

THE RRADIANT CCENTRE

A JOURNAL
OF SUCCESS

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

—Emerson.

Single Numbers, 10 cents.

Yearly Subscription, \$1. Foreign Subscription, \$1.25.

Easy Lessons in Realization

Every one who is seeking realization of Health and Strength should possess this book. Each lesson is headed by a diagram which helps to explain its meaning. Metaphysical truths are often difficult to grasp, but not so when presented as they are in this book. In the author's estimation it is the best thing she has ever written, and we offer it to the public with the greatest confidence. Bound in cloth. Price, \$1.

Address— KATE ATKINSON BOEHME,
Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario, Canada.

The Attainment of Happiness

A series of seven booklets, extremely helpful and interesting. They give that magnetic vibration which makes the mental attitude of SUCCESS. Thousands of readers are testifying to the wonderful power of these booklets to uplift the mind and lead to mastery of adverse conditions. They teach THE POWER WITHIN and they bring HEALTH AND PROSPERITY.

— S U B J E C T S —

**Rest—The Universal Heart—The Universal Mind
— The Conquest of Death — Immortal Youth —
The Secret of Opulence — The Source of Health
and Beauty.**

Price of Entire Series only \$1.

Address the Author— KATE ATKINSON BOEHME,
Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario, Canada.



MENTAL HEALING MADE PLAIN

By KATE ATKINSON BOEHME

These lessons in Mental Healing appeared in "The Radiant Centre," and such a demand was created for them that the writer issued them in book form. The first edition is now nearly exhausted. Those who are cheered and uplifted by Mrs. Boehme's writings should not fail to possess themselves at once of this book, which contains much of her own life experience, and outlines the steps by which she attained her health and power.

This book is bound in cloth and sells at \$1.00.

Address the Author—

KATE ATKINSON BOEHME,
Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario, Canada.

"Michigan in Summer"

Is the name of a forty-eight page booklet, illustrated with 250 pictures of the famous resorts of Northern Michigan along the

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIAN RAILWAY

that will be sent for 2 cents for postage. It will tell you where to go this summer, and information about the many attractions—pure air, health, rest, good fishing, good bathing and good Society.

Petoskey	Walloon Lake
Bay View	Mackinac Island
Wequetonsing	Traverse City
Harbor Point	Omena
Les Cheneaux Islands	Neahtawanta
Oden	Northport

Contains lists of hotels and board houses, rates by day and week, railroad fares and G. R. & I. train service.

Fishermen will want "Where to go Fishing"—2 cents.

G. L. LOCKWOOD, G. P. A.,
100 So. Ionla St. Grand Rapids, Mich.

RALSTON'S University of Expression

1223 to 1321 G. St., Washington, D. C.

ELOCUTION, ORATORY AND DRAMATIC CULTURE

For Reading, Speaking, Entertaining, Lyceum Work, Teaching, and all Arts of Expression for Public, Private, Professional and Social uses, and as Personal Accomplishments Ladies and Gentlemen, as well as Young Ladies and Young Gentlemen, received as pupils.

Seventeenth Year Opened October 15th, 1902.

Catalogues now ready.

THE RADIANT CENTRE

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE AND RELIGION

Published Monthly by KATE ATKINSON BOEHME, Niagara-on-the-Lake, Canada.
ADELAIDE A. CHENEY, Associate Editor.

VOL. IV.

APRIL, 1903.

No. 4.

Editorial Paragraphs.

Niagara-on-the-Lake, Canada.

A Bunch of Hay moving on legs. It was their own dear Mamma, but the little Thylacine cubs did not know it, and were nearly frightened out of their wits. A keeper at the Washington Zoo had placed a bed of hay in one corner of the cage for Mrs. Thylacine, but she was not satisfied with its disposal, and decided to move it in mouthfuls to another corner before her afternoon nap. When the little Thylacines looked up they could not see Mamma Thylacine's head at all, for it was hidden by the mouthful of hay; and a great bunch of hay moving about on legs looked to them a new and terrible being, such as they had never seen before, so they raced away from it in deadly fright, actually trying to butt their brains out against the wires of the cage.

Superintendent Bartlett of the Zoo thought the babies Thylacine very stupid not to know their own

parent when partially hidden, but I am not quite ready to agree with him, when I know of so many Humans, with supposedly larger reason, who lose their heads completely before an advancing Bunch of Hay.

Poor little Thylacines! Poor great Humans!

Awful, threatening Bunch of Hay!

And I'll venture to assert that every stalking circumstance has nothing but Hay in its mouth and a kind head hidden under its bristling front.

In fact I have always found it so, with the result that now it would take something worse than I have ever seen to SCARE ME. And I begin to think it's all Hay, every bit of it.

No doubt the little Thylacines, when they got over their fright, took to the Hay and made a comfortable bed of it, thus setting an excellent example to Humans.

I have a sweet friend in one of the Official Departments in Washington, who for years has had a very hard time of it. Monotonous work, a close musty room, a desk far from the window, and apparently no change for the better in sight, so that her Bunch of Hay looked large and ominous. I said: "Just lean hard on The Radiant Centre of your own being, honey," and she did. She said she leaned against it very much as her pet

kitten leaned against her, not understanding much, but feeling something soft and warm and loving. Just trusting Love and leaning on it ; that was all.

Yes, that was all, but it was a great deal. I have just had word from her that she has moved into a bright, fresh, sunny room, has her desk by a large window, where the sun pours in, and she is as happy as the day is long. So it pays to lean on The Radiant Centre, does it not ? Not on mine, but your own.

And another dear friend, a prominent woman in the W. C. T. U., who was for a long time in wretched health and had much to contend with, has just written me as follows : " I had a glorious trip east last autumn, to Maine, White Mountains, Boston, Berkshire Hills, Niagara, etc., which may interest you, solely from the fact that then I knew I was immortally young. Every one said I looked marvellously well, and they say so yet. I was lifted up and into the Centre of Being, and had a torch with Divine Powers that made me walk with the Immortals for many weeks."

Many, many letters come to me with the same glad story, so you see the idea of a radiant centre within each one of you is not a vagary, a mere freak of the imagination, but a real, actual, tangible experience, which all may know for themselves if they will.

Sometimes it takes considerable patience and per-

sistence to find it, but what of that? Men have shown more in the pursuit of wealth, and there is no wealth compared to that which the mind acquires when it finds its radiant centre, and to its inner peace and blessedness is added outer comfort and prosperity.

Even without that comfort and prosperity the soul can find its blessedness. Behind prison bars it can know the joy of an angel, for the soul is fluidic as light. Stone wall and iron bar cannot imprison or hold it against its will. Its joy, its health and its freedom are not bounded by them, for it makes its own circumference, which none shall limit.

If some one had told me this during the sad years when I suffered from nervous prostration, what light it would have shed on a life groping wearily in darkness. With what earnestness and patience would I have sought a radiant centre, had I supposed it could be found within myself. But I never dreamed of looking for God within me, and the idea of Divine Immanence, now so familiar to us all, was completely outside the limit of my understanding.

And when the idea did come it was so very much smaller than a mustard seed that there seemed not much hope of its growing to any remarkable size. I could merely see it, but did not feel much could come from it. Still that little thought-seed had in it my present idea of a radiant centre. It has taken deep root, grown up,

branched and flowered throughout my mind, until I feel like a luxuriant garden of bloom.

Do not despise a wee seed-thought of realization, dear friends, for it is surely the nucleus of your radiant centre growth.

Wrinkles.

We know that the passions are manifested externally by contraction of the muscles of the face, which produces furrows and transitory foldings of the skin. The latter become permanent wrinkles with those persons whose anxieties are of long duration, for, in place of contracting momentarily, the muscles maintain an exaggerated tonicity. Thus constant reflection forms profound vertical wrinkles between the two eyebrows because of the habitual contraction of the upper palpebral muscles; and the spiteful and aggressive person has, at the base of the nose, small, horizontal wrinkles formed by the pyramidal muscles. On the other hand, those who are depressed create naso-labial furrows, pull them down with the lips and make them permanent. * * * One should diminish as much as possible the contraction of the muscles of the face, should avoid extreme feelings, and should, above all, seek calmness and serenity, for old age is chiefly due to the passions.

—Dr. Felix Regnault, in *La Nature, Paris* (Translated for Public Opinion.)

How to Renew Your Youth.

LESSON THREE

The Influence of the Superconscious.

Emerson says : " Nature abhors the old, and old age seems to be the only disease ; all others run into this one. We grizzle every day. I see no need of it. Whilst we converse with what is above us, we do not grow old, but grow young. The man or woman of seventy assumes to know all ; throw up their hope, renounce aspirations ; accept the actual for the necessary, and talk down to the young. Let them become organs of the Holy Ghost ; let them become lovers ; let them behold Truth, and their eyes are uplifted and their wrinkles smoothed ; they are perfumed again with hope and power. This old age should not creep on a human mind. In nature every moment is new."

Like many another great poet and seer, Emerson saw and enunciated the above truth without working it out in his own life. Had he done so he would be here in the midst of us to-day.

I will qualify that statement by saying that while Emerson did undoubtedly converse with that which was above him (the Superconscious), that alone was not sufficient to overcome the subconscious tendency descending to him through many generations of ancestry, the tendency to believe in a de-generation instead of a re-generation of the body with the passing years.

To converse with that which is above us, while it undoubtedly makes us grizzle less with the years, is not

sufficient to arrest degeneration. To do that, the conscious part of us must lay its command upon the subconscious part to carry to its ultimate the inspiration coming from the Superconscious.

To ignore the Superconscious is to grizzle every day, while to recognize the Superconscious and ignore the Subconscious is to grizzle six days in the week and grow young on the seventh.

This is losing ground, you see, and as the years slip fast under our feet, we aim to stop grizzling altogether and smooth out the marks of past grizzling.

To converse with what is above us is certainly to open the conscious mind to the influx of the Superconscious, and in consequence to receive continually new thought, new hope, new aspiration, and a spur to new endeavor. So far so good, but we cannot stop there with any appreciable benefit. The influx must flow through the conscious mind into the Subconscious, and set up there a new activity.

But how does it get there?

Well—All subconscious action is the result of conscious action, so to begin with you must put forth your new thought, new hope and new aspiration into something visible, tangible and practical, for conscious action does not mean the mere dwelling in thought upon something. It means the externalization of that thought in one way or another.

This may not of necessity carry you out of your present line of endeavor. It may only throw new light upon that endeavor, which in itself is refreshing to the mind, and because refreshing it is renewing and re-

creating. You do not realize that in so doing you are establishing a new order of subconscious action, which is counteractive to that which carries you to old age and decrepitude, but it is a fact nevertheless.

And this principle can be applied to the most mechanical work, changing it from a wearisome treadmill to free and joyous effort. The round of housework or the routine of business can be thus vivified, and the tired workers of the world to whom all rest or recreation seems denied can so lessen the weight of their burdens.

I know an artist who at one time, through lack of better work, was employed to paint over and over again the same design on mouchoir cases, until at last the work became intolerable. She grew pale and thin under it, and was about to give it up, when I advised her to vary each design a little. The suggestion acted like a charm, and her artistic sense was stirred at once. She became interested to see just how far she could change the design while keeping to the general outlines, and her success was so marked as to elicit from her employers much favorable comment, while to her work there was imparted the characteristic which distinguishes the hand-made from the machine product.

The same idea can be applied to any and to all labor with an equally good result.

The reason we grizzle is that we have shut ourselves partially away from the influence of the Superconscious. I say *partially*, because it is impossible to shut ourselves wholly away. That would mean instant annihilation.

We shut ourselves partially away by ignoring, or being ignorant of, the superconscious influx, for there is

but one way of making the Principle of Life our own. We cannot seize it with our physical hands, and yet we can lay hold of it just as surely as we grasp anything that is visible and tangible. Being invisible and intangible, we must use an invisible and intangible power to appropriate it, and that power is in the mind.

In the world of mind we take anything by apprehending it, and the literal meaning of "apprehend" is to lay hold of. When you apprehend the Superconscious you lay hold of it actually, just as you would seize anything with your hands. All that the body does is symbolical of what goes on in the unseen or mental part of your being, and in fact you do not seize anything with your hands until you have first seized it in your mind, i. e., you see yourself as grasping the object before you reach out for it. The mental act and the bodily act may be so close to each other in point of time that they seem to be simultaneous, but in reality they are not so, for the mental act is always precedent.

It is not only precedent, but preeminent, for it rules and regulates the physical act. We are so accustomed to viewing external motions without thinking of their relation to and dependence upon internal motions, that we have lost sight of the latter, and they have ceased to possess for us their proper significance. It is most essential that we should fully reverse our habit of seeing before we are able to apprehend the Superconscious, and utilize it to practical ends.

All that is vital and new comes to you from the Superconscious. You apprehend it with the Conscious, and pass it on to the Subconscious.

When you are not getting new material from the

Superconscious, you are working over mentally old material in the Conscious, and the Subconscious becomes devitalized in its action because you have nothing new to give it. That which is not *new* is *old*. If your mental state is old your body is old, since the body is made by the mind from hour to hour, from moment to moment.

As some of my readers may not know exactly what I mean by the Superconscious, I will explain. It is that which IS, and is prior to all expression. We apprehend it, but we cannot comprehend it, i. e., we lay hold of it but we cannot compass it with the intelligence. It is the source of all thought and feeling. *Being* is its synonym, and yet, to distinguish it from the Conscious and the Subconscious, I call it the Super-conscious. In any other connection I might call it Being, Reality, God, Divinity, Deity, according to the relation my thought bore to it at the time. In this lesson it figures as the Superconscious.

We do not know what a thought is in the Super-conscious. Not until it is born in the Conscious does it become a thought, and yet it had its being prior to the form in which we cognize it. Most thinkers I believe experience gestation in thought. Their ideas do not come to them fully formed. They are conscious of them first as nebulous matter, almost without form and void, but they come into the mind and there they stay, occasioning more or less restlessness and uneasiness to the thinker who carries them about, and is unconsciously feeding them with brain matter until the time is ripe and they are given birth.

The mind that is fully open to the Superconscious is

constantly receiving from it new material for thought, and receives from the same source the sustenance for that thought and the energy to carry it to the ultimate. Such a mind cannot lose interest in life, for nothing grows stale. All things are ever new. To consciously be in touch with the Superconscious, and to feel its influence, is to keep ever young.

(To be continued)

A PRAYER OF THE HILL COUNTRY.

“And the Strength of the Hills Is His Also.”

Lift me, O Lord, above the level plain,
Beyond the cities where life throbs and thrills,
And in the cool airs let my spirit gain
The stable strength and courage of Thy hills.
They are Thy secret dwelling places, Lord !
Like Thy majestic prophets, old and hoar,
They stand assembled in divine accord,
The sign of 'stablished power forevermore.
Here peace finds refuge from ignoble wars,
And faith, triumphant, builds in snow and rime,
Near the broad highways of the greater stars,
Above the tide line of the seas of time.
Lead me yet farther, Lord, to peaks more clear,
Until the clouds like shining meadows lie,
Where through the deep of silence I may hear
The thunder of Thy legions marching by.

—Meredith Nicholson, in *The Century*.

Words of Appreciation

Dear Kate Atkinson Boehme—

Not many days ago I finished reading your book, "Mental Healing Made Plain," and I must say it was a wonderful help to me. It carries with it such a wonderful vibratory wave that it lifts one into a higher consciousness on the mere reading.

With love and best thought, I am,
J. W. H., Clintwood, Va.

My dear Mrs. Boehme—

The Radiant Centre for March is fine. You are proving yourself one of the ablest writers on up-to-date subjects in the field of literature. We are entering the Millenium, and you keep well abreast with the wonderful progress of the race. I wish you and your sister could spend next winter in Arizona, the most delightful Fall, Winter and Spring climate on this earth.

Whenever I can in the least favor you, command me,
Yours very cordially,

LEE CRANDALL.

(Colonel Lee Crandall of Globe, Arizona, for many years editor of "The National View" in Washington (D. C.), and destined for the Senate when Arizona gets her Statehood.)

Dear Mrs. Boehme—

The copy of "Easy Lessons" was received, and I have read the book from beginning to end. It actually

does make the whole subject plain. I cannot tell you the joy I experienced as the light began to dawn. Last winter I purchased "Spiritual Consciousness," by Frank Sprague, and have tried my best to understand it, but there were two chapters, "The Inner World" and "Consciousness," which I could not comprehend. Since I have read your book I have read again those two chapters, and the meaning is as clear as daylight.

I am sincerely yours,

C. I. P., Oxford, Pa.

Dear Mrs. Boehme—

I enclose one dollar for 1903. Congratulations upon the excellence and success of The Radiant Centre.

Cordially yours,

HENRY WOOD.

(The noted writer.)

From Members of Success Centre.

The property was sold to parties who had not thought of buying before. All the business was successfully transacted. Thank you very much.

Sincerely,

E. S. H. Lodi,, Calif.

Dear Radiant—

Your letter came, brimful and overflowing with good things, and I've been wondering, if your letters can make one so happy, what your presence would do. Your

success vibrations reached me before the letter, and so I am going on a little journey at the end of this month to the Yosemite Valley for six months, and then I shall go East. The trip means new work, a new environment among the mountain tops, and the way open East. I've lived so long out on the rim of the wheel that I want to get nearer the Centre, and the Radiant Centre if possible. The sign "No Visitors Allowed" won't frighten me a bit.

C. A. S., San Francisco, Calif.

How to Keep Your Face Young.

! We know a man past middle age who has a very young face. Notwithstanding gray hair, and fifty-two years hard work and constant study, he has a young face. People often remark the seeming incongruity of his gray hair and his youthful face. One day he told us how it happened. In the first place he has avoided all those business relations which tend to bring worry and care. He has never spent an hour worrying about finances. He has never spent a moment wishing to be rich or fearing he would be poor. He has taken life as he found it, neither harassing himself with forebodings nor making himself haggard with ambition.

— *Medical Talk.*

Errata—In the March issue of The Radiant Centre, under "The Advantages of Being Fifty," second paragraph, please read "tactician" for "taciturn."

Special Notices

If you wish the February number, containing the first lesson in the series "How to Renew your Youth," you should send in subscription at once, for at the rate they are now disappearing there will not be one copy of February left in a week or two.

Every new subscriber during April and May will get a personal letter from the editor, carrying with it a current of vitality, help, and good cheer.

A change has been effected in the P. O. Directory so that you can now get Postal Orders made out to Niagara-on-the-Lake, instead of merely Niagara, as formerly. Postmasters all over the country have been notified of the change. Remember the address is Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario, Canada.

If you have not read "Easy Lessons" and "Mental Healing made Plain," your education is not complete, and you have missed a very large SOMETHING.

Congratulations are pouring in thick and fast for The Radiant Centre in its new form, and nearly every one likes the cover. It is the exact shade of the sand on the beach. We chose it for that reason.

Are you depressed and miserable? You need not remain so. Join our Success Centre and see the sun rise over your affairs.

The Disadvantages of a Man at Seventy.

He has none. But a friend of mine, reading in the March Radiant Centre about the advantages of a woman at fifty, begs me to write a few lines under the above caption. He says he is about seventy, and he fancies the world is shoving him aside to make room for younger men, while other large disadvantages appear on his horizon.

My correspondent thinks I have championed the cause of women, somewhat to the neglect of men.

Possibly. I usually champion the losing side, the other not needing a champion, and women in the past certainly have been on the losing side at fifty, though they need not be in the present.

I have never seen a man who had disadvantages at seventy unless he was run down at the heel, wore scrubby whiskers, was unkempt in his appearance, and was generally grouty and disagreeable. A clean-shaven, up-to-date, cheery, genial, brisk, wide awake man of seventy has not a disadvantage in the world in my opinion, and I do not believe such a man ever gets jostled out of place or power by a younger generation.

As I believe my friend corresponds to the last picture instead of the first, my advice to him is to brace up and hold his place in the world. If, by chance, he has screened his handsome face by an ugly old growth of brush, let him reduce it to a charming moustache, and his victory over time and circumstance will be complete.

“A book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and thou
Beside me in the wilderness.”

Answers to Correspondents

An inventor, having just finished reading "Easy Lessons in Realization," writes as follows:

Concerning Realization, I feel that it is something analogous to the process in a steam engine or a saw mill. The steam must pass through the engine and escape before any power is generated or benefit derived. So the water must escape from the mill, and the electric motor must have its ground wire or return current in order to act at all. I imagine that Realization means something analogous to the opening of the throttle valve of the engine or the gate of the mill, or making connection with the electric wire, in order that the eternal energy may pass through us as an instrument, and by passing out, escaping, impart to us power and benefit. This would carry a conviction that would strike me with irresistible force, as there is no exception to this law in the physical world. But my faithful wife thinks I ought to get on to a "spiritual plane," and as far as possible give up material thoughts.

Well, I have attempted to, but when it comes to my "ideal," the work in which I glory, and which has more charm for me than anything else this earth can afford, it is like asking the leopard to change his spots.

Yet I am trying to do it, with all the energy and strength I can command, praying for the dawn of the "inner light," and hoping that when I catch a glimpse of it my path will grow brighter and brighter to the perfect day.

Answer—The spiritual plane has its correspondence

on the material plane, and there is no surer way to the realization of the spiritual than by illustrations drawn from the concrete. Your analogy is very fine indeed, and I commend it heartily. To see the material simply as material is to lack the spiritual perception, it is true, but to see the spiritual in the material is to learn the lesson of Divine Immanence and to see God in all things. No material thing can fully express the spiritual, but the consciousness can and does transcend the symbol, and, seeing above and beyond it, beholds the thing symbolized. There is natural law in the spiritual world, and there is spiritual law in the natural world. Our way to the spiritual lies through the natural and material.

Question—The second part of the Success Centre formula reads: "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint."

How are we to interpret the phrase "wait upon the Lord"? What is the significance you attach to it?

Answer—My understanding of the passage is as follows.—While I believe God, the Primal Essence, to be Impersonal, I also believe that the Impersonal projects a personal. It projects you, and it projects me. Since it does this, I infer that it may also project a larger, wider Personality than either of us can at present comprehend or understand, and that Personality I call "The Lord." That Personality may have lived on earth in the body of Jesus, or it may not. I am not prepared to argue that point, but I do feel in my innermost soul

that such a Personality exists. It reveals itself to me as a Presence, and yet without form. This Presence to me is "The Lord."

Have you not received a sudden uplift and inspiration from a loving friend? Well, so does this Presence strengthen me until my spirit mounts with the wings of the eagle. Filled with its living fire, I can run and not be weary; I can walk and not faint.

The Grandeur and Beauty of the Voyage we are Making.

Do we realize the amazing grandeur and beauty of the voyage we are making—all the more grand and beautiful because on so large a scale and in so vast an orbit that none suspect it, none witness it; speeding with more than the speed of a rifle bullet, and the fact patent only to the imagination, not to the senses? In the heavens, among the stars, separated from the nearest by measureless space, yet related to the farthest by the closest ties, upheld and nourished by a power so vast that nothing can measure it, yet so subtle that not a hair loses its place, the morning or the evening star no more favored, no more divine, these ways the eternal ways, the heavenly ways, the immutable ways—what more would we have! Is it all a sham and a failure, then—is it all foulness and sin?

Incorruptible and undefiled—the soil underfoot as well as the sky overhead. It fills me with awe when I think how vital and alive the world is; how the water forever cleanses itself; how the air forever cleanses itself,

and the ground forever cleanses itself—how the sorting, sifting, distributing process, no atom missing or losing its place, goes on forever and ever ! Perpetual renewal and promotion !

Does this power with which I move my arm begin and end in myself ? On the contrary, is it not the same or a part of that which holds the stars and the planets in their places ? In performing the meanest act do I not draw upon the vast force with which the universe is held together ? Can anything transpire of which the Whole does not take cognizance ? “Not a hawthorn blooms,” says Victor Hugo, “but is felt at the stars—not a pebble drops but sends pulsations to the sun.” Be assured we are not detached, cut off, by all these billions of miles of space, but still as close and dependent as the fruit that hangs to the branch.

I cannot tell what the simple apparition of the earth and sky mean to me ; I think at rare intervals one sees that they have an immense spiritual meaning, altogether unspeakable, and that they are the great helps, after all. In the open air I know what the poet means when he swears he will never mention love again inside of a house, and that he will follow up these continual lessons of the earth, air, sky, water—declaring at the outset that he will make the poems of materials, for only thus does he hope to attain to the spiritual.

—Burroughs.

Not revelation 'tis that waits,
But our unfurnished eye.

—Emily Dickenson.

The Amount of Suffering in the World is Greatly Exaggerated.

There is a verse of Tennyson's in "In Memoriam" which represents nature as "red in tooth and claw with ravin," and as shrieking against the belief in the goodness of the power that governs the universe. There are a good many people who are troubled, not only with the great general problem of pain, but disturbed in their faith in the general goodness of things whenever they ponder upon what they call the cruelty of nature. This is, of course, only a part of the great problem of evil, but it is an important part, and it seems worth while to make a few statements about it.

No one of us wants to be deceived, or to be the means of deceiving any one else. If this is a bad world, and if nature is full of unhappy, suffering animals, to say nothing at present of human beings—if it is unreasonable to believe in a good power ruling the universe, a "Power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness," as Matthew Arnold puts it—why, then, we wish to face the facts. But if we are to deal with a matter like this we must first be sure of our facts.

The actual amount of suffering in the world is probably, in the minds of most people, greatly exaggerated. There is no use in making a statement that might serve to harden any man's heart, or make him any less tender toward the sufferings of the world, but we do believe there are good reasons for holding that there is not anything like the quantity of suffering in this world that sensitive people have come to think there is. One of the most marked characteristics of modern times is the

tremendous development of human sympathy. Nothing like it was ever known before. This is a great and good thing ; no one would have it less if he could ; only we must be careful not to waste our sympathy on imaginary evils.

—*From the San Francisco Chronicle.*

LOVE'S PATRIOT.

I saw a lad, a beautiful lad,
With a far-off look in his eye,
Who smiled not at the battle-flag
When the cavalry troop marched by.

And, sorely vexed, I asked the lad
Where might his country be
Who cared not for our country's flag
And the brave from over-sea ?

" Oh, my country is the Land of Love,"
Thus did the lad reply ;

" My country is the Land of Love,
And a patriot there am I."

" And who is your king, my patriot boy,
Whom loyally you obey ?"

" My king is Freedom," quoth the lad,
" And he never says me nay."

" Then you do as you like in your Land of Love,
Where every man is free ?"

" Nay, we do as we love," replied the lad,
And his smile fell full on me.

—*Ernest Crosby, "Swords and Plowshares."*

HAVE YOUR HEART IN YOUR WORK.

Is it hard work that makes people grow old? or is it because they do not have enough to do, or rather do not find the thing they are best fitted to do?

The hardest worked people in the world are the actresses. Yet some of them, without mentioning names, are sixty, and some play the parts of lovers and boisterous young tomboys at an even greater age.

To have one's heart in his work is the secret of long life in all nations. Gladstone felled trees at eighty-six. The hardest worked man in England today is Joseph Chamberlain, who, though sixty-six, hardly looks over fifty, they say.

The oldest looking people in the world are not those who have worked hardest, but those who have not worked at all. If one would see them he wants to go to the fashionable watering places. There he will see comparatively young men and women who have never worked, either with body or mind, driven around in bath chairs or hobbling about on canes, while men absorbed in business are often quite robust at seventy.

Where hard work ever killed a man, laziness and inaction have killed a score. It is the class that feels above work that nature has little use for. Work and look young.

—From the Boston Globe.

No great work, no good thing, was ever accomplished by worry. No book fit to live was ever written, no noble thought ever evolved, no little home ever made sunny and happy, by worry, any more than Mozart ever performed rhapsody on a piano with tangled wires. In all

the world there's no state so senseless, so useless as worry. Calmness is power, and it may be cultivated by saying that whatever comes is best, by cheerfully searching out the lesson, and by minding our own business.

—*Grant Wallace, in San Francisco Bulletin.*

To fall in love with a good book is one of the greatest events that can befall us. It is to have a new influence pouring itself into our life, a new teacher to inspire and refine us, a new friend to be by our side always, who, when life grows narrow and weary, will take us into his wider and calmer and higher world.

—*Drummond.*

The final meaning of the movement is the nearness of the soul of God to the soul of man, and of the soul of man to God. If man is really growing nearer to God, not farther away from God, every advancing age must have a new theology.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

Trouble gwinter find you,
 'Taint no use to run,
But dar's boun' to be some blessin's
 When de trouble all is done.
An' de joy is jes' as certain
 As de day of sorrow's doom,
Foh when it's time foh roses,
 Why de roses gwinter bloom.

—*Washington Star.*

NOT HYPNOTISM, BUT SUGGESTION.

By Henry Harrison Brown.

The key to Wisdom, the Inlet of Power, and the road to Success are all found in the Principle of Suggestion.

The author of this book teaches that all Hypnotic Phenomena arise within the mind of the subject, that they are as natural as the functions of everyday labor. There is no such thing, therefore, as one person holding the will of another person in thrall, nor is there, in any real sense, such a thing as hypnotic power possessed by anyone.

Here are a few of the subjects treated in this fascinating book :

"I" and not "It"—Sensation—Emotion—Key to Wisdom—Fate can be Controlled—Power of Thought—Philosopher's Stone—Objective Life—Source of Power—Power of Will—Hypnotism Innocuous—Safety of Hypnosis—Self-Hypnosis—Thought-Harmony—Self-Suggestion—PostHypnotism—Spiritualism—Christian Science—Mastery of Fate—The Manifest Ideal—Etc., Etc.

Strong formulas for Self-Hypnotism are given at the close of the book. These formulas are for **The Relief of Pain, Cure of Nervousness, Insomnia, Discontent, Poverty, Bad Habits, Etc.**

Mr. Brown has had over 30 years' experience as teacher and lecturer along the lines about which he writes.

The book is very nicely printed on good paper, and contains 56 pages.
Price, 25 cents.

Address : **WILLIAM E. TOWNE,**
Department 7. HOLYOKE, MASS.

Eat Some Air ! Deep breathing promotes health

Read "Just How to Wake the Solar Plexus," by Elizabeth Towne. It gives breathing exercises of great value, tells how to control the emotions, banish fear, anger, worry, and develop concentration, thus insuring Strength and Poise. Ella Wheeler says of this book : "It contains a **Fortune** in value if you follow the simple rules given." **Price, 25 cents.** Send for a copy **now.**

WILLIAM E. TOWNE, Dept. 7, Holyoke, Mass.

ELEANOR KIRK'S IDEA.

The editor of this Journal has worked out some perplexing problems. Because of this she desires to show others the processes by which she did her sums. In other words, how to be happy instead of wretched, rich instead of poor, well and strong instead of sick and weak, good looking instead of haggard and ugly.

Subscription Price, \$1 Year.
Single Copies, 10 Cents.
Sample Copies, FREE.

Address : ELEANOR KIRK,
696 Greene Avenue, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

“The Rennert” of Baltimore

(Via Pennsylvania or B. & O. R. R. from any part of the United States).

The Foremost Hotel of the South

Ideal in Management

“The Rennert” is **THE** hotel of “The Monumental City,” which holds Johns Hopkins University, the seat of the American Hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church, The Women’s College, Peabody Institute, Walters’ Art Gallery, Johns Hopkins Hospital, Washington Monument, Maryland Institute, Six Theatres and Druid Hill Park with its celebrated drives extending into the famous Green Spring Valley. Baltimore is convenient to Washington, only 40 minutes, and is the terminal point of the Boston, Savannah, West Indian and South American steamers as well as several transatlantic lines.

Baltimore is the natural pausing point for tourists between Florida and the North, and “The Rennert” alone provides comforts to which they are accustomed.

*“The Rennert” has made Terrapin and Chesapeake Bay Game
and Oysters famous*

Every Progressive Accessory of Luxurious Hotel Life Provided.

Pennsylvania College for Women

EAST END PITTSBURG, PA.

33rd Year — Full College Course — Curriculum equal to the best.

College Preparatory Department—Admits to Collegiate Department or to Vassar, Wellesley or Smith. Superior advantages in **Music and Art. Physical Culture**—Gymnasium, Basket Ball, Tennis, Golf. Beautifully located in large grove of forest trees, combining all advantages of the city with beauty and health of country. Send for catalogue. Address—

REV. CHALMERS MARTIN, D.D., President.

Are You Looking For some literature that will interest you and in-

struct you, that will give you more health, a better memory, that will make you more fearless, give freedom to your native genius, put dollars in your pocket, and aid your unfoldment in every desired way? You want this literature to be striking and right to the point. Then FRED BURRY'S JOURNAL will just suit you. It contains only articles by Frederick W. Burry. The subscription price is \$1.00 a year—but send 10 cents, silver or stamps, today, while you think of it, to

FRED. BURRY'S JOURNAL, Dept. C., Toronto, Canada.

Practical Ideals

A New Thought Magazine of forty-eight pages, with the best writers. A great variety of matter. A metaphysical Monthly thoroughly up to date and illustrated. Only \$1.00 per year.

200 Clarendon Street, BOSTON, MASS.

"I will live cleanly as a nobleman should."

Learn all about the... **J. B. L. Cascade!**

Its use promotes health and induces longevity. A most wonderful remedial agent. It will appeal to your very highest sense of cleanliness. A sixteen-page descriptive pamphlet free for the asking.

Address— **WM. B. MOYLE,**
117-119 West Ohio St., ALLEGHENY, Pa., U.S.A.

77 Information Bureaus of the **New York Central Lines.**

Each city ticket office of the New York Central, Boston & Albany, Michigan Central, Lake Shore, Big Four, Pittsburg & Lake Erie & Western railroads in the cities of New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Worcester, Springfield, Albany, Utica, Montreal, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Detroit, Cleveland, Columbus, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, Chicago, Denver, San Francisco, Portland, Los Angeles and Dallas, Texas, is an information bureau, where desired information regarding rates, time of trains, character of resorts, hotel accommodations, and a thousand and one other things the intending traveller wants to know, will be freely given to all callers.

For a copy of Four Track Series No. 3, "America's Summer Resorts," send a two-cent stamp to Geo. H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York; or

Send five cents for a sample copy of the Four Track News, a beautifully illustrated monthly magazine of travel and education.

THE THOROLD POST

Printers and Binders
of Books

THOROLD, ONTARIO, CANADA.

Printers of **THE RADIANT CENTRE.** Let us estimate
on your work.