

The Radiant Centre

A JOURNAL OF SUCCESS

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PASSES INTO APPEARANCE AND UNITY INTO VARIETY."—Emerson.

NOVEMBER, 1901

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NOVEMBER, 1901.

No. 11.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

“**Y**OU see what a Christian can do,” said a Madonna-faced woman, looking up at me from the foot bath which she was giving a sick husband.

I heard a suppressed growl and I saw what a Sinner could do, for over went the foot bath and away strode the invalid on the strength of an unrighteous indignation. When the door closed the Madonna-faced woman turned to me and said: “Isn’t it just awful? Did you ever see such an ungrateful brute of a man? That’s the way he treats me and I am always trying to do my duty as a Christian should.”

“Well, never mind about your Christian duty just now,” I said. “Do call the maid and have that mess cleaned up right away before it soaks through the floor and into the room below. Then take up your cross like a Christian and bear it, but it will grow heavier if that water gets through on your drawing room ceiling.”

And then my heart sneaked out after the Sinner and I wondered where he had carried his aching head and whether anyone in that house would do anything for him just out of pure love, with never a thought of duty.

We were good Episcopalians, his wife and I. He was an Atheist, and as I look back I don’t wonder. That day I had called to see her about some Church work and was shown right up to the sick room, as

we were quite intimate, though not congenial. It was the Church work that had drawn us together.

Then and there I began to feel a strong distaste for my Christian duty. This distaste has grown with the years until I now feel that when the era of Love shall have fully dawned the old ideas of duty and obligation will melt away like the shades of night before the rising sun.

Now, I really think that Sinner was better than the Saint. I fancy he had a big, loving heart, and he did not want a sacrifice from his wife. It hurt him, and being sick and nervous, he kicked, but a little too hard, harder than he meant, and O pshaw, I could have forgiven him easily, even if it had been my carpet that was soaked with mustard water.

And how can anyone who is not a savage accept knowingly, willingly, the sacrifice of another? Does it not seem barbarous when you come to think of it?

Some one wrote me the other day and said: "When I look within as you advise me to, I find nothing. All is darkness. Will I ever see anything?" Then I knew why I went to see The Shadow of the Cross the other day. It was so that I might answer this question.

The Shadow of the Cross is a remarkable painting of the Christ, which is here on exhibition. While the artist was at work upon it he went into his studio one evening in the dark, and to his surprise, found his painting illumined with a soft radiance. The light was playing about the figure, while back of it there was the shadow of the cross. The artist had not painted in this shadow, and in daylight it was not visible. He left the picture unfinished. It has been examined by experts, and no satisfactory explanation has yet been given of this strange light and the shadow of the cross.

I went to see the painting, and after the electric lights were turned out I sat for a long time, I think it must have been twenty minutes, looking into inky blackness before the light on the painting became visible. Others who had come in earlier could see it distinctly, but I could not. I had about given up seeing it at all when suddenly the light appeared and the longer I looked the brighter it seemed to grow.

I do not know whether this painting is what it is represented to be or whether there is some clever trickery about the pigments used, but

it is an excellent illustration of the way in which the spiritual light comes when you look within for it. All is darkness for a time, and then the light shines forth, but, thank Heaven, there is in it no shadow of the cross.

Go and see the painting if it comes your way. The effect is really wonderful.

My subscribers are asking impatiently for the picture of myself which I promised them. Here is one, a pen and ink sketch by Helen Wilmans. Some of my ancestors had their portraits done by Peale, but I am sure not one was idealized as I am in the accompanying sketch. After this I'll hardly dare to serve up the real Kate Boehme as she strikes the eye of the camera:

I have just read a letter from Kate Boehme, editor of The Radiant Centre, which, by the way, is about the handsomest paper that comes to this office. I had written to her and signed myself Helen Wilmans Post; after that I was reminded to say that the postoffice authorities at Washington had made a "dacent" woman of me by conferring my married name upon me. To which Kate answers: "In the last edition of The R. C. I put in your new advertisement in place of the old one, and called attention to your change of name. I did not say that you had suddenly become a 'dacent' woman, for I did not know what dido you might cut up at the convention and destroy my reputation as an authority on such matters. I had a great notion to publish your testimonial in your own behalf, but was afraid it might not count. You may love and honor the Colonel, but until you 'obey' you are not in it with the rest of the respectable women."

I have just written to her, urging her to come to the convention. I told her I wanted to show her off. She is a superb looking woman; I call her handsome. She has very beautiful dark eyes; a whole world of twilight with lingering touches of sunshine seems to be imprisoned in them. But perhaps it is not twilight; it may be the passing shadows of the night through which the coming dawn is flashing its rose and gold that renders them so attractive. At all events, she is anything but a melancholy woman. She is vital and alive, and the way she can laugh would cure a consumptive. It and her knowledge of Mental Science is curing lots of them.

And, may it please you, here's another done by Henry Frank, editor of The Independent Thinker, and Past Master of elegant diction. Mr. Frank says:

That reads just as you would suspect a beautiful woman of refined and cultured countenance and luminous eye would express herself, doesn't it? Well, that's but a meagre specimen of Kate Boehme's fine writing. She is clothed with the spirit of the great Jacob Boehme, and lives in the light of his transcendent mysticism.

Now, if this sort of thing does not come to a halt I shall soon be changing my statement of Being, to—I am all there is and nobody else is in it.

But the danger is past for here comes T. J. Shelton with his little hatchet to chop off the egotistic sprouts. He says:

Kate Boehme is behind time in the publication of the Radiant Centre. This will not do, Kate, unless you change the name. Whoever heard of the sun being behind time? She says:

My day is a long one, beginning at 7 A. M. and ending about midnight. I never have a vacation and never an hour off, but with the long day and the vacation time thrown in there is always so much to claim my attention, it is a matter of surprise to me that I edit the paper at all. I started it, supposing it would obviate the necessity for long letters, and because in it I could meet many personal needs in an impersonal manner, so that in helping one I could help many. But even so, every few days a letter will come from some one who has a particularly individual trouble and who wants a particularly individual letter of advice. Then the heart in me reaches out and I want to answer that letter. Apparently there is not a moment to lose; the writer is breathless with expectation and suspense. What am I to do? Shall I put the appeal sternly aside, while I attend to the business of getting my paper out? No, I can not do it. I am not a woman of business and I do not propose to be. I consider business a necessary evil. "All is good" except business, and that is evil and money is its root; no, the love of money is its root, so the good book tells us, and it must be true.

Now, look here, Kate, I know you. Why don't you be an up-to-date woman in the use of means? You use a typewriter, why not go further and use dictation to a stenographer? Then advance a little further and use telepathy or wireless, letterless means for sending your message? It will do the patient more good and will not do you any harm. Keep up with Marconi.

Keep up with Marconi? Indeed! Why, when did *you* drop out of the procession. Haven't you heard the latest fact in science—How The Radiant Centre has set the pace for the sun? And as to dictating to a stenographer, The Radiant Centre prefers to shine straight into the hearts of its lovers, so, go back, Shelly, dear, I really despair of you. Go back, dear, just as far as you can, and stand up, for I know you won't sit down.

Desire.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in New York Journal.

No joy for which thy hungering heart has panted,
No hope it cherishes through waiting years,
But if thou dost deserve it, shall be granted,
For with each passionate wish the blessing nears.

Tune up the fine, strong instrument of thy being
To chord with thy dear hope, and do not tire;
When both in key and rhythm are agreeing,
Lo! thou shalt kiss the lips of thy desire.

The thing thou cravest so waits in the distance,
Wrapt in the silences, unseen and dumb;
Essential to thy soul and thy existence—
Live worthy of it—call, and it shall come.

Mental Healing Made Plain.

By Kate Atkinson Boehme.

Lesson VII.

WHEN I began the study of mental healing, I imagined it was something to be acquired after the manner of arithmetic, geography, chemistry or any other of the studies which we pursue in the ordinary course of education. I expected to get hold of rules such as one finds in grammar or mathematics. I procured course after course of instruction in order to discover these rules or some exact method by which healing was to be accomplished. Of course I was disappointed. The secret might be an open one, but nowhere did it seem revealed to my waiting eyes. Each writer in his or her fashion seemed bent on revolutionizing my ideas instead of giving me anything practical. This made me impatient, for I wanted to get hold of something as definite as a mathematical statement, which I could work out and prove as I would a sum.

I expect you are all seeking the same thing, friends, and I want to tell you right now that you will not find it. No one can tell you how to do mental healing by rule, as you would make a cake or put up a doctor's prescription, for it is something which can not be done in purely mechanical fashion. In this sense it is more of an art than a science. To be sure, science is the basis of art and without it art would be impossible; still, science is merely mechanical and coldly exact, while art is spiritual, creative and free. Bound only by laws of its own, it juts out over science in boldest abandon. Apparently without support, it has an inner force which counteracts gravitation and holds it well poised between earth and heaven without the danger of a tumble.

You may teach a student the mixing of pigments, the laws of perspective and the handling of the brush, but all this will not make him an artist, for, unless he has within him the spiritual and creative force, he will, with all your teaching, produce nothing but mechanical daubs.

It is on this principle that all the best teachers of the art of mental healing attempt to wake within you the spirit of the thing instead of giving you mechanical rules. They may seem to be accomplishing nothing, but they are doing the one thing needful.

If, for instance, you have ideas that are untrue concerning yourself and your relation to the world about you, those ideas must be changed. This unsettles you and you feel all torn up for a time. Your mental soil has been ploughed up for the planting of a new seed, and although the agitation may not be agreeable, it is certainly necessary.

The ploughing and the planting are the mechanical part and that is where the science comes in, but a little later art springs up and creates as it will. If it does not, your seeds are dead, for until there is new life there is no proof that your ploughing or your planting have been well done.

Psychologists tell us that ideas organize themselves within the mind with a dominant idea as a ruler. This produces a certain state of

consciousness. But, as in external government, every now and then a ruler is deposed, so it is with the government in the idea world within. The dominant idea gets deposed and a new dominant takes its place. This, as you can imagine, creates confusion and disorder for a time, but ultimately ends in a new order. This new order is a change in consciousness and with every such change there comes a new vibratory action. There is always an unseen current going out from each one of us and it is the sum of what we are. It changes as we change, and is as real as any part of us though it is invisible and intangible to all but the most sensitive persons who come in touch with it.

This vibratory current is called the human aura, as many of you doubtless know. Some time ago, when Mrs. Annie Besant was in this country, she exhibited photographs showing how this aura appeared in different mental states. In health, lines were seen going straight out from the body. In disease, these lines drooped and were entangled in a state of confusion and disorder. In anger, they looked like forked lightning and were of a lurid color. In peace and love, they were gently undulating and of a soft and beautiful rose color.

These photographs did not actually prove to my mind the existence of the aura, but it seemed reasonable to suppose that there might be something of the kind. Some time afterward there came to me something in the way of proof. It came when I was looking into Spiritualism and it came in this way. I had heard of an excellent medium in New York City, and went with two friends to one of his seances. We were entirely unknown to the medium, and it was the first seance we had ever attended. Including ourselves there were just seventeen persons present and we sat in a semi-circle or a sort of horseshoe, the medium sitting at the open end. In giving his tests the medium designated each person by a number. He gave test after test, but none to our party, and I was beginning to think that the whole thing was prearranged by the medium and a number of confederates, in order to gather in the credulous, when, to my great surprise, my number was called by the medium who sat with his eyes tightly closed in a strong light throughout the entire seance. My number was called and I responded: "Is it I?" The medium answered: "Yes, I mean you. You help people through the mind. I see straight lines going out from you full of power. You carry about with you health, strength and joy, and they go out from you in any direction where you turn your thought. These straight lines remind me of the rays of the sun, they are so bright and full of life. You help people so much that everyone is glad when you come and sorry when you go. And you do not need to say a word, for your presence is enough in itself. Those rays go out and touch people with new life, even when you are silent."

This, coming from an entire stranger, who could not possibly know anything of my work in mental therapeutics, seemed to me a strong proof that our mental states do produce an aura which is felt by others even when it is not seen as it was by this medium.

Later, I had another proof, for these strong lines proceeding from my early enthusiasm were destined to lose their force and fall in chaos about me, and in the darkness of my despair I thought they had fallen forever. It was when my husband died after a violent illness of three

days. Apparently in vigorous health, he was suddenly prostrated like a strong tree in the path of a cyclone, and I, too, was swept from my feet by the same force, so that I could do nothing. This was a hard experience, for besides the loss of my husband my hold on mental healing seemed to have gone forever. I still believed in it, but I said—It is for others and not for me. I can never take it up again. Life was blank and I had but one thought, one wish, and that was to get some word from behind the veil where my loved one was hidden. On this thought intent I went again to the medium in New York and had a private interview. His first words were: "O, heavy, heavy, heavy! If I could give you wings so that you could fly away from it all what a gift it would be, would it not?" He said nothing of straight lines, or rays from the sun going out from me, then. All was dark, heavy, discordant and depressing. This showed how my aura had changed, but it was not to remain so.

Shortly after the death of my husband a friend came in and asked me to treat her baby which had been poisoned by milk that had stood too long in the sterilizer. The child was vomiting a green slime, and in a very dangerous condition. I remember how I looked up at her with heavy lidded eyes and said: "O, how can you ask me? Surely I can not help your baby when I have lost the one in all the world whom I would have saved if I could. No, I can never heal anyone again for I have lost the power."

But my friend persisted. She reminded me of what I had done for the child on previous occasions, and ended by saying: "If you will only make the effort, perhaps the power will return to you," and looking at me imploringly, with great tears in her eyes, she said: "O, do please try."

It ended by my putting on my hat and going with her, but very reluctantly. When I took the child in my arms I felt an utter deadness, not even pity for the poor little suffering thing, and that was strange, for my sympathies had always been quick and tender and by far the larger part of me. But way down under all this deadness there was a small, faint effort to help the child. This grew and grew within me until all of a sudden I felt a great rush of life and in that instant the healing power returned. In a few moments I placed the child back in its bed sound asleep and entirely healed.

The aura which I had lost and regained was as real a thing in the first instance as in the last and was not the outflow of mere enthusiasm. It really had its rise in what I had thought and experienced, but that thought and experience had not then been deep enough to make the aura permanent and abiding. I had not then reached the place in consciousness where I could remain calm and self-centered when disease walked into my very house and attacked one whom I held most dear. As it was said of the Great Physician: He saved others, himself he can not save, so it may be said of those who heal at the present day. We, too, often save others, when ourselves, and those who are bound to us in the close ties of affection we can not save.

But we must do it and we can do it. I have since proved that we can, for I have grown in power and demonstrated that power in heal-

ing my sister, several years ago, when the physicians could not help her.

But to treat successfully those who are closely allied to us we must become individualized. We must free ourselves and let our loved ones go free also. We must remove the yokes they have placed on us and also the yokes we have placed on them. About the hardest lesson we have to learn is to let those we love live their own lives as they will and not as we will. We desire their happiness, but we desire it in our way, which is not always their way. Parents must, of course, exercise a certain surveillance over their children up to a certain period, but beyond that it should not be extended. You can not always protect your child by the shield of your experience, for he needs an experience of his own. Let him go free, even though it be to wander forth as the prodigal son to feed on husks, for he will return some day to the good things of the father's house.

And all this loving espionage is born of a wrong belief, a belief that there is nothing beyond the personal mind that can take care of us and fill out our endeavor. And what does this? Why, a Something which we may as well call The Supreme Intelligence. Do you not see how it worked when my friend came to me and asked me to treat her child? Do you not see how she was moved to come to me and by that coming draw me out of my heart-sickness, disappointment and depression, into a life of usefulness, where my ideals were to be fulfilled?

Now, do not mistake me. I do not mean that this Supreme Intelligence is a thing apart and outside of us, but a something with which we are one. If it were not one with us, how could it be within us and act through us as it does?

And I do not like the expression that I so frequently hear—Man is a part of the Supreme Intelligence. A part of anything signifies, to me, a lack of wholeness, weakness, incompleteness, separation from the whole.

My spirit demands that—I shall be the whole thing. It also demands that—You shall be the whole thing. Whenever I accept anything less than this for you or for me, we both seem to shrink into pigmies. We grow so small and weak and helpless that I have no hope of our ever being or doing anything worth speaking of.

But it is such a puzzle, is it not? How is it that I can be I and you can be you, and yet each one of us be all there is?

Well, you see, I am only I as I reveal myself in some way to the senses, and you are only you as you reveal yourself to the senses. What we are back of the revealing is quite another thing and it is just there and nowhere else that we are one. That is, behind the curtain all is one, for it has not been separated yet, as it must in order to express itself.

Suppose a great body of water were pent up somewhere without an outlet. Then it is all one. But give it an outlet here and there and each stream as it flows forth becomes separated from the whole, while at the same time flowing forth from that whole. If each stream could think, it would probably think of itself in two ways, one as being a separate stream, and the other as a stream coming from a source.

If it were a stream with a merely perceptive tendency, it would only see the stream and not the source, but if it were a stream with a reflective tendency, it would cast its eye back over the current and see where it started from its source, and perhaps even look back of that and see the source itself.

We humans have both the perceptive and the reflective tendency and by the development of the latter we look further and further back into the very heart of Being and it is there we see it all to be one. It is there that I am all and you are all.

Now, this ALL or The Supreme Intelligence projects itself into the world, into the material world. In fact, it becomes the material world and is in process of becoming it every day and every hour. It makes and unmakes its world continually. Sometimes it seems not to be doing it well, in times of catastrophe and sorrow, but that is because we only see a part of the whole. How can you judge of a beautiful painting by seeing a torn fragment of the same? And yet, let a psychometrist place that torn fragment on his forehead and instantly the whole painting presents itself to his vision.

I think we have glimpses of the Great and Beautiful Whole in some such psychic fashion, else our faith would fail us in times of sore trial. Why is it that when we see the part we postulate the whole? Why is it that when we see imperfection we postulate perfection? We, who have never seen the whole; we, who have never seen perfection. Is it not that the whole which is in itself perfection lays its impress on the mind, thus moving it to work out in the external the beauty and glory of the life within? I believe it to be so.

I am trying in this lesson to cover a great deal of ground and hope I have made it clear that there is such a thing as an actual emanation or aura, which corresponds to every state of consciousness through which the individual passes. To know this makes mental healing seem more reasonable, because one can see how it is that thought does its work.

I have also, I trust, made it plain that one can not grasp mental healing mechanically or in a coldly intellectual manner, although the steps leading to the healing vibration may be more or less methodical and, therefore, mechanical.

I have also shown by incidents in my own experience that failure should not discourage one even though it come when one has reached a height where success seems assured.

I have tried to give a word of encouragement to those who are treating members of their own families and are not succeeding as they wish. To all such I would say again—Do not be drawn into the swirl of another's life, whether it be that of parent or child, husband or wife. With the most loving heart you can stand aloof, calm and serene, in the clear consciousness of the All-Being. Unless you do this you will surely fail.

And do not feel that you have to do it all. Leave something for the Supreme Intelligence to work out. Be willing that your loved ones shall pass out of your sight and trust this same Intelligence to take care of them. Don't follow them with your anxious thought

when they are away from home and your loving care. That anxious thought is a poison to them and to you.

I have felt for a long time that there is a first step essential to the art of mental healing and that is to get rid of the idea of weakness in ourselves, and I certainly do not see how we are going to do this so long as we place God out of ourselves. For this reason I seldom use the word "God," because it brings to my mind the old and mistaken conception which I held for so many years.

But with the new conception I am none the less religious, none the less devotional, for now God, the Supreme Love, God, the Supreme Intelligence, is to me the transcendent, but ever revealing Mystery, and this God I adore.

This is the God who is, indeed, a very pleasant help in time of trouble. This is the God who heals our sickness and those who wait upon this God shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint.

A Sale of Navajo Blankets.

On the 11th and 12th of November a beautiful and choice lot of Navajo blankets, brought direct from the Reservation by Mrs. H. M. Peabody, will be placed on sale at The Thorndike Hotel, Boylston St., Boston, Mass. The proceeds from this sale are to aid in a charity work among the Navajos. Mrs. Peabody will be pleased to meet all who are interested in the work at her home here in Washington, 1512 Twenty-first St., or in Boston, at Hotel Thorndike.

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The Way to Wealth.

Paul Tyner, in Freedom.

GOING up and down the world and seeing many men suffering from many diseases, Balzac came to the conclusion that after all, "there is only one disease, and that is poverty." The one cause of poverty everywhere and always is avarice. The avaricious man is poor, no matter how large a balance he may have at the bank. The man free from avarice is a man of wealth; even if he has not a dollar in the world. He is likely to have all he wants, and is sure to have what money cannot buy. Pope may have been a great poet in his way, but he did not know what he was talking about when he wrote the lines that have become hackneyed in the mouths of quoting Jeremiahs, about the unfortunate fate of the land to hastening ills a prey, "where wealth accumulates and men decay."

Men and wealth increase or decay together, and there can be no real wealth where there is decay of manhood—no degeneration of men where wealth really increases. Have not Ruskin and Morris and Carlyle—that splendid trinity of prophets of the new age—shown us clearly that wealth properly means well being—that it does not consist in stocks or bonds, houses or lands? True, possessions, much or little, may be involved in the attainment and enjoyment of wealth.

It is foolish to ignore the importance of material things intelligently used. It is not less foolish to imagine that these things are wealth in themselves. Their importance is incidental, not essential; they are means, not end. The mere piling up of money does not make a nation or an individual wealthy. Neither does it involve any serious menace to individual or national welfare. We are really not so much at the mercy of the millionaires or prospective billionnaires as it is the fashion to assert. Mr. Rockefeller's or Mr. Morgan's possession of millions can not pauperize me, or prevent me from being as wealthy as I want to be in my own way. The man who holds his "worth" at a million or a hundred millions, holds himself cheap. Every man has his price, and has a right to his own valuation. We need not condemn the man who sinks himself in money getting. For those who like that sort of thing, that is the sort of thing they like. They are entitled to the experience. The rest of us need not be alarmed, nor envious. If the way to wealth is a narrow way, it is broad enough for one at a time. The crowd misses it; the individual finds it. Its very straightness and narrowness are helps, not hindrances. Every man may pursue it at his leisure and find it a path of pleasantness and peace. The confusion of the mob maddened with the mania for possession, for possession's sake, is easily avoided here. Competition need not be feared.

Yet it is to be recognized that even those of us who have missed the way so far are bound to bring up on the right road sooner or later. Desires are given us for satisfaction; and satisfaction of desires brings experience and knowledge. We form new ideals as we outgrow the old. When we make up our minds as to what we really want, and put our whole hearts and minds on its achievement, we are sure to grow—sure to advance.

Every man and woman in the world wants wealth in the true sense of well being. What is wealth for one may not be wealth for another. In this, as in other things, we mistake in not sufficiently regarding individual temperament and need. Let each make up his mind as to what constitutes wealth for himself, and not blindly follow the fashion. The ideals, pursuits and activities that mean wealth for a Rockefeller or an Armour would be far from satisfactory to a Lowell or a Longfellow, and vice versa. Men and women are too often blinded by the glitter and glare of conditions that are very well for some, and not at all well for others. So the way to wealth begins with a comprehension of individual needs.

"The poor ye have always with you," said Jesus. And there are not lacking pious persons who find in this saying ample authority for assuming the inevitableness of poverty and the consequent uselessness of any attempt to treat it as a remediable evil. Consistency would require such people to view all sickness (even their own) in the same way. So with vice and crime, with evils and disorders of every sort, including the evil of avarice. For, like poverty, all these seeming evils we have "always with us" in varying form and degree. Jesus does not appear to have pitied the poor. He announced that the poor are actually blessed; not because of their poverty, not in what they lack, but in what they have: "For theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven."

"'Tis only heaven is given away,

'Tis only God may be had for the asking"

sings our own Lowell. The man who is no longer possessed by the mania for ownership of mere external things, is in a fair way to come into the realization of wealth—in its true sense of well being—of treasure worth more than aught all else—treasure unpurchasable, yet free to all who really want it. For this very kingdom of heaven in which bliss imperishable, serenity, health, strength, beauty and every unfolding life is to be known, we are told, is "within us." That is to say, it is an inner rather than an outer condition—a state of mind, which, once attained and realized, all things else that belong—all things that by any possibility hold any good for us—will be "added unto us." It is the "centerstance" which Emerson declares is greater than circumstance.

There are men, and women too, who are wealthy without owning a dollar. They are wealthy, not in multitude of possessions, but in fewness of wants—wealthy, above all, in the permanent possession of that serene and tranquil mind which is the true index to harmony in spirit and body. And these dollarless people of wealth lack for nothing in the way of food, shelter and raiment. Least of all, do they lack employment. They are doing their work steadily and straight ahead, earning all they get and getting all they need; helping others as they go along, and perhaps achieving as much good in the world in quiet ways as do many who make more noise about it. There are others equally dollarless, perhaps, but so disturbed and distorted by the multitude of their wants and the fewness of their possessions, that life becomes for them a grind and a strain, a perpetual strife and struggle to keep at bay that mythical marauder, the wolf at the door. Denying adjustment of self to environment, they lack mental equilibrium. In

consequence, environment is not adjusted to them. They are blessed, but blind to their blessedness; the Kingdom of Heaven is theirs, but they do not know it.

So with the rich. One of the poorest men I ever knew had a fortune of a quarter of a million, safely invested and bringing him an income ample for his needs. But he made his family and himself wretched with fears of loss. He groaned over the spending of every dollar as rank extravagance likely to land him in the poor house. Constantly he was beset by imaginings of all possible and impossible disasters that might sweep away his money. His money owned him. It generally does own the man who thinks he owns enough to brag of it. Many a man is buried under the "pile" he had given his life to make.

All of which is to say that the conditions of poverty and of wealth are primarily and essentially mental conditions. The man whose soul is larger than any amount of money; whose mind is so serene and balanced that money but serves to express his will in large and free-handed use—in social service that attests his acceptance of possession as implying stewardship simply—such a man is not entirely unknown even in our new country and our age of scramble and greed. The point worth emphasizing, and which these familiar modern instances amply corroborate, is that poverty and wealth are states of consciousness essentially, and to begin with. States of mind inevitably reflect themselves in states of body and environment, adding to the man all that belongs to his state of mind. Emancipation from poverty and the enjoyment of wealth is, therefore, as attainable as it is desirable.

We can all be wealthy, if we will go the right way about it. It depends on no other man's favor, on no mere conjunction of circumstances which we think of as luck. Every man's fortune is truly in his own hands. The poor rich are in as much need of emancipation as the rich poor; for one suffers as much from the tyranny of his possessions as does the other from the oppression of the things he lacks. When we begin with mental adjustment we solve not only the problem of poverty, but, with it, the problems of vice and crime, of weakness and disease. The poor as well as the rich must begin by unloading. The only way the camels got through that narrow pass called "the needle's eye," on the way from Joppa to Jerusalem, which furnished Jesus with his apt simile, was by stooping and being relieved of their loads. The young man seeking eternal life, and who was told to sell all that he had and give to the poor, went away sorrowful because his mind was hypnotized by his possessions, and he did not dare to relieve himself in the way most likely to be effective. Of course, the controlling desire for possessions would have to be gotten rid of along with the houses and lands. Being already free from the powerful suggestive influence of ownership and possession, it should, as a rule, be easier for the "poor man," in the worldly sense, than for the rich man to become wealthy; to enter that kingdom of heaven within, where alone supply meets all demand; where sufficiency for every need is sure, ample and permanent; where dwells the serene soul expressing itself harmoniously, peacefully, powerfully and opulently in all wholesome and beautifully creative activity of mind and body.

"Give me neither poverty nor riches," prayed Agur. He was a

sensible man. He sought what both rich and poor lack. So seeking we shall surely find true wealth.

This seems to me a very practical proposition, and one that should concern those who suffer from poverty, to say nothing of the philanthropists and political economists who are so anxious to find a way out of present and perplexing problems. I humbly submit that there is neither theology nor politics in the solution offered; that its application and demonstration are possible here and now, and that it will be found to work if the experiment is fairly tried. And this not because it is mystical or metaphysical, but because it is plain common sense.

Jesus was wiser than Solomon. He was not as rich nor as learned, but he was wealthy and wise—which Solomon was not. The greatest soul that ever trod the earth was also the simplest. Common people heard him gladly, and little children gathered close to listen. Let us be common and as little children, if so we may with all our getting, get wisdom. It is really easier to be wealthy than to be poor if we will learn how.

Special Notices.

A SPLENDID INVESTMENT.

A great many have written asking all about this investment, to all of whom we gladly made answer. Very many have invested and others are preparing to do so. I recommend it in the spirit of helpfulness, because I desire to see my subscribers prosper and for those with small means this is a fine opportunity in which their money can be multiplied many times. Stock is going up rapidly, so it is advisable to make an early inquiry. Address, as before,

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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.

The Sovereign Will.

AN ESOTERIC STUDY OF THE DIVINITY OF THE "INMOST CENTER."

By Uriel Buchanan.

There is an Inmost Center in us all
Where truth abides in fulness . . . and to know
Rather consists in opening out a way,
Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape,
Than seeking entrance for a light
Supposed to be without.

—Robert Browning.

Turn the introspective eye and in silent thoughtfulness contemplate the wonders of the supreme and invisible self, whose subtle and mysterious power controls the elements of Nature and holds undisputed sway over animate creation. Life, with its center of rest in the heart's sanctuary, flows forth with enkindling power through every nerve, beams through the eye and gives magnetic tone to the voice. Personal and self-conscious life, how marvelous and inestimable its power! It sees the universe, yet remains forever invisible to itself; centered within the body it penetrates the deep realms of infinity and moves with a velocity that annihilates space and leaves a track of light in its course. Itself formless, it fills the firmament of mind with images of its own creating. Itself unheard, it catches the faintest sound from the external world. Born of the spirit of love, of the illimitable and eternal; clothed with the elements of water and earth, of air and fire; shaped by the impress of vibrant spheres and nurtured on the breast of Nature's bounteous store, it emerges from the deep darkness, enveloping the infinite and unknown, and enters the firmament of light. Clothed and reclothed by the countless atoms which move unceasingly with the restless stream of change, this invisible, mysterious I sits serenely on the everlasting throne, undisturbed by the mutations of time. Centers of consciousness in the boundless realm of Being, we live and move and have existence. The primal element which sustains us is an unfathomable ocean of spirit, of mind and life, and embraces everything that is. All are pilgrims of the Infinite wandering over the fathomless sea of eternity. The material form is the bark of life, built from the elements of Nature by the hands of Creative Power. The indwelling life, the indivisible part of us—the ego, the I, or the spirit—acting through the brain and ganglionic center, controls and inspires the body, and shapes and renews it like the potter who moulds the clay. The body is plastic and negative to the mind; and the mind manifests its powers over the body in an ever-increasing degree as we advance toward perfection.

Evolution, as applied to the human race, is the divine life within us awakening to self-consciousness, and coming to a more perfect expression through the body. From the inmost depths of our being there comes forth to the objective mind the audible echo of a voice which proclaims the eternal inner union of God, Man and Nature—the inseparable trinity of Being. In the human will resides that potential power



which inflows from the universal fountain of life; and its presence in man enables him, by cooperating with the divine purpose, to control the material conditions which surround him. He who feels this oneness with the divine source is thrilled with a sensation of infinite purity which makes him know that he receives this life from God. In the degree that man becomes receptive to the influx of divine love and creative life, he experiences that joy which is inseparable from that love and life. There is a magnetic power of affinity and sympathy which is ever working to bring the finite mind into conscious union with the Infinite Mind; and in response to the regenerative power of this law, the advancing pilgrim passes from grade to grade along the ascending spiral of destiny, the measure of his inspiration and the depths of his consciousness increasing as he approaches nearer the summit of the supreme ideal, until at last he feels his nearness to the Great Heart of Being, and knows the bliss of that union which brings the conserved forces of the Creator into conscious touch with the human heart.

There are potentialities asleep within the soul which remain unrecognized by the majority of mankind, only awaiting the magic word of a positive command to be awakened from lethargy to the realization of supremacy and power. Men toil unceasingly in the conflict with opposing forces, dominated by a paralyzing belief in their own weakness, and having a misconception of the obstacles which always confront them. But the chains of centuries are being riven at length: the night of ignorance gives way to the full dawn of Truth's bright day; the dreamer awakes from the bond that comes of darkness, the Will is set free—his thoughts soar in the limitless empyrean, he casts off the shackles of false environment and emerges into light and freedom. The forces which were once cruel and relentless are now obedient servants; the conditions which once retarded the soul's progress are now used as stepping stones to higher realms of usefulness. The WILL is now the sovereign upon the throne, altar of the spirit, the doorway to highest attainments. The will concentrates into a tiny cell the immensities of the universe. Fundamentally it is identical with life. It is a function of the universal spirit of God, acting in us either consciously or unconsciously, as determined by choice and desire! When every faculty of the mind, every nerve center of the body, every muscle and every cell become completely polarized to the spark of life which grows within the invisible center of the higher self, then every word will be a sovereign decree and every act a perfect manifestation of the word. So long as you remain ignorant of the fact that life is omnipresent and that you are an inseparable part of that life, you will fail to appropriate that which is rightfully yours, and will live and move in a circle that is limited by your own thoughts and acts. That universal force which gives to the blazing suns their quenchless flames of fiery energy, that spiritual subsistence through which the innumerable planets move in their perpetual journey through appointed orbits with magical equilibrium and unvarying precision, which gives to the flowers their perfume and to the birds their song, is the one eternal life of the universe; it flows into the soul of man, and the breath of its spirit feeds and renews him like the air that flows into the lungs to energize and purify the blood.

Hold ever in mind an image of the ideal you are seeking to make manifest. That image will become a central living magnet which will begin to draw to you the experiences that must be encountered and the conditions that must be overcome before the ideal can be attained. Concentrate all the forces of your being on the undoubted duty of the moment; then the numberless wants will be forgotten, and the trouble and uncertainties of life will pass away. The pathway of to-day is illumined by the experience you have gained from the yesterdays; and the light that dispels the mystery surrounding the present gives greater knowledge, which will shine with increased brightness to-morrow. The things that are true, the things that are good, and all that is helpful, will gravitate to you only in proportion to the degree that you desire and invite them.

Have faith in the harmony, the love and the goodness of the immutable laws which govern life, destiny and change. Though there are times when we ignore the monitions of the higher self and grope in the darkness where we hear but a faint echo of the voice of Truth and catch only a gleam of the light; times when we see only the cold hand of inexorable fate compelling obedience to its inflexible laws; yet, if we look more deeply and listen intently, there will come to our vision a glimpse of the beckoning ideal and a foregleam of noble achievements. In the most trivial occurrences of daily existence there will come to those who have faith a whispering of the voice which calls out in the wilderness and leads through life's turmoils to the soul's final awakening and deliverance.

Though the unwelcome duties of the hour may cause unrest, and the barren outlook of the future may discourage, have faith in the soul's innate power to finally triumph over all things which would wrest from its grasp the heavenly heritage. A glorious and exalted destiny awaits your fulfillment. Go forth, you who have doubted the wisdom and justice of the Invisible Monarch, go forth in the majesty of your strength and the dignity of your knowledge; and by the virtue of that sacred word, I WILL, which was uttered in the long ago when worlds were created, that name inscribed over the door of the threshold in letters of fire, go forth and win for yourself a place, commensurate to the gifts which are yours to command.—From "Star of the Magi."

The Only Cause.

Elizabeth Towne in the Nautilus.

"CAN you tell me how irritability can be overcome, and fear and jealousy? I am sure they all come from the same cause."—?

Living at a tension is the root of irritability. The woman with large caution and conscience, who strives to keep herself and everybody else straight, is irritable—and hates herself for it. The society woman who strains to keep up appearances is irritable. The housewife who thinks she has more to do than she "ought" to have is irritable.

In all these cases the nerves are taut and any unexpected touch makes them "fly all to pieces," like a snapped violin string.

One who lives at mental tension lives at physical tension, for mind and body are one and the same. Even when such a one thinks she is "resting" she will find some set of muscles drawn tight. Even in sleep she is wholly or in part strung up tight.

This interferes with recuperation. There is a peristaltic action of nerves and soul, as well as of glands, veins and intestinal tract; and prolonged tension interferes with this action. Energy comes into the body through brain and nerve system in exactly the same fashion that foods come by way of the throat, or air by the lungs. There is a rhythmic, alternate contraction and expansion of two sets of crossed muscles, which impels food, air, blood, or thought force, through the body. This peristalsis must not be hindered by set contractions of muscle or nerve.

Have you learned to ride a wheel? Do you remember how your arms and hands ached from your awful grip on the handle bars? And in spite of your fierce grip you couldn't guide your wheel accurately. That fixed tension of muscle impeded the action of muscle and nerve. After you had practiced a bit you learned to let go—to relax sufficiently to permit free action of nerve and muscle. With the tight grip you expended force continuously without permitting new energy to flow in.

When muscles or nerves are contracted or strained energy is being forced out. When muscles or nerves are relaxed energy flows in.

"Spirit," or mind, energy, substance or "God"—whatever you may call it—is everywhere present. In it we live and move and have our being, and by its action we are held together. It is ever flowing, pressing, pressing to enter our bodies. It is power—the power that runs us—IF—we let it. We must let go, relax, and let it flow in on the unseen side of us. Then we must contract our muscles and nerves, use ourselves, and thus press out this God-power on the seen side. If we continuously do contract, we press out all and receive little or no power; which kills us. If we relax all the time, doing nothing, this divine energy fills us full and stagnates; which kills us just the same. Disease and death follow in either case.

In the latter case the person needs an aim, an object in life—something to draw out the energy that is pressing continually into him.

In the former case he needs to quit doing and let himself be filled again. He needs to let go responsibilities and ambitions and open himself to receive.

In either case he needs to practice alternate letting go and taking hold; alternate being and doing; expanding to receive God-power and contracting to press it out into action; until he finds his balance and forms a habit of unimpeded soul peristalsis.

Let irritability be to you a signal for retiring to the I AM of you. Go away and lie down. Relax definitely each separate part of you, body and mind. Let go all you don't want. Let go separately each thing you do want. See how heavy and inert and limp you can grow. Then close your eyes mentally and float out into space—away out into the midst of nothing. Float idly and let the God-power do with you as it will. Let it flow about you and through you and make you sweet and shining with Itself.

Now, you can get up and go to work again, and you will not be irritable. Not for a long time. Every time you feel an inclination to crossness or fear go away again and float.

You may need to go away like this many times a day. It takes time. But it PAYS 10,000 fold. And after a bit you will find yourself able to get quickly into the right attitude of mind and maintain it much longer at a time. You will find yourself attaining the power to let go almost instantly and without going away to lie down and make a business of it. You will find things go right instead of wrong, and you will be enabled to do far more work in a day, and do it more satisfactorily, and with pleasure. Life will grow sweet to you and to those around you, and you will begin to really live.

It is recorded of John Wesley that when he had a specially great amount of work to attend to in a day he spent a correspondingly longer time in prayer in the morning. He would say, "I have so much to do to-day that I can not possibly get along on less than three hours for prayer and meditation." But our ordinary practice is directly opposed to this. The more we have to do the less time we give ourselves in which to relax and receive the extra power we need for extra work. That is why "everything goes wrong."

But perhaps you are employed by others and can not leave your work for the practice I have described. Then practice where you are. Do not grip fiercely your work, as you did the handle bars. Let go. Work deliberately and try to keep up at the same time a slow, full, regular breathing—clear to the bottom of your lungs. Every time you catch yourself hanging on, or hurrying, stop an instant, take a very slow breath and begin over again. Hurrying and straining of mind invariably express in short, shallow, irregular breathing. The repeated attempts to maintain deliberate, full breathing will help you by sympathy to think and work deliberately. Say over and over to yourself, "This one thing I do—this one thing I do." Say it slowly and rhythmically until it sings itself within you, as a phrase of music often sings itself, even though we are occupied with other things.

This practice is just as effective and just as certain to bring results as if you took time to go away and lie down as directed above. But it is not quite so quick a way to form the new habit. In either case it is a matter of forming new and intelligent habits of mind, to replace the old, slovenly, ignorant habit of mental hurry and strain. And it is a work nobody can do for you.

Thoughtlessness is at the bottom of it all. You forget that you are one with the all-power of the universe. You forget that the unseen side of you is the power side. You forget that your Word, your will, has power to create. You look upon things and get lost straining after them, when the source of all things is within yourself.

So I say unto you retire within yourself and remember your omniscience, omnipotence and omnipresence. Exalt YOURSELF, and things will assume their true proportions in your esteem. Exalt YOURSELF and things shrink. Then you do not fret after them. You realize your power and use it, and things obey.

And jealousy has the same root. You belittle yourself in your own eyes. Therefore you covet the power and beauty and goods of others. Self-exaltation is the cure of every mean emotion.

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