

The Radiant Centre



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



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The Radiant Centre

Philosophy, Science and Religion.

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Editorial Notes

Niagara-on-the-Lake, Canada.

My friends in Washington shivered when I spoke of coming to Canada for the winter and suggested Florida instead, but I came here with my sister and we ensconced ourselves in a snug little bungalow on the shore of Lake Ontario for a few months of seclusion. Nothing could be more delightful than our life here, so simple and so close to Nature in her strong moods.

We have no luxuries in the bungalow; nothing but the actual necessities for plain living, and in consequence the mind has a clear clean-swept feeling. I am more than ever persuaded that we burden ourselves with many belongings. In city life particularly so many screens are interposed between us and Nature that Truth is practically shut out also. Not that Truth is external to us, but

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THE RADIANT CENTRE

looking upon its outer symbol, as we find it in Nature, awakens the inner Reality.

If we look on Nature when she expresses her strength, the strength in our spirits is aroused to action. I realized this last night when breasting a fierce gale on the beach. It wrestled with me mightily so that I was nearly driven back to the bungalow, but gathering courage with each rebuff I pushed on up the beach for miles, enjoying the struggle more and more as my courage mounted.

What a wild wierd scene it was. Wave after wave had frozen in its effort to reach the shore, until a range of snow hills extended from the beach far out into the lake and upon these the waves beyond were still beating with tremendous force, while farther out, the dark waters surged heavily under a sombre sky.

Deep calleth unto deep and a voice from the waters called to the depths of my spirit and found answer. Never before had I felt such strength, never such oneness with all Energy.

And the wind seemed bent on tearing away every useless trapping of mind or body, every little sham or pretence, every small ambition or desire inimical to Power Itself. everything that moved not with the One Grand Universal Will.

I had fancied myself true: I had thought myself earnest, but the North Wind said I could be

truer and more earnest still, and I will to be, therefore I will be.

I am here for a Message of Power ; I am here for a Message of Truth. I have been led to the North, the seclusion and the Silence to receive that Message.

Every day and in all weathers I walk for many miles in the open and during these walks I send out vibrations of health and comfort to those who appeal to me for aid. On unseen wings my thought flies to those who would have it, and as it flies it carries the pure joy of living.

As a rule we know very little of this joy. We hope to find it in fine houses, in fine clothes and in many possessions, but what we thus find is only a counterfeit of the real thing.

It is good to have our own vines and fig trees to sit under, but let us see to it that they be well pruned of dead twigs so the sunlight may shine through.

“God and I in space alone.” I never realized so fully what that meant until I stood last night on the beach, looking out upon the waters.

When people fear loneliness and the separation from other human beings, they little dream they can only realize Power in its fulness by being alone with God in space.

I love Humanity but at times, when it gets between me and the Light, I feel a shadow on my heart. A shadow cast by Humanity's miseries and its pains. Then my way lies out into space where I find God alone and the shadow passes.

The soul makes its own environment. When it is not as you would have it you can change it.

But you feel so weak and insufficient. That is because your soul has slept and is now only half awake. Your eyes are opening upon a world of new endeavor but it is not yet high noon. The sun is merely peeping over the distant hills of thought, but in its rising is the promise of fuller light.

Do you not see the glimmer of dawn and do you not feel the coming day?

Awake, arise, for the day is at hand and with it is coming an influx of Power.

The environment which you now deplore was fashioned by you in the past, but in it are the germs of your future good. Nature builds new forms from the decay of the old and so can you. Nothing is so bad but in it lies the good waiting for release. It is for you to release the good in your bad environment, and if you set about it, the way will be shown you and help will be given you until the work is accomplished.

The winds and the waves are calling, the sunlight shining on those hills of snow that lay last night in shadow. Let us go out and plunge in the drifts with eyes alight and cheeks aglow. Let us run and laugh with the long forgotten laugh of childhood and forget the while that life has burdens. So shall we grow strength to carry them gaily and at ease.

But the sick, the sad hearted and the weary ones cry : "The cold is bitter and we see no joy in it. The light is too intense and stabs the eye with a thousand darts. We are the halt, the maimed and the blind of the earth. Would you bid us run and laugh forgetting life's burdens? How can we, when those burdens are fast bound upon us with cords which cannot be loosened?"

I would not counsel the impossible. Today you may not run and laugh but the day is coming when your burdens will fall to earth and you will creep out into the sunlight of life, all weak and trembling it is true, but your creeping will end in walking and your walking end in running.

At first there will be only a faint movement of power from within, called into life by a touch from without (my words perchance), and then the power will grow and grow until all that I have foretold shall be fulfilled.

What? Machines wear out and machinery runs down? Why of course they do, but who ever

saw a machine with a soul in it like yours? You do not take that factor into account when you talk about wearing out and running down.

And suppose some dreary old dyspeptic did wail about man's life being nothing but labor and sorrow if prolonged after a certain term of years. That does not make it true. The infallible did not say anything like that, but just the opposite. The infallible declared that you should renew your youth as the eagle, and your soul if you listen to it will endorse that as a heavenly truth. Hold it to your heart and nourish it there. It is the seed of hope and out of it will blossom the flowers of health and youth in the summer that is coming to you.

Forget your birthdays as they recur. Let every day be a birthday and you will soon lose track of the special day which marked your appearance on this earth in a certain form. Probably that original birthday was only original to this sphere and many others antedated it. When you were one minute old you bore many marks of age. You were toothless and almost, if not quite, hairless, weak in body and had no mind to speak of. Quite a senile creature and who knows whether it was the roundup of an old cycle or the beginning of a new. Extremes meet and where December stops January begins. Old age and youth dovetail one another and therein lies a suggestion for the renewing of youth, since the Old is forever moving toward the New.

Where then shall we set the mile stone to mark our years of travel and why should we set it at all? Why not go on and on, ever toward the New with just as much of the Old as is worth the carrying and no more.

Why rake over old reminiscences, old sorrows or even old joys unless it be for the purpose of improving on them in the future, for every past sorrow could be evaded or lessened in the light of fuller experience and every joy heightened as well.

See the trees in winter, in their time of age. Is it all over with them? Where are the young green leaves that came out so gaily in the Spring? Did they not turn dry and sere, falling to earth and leaving the tree apparently dead, its signs of life all departed?

Imagine the first man watching the first tree pass through its winter experience. What promise would he see of renewal or future life and growth? None.

And yet it is all there, hidden in the heart of the tree.

You have seen this phenomenon again and again but it has not occurred to you that your life force may be lying dormant in the same way and that old age or physical disability may be a passing experience with you as it is with the tree, just a time when your force is called in for reinforcement and nothing more.

And there is the evergreen tree that has no winter, being so hardy and strong that all the year round it pushes forth into vital expression, no frost being able to chill its ardent endeavor. Is it any wonder that we love to sleep on pine pillows? Their restfulness is born of mastery and their fragrance the very aura of strength.

What is true of the tree is true of men in greater degree for in the latter the inherent renewing power can be increased through the action of will and intelligence.

And I saw men as trees walking.

The other day an old colored "Aunty" died in Washington at the age of 102 years and the "Post" in commenting upon her death says: "Aunt Lucy was a spry old woman even to the closing hours of her existence. She spent many of her days in sewing. Her eyesight had been retained in such power that she was able to thread a needle without glasses."

When she died Aunt Lucy fell asleep without pain or disease. That is the way to do friends, and if we decide to die, let us do it in the most approved fashion. Aunt Lucy's way is good enough. Bless her dear old heart.

DISEASE IN THE AGED.**Possible for Old People to Recover from Most Serious Illness.**

(From the Youth's Companion.)

Some time ago, and even yet all too frequently, the old man or the old woman who has the misfortune to fall seriously ill was believed to be doomed. The disease was allowed to run its course with little or no opposition from the doctor, for so little hope was there that it was commonly regarded as a useless cruelty to annoy the dying sufferer by pressing him to take the necessary medicine and food.

Now we know that this is wrong. Old persons, very old ones, can and do recover from the gravest diseases, and they have as much right to claim the thoughtful care and intelligent treatment of the doctor and the nurse as have their children and grandchildren. But, of course, their treatment must be of a different kind, both because the frail system will not endure the sometimes severe measures that are life-saving for the more robust, and because disease in the old assumes a different character from that which it assumes in the young.

The arteries in the aged are less elastic, all the tissues are stiffer and less pliable, and the reaction of the system is slower and less pronounced. Fever, which accompanies every little indisposition in the child, is inconspicuous in the maladies of old age, and a disease like pneumonia may run its course, even to a fatal termination, without any appreciable elevation of the body temperature, and, indeed, without any sign of its presence beyond more rapid breathing and progressive weakness.

Excretion is less free in the old, and the depressing signs of systemic poisoning by waste products are much more evident. This poisoning is manifested not in the wild delirium and high fever of the young, but in stupor, low-muttering delirium and vital depression. The aim, therefore, must be to rouse the flagging heart, and to assist elimination of the toxic matters from the system, at the same time using only the gentlest measures.

The brittle organs of the aged will not stand the

blows that are often needed to get any response at all from those of the young. They would break under such rough usage. They must be coaxed and gently pushed, but never driven. And herein lies the difficult task of the physician. He must keep a steady hand on the helm and a watchful eye on the breakers, and must know well just how much the weakened timber of the bark will stand if he would guide it between the Scylla of inaction and the Charybdis of excessive zeal.

The whole world is waking to the fact that old age and death are not synonymous terms and while physicians are studying how to handle disease in the aged, how to stimulate the heart without using too heroic measures and how to eliminate toxic matter from the system without eliminating the patient also, metaphysical methods have stepped in and are doing the work neatly and successfully by the application of a finer force than is known to the systems of medicine. All honor to those systems. They are good as far as they go, but they do not go far enough. When the physician gives a drug to rouse the flagging heart he too often gets the bark past Scylla to wreck it upon Charybdis.

The metaphysician is more fortunate having in his possession a subtle power which can reach the heart and stimulate it gently without injuring any other organ of the body or disturbing any natural process.

In the December number of "The Fortnightly Review" there is an article by M. A. Stobart on: "Christian Science and Mortal Mind." The writer sets forth rather sharply what he calls the con-

traditions and inconsistencies of Christian Science and yet concludes that there must be within it some dynamic principle. He goes on to say: "Mrs. Eddy has utilised in her curative system—apparently unknown to herself, else would she surely have attempted some explanation of its working other than emanation from her own inspired person — a sublime principle already shining for this age as a star in the dark heaven of doubt, the principle, namely, of the unconscious mind, of the power that is within man, which at work unconsciously to the individual in every living organism throughout the scale of Nature, has ever for its object the preservation, the development of the species, and has therefore in all its processes a tendency which is invariably of the healing and preserving rather than of the destructive order * * * * This is the force within us that neither can fall sick nor sin, and it is to appreciation of the fact that this healing power which works unconsciously to man is, under general conditions, liable only to be checked by the too officious interference of the conscious mind of man usurping functions for which it is unfitted, that Mrs. Eddy owes success."

"Christian Science cures, declared by the prophetess herself to be the only feasible evidence of the correct understanding of her teaching, are in other words based upon the fact that whilst the mind that operates unconsciously to man possesses a healing power which is from the human standpoint miraculous, the conscious mind of man works on the contrary more generally harmfully than beneficially in disease. And it is to the total eradication of this danger element, the conscious

mind, that Christian Science devotes its forces, by a surreptitious wisdom attempting—in order that the path may be left clear for the undisturbed operations of the secret Healing Power—to reduce to a minimum the risk of interference in sickness of man's conscious mind. This it seeks to accomplish by expedients such as the denial, not only of the possible power, but of the very existence of the conscious mind itself, as also by the hocus pocus of a super-imposed faith in Mrs. Eddy's own inspired person, hypnotically induced by the reading and re-reading of the tangled mass of nonsensical sophistries, sufficient by themselves to cause mental coma in her victims."

I could quote still more from this article which to me is interesting, but will stop right here to say that I believe the Healing Power is what this writer claims, although I might give it a different name. I should call it the "Superconscious" instead of the "Unconscious."

I am not prepared to agree with Mrs. Eddy's critic in denouncing her writings as a "tangled mass of nonsensical sophistries" but I do think the reading and re-reading of anything, no matter how good, must naturally result in mental coma. It is paralyzing to spontaneous thought and is as liable to bring on hypnosis as crystal gazing.

In giving out the formula for our Success Centre I have cautioned the members not to re-iterate it word for word during the half hour devoted to its use, but to meditate upon its general

significance. The repetition of a formula for a length of time is deadening and if persisted in would lead to idiocy. If physical ills must give place to mental weakening, then let us by all means endure the former.

But it need not be, for the conscious mind even though it often hinders the influx of the Healing Power can also invoke it and increase the influx.

And why deny the existence of Mortal Mind? Who and what denies its existence? Why Mortal Mind itself. Who else or what else could do it? But Mortal Mind must exist in order to tell itself that it does not exist, which would be contrary to reason, as Spinoza, or any one else for that matter, would say.

So far as I can discover, Mortal Mind seems to be the working factor in Healing, whether by Christian Science or any other method, and the claims of Labor are as noble as those of Capital.

Labor makes its demand upon Capital and Capital rewards Labor. Thus does Mortal Mind perform its work and receive from the Divine Mind its reward.

But I question whether Mrs. Eddy's severest and most able critics understand her. I question whether by Mortal Mind she means the whole of Conscious Mind, for the latter covers a large territory extending from the domain of Illusion to that

of Reality. If by Mortal Mind she means that mental activity which is characterized by fear, worry, anxiety, etc., and is based on a mistaken conception of the Real Self and its innate power, why then it would seem that such states of mind, taken collectively might form a something akin to illusion and have in consequence, very little, if any, reality. And yet, with all their unreality they constitute a force sufficient to crowd out that healing and recuperative power which would otherwise be active in the human organism.

Are we not conscious at times of a division in the mind, a part of it being given up to fear and anxiety, while the other part holds aloof and superior to these emotions. This has been my experience again and again and I am sure it has been yours. Every time that it comes to you it means that the superior part is asserting itself and the inferior losing ground. You may not seem to gain any victory for the fear or anxiety may still cling to you but in so far as you are conscious of a strength back of it all and a determination to hold to your course in spite of it, just so far are you holding the door open for the healing power to come in. It may not be fully open but it is certainly ajar and the healing power itself will force it open more and more until the inflow will be so great that there will be no room for the lower, weaker, worried thought. Then you will walk the earth a new creature in mind and body.

Answer to Correspondents

Question. I am feeling very miserable and lonely these days; indeed I have been desperately blue, for to be left alone so much with only a ticking clock for company and my own gloomy thoughts is very depressing. Would you say, in this instance that I must depend upon God only for my happiness? If so, why are we built with loving hearts if they are to be continually hungering?

Answer. Depend first upon God only, and then all these other things in the way of congenial friends, or whatever your heart desires shall be added unto you. You are negative now and do not attract your own to you. No one can see the little arms which the magnet extends to grasp the steel filings, but they are there and they reach out for the filings and get them. You watch this natural phenomenon and do not doubt its truth or its efficacy but you think the law stops there with the magnet whereas the same principle is at work on higher planes.

Our thought is so material that we only believe what we see accomplished in the actual. If we see the magnet attracting the steel filings, then we believe, but if the same magnet should become demagnetized or lose its power of attraction, then we would question its being a magnet at all, or the possibility of its becoming one. Let it begin to attract once more and our faith in it revives, but all the while our thought is busy with the phenomenon itself and not with the principle. What

we see with the physical eye we believe. Not seeing, we doubt. Is not that so?

There is also the same sort of material sight on the mental field of action, for instance, when all goes well, when friends are loving, when prosperity attends, and happiness is paramount, then we easily believe ourselves to be human magnets and yield a ready assent to the statement, but let friends turn cold, let adversity frown, and happiness turn to grief and then we flout with scorn the belief we have hugged to our souls. Magnets? No, lumps of mud moistened by the waters of melancholy and baked hard in the furnace of affliction.

We forget for the time that even lumps of mud have their possibilities and that a magnet, once was nothing but common dirt. In my opinion there would never have been a magnet without the moistening and baking process. From original dust all things come by one route or another and when that original dust gets high enough to know itself for a human magnet and to know it at times when the magnetic quality seems lost, then look out for Alladin with the wonderful lamp, for the Fairy godmother and other personages dear to the imagination. They will step forth from the pages of fiction, in shining garments of reality, while you and I will be there to see.

But to know the magnet in its house of clay requires spiritual discernment or the ability to perceive the principle or law back of an appearance often contradictory and deceptive.

When you get back to principle you get back to God and when you get back to God, shutting out for the time all externals, your hand is the

hand of omnipotence, your eye the eye of omniscience and your being the being of omnipresence.

It is thus that you depend upon God only for your happiness, but that does not mean that you are not to have friends and the affection you long for. It only means that your first move is to get to a place in thought where you see God or Principle only, or get to the radiant centre of your being, where you and God are one. Then you radiate from that centre in thought and action, the lump of mud becomes the magnet and you draw to you that which you love.

All power is spiritual and that is why it is said that in God we live, move and have our being.

If I pick up a pin it is the God-power in me that does it. Apparently it is my physical hand that makes the effort, but withdraw the spirit from that hand and it is incapable of motion. It cannot even pick up a pin, so dead is it.

Misled by the appearance, we think the hand itself performs the action, forgetting the object lesson of the magnet, drawing to itself with invisible fingers that which it would have.

To depend upon God only, is to concentrate your thought upon that which causes your hand to move, and without which you could not perform the slightest action. That Power continually moves in you, but until you are conscious of it and rely upon it you cannot increase its influx. It is The Spirit and you are one with it just as an inlet or bay is one with the ocean. The inlet is smaller than the ocean but is continually replenished by its waters and with each rising tide the inlet enlarges its boundaries pushing further into the

land. So does The Ocean of Spirit flow into its inlet, the human being, and, by a law of mind, the flow is increased or diminished by the concentration or non-concentration of thought upon it.

What you desire you concentrate upon, that is, your thought fixes itself upon it. If you desire spirit first of all you attract it and being filled with it you then attract the other things "that shall be added to you."

Question. How is it possible for me to make any progress toward realization in my present environment where every one about me is opposed to all advanced ideas? Not only that but I seem to be tied hand and foot by circumstances and have enemies who use their thought most unpleasantly upon me. I know I am injured by it all the time. Of course they do not know enough of the power of thought to use their force for evil consciously, but it reaches me just the same and I am very sensitive to it. I am sick and depressed all the time. With their thought upon me I cannot rise into a more positive condition, and there is nothing for me to do but to wait until circumstances change, if they ever do, before I can get out of this slough of despond. Can you suggest a way out?

Answer. The surest and quickest way out is to stay in. I am not joking, but uttering in all seriousness a paradox born out of my own experience and if I speak not from that experience my words are as lifeless as the rattling of dry peas in a pod. During my earlier years I did not emulate Casabianca and the burning deck never found me upon it. Then came a swing to the other extreme

and I became ascetic, self-denying and morbidly conscientious about holding to what I conceived to be my duty, even to death if need be. This ushered in a period of darkness and mental gestation and then came my birth into a New Thought World. When my eyes fully opened upon it I saw that my environment at any time in my existence was exactly what belonged to me, by dint of my own past action and general law. If unpleasant it was my business to act upon that unpleasantness until it changed to something better. I have held to that course ever since and it works like a charm. I acknowledge that there are occasions when "he who fights and runs away, lives to fight another day" but that is not shirking the fight altogether. It is a short run to the armory after more ammunition.

The word "fight" is misleading for I do not believe that one should ever fight the persons, things or circumstances constituting environment. There is a new way to victory and a better one.

The new and better way is to look with large-eyed magnanimity on all that offends and in so doing obliterate the offense. Could I possibly be angry with an animal that bit or scratched me? No, I could not because my sight compasses the animal's limitations. I once had a pet cat, a magnificent creature, who was by turns affectionate and vicious. When I treated him with the deference which he considered his due he would reward me with demonstrations of love and gratitude, but if I forgot his dinner hour, or removed him from his favorite chair, or otherwise seemed lacking in respect, my punishment by tooth or

claw was sure to follow. Sometimes he brooded over my misdemeanor and the penalty grew accordingly. One day Master Tom, as I called him, pitched upon a stray cat which had wandered into our grounds and gave him a sound thrashing. I rushed, as I always do, to the rescue of the vanquished one, and called off Master Tom. This offended him deeply, but he started away on a slow, heavy trot, growling as he went. After he had gone the length of the terrace, the affront evidently passed the bounds of cat endurance and wheeling suddenly he came upon me like a cyclone and before I could ward off his attack had seized and bitten my hand severely. My first impulse was one of anger, my second one of compassion and I said only: "Why Tom, dear kitty, how can you treat your best friend like that?" An acquaintance, who stood near me exclaimed: "Why don't you have that vicious beast killed?" I thought a moment and then answered: "Because it would be very cruel and an abuse of power. Poor Tom feels that I am the stronger creature and he is acting from the self-protective instinct, which is natural and right. Instead of killing him, or even whipping him, I will increase his confidence in me and his savage traits will disappear.

They did, and Master Tom grew to be wonderfully gentle, when his reason (I use the word reason advisedly), became convinced of my good intent.

I am inclined to think that much of the ill feeling between human beings comes from the same self-protective instinct which influences their four-footed brothers. May it not be that the people

who are so disagreeable to you may really be afraid of you and when they scratch and bite (figuratively) it is to warn you off their premises. You may invade their mental territory by unsought advice or criticism. You may even go so far as to threaten them, saying what you will do if they persist in carrying out their ideas in opposition to yours. You are prompted to this by fear that their course may injure you in some way and so there is fear on both sides and both are acting from an instinct of self-preservation. It is an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth between you. It is a destructive policy no better than that of the far famed Cats of Kilkenny and destined to the same end.

Never mind what these people are doing to you. Examine your own conduct and see what you are doing to them. You are in the New Thought and they are not, therefore it is for you to take the lead in carrying out the new and better way, the constructive, rather than the destructive way. Do as I did with Master Tom.

This does not mean that you shall submit to continual biting or scratching, but it does mean that you are not to retaliate and it does mean that eventually the animal traits will yield to the spiritual. This is the significance of the passage, "The lion and the lamb shall lie down together; and a little child shall lead them." (My bible is not at hand and I am not sure that I quote verbatim.) If you meet selfishness with selfishness and anger, with anger you create more selfishness and more anger just as the Cats of Kilkenny did

until they finally destroyed each other, and "of those two cats there wer'n't any."

Animals know no better than to fight with tooth and claw, but it is time we came to the higher understanding that selfishness and anger cannot prevail against us when the mind is filled with loving kindness for this emanates from us in a self-protective thought aura, through which no shaft of malice can penetrate; a white and shining armor of defence in which the soul may dwell in safety and at peace.

It is a common mistake among beginners in the New Thought to fear the effect of antagonistic thought. Even Prentice Mulford, in one of his little booklets advised keeping on good terms with every one because of the dangerous character of the thought emanating from the one angered or offended. To act on this advice would destroy force of character and make cowards of us all, for it is impossible to avoid giving offense at times, even when we act from the best and kindest motives.

Dwellers in the far East, who know more of the laws of thought than we do, have learned how to condense the astral ether about their bodies so that a bullet cannot pierce it. When it strikes this invisible but impregnable armor it rebounds, flattened, as though it had struck the hardest steel.

There are many psychological laws which we do not as yet understand but we are fast learning them and the day is coming when we can ward off bullets or turn aside a sword, simply by massing the astral ether about our bodies. We shall pass

unhurt through railroad wrecks and accidents of any kind will become impossible. To know how to place about us a barrier to injurious thought is the first step toward the fuller attainment, therefore your apparently intolerable environment is an excellent thing for you. It is a primary class in which you have a lesson to learn. Do not shirk it if you would go up higher. That is why I say to you—to stay in it is the surest and quickest way out.

Special Notices

In sending Postal Orders to this place have them made out to Niagara, Ontario, Canada. The town is called Niagara-on-the-Lake but it is not so registered in the P.O. Directory as a Money Order Office. There it stands simply as Niagara. The other day a Postal Order came made out to Niagara Falls and had to be sent there for collection.

The postage is not five cents as some of our correspondents seem to think. A two cent American stamp will bring a letter here if it weighs an ounce or less. A fraction over that weight calls for another two cent stamp.

This will be our permanent address until June first when we return to our home in Washington.

For some reason mail is rather slow in getting here. It takes three days for a letter to reach us from New York, Philadelphia or Washington, so if you write from these places calculate on six days for the reply if an immediate answer is given.

We shall review no books until our return to Washington.

We have decided to drop the triple issue, consisting of Oct., Nov. and Dec. numbers of The Radiant Centre for 1902 and start in with a fresh record.

The form of the magazine has been changed to one more convenient to handle. It is not reduced in size however, for though smaller it is thicker.

At the request of many subscribers the editor will hereafter write all the subject matter in The Radiant Centre herself. She has now a series of lessons in preparation entitled "How to renew your Health and Youth." These lessons will appear in The Radiant Centre and are worth far more than the price of subscription. The first lesson in the series will probably come out in the February number. Send in your subscriptions now if you would be sure of getting that number and with it the first lesson.

A journal has just been started in Washington having a name so similar to ours that some of our correspondents have written to ask if it had any connection with us. **IT HAS NOT. WE ARE NOT IDENTIFIED WITH IT IN ANY WAY WHATEVER.** The name of the publication is "The Radiant Truth" and its editor is Dr. Sarak.

Niagara-on-the-Lake

Is a famous summer resort, and deservedly, for it is a charming place so varied in its advantages as to satisfy all tastes. Golf links, tennis grounds, etc., afford entertainment for the athletic while quiet walks and shady nooks woo the studiously inclined. The air is Niagara's chief attraction and retains its invigorating quality in the warmest weather. Situated as it is on the shore of beautiful Lake Ontario one can go by boat to Toronto and to many other points of interest at small expense and in the most delightful manner, returning at night to fall asleep upon a restful pillow while the soft lapping of the lake upon the beach lulls to peaceful dreams. I spent ten red letter days here last September which so charmed me that I am back again in midwinter for a six months' stay. The place is comparatively deserted now, being peopled by the permanent residents only, but as I came here for greater quiet and seclusion it just suits me. I would not however advise tourists coming here now, especially as there is only one train a day during the winter months. Early in the spring more trains are put on and the place then becomes easy of access. During the summer one can find hotel accommodations high priced enough to suit the most plethoric pocketbook or low enough for the leanest. Tourists in visiting the Falls during the spring and summer should make it a point to come to Niagara-on-the-Lake.

HE THAT ENDURETH UNTO THE END

I have always wanted to preach a little sermon from this text. I want to rise and speak from it whenever some one tells me that he, or she, has been in the New Thought for years and has not found happiness, or health, or any of the good things in the promised land. Not a drop of milk or honey, nor even a crumb of manna on the way. Then it is I feel like saying--He that endureth unto the end shall be saved.

I will acknowledge that some people leap into the promised land. They get there without the least delay or hesitation and they enjoy it, in their way, but I do not envy them. Not one bit. I had a long journey through the wilderness, but I do not regret one year of it and I would go through it all again, if need be.

There was a time when I could not see much use in a wilderness. I could not see why life was not all fertile fields, rose gardens, lawn parties, horns of plenty and all that sort of thing, but I know now what the wilderness was made for. It is to develop a brave spirit, fortitude, strength, determination and a conscious knowledge of power.

Because of this, though I really dwell in the promised land and have my share of milk and honey I make voluntary excursions into the wilderness. Sometimes I go out after a friend or two to help them along over hard places, and again I go for no reason in particular except that I am tired of my milk and honey diet and want to get up an appetite.

You do not want to drag along in the wilder-

ness forever though. Of course not. I would not either. We all of us have an eye on the promised land, but I can tell you this.—The wilderness sets off the promised land, it places it in high lights, and makes it look desirable. If there were no wilderness, there would be no promised land, because what we had all the time could not be a promised land and moreover we would weary of it, in which event it might as well be a wilderness as anything else, so far as we were concerned.

What is a wilderness any way? Why it's a wild place as its name indicates. It's a place where wild things grow and struggle up according to their own wills, where undergrowth is thick and where fierce animals lurk, where all things seek to devour each other, where every sense must be on the alert to evade danger, and where fear prevails. Not a pleasant or a safe place is the wilderness but a great place to develop one's powers.

He that endureth unto the end is he that goes through the wilderness and comes out stronger than he went in. He is the one that endures to the end and is saved.

According to my interpretation of the passage, enduring to the end does not mean to the end of this earthly existence, but to the end of the passage through the wilderness.

Take courage then O fainting heart and push on to the promised land. Be strong. The end is nearer than you think.

HOW SHALL WE CONQUER DEATH?

From the view point of Spirit there is no death, but its appearance exists in the material world. How shall we dispel that appearance which is casting its black pall over humanity? That is the question before us.

The spirit of man cannot die, and yet that association of atoms which we call the body is subject to disorganization and decay. Why? Because as a material product it is subject to the material law of disintegration. It appears and disappears on the sense plane because it belongs to and is a part of the great illusion or phantasmagoria of material life. With dreamlike unreality forms appear and vanish and the terrified soul seeing its loved ones disappear behind the inscrutable veil in that change called death, is filled with despair because of the unreality of mortal life.

To the child his father, mother, brothers, sisters, and home appear to be realities. To his inexperienced vision they seemed fixed and eternal. He hears of death, perhaps, but it means nothing to him until in the loss of a father, mother, or some of the dear ones, there is borne in upon him the first sad suggestion of the fleeting character of all that his mind had rested in as secure, fixed and unalterable. Previous to this God and Heaven have been to him the unrealities, while father, mother, home, and friends were most intensely real, but now he has suffered a cruel shock, all things slip from him, he sinks in the quicksands of mortal experience until rescued from its lowest

depths of despair by the outstretched hand of reality.

This is the passage or birth from the material world into the spiritual, by which the soul is lifted into another plane of consciousness. It thus ascends into the world of causes from which it can regulate the world of effects. From this point of vision the invisible or spiritual is known and felt to be a reality, while the visible or material is relegated to the realm of the phenomenal or unreal.

God and Heaven which once seemed so far away, are now close at hand, even within the very soul, and are vividly realized. God is found at the very centre of consciousness and the radiant light which proceeds from this centre illumines the entire sphere of the mind producing that state of peace and joy which is in itself nothing less than Heaven. Then and only then can be perceived the wonderful truth of the Master's words: "Neither shall they say, Lo here! or lo there! for, behold the kingdom of God is within you."

The mission of pain and sorrow is to bring the soul to the plane of reality to God and to Heaven. This accomplished, that mission is ended. Pain and sorrow have no place in Heaven. They lead to Heaven but do not enter therein.

When the soul has not found God it is living in an unreal state of consciousness and the body which it projects upon the external plane is an unreal, untrue expression, because the soul can but project its own unreality. The line of being is deflected from the straight course which gives the true reflection and we have as a result deformed

(de-formed) bodies. Deformity does not mean simply a misshapen back or head or limbs, but any malformation in the arrangement of the atoms constituting the body, and where there is this falling out of line there ceases to be a proper adjustment and disease is the result.

But when the soul has found God and is one with Him at the centre of consciousness, then it sees, knows, and lives the truth. It then radiates straight lines from its centre which is the God-life to its circumference which is the human life, and becomes in consequence a true and beautiful expression of God who is perfect, diseaseless, immortal Being.

The body is being continually made over anew but made over to the old pattern of material thought and so long as this process continues it must be subject to disintegration and decay. Not so when it begins a reformation to the pattern of Divine thought, for then it takes on the characteristics of the Divine. So it was with our elder brother, the Christ, and so it shall be with us. As we have borne in our bodies the image of the earthly, so shall we, if faithful, bear the image of the heavenly, not in some distant sphere or place but here and now the vision waits our realization.

Not in a day nor an hour perhaps shall this happy fruition come to us, but as the result it may be of years of right thinking and right doing. In the process of photography the rays of light pass from the original to the plate and produce there the likeness of that original. If the exposure is not long enough the likeness is imperfect, and so it is with us, when we would produce

in our bodies the likeness of God. The rays of light from the Divine Presence must continue to fall upon the negative plate of our physical nature until there appears upon it a perfect likeness of God the Great Original. This may call for much time but it matters not since our faith is strong in the immutability of the law of immortal life, immortal health, and immortal beauty and its realization from centre to circumference.

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