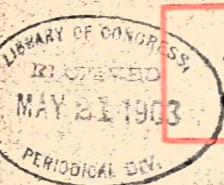


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THE RADIANT CENTRE

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE AND RELIGION

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Editorial Paragraphs.

Niagara-on-the-Lake, Canada.

Can you grow a new eye in place of the one you have lost? Why certainly. Some of the lower organisms do it, and why not you? A higher organism should be able to do all that is done by the lower, and much more.

I may be the veriest Crank in Christendom, but since the office of a Crank is to turn something, I'll turn that something far enough to make a record. I'll not stop half-way on the round with a creak and a thud, because any Crank that is worth its name will make at least one entire revolution.

I do not see much use in proclaiming that the New Thought can renew and re-create the body, and then

stopping short at the mention of a new eye or a tooth. There's no logic or reason in that surely.

And why should we accept what we now know of organic growth as its entire law? In the world of natural history, has the organism of one era been that of another? Have not those of an earlier epoch given place to those of a later? Where are the *Mastodon Giganteus* and the *Megatherium Cuvieri* of former ages? Their huge, sloth-like forms have given place to finer and ever refining organisms, and those of the present day will in their turn give place to others in the future differing beyond all conception from these of today.

Emerson says: "Why should we import rags and relics into the new hour?" and I ask: "Why should we?"

I am told that when rabbits were carried into Australia they developed claws by which they could climb fences, the will to get over the fence and the attendant effort being sufficient to form the claw. They did not import rags and relics into the new hour. They evolved from within themselves something fitted to the hour. A rabbit is a bright little creature to be sure, but I am inclined to think that man could be brighter and better equipped for

evolution were he conscious of his natural equipment, and willing to use it.

Man needs his eyes quite as much as rabbits need claws. His original need gave him eyes at the start, and his continued need will go on giving him eyes so long as he shall need them. When he unfolds an inner sight which does not depend upon the physical organ, then doubtless that physical organ will be aborted, but such a time is too far distant for present practical consideration.

The old Mosaic law—An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth—is destined to enactment within a man's own being, and it's far better all round to grow a new eye in place of the one gouged out by your neighbor than to gouge out his in return. Moreover, when a person is busied in his own "cabbage patch" he isn't half so apt to make wreckage of his neighbor's.

The growing of new eyes is an excellent and beneficial industry, good for the individual and society at large. It can be engaged in with absolutely no capital in the way of dollars and cents, its only requisites being intuitive perception and the amount of will-power on hand at the time. There is a large and growing demand

for new eyes, to say nothing of ears and teeth, and every man can be his own producer.

But speaking of organisms, and how little we know of them, I have heard that an aboriginal New Zealander could be struck with a broad-axe and in a day or two the flesh would unite like soft pitch and heal, though a wound of like nature would be the death of a civilized man of the present day ; so again I ask—What do we know of the recuperative powers inherent in our organism, because so buried under the rags and relics we have imported into the present hour that they are nearly dead. Our only hope is in excavating and uncovering these long buried powers, getting them on their legs, and making them serve us again, as they should and can.

We need not, however, return to savages for the purpose, for Nature does not move in closed circles, and when we bring into the present a thing of real value in the past, we find ourselves at a point in the spiral of evolution quite above the old round.

We have buried the better part of ourselves under non-essentials, and, as Carl Wagner in the "The Simple Life" so well defines it: "When the depths of our

being is stirred, with its need of loving, aspiring, fulfilling its destiny, it feels the anguish of one buried alive—is smothered under the mass of secondary things that weigh it down and deprive it of light and air.”

And again he says: “The sick man, wasted by fever, consumed by thirst, dreams in his sleep of a fresh stream wherein he bathes, or of a clear fountain from which he drinks in great draughts. So, amid the confused restlessness of modern life, our wearied minds dream of simplicity.”

And then he strongly advocates a return to simplicity in thought, speech and surroundings, and that we may understand just what he means by simplicity he explains: “Just now I passed three men on the street; the first in his carriage, the others on foot, and one of them shoeless. The shoeless man does not necessarily lead the least complex life of the three. It may be, indeed, that he who rides in his carriage is sincere and unaffected, in spite of his position, and is not at all the slave of his wealth; it may be also that the pedestrian in shoes neither envies him who rides nor despises him who goes unshod; and lastly, it is possible that under his rags, his feet in the dust, the third man has a hatred of

simplicity, of labor, of sobriety, and dreams only of idleness and pleasure. For among the least simple and straightforward of men must be reckoned professional beggars, knights of the road, parasites, and the whole tribe of the obsequious and envious, whose aspirations are summed up in this: to arrive at seizing a morsel—the biggest possible—of that prey which the fortunate of earth consume. No class has the prerogative of simplicity; no dress, however humble in appearance, is its unfailing badge. We do not mean by this that simplicity betrays itself in no visible signs, has not its own habits, its distinguishing tastes and ways; but this outward show, which may now and then be counterfeited, must not be confounded with its essence and its deep and wholly inward source. *Simplicity is a state of mind.* It dwells in the main intention of our lives. At bottom it consists in putting our acts and aspirations in accordance with the law of our being, and consequently with the Eternal Intention which willed that we should be at all. Let a flower be a flower, a swallow a swallow, a rock a rock, and let a man be a man, and not a fox, a hare, a hog, or a bird of prey; this is the sum of the whole matter."

In another place Wagner urges us as travellers toward the Ideal to "*simplify our baggage.*"

There are minds so comprehensive and so orderly that they can handle and combine many details, reducing their fractions easily to a common denominator, but such minds are the exception and not the rule. Those who find themselves possessed and subjugated by their belongings would better do as Prentice Mulford did when "the cares of the world" invaded his house of refuge in the Jersey swamp. "Out with ye all," said Prentice. "Begone, till I can make up my mind which of you is a must or not, a mere want or a pressing need." The mob was soon reduced to a few individuals, whose demands were quickly met and satisfied, and Prentice passed from Bedlam to Nirvana.

It is a fortunate thing that Essentials have the power of asserting themselves, and exercise it, else the human race would long ago have drivelled itself away in Non-Essentials. When complexity has advanced to the verge of degeneration, there is an instinctive and saving pull-back toward simplicity. In the breeding of fancy pigeons there is every now and then a reversion of type to the hardy rock pigeon from which the finer varieties are derived. Breeders cannot account for its appearance, except on the ground that Nature is at work to preserve her Essentials or strong types, and this is undoubtedly her effort, everywhere and among all things. It is for

man to discover this law in his own life, and work with it instead of against it, releasing the sturdy Essentials at the base of his being and fashioning himself in accordance.

Nature cannot heal you in mind and body, with rags, relics, and debris piled thick upon you, holding bound and stifled the very things she needs to work with.

Nature wants to repair your injured sight, or even construct for you a new eye in place of the one destroyed, but you do not believe she can do it, because to your knowledge there has been no precedent for your belief, and so you bandage those old rags and relics over the empty socket in place of filling it with the new eye. Nature needs and must have your co-operation, and you in your inner soul would give that co-operation gladly were you not under a hypnotic spell cast unconsciously by millions and billions of human beings, all believing that the thing you would accomplish is impossible. Some day there will come home to you the conviction that "God and one are a majority," and then the many minds against you will be feathers blown by the wind. The rags and relics will blow away too, while you will stand, looking out of two perfect eyes upon the accomplishment of the impossible.

In ten years I have seen the impossible become possible, then probable, and finally accomplished over and over again in many directions and at many times. In the coming ten years I expect to see greater and still greater marvels.

Like the blossoms on the cherry trees in number are the guests that are coming to Niagara-on-the-Lake. Hotels and cottages are throwing open doors and windows, and the town is very much alive.

The Michigan Central Railroad is fortunate in possessing so efficient and gentlemanly a conductor as Mr. Cowley, who has in charge its suburban service between this place and Buffalo. Alert, active, strict in the discharge of duty, and yet ever genial and obliging, Mr. Cowley stands without a peer in his calling. One might travel far and wide without meeting his equal in a railroad official.

"Each man has his own vocation. The talent is the call. There is one direction in which all space is open to him. He has faculties silently inviting him thither to endless exertion. He is like a ship in a river; he runs against obstructions on every side but one; on that side all obstruction is taken away, and he sweeps serenely over a deepening channel into an infinite sea."—*Emerson*.

How to Renew Your Youth.

LESSON FOUR

The Saving Factor.

No matter how great the influence of the Super-conscious or the possibility for action in the Subconscious, no matter how much you may know or believe relative to the renewing of youth, all is void without the controlling, dominating power of that saving factor, the Will.

There is but one Will in the Universe, and each individual Will is its output, bearing the relation to it that the wave on the ocean bears to the entire body of water, or the branch on the tree bears to the entire tree.

The wave is essentially one with the whole ocean, the branch is essentially one with the whole tree, and the individual Will is essentially one with the whole Will.

You can easily understand this to be true of the ocean or the tree, but it is not so apparent with the Will.

This is because the mind is a sort of storage battery, appropriating a certain amount of force, storing and using that amount until exhausted, and then appropriating, storing and using more, so that while busied with its limited store it is not conscious of the whole, of which its store is but a fraction.

With the physical eye we see the entire tree, and enough of the ocean to imagine its entirety, but with the inner eye we do not thus perceive the whole of that hidden force, the Will, which projects all things into expression.

But when it is brought to the notice of the mind that such a Wholeness or Unity of Force exists, then, while looking at a portion of Will, that portion with which it is working, the inner eye sees dimly, symbolically the Whole, something as the physical eye when gazing directly upon some object includes also the surrounding objects which come within the circumference of vision.

There is an abnormal state of the eye in which the sight narrows and can only see the object upon which it centres its attention, all else being excluded, and this same abnormal state of the inner eye prevails when that portion of the one Will which you call yours is present to your vision, while the more abnormal your sight the smaller your Will seems.

At such times your inner eye is sick, weak and diseased, so that it cannot see that which really is, that which is present with you, and there for you to see, but shut out from your vision.

There is one very curious thing about this inner seeing, and that is: There is a transmission of sight

from mind to mind ; for instance, if I see something clearly I can transmit my seeing to your mind so that you can see as I do with the inner eye. If I see the entirety of the Will, and see myself, with my part of the Will, as one with it, and invested with all its power, I can transfer that picture to your mind, and you will see it too. I may give it to you as a pen-picture, and a very imperfect one at that, but you will look through and beyond the pen-picture to my thought, and getting that you will see as I do. If my inner sight is normal, healthy and true, I can instantly convey to you the same clear vision which is mine, for it is not mine to hoard. In the eternal flux of things it is yours to receive, and in turn pass on to others.

It is absolutely necessary, if you would develop force of Will, to see your own Will as a part of the whole, and constantly flowing from the whole through you as an outlet of force. You may imprison it for a time within yourself. That is your privilege, to hold, condense and send it out with greater accumulation of power ; but if you do not send it out, and think of yourself as possessing just so much force and no more, and begin fearfully and carefully to husband that force, hoarding it and not expending it, your inner sight is sick, and narrowed down to a pin-point.

Or if you get the false idea that the Will is bad and

its exercise sinful, that the Will is something to be crushed out of existence, why then your inner sight is cross-eyed, because do you not know that to crush out the Will involves an exercise of Will, and the spectacle of Will crushing itself out of existence, and remaining as victor on the field after having been put out of existence, is enough to make any onlooker cross-eyed beyond redemption?

The very impossibility of the conception proves that Will is an Essential, and being an Essential its eradication is inconceivable. The entire Universe is projected into space by Will as a whole, and every object in the Universe is projected by the Will in part, but that does not mean that the Will in each object is separated from the Universal Will.

It seems so, of course, because the objects themselves are separated from each other, but the Will is not subject to the same rules that govern the measurement of material substance. You may be in London and I in Washington, and yet the ocean of Will joins us in one. You rise on its surface as a wave in one place, and I rise as a wave in another place, but we are one with the ocean itself and with each other just the same. Your wave may move toward the North and mine toward the South, or yours to the East and mine toward the West, but though the direction of our individual Wills be not the

same, though they may set in each instance toward differing objects, or points of attraction, still they are the one Will, perfect, in itself entire and indivisible.

The whole force of the Universe is conserved in the one Will. Its Energy as a whole is never increased, never diminished, always the same, though its individual demonstrations differ, now manifesting great strength, now little, as the case may be.

Your Will being one with the Universal Will, it seems strange that at one time your Will can be bad and at another time good. It is good or bad according to the direction it takes. An automobile spinning along the highway is better than the one in the ditch, because of its direction tending toward self-preservation instead of self-destruction. Of good in the ultimate we know very little, but good in the relative we all know consists in preserving the useful and the beautiful, and in bringing all beings to the highest point of development, to the actualization of the Ideal. The Ideal of today may not be up to the Ideal of tomorrow, but it points and leads to that of tomorrow, and without it as a stepping-stone that of tomorrow is unattainable.

Sickness and decrepitude mark a falling away from the Ideal. They are like the automobile in the ditch, the result of force illy directed.

The wisdom, the breadth of experience and the

depth of sympathy that should come with the passing of the years, are wonderful and beautiful marks of age. Not so the broken-down tissues, the weakness and disease. It is possible to acquire the beautiful marks and escape or obliterate the unsightly ones by a proper direction of the enlightened Will.

I may know the beautiful and true action and yet not will to perform it. In that case my thought does not tend to beauty of expression or preservation of the body. I may know that certain thoughts are corrosive, and yet will to entertain them, day after day, month after month, and year after year, in which event my Will is my Destroyer, my Death, and my automobile is in the ditch, so that with all the knowledge in the world one cannot renew or re-create himself without using the Will as the saving factor.

You can use the Will to good effect with very little knowledge, because there is within you an intuitive perception of what is good and what is not. You know by the effect of certain thoughts and feelings that they are bad for you. You know it is not well for you to indulge in spells of depression, of resentment, of envy, anger, anxiety, fear, etc., and you may not will to have such thoughts and feelings, but seem powerless to expel them. Possibly you do try once or twice, or three times at most, to throw out an obnoxious intruder, and succeed on the in-

stant, but it returns again and again, until finally you give up and allow it to remain.

You would not give up if you knew what a mighty power was at your back, even the whole Will of the Universe, every bit of it. It is the old mistaken idea about the Will that paralyzes your efforts, and makes you think you have used up all your force when you have not.

Think about your oneness with all Energy the next time you get discouraged, and see how your Will springs up unwearied to fresh action. It will surprise you with what it can do. Surprise you, do I say? More than that—it will *amaze* you.

Are you in earnest? Ask yourself if you really wish to renew your youth? If you do, that wish is a movement of the Will. If the wish be a strong one, then the Will is putting forth a vigorous effort and the saving factor is at work. Keep it going. Keep your automobile on the highway. Charge it anew when one charge wears out, and keep going. Use your intelligence in its guidance, and your auto becomes an excellent symbol of the enlightened Will, the saving factor skilfully propelled in the direction where you would go.

And the exercise of Will is a pleasure and a happiness, in itself even when it moves to the hardest and most difficult accomplishment, its finest and best endeavor lying not in the subjugation of others, but in the control

of self, by which it unifies, adjusts and regulates many conflicting and complex elements into one harmonious, beautiful whole, obedient to a high, dominant idea.

No man can serve two masters, and no organism can be perfect until all its parts serve one dominant.

In perfecting the human organism, both in mind and body, this law is regnant. There must be a ruling Ideal, and the office of the saving factor, the Will, is to bring all lower thoughts, desires and purposes under the domination of this Ideal. Until that is accomplished there must be contention and discord throughout the organism, lack of peace in the mind being attended by pain in the flesh.

While the Will cannot crush itself out of existence, it can use one part of itself against another part, and it is that which gives us the sense of having two selves, one self willing in one direction and the other self willing in an opposite direction. One course is always better than the other, because in accordance with the higher Ideal. When the better course wins, then there is gain, and when the other course wins there is loss. But as a rule the better way does not look attractive at the start, and it requires a decided exercise of the Will to follow it. This is good, for it calls more force into expression and intensifies the realization of Life.

To realize more Life is to have more Life, and to

have more Life is to move away from weakness and disease ; therefore to understand the fullness and power of the Will, by seeing its oneness with the Universal Will, and then to set it in operation in obedience to the highest and best we know, is to use the saving factor in the renewal of youth.

In nervous prostration, one loses interest in all things, desiring nothing, caring for nothing, and this indicates a great lessening of Will. But underneath all there is usually a desire to get well and be lifted out of the horrors of a living death. This desire is the saving factor, the one germ of Will to strengthen and encourage into growth, and, acting in accordance with this desire, if the sufferer can be induced to use the Will a little, day after day, in banishing from the mind depressing thoughts and resisting the tendency to rehearse his troubles to every sympathetic ear, he has taken the initial steps out of shadow into light.

All troubles grow and increase as you dwell upon them, for you thus create a mental atmosphere in which they thrive like noxious weeds. Tear them up by the roots, throw them out, and give other and better thought-seeds a chance in the soil.

Have you not again and again found your fears groundless and your apprehensions much worse than the thing apprehended when it came to pass ? And then

did it not seem foolish that you should have lain awake nights, tearing down life cells with your gloomy forebodings ?

And are you going to keep up this useless and harmful habit until your face is all drawn into furrows of anxiety ? Are you going to do this ? or are you going to stop right now, and begin to use your Will as a saving factor ?

You are going to stop now, this very moment, and begin the new and better way.

(To be continued)

Special Notices

The cost of publishing The Radiant Centre is much greater in its present form, but the subscription price remains the same. In these days of multitudinous periodicals, the discerning ones will understand and appreciate the effort of the editor in giving the greatest possible amount of Truth in the smallest possible amount of space. The discerning ones are not like the "nouveau riche" man, who ordered books for his library to fill the accompanying measurement : One yard of Science, two yards of History, and three of Philosophy, the one merit in the order being the excess of Philosophy on the bookshelves, if nowhere else.

After June first make your Money Orders payable at Washington, D. C.

Answers to Correspondents

Question—You say in a previous number of The Radiant Centre that your position toward Occultism is that of a looker-on; that you stand outside the field of operation and watch developments, accepting results very much as you do those of a chemist or biologist, and that while you respect Occultism you stand aloof from its practice, because you have observed that practical Occultists have weak, nervous, over-sensitive bodies. Now I am a practical Occultist myself, and I know that Occultism should give a strong body, mind and soul, and may I venture to assert that you, being simply an onlooker, are incapacitated thereby for giving a true judgment. I would also suggest that, since you have taken your stand at the place where "Being passes into Appearance, and Unity into variety," you are a long way from the Centre, and from knowing the "Secret of the World."

Answer—I neglected to state in my former issue a very important fact, which throws quite a different light upon my position, and it is this: *I have been a practical Occultist*, and therefore in my present stand as onlooker I am not giving a superficial judgment. What I know is the result of my own experience. You say Occultism *should* give a strong body. Ah, but *does* it? I have never seen it do this in one single instance, and I have one case in mind where the attempt to wake the Kundalini resulted in prolonged and excruciating sciatica.

Of course in one sense the entire teaching and practice of the New Thought is occult, since it deals with what is hidden, and turns the thought from external and material things to the inner and unseen world where all

force dwells. Had I the space in this answer I would show you how the New Thought, or the Illumination thrown upon the Old Thought, comes from the East, like the sunlight in the early morn, and to it my soul expands with loving reverence ; but when it comes to planting in the mind-soil of the West the growths of centuries in the East, in the way of Yoga and crystal-gazing, it is a failure so far as my observation goes. If Yoga really strengthens the body, then let me ask you, my friend, how is it that our dear and greatly respected Vivekananda died of Bright's Disease ?

You say that since I have taken my stand where "Being passes into appearance, and Unity into Variety" I must be a long way from the Centre, and from knowing the "Secret of the World."

Possibly. But can you tell me of a stand, other than the one indicated, that any *expression* of Being can take and continue to remain an *expression* ? When I cease to radiate from the Centre I will go away back into Being and sit down, but until then I am compelled by the law of Things to be just where I say I am, with one hand reaching into Being and grasping the Secret of the World, while with the other I am giving out with open palm all that I get to him who wills to receive.

And, see here ! Are you not something of an onlooker yourself, and therefore (by your own argument), incapacitated for measuring my distance from the Centre ? If you are not there yourself, how do you know whether I am there or not ? And you surely cannot be there (again by your own argument), for while you wield the pen of protest you are evidently *in Appearance*. O, nonsense ! It's such a silly, useless fad to attempt to crawl into the Centre and stay there, and we couldn't do it if we would.

Under the Searchlight

Dear Mrs. Boehme—

I must tell you of a wonderful experience while reading your editorial notes in January issue, when I was called into realization of Life by the touch of your words. I had the belief of a severe cold, but while reading I realized "God and I alone," and my cold vanished in one hour. How wonderful are the laws of God.

Yours with the love of Right,

A. M. L., Athol, Mass.

Mrs. K. Atkinson Boehme—

Your letter and magazine received, and I am very much pleased. I have thought for years the matter of growing old was dependent upon whether you would or wouldn't, and have always said I wouldn't. I am 75 years old, but am generally taken to be from 55 to 60, and appear much younger than my brother, who is 61. Now if I try hard to understand your teachings I may be an example by the time I am 100 years old. I am convinced that the mind governs the body much more than is generally supposed, and I see no reason why your teachings are not correct. I may never be able to practice them in full, but am trying to understand and practice so far as possible. I am sure I am much happier through what I have already learned from reading *The Radiant Centre*, and I am lending it to those who are interested. I find every one who reads one number wants another.

Your very truly,

R. C. G., Greenfield, Mass.

(Massachusetts looks very well under the Search-light.)

My dear Mrs. Boehme—

The package of your books came safely to me on Saturday morning, and I was like a child with a box of candy just given it, who would open the box, take a piece and say—I'll keep the rest till mother comes. So I opened the books and found so much that I wanted to know about, but thought I would wait until Miss L. came in that we might read it together. But I could not wait, and read on and on, fancying I could hear your voice in it all, emphasizing many passages for my special benefit. I now begin to know a bit about my radiant centre, thanks to that other radiant centre who is just now at Niagara-on-the-Lake. You are so clear in all you state that a child can understand.

An electric light is right in front of my window, and last eve as I sat looking out I saw it first as a tiny spark, then long and longer rays of light came, then the full and real light burst into view. I imagine that is the way in which I'll receive the life which will emanate from my radiant centre. Certainly you have a herculean task to get my thoughts started out of the old beaten rut of FEAR and SELF, but I now EXPECT TO BE WELL, and IT IS COMING.

Faithfully yours,

M. A. H., Paterson, N. J.

(New Jersey shows up well, also.)

“He who travels to be amused, or to get somewhat which he does not carry, travels away from himself, and grows old even in youth among old things. In Thebes, in Palmyra, his will and mind have become old and dilapidated as they. He carries ruins to ruins.”—*Emerson.*

Great Thoughts from Emerson's Writings

"It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion ; it is easy in solitude to live after our own ; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

"We pass for what we are. Character teaches above our wills. Men imagine that they communicate their virtue or vice only by overt actions, and do not see that virtue or vice emit a breath every moment.

"We lie in the lap of immense intelligence, which makes us receivers of its truth, and organs of its activity. When we discern justice, when we discern truth, we do nothing of ourselves, but allow a passage to its beams.

"Nature suffers nothing to remain in her kingdoms which cannot help itself. The genesis and maturation of a planet, its poise and orbit, the bended tree recovering itself from the strong wind, the vital resources of every animal and vegetable, are demonstrations of the self-sufficing and therefore self-relying soul."

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