much that is of value.

THE RADIANT CENTRE.

There you will meet Helen Wilmans, the great apostle of Immortal Youth. There you will meet Eugene Del Mar, the brilliant advocate of Mental Science. There you will meet many others whom it will be a delight to know. Seabreeze is a veritable heaven on earth, and you will never regret your visit. Railroad rates are reduced, so this is your opportunity of opportunities. Full particulars in another column.

Should you have occasion to write to Helen Wilmans, be sure to address her as Mrs. Helen W. Post, as the Post Office Department has decided that only letters so addressed can reach her. Now remember—Her address is Mrs. Helen W. Post, Seabreeze, Florida.

Special Notices.

Join Our Success Centre and Become "A Radiant Success."

Since the new ruling of the Post Office Department which forbids the offering of premiums with subscriptions, the mere fact of your subscription to The Radiant Centre will not admit you, as it has formerly done, to the Success Centre. The fee of membership is now placed at \$1. But it is well worth it, so the members say. The dollar entitles you to a personal letter from the editor, which is worth a dollar (so the editor says).

If the Post Office writes to ask if you are a subscriber to The Radiant Centre, please say so, if you are, and do us a favor. It only means that the Department is looking up the record of all the papers to see if they are sending out more samples than the law allows. As we have strictly kept within the limit, we are all right, but if some of our subscribers did not respond, it would look as though something was wrong.

Many letters are addressed to 216 O street, instead of 2016. Will our correspondents please take note. It should be 2016.

Mr. Towne has sent me his book, "Points On Success," and it is fine. Only ten cents, too, and worth a dollar unless you value it by the number of its pages, rather than by the ideas you find on those pages. See advt. in another column.

Have you written Wm. Moyle yet to ask about the J. B. L. Cascade? If not, why not? You will find his advt. in the usual place.

Second Annual Convention of Mental Science Association.

Convening, November 28, 1901, Seabreeze, Fla. Information Concerning Railway Rates, Hotel Accommodations, Contemplated Excursions, etc.

THE Second Annual Convention of the Mental Science Association has been widely advertised throughout the country for several months past, and as the time is drawing near for the meeting, I have, in order to save time, labor and correspondence, embodied in these pages the answer to the many questions asked by the friends of the movement, and especially those who desire, and send in notice, that they would be in attendance. Read directions carefully as to territory from which one and one-third fare for the round trip has been granted by the traffic associations, and also the boundary of location in which the one-fare privilege for the round trip prevails.

Relative to expenses at Seabreeze, during convention time, will state that cost at the hotels is from ten dollars per week upward; and everyone will be assured of good service. Other incidentals can be regulated to suit individual requirements and size of purse. There is not much opportunity to spend money here at Seabreeze, unless the charm of location and climate proves an inducement to those who can afford to remain and build a home here.

I would request everyone, who receives this, to inform me at ONCE if they have definitely decided to be in attendance, in order to provide suitable accommodations for all beforehand. For in case of overflow at our three hotels we can place at the disposal of our guests about thirty furnished cottages. State also in each letter the length of time you desire to remain at Seabreeze.

Daytona, a beautiful and charming city, is the railway station for Seabreeze. All tickets should be bought for Daytona. Ample conveyances and guides will be in attendance to conduct all arrivals across the Halifax River to Seabreeze, or as B. O. Flower, of the Arena named it, "City Beautiful."

ALL ARE WELCOME.

All are welcome, of whatever thought or shade of opinion. This is an invitation to all the lovers of the beautiful in nature, to take for a brief time a respite from labor and care, and seek rest and recreation amid charming scenery, and in health and hope-inspiring conditions and surroundings.

Wishing all a pleasant journey beforehand to our sunny Southland, I remain,

Yours cordially,

CHAS. F. BURGMAN,
National Secretary M. S. A.

THE COMING CONVENTION.

The Second Annual Convention of the Mental Science Association, which will convene at Seabreeze, Florida, beginning November 28th

next, and remaining in session until all the business to be brought up for consideration has been disposed of, has aroused a good deal of interest. From all parts of the country inquiries are coming in, regarding railway rates, hotel rates, cost of room and board, rent of cottages and other conveniences calculated to make the stay in Seabreeze and Florida during convention time, comfortable, pleasurable and convenient, without drawing too largely upon the financial resources of those attending the convention, and those who may desire to avail themselves of the privileges of special rates in joining with the new thought people, to visit Florida. As far as possible all questions bearing on the subjects mentioned have been answered by private correspondence.

Florida, far-famed in song, poetry, romance and history, has held a high place in the heart and imagination of the modern nations of the earth for centuries—ever since the gallant Ponce de Leon went in search of the mystic fountain of youth, to clothe a daring soul with an imperishable body, and fitly worship at the shrine of love and beauty. Many will avail themselves of the opportunity to visit this State, if the cost of the journey can be kept within reasonable limits; and as far as possible at the present time to meet this popular desire, the following privileges have been secured:

RAILROAD RATES.

The various passenger associations have agreed upon a uniform rate of travel and time limit in regard to our coming convention. The New England, Trunk Line and Western associations have adopted the one and one-third fare schedule for the round trip usually accorded to national fraternal bodies during sessions of their annual gatherings. The Central Passenger Association allows the Winter Tourist rate from the territory under their control of which we make mention further below. These Associations cover the territory east of the Mississippi River, as far as St. Louis, thence westward through Kansas as far as Denver, Colorado; thence northward, including Cheyenne, Wyoming, and the States of Nebraska, South Dakota and part of North Dakota, east of Bismark, and from there includes Minnesota and the entire range of country eastward to the northern point of the State of Maine; thence southward along the Atlantic Ocean to the southern point of the State of Delaware. The purchase of tickets begins November 24th, and return time is fixed three days after the close of the convention. That is, if the session closes December 3d you have until December 6th, inclusive, to start on your return journey. This will take in all twelve days from your home, if you can spare the time, and return sooner if desired. To those of our friends who do not want to be hurried in any manner, for their return trip, we suggest the purchase of

A WINTER TOURIST TICKET.

These tickets are issued by the various Traffic Associations each fall, commencing about October 15th and holding good until May 31st following. They cost but a trifle more than the one and one-third rate and time-limited convention tickets. By buying these tickets you will not be hampered in any way with certificates or their responsibility.

You can start on your journey on November 1st and remain until May 31st if you choose.

ONE FARE THE ROUND TRIP.

From Washington southward you can purchase a ticket for the convention beginning November 15th. The limit of this ticket for the return trip expires December 15th. All living east of the Mississippi River from New Orleans as far north as Cairo, Illinois; from thence south of the banks of the Ohio River, on through Louisville, Kentucky; through Cincinnati, Ohio; Huntington, West Virginia; Charleston, Charlottesville, Fredericksburg and Washington, D. C.; thence southward along the Potomac River and the border of the Atlantic Ocean, to the southernmost point of Florida, are within the territory of the Southeastern Traffic Association; and entitled to the privileges of the one rate fare for the round trip, from and to their homes, from November 15th to December 15th. All availing themselves of this privilege must state to their local railroad agents that they will be in attendance at the convention and ask for a certificate to be presented at the convention for signature by the undersigned.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Tickets, wherever bought, are scheduled to Daytona, our railroad station. Please bear this in mind. Seabreeze is on the opposite side of the Halifax River and has no railroad station. Upon arriving in Daytona ample conveyances will be in readiness to bring all arrivals to Seabreeze. Be sure to procure your tickets one or two days in advance to avoid possible delay. And under no circumstance forget to tell your agent that you will be in attendance at the Mental Science Convention convening at Seabreeze and ask for a return certificate. This will entitle you to the one and one-third return rate privilege. This certificate, upon your arrival at Seabreeze, present to Chas. F. Burgman, National Secretary M. S. A., FOR SIGNATURE.

Those living near the lines of the Southeastern Association territory are advised to purchase a local ticket to the nearest point within the territory described and from there buy a ticket to the convention and return.

THE PURPOSE OF THE CONVENTION.

The main work of the convention will consist in the working out and adoption of a plan of action which will tend to a unification of all the branches of the new thought movement, for propaganda and educational purposes, and to more fully carry out the common and underlying purpose: a persistent and thorough research into the domain of the mental side of life, the phenomena of mind, its manifested and potential powers, and their relationship to the well-being and happiness of man. The convention will discuss and adopt measures by which means can be procured for the establishment of educational institutions in which the young may be trained and educated to the perception of broader and newer truths, higher aspirations and nobler conduct, than is at present imparted to the newer generations of men. The convention will also devise means for the training and encouragement of able speakers in the work of educational propaganda, and the popularizing

of the new thought philosophy; and many other important measures which have a bearing upon the progressive tendency of our time. Eminent speakers have been invited and will be present.

It is suggested that all who desire to come to the convention join into an association with others in their neighborhood, as far as possible, and form regular excursion parties to meet with those from other localities, and start jointly on a given day.

Responsive to this suggestion parties are forming in the following localities:

CHICAGO.

Mr. S. A. Rhodes, of No. 30 West Washington street, Chicago, requests that all who desire to pass through and leave from Chicago for the convention, communicate with him at once with a view of securing a special Pullman car for the occasion. Under such an arrangement special terms, both as to rates and time limit, can undoubtedly be secured. And other friends could arrange to join Mr. Rhodes and his party at several points en route. At Chattanooga, Tenn., this party will have stop-over privileges to visit Lookout Mountain and the famous Chickamauga battle fields. Those interested should write at once to Mr. Rhodes at the above address.

LOS ANGELES.

A party will leave Los Angeles, California, for the convention under the management of Mrs. A. J. Corker, of 139 S. Figuerra street, of that city. An association is being formed for this purpose in Los Angeles among the friends; and others in Southern California are invited to join the party. This party will very likely come by way of the Southern Pacific through New Orleans. For further particulars address Mrs. A. J. Corker, as above.

DENVER.

Mr. Herbert George writes that if all who have thus far signified their intention of joining his party to the convention will do so, he will have to engage a second Pullman car. Mr. George's party will pass from Denver through Kansas and Missouri via St. Louis southward. Address for further particulars Herbert George, 1529 Curtis street, Denver, Colorado. Denver delegation leaves on Sunday, November 24th, at 2.15 P. M.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Mr. W. H. Bennington is advertising his excursion quite extensively through the press and by circular. His party will leave in a special car for the convention at 9.30 P. M. on November 25th, arriving in Memphis 3 A. M. next morning; at Birmingham 3.55 P. M.; at Jacksonville 8.55 A. M. next day; arriving at Daytona (Seabreeze) at 1.37 P. M. on the day before the convention shall be called to order. The fare for the round trip is one-half full rate—\$33.85, Kansas City to Seabreeze and return. For further information on this excursion address W. H. Bennington, 717 Garfield avenue, Kansas City, Kans.

BOSTON.

Hon. Andrew H. Paton, of Danvers, Mass., is meeting with pronounced success in the organization of his excursion to start from Bos-

ton for the convention. He is sending out circulars and descriptive booklets and many inquiries are pouring in upon him. He has arranged with Mr. Geo. C. Daniels, representing the Southern Railway, whose office is at 228 Washington street, Boston, to carry his party over this splendidly equipped road. Do not fail to write to Mr. Paton at once; address as above.

SEATTLE.

No definite news has reached us from Mr. A. J. Finch, of Seattle, lately. Mr. Finch is an experienced man for this work. For years he has been an organizer of excursions and has carried large parties of influential tourists over the transcontinental lines. Whatever he undertakes he will carry out successfully and to the full satisfaction of all interested. We shall have more definite news from him within a week or two. All those who expect to come from Washington and Oregon and Northern California should communicate at once with Mr. A. J. Finch, 1216 Second avenue, Seattle.

PHILADELPHIA.

A party is organizing in Philadelphia and all who intend coming to the convention from that city and vicinity are advised to correspond at once with Mrs. Henry C. Davis, 902 Spruce street, for date of departure and other information.

NEW YORK.

Mr. R. E. Elwell, Secretary pro tem. of the New York Temple of Mental Science, has charge of all arrangements of an excursion to start from New York. Readers of Freedom and others in New York State should address Mr. R. E. Elwell, at 214 W. 83d street, New York City.

WACO, TEXAS.

Mrs. Elizabeth Craig, who attended the Seattle convention of Mental Science, has received a number of letters from friends of the movement in the State of Texas who desire to attend the convention and would like to join with others to form a party to go via New Orleans. Those interested should not delay to communicate with Mrs. Elizabeth Craig, Waco, Texas.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

Prof. Gusten Yungren has been detained on his lecturing tour in the North longer than he at first anticipated. For this reason he has not been able to give time and attention to the organization of an excursion from St. Paul. However, Mr. Olrrin W. Smith, the lecturer of the St. Paul Temple of Mental Science, whose residence is at 1422 Breda street, in cooperation with Mrs. A. E. Johnson, of 133 Bellevue avenue, both of St. Paul, will take up the matter of an excursion at once, and if sufficient interest is manifested proper arrangements will be made. Our Minnesota friends are requested to register at once with Mr. Smith and Mrs. Johnson. Address as above.

MACON, GA.

Mr. Paul Hearn, of Macon, Georgia, and a member of the Association, is endeavoring to get a party together to start from Macon. The Central of Georgia, the Southern Railway, the Dixie Flyer and other

roads are advertising the convention widely and the Southern States will undoubtedly be well represented at the convention. In regard to party starting from Macon, Georgia, address Mr. Paul Hearn, as above, General Delivery.

EMBLEMS OF RECOGNITION.

We have given orders for several hundred very pretty convention badges to be worn by those who will come to the convention as a means of recognition. These will be mailed at once upon receipt of 25 cents each, their cost of production. We would also suggest the decoration of the several excursion cars en route. This will advertise the movement and bring the friends more easily together at the several stations.

THE PROGRAM.

The program and proposed routine work of the convention will be announced as soon as all needed arrangements are completed. Invitations have been sent to prominent and able speakers and writers to be present during the session and to present their views as to the proper steps to pursue for propaganda and other work to be carried out in the future. Our local citizens in Seabreeze and Daytona will take care of the proper entertainment of all visitors.

THE CONVENTION HALL.

The exterior of the convention hall has now been finished. It is a noble structure, a pride to our little town and a credit to its builders. The interior will be completed about November 15th and we have been promised that the electric lights will be turned on in time for the meeting. The building has a seating capacity of 1,000 people, and after the convention it will serve for lecturing purposes and entertainments.

CHAS. F. BURGMAN,
National Secretary M. S. A.

Better Take People as You Find Them; Don't Try to Make Them Over to Suit.

(Copyright, 1901, The Bulletin Co.)

HOW I do hate the making-over fad! We all have it more or less, we humans. No, I don't mean making over clothes; I mean making over people.

I know a woman who has a lovely pair of daughters. One of the daughters sings like a nightingale. The other daughter makes the best salad I ever had the honor to eat.

Is mamma content? Not she. She worries the nightingale half to death trying to make her learn how to make bread, and she drives the poor salad maker distracted trying to make her sing.

'There's a man I know who's making himself wretched because his little butterfly of a wife can't take much interest in the library carpet, and finds the cook's marketing list a bore. His partner is much annoyed because his little mouse of a housewife can't shine in society.

Now, what do these men expect? Perfection?

You can't make a butterfly over into a bee to save your life. And why should you expect the bee's wings to shine in the sunlight when she makes such excellent honey ?

If you married a butterfly, you probably did it because you fell in love with her wings. Very well, then, make the most of them.

Whenever you find yourself getting impatient with her, look at her wings and be satisfied.

Did you marry your bee to get a home maker ?

Well, then, take her and be happy with her. When she bores people to death with her circumstantial accounts of the habits and manners of the kitchen range, remember her biscuits and hold your peace.

Does the brilliant woman you would like to love wear her hair in frazzles and forget to go to the manicure ?

Fix your mind on the clever thing she said when you expostulated with her, and let things go at that.

Does the man who lent you money when you failed borrow your money now and forget to return it ?

Remember the fix you would have been in to-day if it had not been for him, and forbear to dun him.

You'll be happier so.

I know a little boy who is the despair of his mother.

"I can't punish him," she said; "he just makes up his mind to things, and there he is, as calm as a clock, and nothing I do affects him."

That boy has learned the secret of happiness. Just make up your mind to anything on earth, and you can stand it.

Just make up your mind to stop the making-over fad.

Make up your mind that the kind of man who lends you money easily is the kind of man who will borrow it just as easily.

Make up your mind that the man who laughs off the troubles of other people will laugh just as hard when your time of trouble comes. He can't help it. He's made that way. Make the most of him. Have all the fun with him you can, but don't be stupid enough to expect him to pull a long face all at once, just to please you.

Make up your mind that the good little woman who darns your socks is a good little woman—and nothing more.

Make up your mind that the faithful, industrious, plodding clerk is just what he is, and do not burden him or yourself by expecting him to think.

He can't think. If he could he wouldn't plod.

Don't hitch a race horse to a plow, and don't expect a plow horse to win the Derby.

Of course, you are a wondrous creature yourself. You can add figures and write poetry and plow a field and compose music, all at one and the same time—but be generous. Don't expect other people to be the paragon you are.

Make up your mind to people as they are. Look for the best that is in them. Never mind if it isn't your kind of best. It's good enough to give them a right to live their own lives.

Live your own life and be happy in this great, warm-hearted, gay, well-meaning world we all live in, if we'll only see things as they are and love them so—not try to make it all over to fit our little bit of a pattern.

Mental Healing Made Plain.

By Kate Atkinson Boehme.

LESSON VI.

WHEN people ask me how mental healing is done, I find it as difficult to answer as though they had asked me how to execute Beethoven's Sonata Pathétique. Both involve so much. Both are built up out of details laid in orderly sequence, one upon another, and in an attempt to see what the building means, and how it is accomplished, one must trace the details.

In mental healing these details are mental states which follow one upon another until that state is reached from which the healing vibration can go forth. I am going now to outline some of those states, drawing on my own consciousness for the purpose, and observe, I am going to tell you how I do healing and not how some one else does it. I do not intend to stand sponsor for the profession as a whole nor for any branch of it, but simply for myself.

There is a knowledge that precedes experience which we call intuitional or transcendental, and there is the same knowledge after it has been verified and made practical by personal experience. It is the latter which I wish to give you in these lessons, and in order to give you my own experience from the beginning I am going back to the time when I first heard of mental healing.

It was in Chicago, at the time when the Eddy movement was first making itself known there. Many of my friends were interested, but I felt utterly indifferent, although I was in a wretched state, both mentally and physically. One day a Christian Scientist took luncheon at the place where I was boarding, and I sat in silent scorn during the entire meal while she made the best of her opportunity by trying to convert every one at table. I think she succeeded with some, but she only aroused in me a thorough antagonism. Once or twice I caught her eye, if one can be said to catch an eye that has not a ray of human interest in its cold and staring surface. It was an eye that had no depths, and I was afterwards told that such was the effect when one withdrew entirely from the illusion of "Mortal Mind" and became one with "Divine Mind." This is not intended as a reflection upon Christian Science, but to show that some of its disciples are mistaken in their application of its principles.

But, as I said, I caught her eye, only to let it go again on the instant. I did not want to hold it, for it made me shudder, and I thought I would rather die than to be called back to health by anything stored behind that eye.

I also looked critically at her snow white hair and her wrinkles, not knowing enough of the principles of Christian Science to understand that she was in the pin feather stage of the Divine Manifestation. Somehow her words and her appearance were in such violent contradiction that I really felt the poor creature to be slightly crazed, but the incident made an impression upon me and had its use in my experience several years afterward when I became interested in the study of mental healing. I then remembered the uncanny influence of those eyes and determined never to get so far away from the human as to be devoid of

sympathy. Naturally this drew me to the other extreme, and I gave out so much that I became depleted. My patients grew fat and rosy while I grew thin and pale. Then I saw my mistake, and little by little I learned how to let my heart go out in love and sympathy to the suffering, while at the same time my intellect saw clearly the illusory nature of that suffering, and that it had no place in true being.

But to go back to the Chicago incident, it was certainly one of the details necessary to the building of a state of consciousness in which it was possible to do mental healing. At the time it meant nothing to me but an unpleasant episode. Now, as I look back, it means much more. It was really my first lesson in mental healing and I did not know it.

Time went on and my health grew worse and worse until every resource having been exhausted I was persuaded to take a course of mental treatment, and slowly, very slowly, I found my way back to health and strength. Then my interest was thoroughly aroused and I determined to make a thorough study of the subject. Observation soon taught me that healing was not confined to one school or one method, hence I inferred there must be some general principle underlying all and common to all. What was it? How should I find it? I studied on and on, ever hopeful and confident of the result, but often confused by the chaotic jumble of statements made by different teachers.

I went into Theosophy, not because of its therapeutic value, but because of its exposition of occult laws. Then I took up Hypnotism, Mental Suggestion, Faith Cure, Christian Healing, Divine Science, Christian Science, Mental Science, and, in fact, everything that had a possible bearing upon my one, all absorbing theme. So great was my enthusiasm that the days seemed too short for my purpose, and I pressed the long hours of the night into my service, and, strange to say, I found the wakeful hours of night more restful than those of sleep.

Finally there came a night which I shall never forget as it held for me a new and wonderful experience. While perfectly wide awake, and thinking out a problem, I suddenly found myself standing in the middle of the room in what seemed a substantial body, while my physical form lay stretched upon the bed. My arms hung by my side and when I lifted and folded them I felt the actual resistance of my body and the pressure of my arms against it, so that I thought—What sort of a self is this? Can it be a spiritual body? It certainly is not like what I have supposed spirit to be. Just then a three-tongued flame of a deep and beautiful red of peculiar color, such as I had never seen before, appeared close to my left temple. I then heard myself saying, not voluntarily, but as though something spoke through me—**THIS IS THE HEALING POWER.** As I uttered these words the flame came nearer and touched me on the temple. Instantly great throbs of something that seemed like electric fire coursed through me from head to foot. It was like waves of life, of wondrous life such as I had never known, and I thought—This is Life itself—I have touched Life. I have been dead before and for the first time I know how Life feels.

Then suddenly I was back again in my physical body on the bed but the same waves were passing through me. For hours I lay awake thinking over the strange experience, and during those hours all fear of death left me forever. Indeed, I seemed to have passed through

what is called death, and to have come forth in my spiritual body, finding it more real than the physical.

This was not a dream nor a vision. It was an actual, living experience, and I was as wholly awake as I am at this moment while writing these lines.

Moreover, it was an experience which produced a change in my consciousness, so that I have never been the same since. It also changed my physical conditions. I felt like a new creature in both mind and body.

I have since discovered that these changes in consciousness take place at intervals all along the path of development and that it is as impossible, while in an earlier state to understand a later, as it would be for one of the primitive forms of life to understand or enter into the mind of a human being. The difference is not so great possibly, but it is very great, indeed, and each advance makes one feel as though suddenly lifted into a new order of being.

The strangest thing about it all is that one may go on blindly and mistakenly, following a road which seems to lead nowhere in particular, and yet, all the while be nearing the place of a higher unfoldment. If only the purpose be earnest and sincere, he who seeks will find.

It is these states of consciousness which come later which are difficult to explain to the beginner. There are states so high in their vibration that no word of healing need be spoken. Jesus was in this state at times, when the healing power emanated from even the hem of his garment. At other times he found it necessary to speak the word. When he was in the higher state he was in the Christ consciousness, and that state is not too high for any of us to attain, if we may believe his words: "The works that I do ye shall do also."

Do not think that because your mental sky is gray and leaden to-day, and because you may have been in this state for years, that it must continue always. Believe me when I say that you can enter new worlds one after another within your own mind, and find each one fairer and brighter than the one preceding.

In my last lesson I spoke of the healing power as descending like a cooling shower and in this I speak of it as a fire. This looks like a discrepancy, but it is not. I use the word fire, not to indicate heat as we understand it in a material sense, but as it conveys the idea of vitality, of life. Electric fire seems to mean something quite different from fire in the usual sense. An electric fire, for instance, might be intensely vitalizing, and yet fall like a cooling shower.

We are obliged to take literally from the material world the terms we apply to spiritual things, but the mind which is awakening to the inner life will always transcend the symbolic term and know the thing itself in its true reality.

As you enter one new world after another in your consciousness you will look back upon this present state from which you will then have emerged, and wonder how you could ever have been held within its confines. Somewhere I have seen a pretty picture of a fluffy little chick looking down upon its broken shell and saying: "Did I ever come out of that?" The mental state which you are in now, will some day be to you the broken shell and you will look down incredulously upon it, saying: "Did I ever come out of that?"

(These personal experiences to be continued.)

The Nightmare—To-morrow.

William Walker Atkinson, in "Suggestion."

THE work of each day would be a pleasure if we would refrain from attempting to perform, at the same time, the work of to-morrow. The cares of to-day would cease to disturb us if we would refuse to consider the cares of to-morrow. The work of to-day is easily performed notwithstanding the fact that we spoiled the pleasure of yesterday's task by fretting about and mentally anticipating the burdens of the coming day. The cares of to-day do not seem half so terrible as they appeared viewed from the distance of yesterday, and we do suffer nearly as much in bearing to-day's burdens as we did yesterday in bearing these burdens in anticipation.

To-day is comparatively easy for us, but Oh, to-morrow. Aye, there's the trouble—to-morrow. The past is gone, and its sorrows, cares, troubles, misfortunes and work do not seem so terrible viewed from this distance—the misfortunes of the past are now often known as blessings in disguise. To-day is here, and we seem to be getting along fairly well—excepting fearing the dawn of to-morrow. But the future—Oh! that mysterious future—that delight of the child—that bugaboo of the "grown up"—what shall we say of the future? Who knows what terrible monsters are lurking in its gloomy recesses—what frightful cares are slumbering there—what dreadful shapes are there crouching, with glowering eyes, awaiting our coming? No frightful tale of childhood begins to compare in horror with this fantasy of maturity—to-morrow.

Yesterday, with all its troubles—to-day, with its pressing tasks—affright us not, but to-morrow, ah! to-morrow. Tell us of the morrow! Who knows what a day may bring forth? Tell us how to meet the terrors of to-morrow! Forsooth, an easy task, good friends. The way to meet the terrors of to-morrow is—wait until to-morrow.

Don't you see that your to-morrow is but a nightmare—a monstrous creature of your fancy? Wake! man, wake! Cease your labored breathing, your groans, your cries, your struggles! Open wide your eyes; take a long, deep draught of God's blessed air; "find yourself," and realize that it was but a frightful dream.

The cares of to-morrow, indeed! 'Twould be laughable if it were not so pitiful. To-morrow's cares may come, will come, must come, but what of to-morrow's opportunities, to-morrow's strength, to-morrow's chances, circumstances, helpers? Don't you know that the supply of good things does not cease with the close of to-day? Don't you know that in the womb of the future sleep opportunities intended for your use when the time comes? Don't you know that an earnest, confident expectation of the good things to come will cause these good things to grow for your use in the future? Well, it's so; they'll grow and grow and grow, and then when you need them you will find them ripe and ready to pick. Water them with Faith; surround them with the rich soil of Hope; let them receive the full rays of the sun of Love, and the nourishing fruit of Opportunity will be your reward—to-morrow.

Did you ever shiver with dread at the thought of what would happen if the sun should not rise to-morrow? Did you ever doubt that the grass would grow and the trees take on leaves next Spring? Did you ever fear that perhaps the Summer would not come this year? Oh, no, of course not! These things have always happened and you have sufficient faith to know that they will occur again. Yes, but you have been fearing that opportunities, chances, circumstances, may not be present to-morrow. Oh, ye of little faith, do you not know that this is no world of chance? Do you not know that you are working under the operations of a great Law, and that these things are as much amenable to that Law as are the seasons, the crops, the motion of the earth, the planets, this and countless other solar systems, the UNIVERSE!

The Law which regulates the motions of the millions of worlds, and whose jurisdiction extends over Space—that Space the abstract idea of which can not be grasped by the puny intellect of man of to-day—also takes cognizance of the tiny living organism too small to be seen through our strongest microscope. The sparrow's fall comes under the Law as well as the building of a magnificent series of solar systems: And yet, man fears to-morrow.

Of all living beings, man alone fears to-morrow. Children, lovers and philosophers escape the curse. The first two look forward to it with joy and confidence, having the love that casteth out fear; the philosopher's reason teaches him that which the intuition of the other two has grasped. The child intuitively recognizes that the infinite supply is inexhaustible and naturally expects to-morrow's supply as he does to-morrow's sun. He has faith in the Law, until Fear is suggested into his receptive mind by those who have grown old enough to fear. The child knows that "there are just as good fish in the sea as ever were caught," but the "grown-up" fears that to-day's fish is the last in the sea, and fails to appreciate to-day's haul by reason of his worry about the possible future failure of the fish supply.

Some people, when they occasionally indulge in a little happiness, spoil their joy by the fear that "something dreadful is going to happen because I feel so happy to-day." They remind one of the little girl who was found crying, and, when questioned, said that she was crying because she had been thinking that some day she might grow up and get married and have a dear little baby boy, and when the boy grew up he might go out hunting and shoot himself and die, boo-hoo.

Now, don't remind me of the tale of the Ant and the Grasshopper, and of the moral attached thereto. I know all about that yarn, and I feel no hesitancy in saying that the Ant did not worry about the winter while he was working and storing up grain—he just did an honest day's work, each day, without worrying and "feezing" about the winter. He was true to his nature and felt a perfect confidence that if he did his duty now, his future would be provided for. If he had stopped to worry and fret about the winter, or had burdened his mind with the fear that perhaps Spring would never come again, he would not have accomplished his allotted task. He probably would have been paralyzed with fear and have given up the fight, saying: "I fear the future." He concentrated on the Now, and consequently did the best

work on the task before him. Go to the ant, thou victim of the Fear habit.

As to the Grasshopper of the fable, he, likewise, was true to the dictates of his nature. He recognized that his time limit was up at the close of the Summer and that the cold weather would see his finish. He knew that, no matter how much grain he might store away, it would avail him naught when the winter came. Remember, it was the running-down of his machinery, not the absence of food, that killed the Grasshopper. He had fulfilled his work in the world, made arrangements for the next generation of his kind, and when his work was ended he folded his little legs and the life left him. He lived and died under the Law. And, mark ye, I do not believe he was compelled, in his old age, to beg food of the Ant. The Law does not operate in that way. Neither do I believe that the Ant would have refused him food and gloated over him, saying, "I told you so," even if he had begged. That is reserved for beings higher in the scale of life than the lowly Ant—the latter is too near to Nature for that proud privilege.

No, the Grasshopper and the Ant both did their work well under the Law, and deserve equal credit. The Ant would have been a fool if he had refused to work, or worried when he did work. And the Grasshopper would have been a fool if he had worried about the Winter, or had worked like the Ant and stored up food for that time, for he would not have lived to enjoy it. Aye, he would have been as great a fool as some men who devote every thought and minute to piling up millions and then—die when the Winter comes, leaving their store to be devoured by parasites.

Oh, yes! I believe in work, good work, honest work, cheerful work, hopeful work, confident work. I believe in the joy of work—the pleasure of creating. And I believe that he who does his best work, one day at a time, working with faith, hope and confidence in the morrow, with Fear eliminated from his mind and replaced with Courage—I believe, I say, that such a man will never find his larder empty, nor will his children want for bread.

And, furthermore, I believe that to-morrow is what we make it by our thoughts to-day. I believe that we are sowing thought-seeds to-day, which will grow up over night and bear fruit to-morrow. I believe that "Thoughts take form in Action," and that we are, and will be, just what we think ourselves into being. I believe that our minds and bodies are constantly being moulded by our thoughts, and that the measure of man's success is determined by the character of his thoughts. And I believe that when man will throw off the incubus of Fear, the frightful vision of the night will vanish, and, opening his eyes, in the place of the monster, he will see the fair form and smiling face of a radiant creature, who, bending over him, with love-lit eyes, will whisper softly: "I am TO-MORROW."

"Oh, you cruel boy, to take those eggs out of the nest. Think of the poor mother bird, when she comes——"

"The mother bird's dead, miss."

"How do you know that?"

"I see it in your hat!"

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.....

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With a great deal of love,

Yours,

Dear Mrs. Boehme:

I wrote you on the 3d of January, saying you might discontinue the Radiant Centre. I had tried to read the last number and for the life of me I could not grasp anything. But last night, although very tired, I lay down on the couch to read, when lo and behold, the whole paper seemed illuminated. The lesson on Realization seemed so clear, and I could see my subjective self as I never could before. I can not stop the paper now, so enclosed find one dollar.

Yours respectfully,

Mrs. Boehme:

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Very truly,

Extract from letter:

Don't lose sight of the fact that in my husband and myself you have positive proof of the efficacy of your success treatments. Success is booming with us.

Extract:

My attack last night was so sudden and so alarming that my daughter decided to telegraph you for help. The timely help your treatment gave me brought a quiet night's rest, and I am much better this morning. Please continue the treatments until I am well.

Extract:

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Extract:

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Extract:

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