

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.

APRIL, 1901

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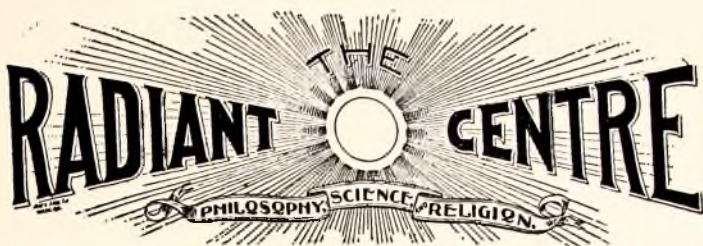
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No. 4.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The man with the hoe? I have seen him. Also the man with the hammer. Also the man with the saw. They are all to be found at the Pan-American Exposition. You can not fail to find them, for there is nothing else there. As an American exhibit of workingmen it is an entire success, for there they are, hammering and sawing and planing and painting, within doors, and hoeing and scraping and paving and carting, out doors, with all their might. But not an exhibit aside from this. That is, nothing to speak of.

At stated intervals a few tame Indians, astride their ponies, trot up and down the Plaisance and disappear into their village. At the village gate is a ticket office, where you may gain admission, but no one seems to care to go in.

Then there is Chiquita, the doll-faced lady. You may see her if you will pay a dime. The fifty cents you paid at the entrance does not admit you to these shows. It only pays for admission to the hammering and sawing contest.

I asked consecutively three officials in uniform—Where is the South American exhibit? The answer was also uniform, "I don't know, lady." Thinking I had possibly asked too much, I said to the fourth official, Where is the South American exhibit to be? He answered with a smile, "Right over there, lady, in that building with an eagle on the top." I went straight over there and found—a few Michigan

peaches and pears in glass jars. Then I concluded I had done the Exposition, or it had done me, and I made for my train.

Moral—When an Exposition throws open its gates and accepts fees of admission from the public, don't imagine that it is giving full equivalent, for it isn't. If you want to see the buildings, they are there, and the electric illumination at night is magnificent, but as yet the famous Pan-American Exposition is in the throes of labor. It is not born.

I merely took it in on my way home from Canada, so I was not disappointed, but it occurred to me to warn some unsuspecting souls who might plan to go early and avoid a crowd, that it were better to wait and encounter the crowd than to have more elbow room and no use for it. It is a little dispiriting, too, to see a few stragglers doing the place, ploughing their way, ankle deep in mud one moment and crunching over crushed rock the next, all in the quest of—nothing.

As I was saying, I had been up in Canada, and while there I had the pleasure of meeting for the first time our friend Fred Burry, who is known to so many of us through the columns of his bright journal of advanced thought. Mr. Burry does not disappoint you as so many of the New Thought people do. I never met a more earnest and beautiful soul. He is only 27 and most attractive. Wake up to this fact, girls, and send him your subscriptions.

When anything goes wrong they usually say, "There's a woman in it, but I notice one thing has gone wrong because there wasn't a woman in it, and that was the metaphysical congress which was to be held at Niagara-on-the-Lake this summer. Take a woman into your council next year, gentlemen, and your congress will be a success.

Somebody said that one or two of the leading spirits thought themselves just a little better than the common clay, but I believe common clay makes very good pottery if you give it half a chance, and I believe in giving it a whole chance. I wouldn't shovel it out of my congress if I had one.

And perhaps I will have one when I catch up with my correspondence, and get the Radiant Centre out on time. That done, I know of some first-class material for a congress, and it will come if I beckon, it says.

I am looking for something, friends. Can you find it for me? I know it is waiting somewhere. It is not an affinity. Oh, dear, no! It

is only a beautiful country home with spacious rooms, wide verandas and delightful grounds. It must be near a city, must have all modern improvements, be strictly up to date in every particular; in fact, be a perfect heaven on earth. You know the Radiant Centre need not of necessity be in Washington. It can be anywhere else as well. It is not restricted to place. I love the spread of earth, the grass and the trees about a country home. There is nothing in city life that can compare with it. I love it, it is good for me, and I shall have it. Meantime I wait.

When I made that train I was talking about a while ago, I found a few others who were trying to put miles between themselves and the aforesaid Exposition. Every lower berth on the sleeper to Washington was engaged, but being a member of the Radiant Success Centre, and entitled to all its benefits, I said to myself—A fig for its benefits if it can not secure for me a lower berth. The Pullman conductor politely assured me that any gentleman in the car would exchange with me if I would only ask him. That I would not do, for it seemed a mean advantage to take of any man, and I for one would not be guilty of it.

So I took my seat, and in doing so glanced at the man who shared my section and who was of course booked for the lower berth. He was busy with pencil and paper and was chewing gum ferociously. By and by he stopped figuring and chewing and looked up at me. "Why," said he, "you are riding backward. Let me change seats with you." I demurred, he insisted, and after due exchange of courtesies the change was effected. Then I leaned back, closed my eyes and began to think. I said to myself—That man in spite of his chewing is a gentleman, and I believe he has it in him to offer me the lower berth. Then I opened my eyes to see whether he looked so inclined and found him looking straight at me with a very kindly expression. I shut my eyes quickly and thought—Now he will think I am asleep and will hardly dare to speak to me, but at any rate, I will not take that lower berth even if he does insist, etc., etc. All at once it occurred to me that it was time for the Radiant Success Centre to have its sitting and that I must be present in spirit, so very soon I was oblivious to all else but the thought—"I am open on my inner and spiritual side to the inexhaustible ocean of Divine Love and Power. I flow forth from it and am one with it. All success is mine through the working of this Love and Power. I shall succeed in all my undertakings."

A voice at my elbow, and there stood an angel of light. It was the porter, black as Erebus, who was saying, "Why, lady, you can have lower number eight. The party that engaged it was to get on at this station, but he didn't show up."

And my last waking thought was—That Radiant Success Centre is a pretty good thing. It works practically. It defrauds no one and yet gives me what I want. It is a good investment, and always pays its dividends. I guess I'll stay in it for a steady thing.

Pilgrim, of the Hartford Times, is worried about me. She seems to think I have lost caste spiritually since I have gone in for financial success, but I don't see it. I feel just as good spiritually as I ever did, and I really think a little better. I have been through the slow misery of asceticism and it led me into nervous prostration. At the age of sixteen instead of enjoying myself as most young girls do I was torturing my soul with self-examination, fasting and praying. I was living at the time with my good grandmother in the State of Vermont, and it was customary there to observe Good Friday as a general fast. I kept the fast rigidly, but all my friends made it a day of merry-making. They usually went in a gay party to a sugaring off at some farm house where they were boiling down the maple sap into the most delicious sugar. On a special Good Friday, which is stamped on my memory as a turning point in my life, I was kneeling alone in my room when I heard the merry voices of the sugaring party as it passed my window. I had eaten no breakfast and was feeling cold, weak and wretchedly unhappy. I seemed outside the pale of all enjoyment and—Why was it? I questioned. Why was I born with this terrible conscience which shut me away from youthful companions and made my life so lonely? My young heart which longed for the sunshine of happiness was shrouded in the deepest gloom. It settled heavier and heavier upon me until I could not breathe. Then thought ceased and I fell to the floor in a state of unconsciousness. The dear grandmother, hearing the fall, came running in and recalled me to my world of misery. When I could speak, my first words were: "Oh, grandmother, why didn't you let me die? I can not live in this awful world." Grandmother said not a word, but putting her arm around me she led me downstairs, and in about ten minutes I was seated at a hearty breakfast of broiled steak, potatoes, toast and coffee, and oh, how good it did taste, and how glad I felt to be dominated by a loving will and actually forced into enjoyment for the time.

Later my conscience uttered its protest, but its thralldom was broken. Broken for the time, though it reasserted its claim in after years, and strongly, too. That was when I went into Theosophy. "The Perfect Way," by Anna Bonus Kingsford and Edward Maitland, laid its spell upon my spirit, and I was once more drawn into the bonds of asceticism. Gradually I have worked my way out and I intend to stay out. I do not regret the experience. I needed it and it belonged to me,

or it would not have come into my life. Looking back upon it I can see that it was a good thing—to get out of.

I embodied some of my views on the subject in a short article which I will reprint in this number if there is room. It is headed "The passing of duty and sacrifice."

I am sure Pilgrim does not understand me if she thinks for one moment that I make material success my one end and aim in life, for I do not. But it has or should have its place in every sane and well regulated life, so it seems to me. I do not know why anyone should go about nipping off the leaves and blossoms from a plant and leave the stalk standing bleak and bare in order that its vitality may centre in the roots. We are rooted and grounded in Being, but for all that we want to wear our leaves and blossoms as a beautiful expression of that Being.

Henry Frank, editor of the Independent Thinker, is a writer whom I profoundly admire. I love people who pass from grave to gay as he does. He will give you the deepest metaphysics or serve up the idiosyncracies of Elbert Hubbard with the same facile pen. And as to language, he has a corner on it. When I am looking in vain for just the word I want and can not find, I know it is cornered in Henry Frank's vocabulary, and that's the only thing I have against him. Otherwise he is perfect.

Why Should I Care?

Why should I care when the sun shines not?
 Why should I care when dark clouds blot
 Color and smiles and light from the sky?
 Why should I care since Love must die?

Why should I care when sobbing leaves
 Drop from their stems and the bare tree grieves?
 When summer sails off with her fair dead June,
 Why should I care? Love will follow soon.

Why should I care when the wintry snows
 Look in on me where the dreaming rose
 Smiled and nodded a while ago?
 Why should I care? Love is dying you know.

Why should I care if honor or fame
 Cast their halo about my name?
 Or if seclusion be mine instead
 Why should I care when Love is dead?

Why should I care? because Love will arise
 And come to me some time in fairer guise.
 The loss of to-day will be gain of to-morrow.
 A blessing hides somewhere in every sorrow.
 —Caroline Renfrew, in Woman's Tribune.

The One Spirit.

Kate Atkinson Boehme.

In Christian.

III.

"You can not ascribe any motive to the Perfect, the Absolute, without making Him imperfect. The Infinite, the Perfect, must have no motive to compel It to create. What, then, is the purpose, or the motive of this creation, this eternal flow of evolution and involution? The answer given by the Vedanta is that it is the 'play' of the Infinite."—The Swami Abhedananda.

If there was ever a welcome message to an overworked and overburdened world it is this. Play is not only possible but eternal, says the Vedanta. It is not a mere recess brought to a close by a stern taskmaster. If the Infinite plays, why shall not man, who is one with the Infinite, play also?

But eternal play is only possible to Perfection. Everything short of that Perfection must labor. Very true; but each time that a man realizes his oneness with the One Spirit of Perfection he is for the time that Perfection. Then all his imperfections fall from him, all his efforts and his struggles cease, for is he not one with the Infinite Perfection, and how shall he struggle toward that which he is already?

What are his struggles then? What do they mean? Simply the effort of the lower consciousness to realize oneness. Just the movement of his muscles as he presses toward the Holy of Holies where the Infinite dwells enshrined.

When he comes forth from the shrine, he comes with the light of the Infinite playing all about him. It shines upon the waiting task, and lo, it becomes a thing of pleasure. He comes forth in that seamless garment of spiritual weave in which there is no flaw. True, it must be laid aside for the garb of the wrestler, but the wrestler shall one day merely toy with resisting forces. He shall strive as do children in their sports.

We know so little of life when we assume that all is stress and endeavor. The crown may be to him who overcometh, but many are the ways of overcoming. To rise on spiritual wing is as truly to overcome life's troubles as to fight them out in the arena.

L. Dougal, in a book called "What Necessity Knows," says very truly: "It is not often that what we call the great sorrows of life cause us the greatest sorrow. Death, acute disease, sudden and great losses—these are easily borne, compared with those intricate difficulties which, without name and without appearance, work themselves into the web of our daily life, and if not rightly met, corrode and tarnish all its brightness."

Who has not carried about within himself this corrosive element from day to day, unable to locate, analyze or dislodge the disturbing influence, and all unconscious of the fact that mental corrosion could be arrested and tarnish removed from the golden web of life!

In youth, the natural play spell of life, there is so much elasticity of temperament that annoyances, worries and troubles are easily thrown off. The mind of the child is as elastic as its cheek, which yields readily to the pressure of your finger, but springs back into its natural contour the instant your finger is removed.

Press the cheek of an elderly person and you will find the reaction much slower, while in case of very low vitality the mark of your pressure will remain long after its action has ceased. This lack of vital activity in the flesh indicates a corresponding condition in the mind. To a mind enfeebled or diseased, impressions which are naturally pleasure giving become painful; but, painful as they are, they must be endured, because the mind in its devitalized condition has lost its power of reaction. It can not rise, Samson like, and throw off its galling bonds. Its locks are shorn and it can only shake the pillars of its temple until it falls in ruins.

As we grow away from childhood we are supposed to be learning much, but we stray far from the kingdom of heaven. The best of all our learning is the knowledge that we have so strayed. When we turn again and become as little children—trustful, guileless, candid and loving—then our footsteps are indeed turning toward the happy playground of our youth.

And is there then no purpose, no motive in the Universe since it is not in the Perfect, the Absolute? Certainly there is purpose, both personal and universal, but it belongs to the world of motion and activity, and not to the world of potential Being on which all activity is based. Purpose belongs to the human side of existence and not to the Ideal or Divine. The one great purpose of creation is to push toward Perfection, but this purpose lies in the creative force and not in Perfection.

Perfection is. It is not created. The Ideal is. It is not made. If the Ideal is a reality, then it is never created, unless something can be made out of nothing. Ideals seem to be created, for there is a time when they first become known to man's consciousness. We say an idea is born. We mean by that: the instant has arrived when that which already exists on the unseen side of life is to clothe itself in mental and material substance. It now has dimensions which can be measured in terms of time and space. It has become a concrete thought and belongs to the plane on which our thinking is done. It now has a registration on the brain.

An abstract thought evades the mind's grasp like a misty vapor, but by striving to hold the attention to this elusive visitor a faint impression is made on the brain, which gradually deepens until it is clearly defined in consciousness. It is like a photograph of the original. Thus the abstract thought, which is the original and true thought, registers itself on the brain and finally comes within the pale of consciousness.*

It is thus we get our conceptions of the Ideal, of Man, and of Life. A photograph is never quite true to the original. Many things combine to prevent a correct impression, but as the photographer is continually improving his appliances, so is the brain of man constantly refining, and as it does so our thoughts more truly represent their originals, which are eternal, immortal, self existent realities in the very Essence of Being.

Because Perfection exists and is a reality, the Understanding knows of its existence, but it holds this knowledge in the form of an abstract truth which as yet has but a faint and indistinct registration on the brain. Ingenious arguments have been advanced with an effort to prove Perfection to be a will-o'-the-wisp, which man is ever pursuing but never overtaking. The Understanding listens, but ultimately falls back upon its native perception that Perfection does exist. Life may be extended

*This process is more fully elucidated in my second and third essays on "The Attainment of Happiness."

along the plane of endeavor beyond anything we may at present conceive, but there must be all along the line table-lands of perfected endeavor on which the weary pilgrim may repose and enjoy the reward of his labor. Seasons in which his perfected powers rejoice in the blissful play of the Infinite.

Those table-lands are not of necessity so far removed from each other as they appear to be at present. Each day's journey should bring us to a place where we may rest in peace and joy.

I once witnessed some hypnotic experiments made by Dr. Pfeiffer before the Society for Psychical Research in Boston. One of the hypnotized subjects was incited to laughter. He laughed long and merrily, until finally the entire audience was laughing with him. The hilarity became uproarious, and not one person in that large audience could give any reason for his mirth beyond that of sympathetic affection. Finally, Dr. Pfeiffer restored his subject to a normal condition, and calling the audience to order, made the following statement:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: You have all been enjoying a hearty laugh, and not one of you has had any good reason for laughter except your sympathy with this subject of mine who has given unmistakable signs of amusement. You may possibly think that I suggested some mirth provoking spectacle to him, but such is not the case. You will be surprised to learn that I merely summoned the element of laughter from the universe to find its expression in this man, and to be shared through inductive vibration by each one of you. You have really laughed at nothing, but you all feel better for it."

This very significant incident suggests that joy, health, prosperity, hope and courage all exist as unseen elements in the universe, and that while they often come to us as the result of certain circumstances or of a definite course of action, they may also be summoned instantly and without preliminary from out the world of potential Being by the power of mental demand.

No matter though trouble and misfortune seem piled mountain high upon your spirit, you need not wait to work your way out from under the load. You possess a magic wand and can summon the happiness and prosperity of the universe on the instant. There is no necessity for waiting, working or struggling. Your burdens can be at once dissolved into thin air, leaving you to stand erect and free. If you do not know this to be a truth, and in consequence have not faith in the experiment, let some one else who has the requisite knowledge and faith remove your mountain for you. After you have seen it done several times, your faith and knowledge will increase and you will remove your own mountains.

It is my desire to make this third and last article on "The One Spirit" very practical, although my subject is of necessity most metaphysical. It is impossible to write of the inner life, which is a metaphysical subject, without treating it in a metaphysical manner. But at the same time, the inner life is not complete without its complement, the outer life, and to make the latter the true expression of the former, is, or should be the object of the practical metaphysician.

It is a mistake to suppose a life based upon a realization of the One Spirit to be cold, limp and colorless, when on the contrary it is warm, bright and rich with color. Neither is it a life of dependence upon some extrinsic or external power. It is instead the realization by the mental

or formulative principle of that which is its inner and eternal source of supply. The spiritual life is not a life of dependence, but one of independence.

No thought is wholly dead, but all thoughts are not equally alive. If I add up a column of figures, the mental process is lifeless and automatic compared with that by which I combine those figures into creations of beauty and use. Life is of the Spirit, and the figures which we add so monotonously, are gathered up and transformed by the Spirit into the rose, the lily, the strong oak, the clinging vine, indeed all visible things in nature and all invisible things in the world of mind. All are built on the science of number. A few simple numerals lie at the base of this vast world of expression. The possibilities of these numerals are endless. They express more or less life according to the manner of their combination.

I can not combine in myself the basic numbers which produce the rose, because I am not that phase of the One Spirit expressed in the rose. The rose can not combine in itself the basic numbers which produce me, because the rose is not that phase of the One Spirit expressed in me. The rose and I are varying manifestations of the inexhaustible resources of the One Spirit. The rose in its unseen heart, at the centre of its being, is that One Spirit. So am I. So are you.

The expression which we call the rose soon dies, or passes out of expression, because it has not learned its oneness with its true essence. You and I have reached a point where we not only perceive ourselves to be expressions, but where we also realize our inner oneness with the Spirit of Life. Or at least we realize it at times. We shall soon realize it at all times. We need not think of it continually, but it will form an underlying stratum of consciousness upon which all our mental action will be based. The process of mental building is very similar to that of the external world. The builder first handles the stone for his foundation, and when that is laid passes to the structure above.

To have for a mental foundation the knowledge of your oneness with the Spirit of Life, means for you not only a constantly renewed life, but also the inauguration of that quality of mental activity which shall bring to you not only health, happiness and prosperity, but also that delightful play of all your powers which is the result of perfect adjustment.

The contemplation each day of the highest idea of Perfection which the mind can formulate will serve to establish within the mind so contemplating, that blessed state for which every weary and overstrained mental fibre so patiently longs, the heavenly "play of the Infinite."

Conclusion.

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, Kate A. Boehme, 2016 O St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

Conquest.

By Paul Tyner.

He that overcometh shall inherit all things.—REV. XX, 7.

THE kingdom is given to the overcomer. In plain English, our dominion over things is a mastery that must be won by conquest. To the victor belongs the fruits of victory, its power and its satisfaction. Much emphasis is placed in recent teaching, and properly, on the perfect passivity, the calmness and confidence essential to the fullest growth. But this poise in quietness, this pursuit of the paths of pleasantness and peace, are but means to an end, and that end is overcoming. There is evident need to revise an old notion according to which much of our religious teaching has been given an unwholesome twist. Many people, in and out of the churches, seem to regard that which makes for the attainment of the kingdom as not a matter of overcoming so much as of undergoing. Self-denial, suffering, patient going under things, rather than getting on top of them, is too often considered virtuous. Does overcoming, as a condition of mastery, of growth, of life itself, mean strife and conflict, a perpetual warfare? If it is a war, it is a merry one. It is the "good fighting," that is without fierceness or bitterness, fear or doubt. It is the conflict that equalizes motion and resistance, action and reaction. The "enemies" we are to overcome are not crushed or punished. They became ours. Their captivity is the captivity of steam and electricity.

That which is to be overcome is apt to be imputed to people and things outside of ourselves. In reality it is our own mental attitudes only that are to be overcome. The only conquest of any consequence is self-conquest. Through contact with the world—with people and things, circumstances and environment—we enlarge our consciousness of the possibilities of life.

The first thing to be overcome is the sense of separateness. With a realizing sense of the unity in vital interrelation of the individual with every other individual, with humanity as a whole, with life in the large, and with the natural universe and its laws, the overcoming is well started, and goes on steadily. Friction is then diminished and efficiency increased. The very things that seemed hardest, the apparently formidable obstacles and difficulties, all prove opportunities—the necessary conditions to call out that which is in us—to show what stuff we are made of.

An understanding of the conditions of overcoming is necessary to avoid the mistake of a too literal adoption of the doctrine of non-resistance. There is a confidence and calm expressed in action that means strength; there is a passivity expressed in inertness that means weakness. The overcomer is given the kingdom; but "Of whom a man is overcome of the same is he brought in bondage." Remember the story of the boy who, watching a butterfly in its struggles to emerge from the cocoon stage, took out his penknife and gently ran the point of it along the back of the chrysalis to help it into liberty. It did emerge, a butterfly, winging the air, but without its colors. It was really robbed of

the opportunity to come into its kingdom of beauty by overcoming. It is possible to have things made too easy for us, as well as too hard. The problem is to find the golden mean where effort and resistance or "obstacle" are balanced.

"The kingdom"—which is always within, remember—is a kingdom of joy, a kingdom of blessedness. It is won by overcoming, not by under-going. It cometh not by observation nor by endurance, but by conquest. It is the conquest that gives us that realization of power, and the transmutation of power into work in which the kingdom consists. The same thing that happens to the butterfly who works his own way and thus puts forth beauty in coloring, happens to every man and woman in every field of thought and effort. By a similar process the musician, especially the singer, produces all the gradations and colorings of tone. The same is true of the painter, of the poet, the actor. It is true for all of us. It is true for all of us, because we are all artists, each in his way; all producers, creators. All expression is creation, whether we are conscious of it or not. Each of us is expressing, and, in that sense, creating nothing less than his own individuality. Only the self is created; only the self is created by the self.

Of what is individuality the individuation? Surely of the One Life, the Infinite Life. Each individual focusses the whole thing—he individuates all there is in the universe. When the individuality is allowed free and full play, work becomes "the worker's expression of joy in his work," as William Morris has it. The more joy, the larger and better the product. A heaven of perpetual rest, perpetual inaction, would be a very poor heaven. Can we conceive of bliss in association with deadly, dull monotony? Would there be joy where the soul of God in the heart of man no longer pressed out into form, into color, into action? The possibilities of expression are infinite, as nature shows us on every hand. But expression implies that reciprocal play of forces I call overcoming. The idea that heaven means rest probably arose from the fact that so many people are "overworked." Through overwork they associate toil and worry, fret and fuss, care and burden, with work. This is a mistake. All these painful and unpleasant things are destructive rather than creative. They interfere with work. The hard labor that has no right relation to the individual or his growth, is as much compulsory labor as that of the convicts in our prisons. Any labor that is not the worker's expression of his own soul, instead of being work, is really toil and punishment.

This condition of overcoming is one from which the lilies that "toil not" have no exemption. In order to lift up its head in the array surpassing Solomon's in all his glory, the lily literally overcomes and appropriates to itself all the forces and elements of earth and air, all of the sun and stars that it needs, to perfect its expression; rejecting all it does not need in free, fearless and haughty assertion of individual sovereignty. It gains its colors and waves them victorious, through overcoming in harmonious right relation, in equalized expansion and contraction, in giving and receiving. This law of growth in the physical is also the law of growth in the mental and the spiritual. The serene confidence, that allows the Infinite Life full sway in and through it, showing forth the perfect flower expressing perfect harmony, will show

itself in the human life when we let it. Suppose a lily should take it into its head that it would like to become an oak, what a mess it would make of it! Many of us think that we ought to go and do the thing that somebody else is doing; to spend as much money in the same way; to read the same books, to dress as others do, play the same music, sing the same songs. But perfect peace, perfect joy, perfect power and orderly unfoldment of all these things in life and character depend upon each of us being distinctly himself. We are to recognize that we are, each of us, an individualization of the universal life just as the lily is. Our privilege (if not our duty) is to go and do the things that express ourselves, to "go up against things" with the confidence that we are going to overcome them. The condition of my life, the sense of my power, of what I am every day, depends upon my going up to that which is presented for the test and measure of my power, and with confidence that I shall go over instead of under. The overcomer's kingdom is given to each form of life that is simply itself, to every flower of the field and every blade of grass as it breaks through the sod, to the tree withstanding the storms of many winters and growing in strength and stature. It is the way in which the natural child grows to manhood, and the way in which the wise may become as a little child.

Emerson says "Things are in the saddle." Things are only in the saddle because we put them there. The power is in the things only when we surrender our own place. Is there any doubt of our right to mastery? What is the relation of this individualization of the life of the universe raised to its highest power in the human? Is it not the place of master? It is not the place of the one who, by divine right of headship in nature, has the control and guidance of things? To man is given dominion over all things. "All things are ours," ours to use and enjoy, the horse we are to ride, and not be dragged by. In overcoming and getting outside of things, we grow and develop the sense of that which is more than things. Things are for us exactly what colors on the painter's palette are to the painter. On the palette they are but little masses of pigment, but by order and arrangement in obedience to the artist's hand and brain, they become beautiful landscapes, or faces, or forms; they become things of beauty.

There is a great deal of false modesty in this world. People are apt to disclaim excellence, either in themselves or in their work. The real secret of success in work is putting into it one's heart and soul and life. And that life is the Infinite Life. We all have that opportunity; there is just as much possibility for overcoming things—place, circumstance, environment—in the baking of a loaf of bread or the sweeping of a room as in the composition of an opera or the governing of a State. That it happens to be commanding an army for one man and cobbling a shoe for another, is only a difference in circumstance not in essence. Let each do his work and the result is sure. The Duke of Wellington said that the battle of Waterloo was won on the football fields of Rugby and Eton. The saying applies in regard to all great things. The gradual unfolding of power through its exercise in small things, gives greater ability for its exercise in greater things. All heroisms have their beginnings, whether the world sees it or not, in overcoming, day

by day, the little things that come into one's life; the things of the moment. They may be things that seem to obstruct one's rightful growth, to disturb one's peace and comfort, but they are there. Whatever the reason, they are there. Are we going to shirk them? Are we going to get away from them? Are we going to sit down and wail because other people seem to have better things? No, we are to overcome them. That is what we have them for. We shall conquer them, not by accepting them as afflictions to be borne, dispensations of D. P., our "Karma," but by rousing our energies with the realization that these things present the chance to show our colors, the fires that test and temper and develop our powers, the opening to win our kingdom. If there is anything in one's life that has the power to make one unhappy, that is the thing of all things it is absolutely necessary to overcome, before one can come into the sense of poise, of harmony. Everything rightly regarded must minister to our comfort and happiness. That is what things are for.

How glad we should be if the opportunities come in the shape of little things! This hard drudgery and poor pay, that uncongenial environment, the other stress of people and circumstance. If we meet and overcome even the least of these things that disturb and distress us, we are meeting and overcoming that which proclaims and establishes our mastery of things in general. When we have conquered one thing in life, we have conquered all things; we have written our titles and established our rights. Now have we come into a dawning recognition of the fact that mastery is ours, and ours the privilege and the joy of winning the kingdom that is given to the overcomer.

From the Independent Thinker.

The Radiant Centre, published by Kate Atkinson Boehme, has just appeared in new and glorious form. Its name is appropriate to its appearance, and thus well chosen, if for no other reason; but its contents are always so aglow with beautiful truth and fervent thought that its name is truly suggestive of what it is.

When Love Shall Die.

Oh, not till love shall listless die
 Will joy depart,
 Stilling the song that seeks the sky
 Straight from the heart;
 Or rapture come to be unknown,
 Or hopeless cry,
 Sound but our soul's despair alone,
 'Till love shall die.

Oh, not till love's sweet life shall cease
 Will gladness go;
 And not till Time hath run its lease
 Shall love die so;
 And even then—dear heart, of this
 Rest sure in peace;
 'That heaven may nothing know of bliss,
 If love shall cease!

—Ripley D. Saunders, in St. Louis Republic.

The Passing of Duty and Sacrifice.

Kate Atkinson Boehme.

In Freedom.

All things pass. Ethical codes of one era give place to those of another. Man is involved in a network of traditions which his ancestors have woven about him, and far back in that traditional past the twin ideas of duty and sacrifice had their inception.

Anthropologists tell us that when the savage was confronted and antagonized by any of nature's forces, he personified them, and hence arose his fetich-worship. Every natural object was supposed to possess will and intelligence, and to exercise some power over his destiny. In this belief he may not have been so far from the truth as has been supposed, for in his negative mental condition, while dominated by his fears, he may indeed have been subordinate to external forces. But, however that may be, he very naturally began to look with reverence upon objects possessing the power to work him good or evil. They became to him fetiches, and he endeavored to propitiate them. When so numerous that he feared to omit some of them in his efforts at propitiation, he wisely aggregated them all in one great and all-inclusive fetich, or anthropomorphic deity. To this deity he made sacrificial offering in order to receive in turn protection from the fierce and destructive agencies surrounding him on every hand.

As time went on the struggle for mere physical existence became less intense, and intelligence ripened, but still the root of the earlier idea remained, deep down in the intellectual fiber, putting forth from time to time shoots of a different character, according to changes in mental soil and atmosphere, but the same plant at bottom, until finally we stand to-day with its intricate tracery of leaf and branch so interwoven in our consciousness in complexity of detail, that we can hardly realize it as an outgrowth of that primitive idea of sacrifice with its radix in savagery.

Man's earliest ideas were but rude concepts of the higher thought, protoplasmic beginnings of that which was to follow; and the thought of to-day will just as surely give place to that of a higher unfoldment, as in physical evolution organs are aborted and finally disappear from the organism.

The analysis of consciousness is by no means an easy task, and only in the light of evolution can we hope to arrive at an approximate view of past and present mental conditions. To assume that the sense of moral obligation is originally and fully implanted in the mind, is an assumption as inconsistent with facts, as that which presupposes that each form of life was specifically created in six days, as in the Mosaic account of creation. But even allowing that each line of progression is separate and distinct from every other, it must be apparent that there has been an unfoldment along each and every line.

Man, even if he did not come up from the amoeba, has compassed many stages of mental progression from his earliest known record. It is, therefore, not unreasonable to suppose that his moral sense has undergone a like unfoldment, though he is still largely under the influence of fear, being held in bondage by his ignorance of the workings of that ap-

parently inscrutable power, with which he seems powerless to cope, and whose succor in times of peril he would gladly invoke. He is still a fetish-worshiper, and must continue to be until he emancipates himself through a fuller knowledge of the law.

The promptings to duty and sacrifice only index a phase of the law, that phase which produces equilibrium, or equilibration of force through compulsion. The individual under this compulsion feels the drain upon his life forces, and acting from his natural right to self-preservation instinctively utters a protest, but the mighty finger of the law is upon him, pressing hard upon that portion of his mind still enmeshed in the web of tradition, until to escape the pain of this pressure he drags himself out from under it, by crawling with unwilling members in the direction which it indicates.

We have learned the lesson along physical lines that pain is a beneficent agent in that it warns us back from its precincts, being a sort of danger signal; but he is unwise who, in recoiling from this signal in one quarter, goes straightway in the direction of another quite as ominous. For the individual, in yielding blindly and unintelligently to any phase of the law, becomes the servant of the law, and is not on the road to intelligent mastery of the same. To illustrate this point, if a man touches a live electric wire he is destroyed by it. The law is thus his master, and the slave is put to death by the master. On the other hand, by an intelligent mastery of the law, it becomes his obedient servant, and offers him in tribute of respect the telephone, the kinetoscope and untold treasures yet to follow.

The man who from a sense of duty or sacrifice (for they are almost synonymous terms) gives too largely of his time, health, wealth or opportunities to others, depletes himself, hinders his own unfoldment, and if he feels pain of deprivation in the act should recognize that pain as a danger signal, indicative of his own hurt. Biologists tell us that a life of pain is a slow death, and moralists teach that suicide is a crime; how, then, can a life of sacrifice be one of morality?

Again, it generally follows that a life spent in self-sacrifice becomes a pitiable wreck, necessitating in turn a sacrifice of others to itself. So where is the gain in the long run? Only an accumulation of pain and mistaken effort to add to the already overflowing cup of the world's bitter potion.

But why is it that tales of heroic devotion, involving sacrifice, stir the heart so deeply? It is because of the mighty stress of love that inspired them. Just so far as the element of sacrifice obtained, just so far do they fall below the ideal and become productive of pain and distress in the normal human breast.

Have, then, duty and sacrifice been of little worth in the world's history? Far from it. They have been the outgrowth of past necessities and are allied to them. With the advent of better adjusted effort among men, the good of the many need not be accomplished at the sacrifice of the individual.

Love is the fulfilling of the law. From its earliest manifestation in the fire mist, it has been burning its way through all the bypaths of evolution, until it has found its highest expression in the heart of man, and being a living, vital and intelligent force, it will not only press toward the attainment of the greatest happiness for the individual, but through

the individual to the race, for the race can never be separated from the individual, nor the individual from the race. They are one and indivisible.

In the heart where love dwells in pure and perfect development, there can be no thought of duty or sacrifice, for to serve those we love truly is a service without pain.

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A RADIANT SUCCESS I

This is the April number, but it is published in May.

Paul Tyner has written a splendid article for this number.

Subscriptions will now be taken for "Thinking in the Heart," or "Easy Lessons in Realization," in book form. It will be bound in green and gold and will sell for one dollar. We wish to know about how many copies to get out in the first edition, so please send in your subscriptions if you wish the book.

The Rev. S. C. Greathead is about to publish a Journal entitled "The Breath of Life." His address is Clifford, Michigan. Send to him for sample copy. Mr. Greathead wrote an article for The Radiant Centre, under the heading "The Breath of Life," which met with much favorable comment. His Journal will doubtless be equally interesting. Mr. Greathead is earnest and true in his writings and in his life.

My dear and beautiful friend and student, Henrietta Garrison, writes me that she is having great success with her work of healing and teaching. Her own is coming to her rapid transit and will find her at the Arlington, Atlanta, Georgia.

Seven Essays, by the Editor, are a valuable aid to Realization.

The first lesson in the series by the editor entitled Mental Healing Made Plain, was prepared for this number, but owing to superabundance of copy is held over to next time.

Extracts from Recent Letters.

Dear Mrs. Boehme: When you consider that I am over 70 years old and have had bladder trouble for about 40 years I think the cure you have wrought in me is little short of a miracle. For the past six years the urine has been drawn by the catheter, sometimes as often as every ten or fifteen minutes, so you may judge of what I suffered. I had tried so many remedies and so many mental healers that I was utterly discouraged and said that if you failed I should never try anything else, but go on to the bitter end. You did not fail, thank God! You cured me, and it is only right that I should be willing to give testimony.

(Address given on application.)

From a Lady Over 60 Years Old.

"I awoke this morning feeling just like a young girl. It must be the effect of your treatments."

Who is the Infidel?

Who is the infidel? 'Tis he
Who deems man's thought should not be free,
Who'd veil truth's faintest ray of light
From breaking on the human sight;
'Tis he who purposes to bind
The slightest fetter on the mind,
Who fears lest wreck and wrong be wrought
To leave man loose with his own thought;
Who, in the clash of brain with brain,
Is fearful lest the truth be slain,
'That wrong may win and right may flee—
'This is the infidel. 'Tis he.

Who is the infidel? 'Tis he
Who puts a bond on what may be;
Who fears time's upward slope shall end
On some far summit—and descend;
Who trembles lest the long borne light
Far-seen, shall lose itself in night;
Who doubts that life shall rise from death,
When the old order perisheth;
'That all God's spaces may be cross't
And not a single soul be lost—
Who doubts all this, who e'er he be,
'This is the infidel. 'Tis he.

Who is the infidel? 'Tis he
Who sees no beauty in a tree;
For whom no world-deep music hides
In the wide anthem of the tides;
For whom no glad bird-carol thrills
From off the million-throated hills;
Who sees no order in the high
Procession of the star-sown sky;
Who never feels his heart beguiled
By the glad prattle of a child;
Who has no dream of things to be—
'This is the infidel. 'Tis he.

—Sam Walter Foss.

A Few Words to Show the Power of the Radiant Centre Thought over Disease and Poverty.

The full names and addresses of persons giving the following testimonials will be sent to anyone upon application. They are not given in print to avoid publicity.

Mrs. Kate Atkinson Boehme:

It gives me pleasure to say that my cough, which had troubled me for two years, and would not yield to material remedies, was entirely cured by you in two absent "Mind Cure" treatments. This happened seven years ago, and as there has been no return of the cough, I can confidently assert that the cure, though almost instantaneous, was permanent.

Very respectfully,

Dear Mrs. Boehme:

Both Mr. C. and myself are living in awe, wonder and surprise owing to the disappearance of the tumor. It has vanished like the dew before the sun. Where it has gone to in so short a time we know not. Words are too feeble to express our love and gratitude to you.

Yours, in the truth,

Mrs. Boehme.

Dear friend: I want to thank you for the cure now in evidence from your treatment.

For some time I had felt symptoms of a severe kidney trouble. Was finally prostrated so that I could not walk a step. While flat on my back, with pencil and tablet, I asked you to treat me, explaining my trouble.

In less than a week after which I was able to walk out over the premises, and in about six weeks every symptom had disappeared. I took no other treatment. You healed me. I am now entirely well.

Respectfully,

My dear Mrs. Boehme:

This is to certify that you cured my grandmother, over 70 years of age, of an internal cancer and paralysis, after her life was given up by a council of five physicians. She is now in perfect health.

Very truly yours,

Mrs. Boehme.

Dear Madam: Your fame as a healer is only exceeded by your power to bring financial prosperity to your patients. Money has come to us from the most unexpected sources. Verily, we are under the Law of Attraction, and all good is ours.

Gratefully yours,

Dear Mrs. Boehme:

I can not tell you how surprised I was when in your kind letter you mentioned the very thing from which I thought I was suffering. You helped me at once, and I have called upon you many times during the month to connect me with my source and always have experienced relief.

Your grateful friend,

Dear Mrs. Boehme:

When I sent you fifty cents for the R. C. and thought I could not go on with it I was way down the hill, and the upward look seemed greater than I could accomplish. I was like a wilted leaf, but your kindness and sympathy revived my waning courage and gave me strength to make a beginning.

Your cheering words, "Everything is coming out beautifully for you," have come true. We have lived well, paid all bills and have something left. Please accept my heartfelt thanks.

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:

My head was entirely relieved after you treated me yesterday. Before your treatment the pain was excruciating. Have been very comfortable ever since.

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:

My son is in excellent health, and has made a grand success of his work, and we feel it has all been accomplished through your vibrations.

Now, I want you to treat my husband. He needs his will power strengthened, and you, if anyone, can do it.

Extract:

Since entering into correspondence with you and receiving your paper things have taken a decided turn for the better. Money, which was very scarce, has come in from three unexpected sources, and doors of usefulness have opened which promise much in the future.

Extract:

You have cured me of Rigg's disease. My teeth are now perfectly firm in the gums and show no sign of loosening.

Extract:

Nothing left of the cancer. I am entirely cured. What a heavenly relief! I can lie down at night now and sleep without that dreadful fear of an operation.

Extract:

My asthma has entirely left me and I can breathe freely for the first time in years.

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