

SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER, 1903—DOUBLE NUMBER.

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May 1904, the latter beginning a new volume.

I hope to publish regularly hereafter, and will see that you
receive all the numbers issued.

Very sincerely,

File No. PE 4442.

Kate A. Bachue,
Editor.

THE RADIANT CENTRE

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE AND RELIGION

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Editorial Paragraphs.

Some of my readers will be surprised to note that I am now in favor of physical culture, under certain conditions, those conditions being given in Lesson Nine in the series "How to Renew Your Youth."

Having practiced physical culture without any appreciable benefit, in past years, and being subsequently restored to health by mental culture, I at one time naturally exalted the latter at the expense of the former.

But for reasons given in Lesson Nine I have reached the conclusion that there is a way of combining mental science with physical culture to the great advantage of the individual. Always keep uppermost in your mind the conception, for which the Radiant Centre stands, the conception of your oneness with the Universal Energy,

and of your consequent control over physical conditions, and then go in for hygienic reform, deep breathing and physical culture if you will. They will all help you, provided you use them as servitors and hold yourself in command.

They will not help you if you get slavish, and lose your natural spontaneity of action through obedience to their precepts.

It may agree with some one else to go without breakfast, and it may not agree with you. Some one may thrive on grape nuts, but that some one need not be you. On general principles, over-eating is injurious, but there is no uniform measure which shall determine what each individual shall consume daily. A chronic "faster" may go without food for weeks, while a three-days fast might ferry you over the Styx.

Experiment all you will, but do not follow any particular method just because some health reform advises it. Prove all things, and hold fast to that which is good—for you.

Life is a long experiment anyway, and I believe in

experimenting. It takes us out of beaten tracks, breaks up monotony, and in consequence awakens new life. Just watch people who do everthing by the clock, with mathematical precision, and who have never changed their habits for years, if you want to see dead people with a mere semblance of life.

Eat the new breakfast foods, even if you get hold of the bird seed by mistake. Eat raw foods for a while, if you want to. Do anything rather than stay in a rut. Let steam cars and trolleys preempt the tracks, while you move, as the stars do in their orbits, ever into new fields of space. The heavenly bodies know better than to stick to the same old round, and the entire solar system is moving into new quarters, then why not you?

It is a bad thing for a locomotive to jump the track, because it belongs there, but it is a good thing for you to jump it because you do *not* belong there, and if you persist in staying there some mechanical thing, which has the right of way, will run you down.

Some people are beaten off the track with a club, and rubbing their bruises they think themselves ill used, failing to see that a black and blue spot is better than a mangled body.

When a man has taken an overdose of opium, his physician will not allow him to sleep, and resorts often to severe measures to keep him awake. This seems cruel to the patient, but it is really his salvation. I fancy Nature handles us in much the same way, lest we fall into that last sleep called death.

Speaking of food reform, I think it a mistake to believe food to have no inherent power for good or ill except that which we give it through our thought. From my outlook on creation I see all things as each possessing an intrinsic value, a definite quality, independently of what the whole world may think about it. This quality is the nucleus of its life, giving it special form, and adapting it to certain ends, like the nucleus of life and growth in a human being, only in lesser degree; i. e., a mineral or plant is, in its way, as much of an individual as I am, but its way is a lesser way, and it cannot compete with my power over it, provided I know my power, and bring enough of it into play.

Without doubt a piece of mince pie is difficult to digest, and in the stomach of a dyspeptic it might cause serious trouble; and yet that mince pie is a challenge to the stomach to assert itself by calling out the gastric juice and getting to work. Add to this some reinforcement from the mind, in the way of

affirmation that the stomach is able to accomplish the digestion, and the result will be a success.

On the other hand, if the stomach has an indolent time of it, having to act only upon easily digested food, it is apt to grow inert and weak through too little exertion.

If you eat food possessing the nutritive quality in excess and too little waste matter, the intestines have not enough to do, whereas if your food consists of too much waste and too little nutriment the intestines are over-worked and inflammation sets up.

If you drink too little water the blood gets thick and the circulation is impeded; if you drink too much, the kidneys have more to do than is good for them.

So you see how difficult this food and drink problem is of solution, and why I say that its only solution is by way of experiment, with this old saying well up in sight: One man's meat is another man's poison.

And after all you have to dominate food reform from a metaphysical standpoint, or you will certainly be floored.

When from the centre of your being you look out to the circumference, or the physical life, you will get the right focus on things, until intuition in you takes the place of that instinct which guides the lower organisms in the selection of food and drink. They *know* without reasoning, on their plane, and you *know* on yours. As we round the spiral of life, the law holds good on every round, but differs in expression. The amoeba is hidden in the man, but the amoebic life is in him just the same. The amoeba grasped its food without lying awake nights over the problem of selection, and man will do the same when he gets around to it, but in the meantime he must have his little tussle with the thing, and that is all right, too. Everything's all right, with him and the whole world.

It is my opinion that if I know my power I can digest nails; but why should I, when they do not appeal to me as appetizing? Still I would eat them, and digest them too, if that were my only way out of a rut.

Did it ever occur to you that, no matter how good your health seems, there is a still more vital condition to which you may look forward? I think that is a glorious possibility.

Mere freedom from pain and discomfort is called

health, whereas it is only the first faint dawning of a greater light, the first flutter of a wing that is to carry you up and up to unimagined heights.

Let us dream of this more and more vibrant state which shall be ours, and, so dreaming, wake to its realization.



How to Renew Your Youth

LESSON EIGHT

Moving Toward the New

What is the purport of the scheme toward which all time is gone ?
What is the great Aeonian goal ? The joy of going on.
And are there any souls so strong, such feet with swiftmess shod.
That they shall reach it, reach some bourne, the ultimate of God ?
There is no bourne, no ultimate. The very farthest star
But rims a sea of other stars that stretches just as far.
There's no beginning and no end. As in the ages gone,
The greatest joy of joys shall be the joy of going on.

—Sam Walter Foss

One of the marked characteristics of old age is the tendency to live in the past, while that of youth is to live in the future. When the doorways of thought close in front, they seem to open in the rear, and life, to the person of advanced years, is almost entirely a matter of retrospect and reminiscence.

There are exceptions to this rule, and those exceptions are the minds consecrated to some work as yet unfinished, in which new interests and new objects to be attained are continually presenting themselves.

To move toward the new is therefore to be acquiring new material for thought, and, since thought builds the

body, new thought makes new body, and moving toward the new is in line with the renewal of youth.

You can move toward the new without stirring out of your present location. Travel will not give you newness of thought, unless you look upon scenes to get new thought from them. A person in nervous prostration may travel all over the world without a change of mood, and come home as apathetic, weak, miserable and indifferent to all the pleasure in life as though he had remained at home.

On the other hand, a person who has learned how to move toward the new will keep vital and fresh in mind and body, though day after day and year after year confined to his workshop or study.

Travel is good, and external change is to be desired, but they are only helpful to those who have discovered how to travel inwardly or mentally from the old to the new.

The mind that is busied in expressing its ideals is learning the secret of inner travel, and is moving steadily toward Immortal Youth, a mental state which controls the disintegration of atoms, and continually repairs the waste.

It is because the waste exceeds the repair that the body grows old and decrepit, just as an old house would, if no effort were made to preserve it. If allowed to go year after year without repair, it would fall into ruinous

condition. That is a fact easily seen, but to learn this truth when applied to the human organism is more difficult.

It is quite generally known that hygienic conditions will prolong life, through improving the health and increasing the staying power, or hold, which the individual has upon his body; but the mind staggers at the idea that it is possible to so live as not only to arrest decay but to return to youthful conditions of mind and body, and to continue in them so long as one may choose to do so.

Nature is eloquent as she points out this possibility, but we have failed to hear her utterance, and we go blindly groping toward the grave in consequence.

Those who hear her voice have turned, and with eyes brightening with hope are moving daily and even hourly toward fuller life, with an ever opening vista of greater happiness.

It has always seemed to me most unfortunate that people should spend the greater part of their lives in learning how to live, and should then have to die just as they are ready to put their hard-earned knowledge into practice. It appears like a break in the sequence of events not justified by the intelligence everywhere manifest in the length and breadth of creation.

Supposing every artist in the world, after years of preliminary study, should stop right there, and never place a finished picture on canvas—would you not think something was wrong with the way of things?

Fortunately the stopping short on the threshold of a realized ideal is the exception and not the rule, and that is encouraging to us would-be artists in the spiritualization of the body, who would lift it from the heavy, sensual state in which it is groveling, and make it a thing of beauty, instinct with life and light, and a fit covering for the wonderful spirit within.

From my viewpoint I do not see the decrepitude of old age as a fulfilling of law, except in the sense that if you do not discover a higher law you shall be subject to a lower; therefore old age and death seem to me a falling short in attainment, a stopping just this side of that higher law which makes life in this body possible so long as we may desire it.

I say *this* body, but I really mean *a something* into which this body shall evolve, for to go on with this organism just as it is now would be an endless monotony, and would not mean a renewal of youth, or a moving toward the new in any particular.

When I see men and women of sixty or seventy years taking up physical culture, I feel like cheering them on to still greater accomplishment. I long to plant this idea of overcoming old age and death as a central idea in their minds, and urge them to act constantly as though they believed in it fully, for even to believe it in a measure, and to act from it occasionally, will prolong life and increase the pleasure in living.

Moreover, when the mind takes in an idea temporarily, and as it were on sufferance or probation, it is liable to retain it permanently, and when it proves its worth it will rise to a dominant position, and marshall the thoughts to a new and improved order.

You are really moving toward the new when you entertain hospitably the thought of renewing your youth, when you think that it may be possible, and when you feel the quivering of hope that it may be true. You are then entertaining the angel unawares, and the quiver of hope within you is the stirring of that angel's wing.

There is a mental process which is called Apperception. It means that the ideas of an individual fall into a certain order of arrangement owing to the control of a dominant idea, and that every time an old dominant is dethroned and a new dominant enthroned a disturbance ensues, until out of chaos the new order is established. Apperception demands a change in the dominant every now and then, but owing to the unsettling of ideas and the consequent disquietude very many people hang on to the old dominant. The law of renewal calls for a new dominant, and the individual who resists it does so to his cost.

You will notice that old people are very persistent in holding to fixed ideas. They bolster up the senile, hairless and toothless dominant, until in its company they grow senile, hairless and toothless too, and they finally get into an ante mortem rigidity of death.

The dead people are not all in their coffins by any means. Very many of them have an automatic action which enables them to say and do dead things very like any other automaton.

Fortunately Nature sometimes rescues these dead people by a painful shock from the grave towards which they are rapidly tending, and they feel themselves greatly abused in consequence at the time, though possibly later they are made to see the beneficence of the action.

I am more and more persuaded that the happenings we call adverse and unfortunate are things we need to shake us out of deadness into life.

It hurts when life comes back to a paralysed arm, but it changes a dead arm into a live one.

If you are shaken painfully out of old conditions into new, it is a good thing for you, and you will see it so some day. It happens as a saving circumstance, because otherwise you would not get out of the old into the new.

Be always ready to change your dominant thought, and be willing to rearrange all your old conceptions, if need be, to agree with the new dominant.

That is the natural action of a *young mind*, and Nature is trying to hold you to it. Do not frustrate her loving designs by any mistaken notions about the dignity of fixed ideas, for the dignity of life is greater than that of death.

New Limbs for Old

Marvelous way in which Nature supplies lost Organs. The Miracle of Growth. The human system is renewed every seven years, but in the Animal World Organs lost by accident can be regrown - Spiders' legs lost in battle reappear in the morning

In the many marvels of the animal world there is nothing more wonderful than the mystery of growth, and the lavish way in which nature not only supplies heads and eyes, legs and tails, but also supplementary members to take their places when those useful if not necessary articles are destroyed or lost.

The replacement of lost organs is more common as we approach the foundations of life, and is almost absent from its pinnacles and battlements. There is a popular idea that every part of the human body is renewed in the course of seven years, and that the grown man who gazes on his strong limbs, and (by means of a mirror) at his comely or uncomely face, is looking at a totally different person from the child who was his infantile representative. He was John Smith at ten, he is John Smith at twenty-five, and yet every particle has changed; he is another John and another Smith—the same, yet not the same.

How much of this theory is true it is difficult to say, and not very profitable to discuss. But we know that

the body is capable of renewal as well as of ordinary growth. Cuts and wounds are filled up by new flesh, growing from the sides until the seams are completely mended; it is possible to take skin from one person's healthy forehead and to graft it upon another person's nose; and blood, it is believed, may be drawn from the veins of the robust and made to flow in those of the feeble.

More commonplace growths are familiar to everyone. The skin is ever being rubbed or washed away, hair requires cutting at inconveniently short intervals, human nails demand the scissors, the claws of cats are reset by the aid of the drawing-room furniture, and those of the tiger by means of a friendly tree. The horns of a male deer, and in the case of the reindeer those of the female also—which in some instances weigh half a hundred-weight—are broken off and grow again year by year.

But with these exceptions there is nothing in the higher animals corresponding to the replacing of limbs in the crab. It is only when we leave the mammals and the birds that we arrive at the miracle of growth which the fisherman called "sprouting," and which men of science term the regeneration of lost parts. It is at its meridian in the crabs and the spiders, while its dawn must be looked for far below the mollusks and the worms. Man, so to speak, only basks in the rays of the setting sun.

Sea anemones, which with their green, pink, cream,

blue and crimson floral beauty turn the shores of the ocean into a marine paradise, may be cut down by adverse circumstances, as our garden flowers are by a northern blast, without losing their vitality or their power of recuperation. Let but a layer of the original root remain attached to the rock, and they will again grow bodies, and crown them with bud-like fringes, which serve them for lips and hands.

I once heard a jocular doctor threaten to amputate a patient in the middle of his back. Such a radical operation would probably have debarred the subject of it from violent athletic pursuits for the rest of his life. An earthworm thinks nothing of being taken off in the middle of the back by the spade of an unsuspecting or malicious gardener, but simply rests as a private patient for a month or two, and then comes out with a bran-new tail. Even the loss of the other end does not trouble the interesting creature which Darwin raised from the status of a pest to the honorable rank of one of the world's benefactors.

Most people lose their heads, metaphorically, at times, but when those ornamental appendages are literally off, no fresh heads take their place. A worm, on the contrary, has been known to grow a new brain, as well as the more humdrum but useful mouth and throat, in the course of a couple of months.

That "mixed multitude" of animals classed together

by naturalists as mollusks, which include the lie-a-bed oyster and the wide-a-wake cuttlefish, contains also the snail, far-famed for its marvelous speed, its habit of evading the ground landlord by carrying its house on its shoulders, and for its ability to open new eyes should the originals be permanently darkened. The eyes, as is well known, are carried at the ends of two horns, and can be pulled in or thrust out with more than mechanical ease and precision. If the eyes are lost by any accident, the life which pervades the creature, beginning from the mere stumps, builds up the optic nerves afresh, furnishes them with appropriate cases, and places accurately constructed lenses at the ends.

In the case of a human being who has lost his eyes the ophthalmist has nothing more practical to do than to send in his bill, and the optician is reduced to the construction of glass eyes, or some other appliance to hide the deformity; whereas the snail, treated in the ophthalmic hospital of nature, grows new eyes and goes merrily but sedately to his revels on a tender cabbage-leaf under the moon.

Few insects are known to replace lost members, although they are frequently found minus a foot or one of their antennae. This is probably due to the fact that most insects emerge suddenly into the mature form, when growth practically ceases, and it is in the immature stage that uncommon growth is most marked.

Two insects, however, which grow from larvae to perfect individuals without any great change of form, are able to replace lost antennae or legs. Earwigs begin life with antennae of eight joints each, and by subdivision increase the joints to fourteen. The antennae are brittle, and joints frequently break off, but are readily replaced, the disturbance arising from the fracture often producing a variation from the usual number.

Spiders and crabs, which are near relations, are able, after a series of moults, to replace limbs which have disappeared in battle. It is somewhat startling, on the morrow after shutting up in a box a dark spider, with seven legs, to find two spiders, one dark and the other light, one with eight legs and the other with seven, the captive having changed his clothes and grown a new leg during the hours of darkness. Crabs are warlike, and when two or three enter the same crabpot are apt to destroy one another's limbs in a way which to less richly endowed races seems extravagant. Fishermen cannot afford to throw them back into the sea, but they often render first aid. Thrusting a finger into the wound of the mangled limb, they irritate the owner, who thereupon jerks off the "paw," leaving a neat film at the end of the stump which prevents any further loss of blood. Crabs are more excitable than their appearance would suggest, and it is firmly believed by the fisherman that when they are confined in the store-pots in shallow water a

thunder-storm will bring about a wholesale kicking away of their unfortunate limbs.

All things considered, the reproduction of lost members—heads, eyes, legs and tails—is one of the most remarkable things connected with the daily miracle of growth.

—*London Mail.*



How to Renew Your Youth.

LESSON NINE

From the Physical Side

I am often asked by correspondents whether it is necessary to work from the physical as well as from the mental or spiritual side of life in order to renew one's youth, and I have delayed my reply until I could not only give the subject due consideration, but also give it a practical test in my own experience.

For a long time I thought it better to take the thought off the physical as much as possible, because I had observed that to dwell much upon the digestive process was sure to produce indigestion, and it seemed that all automatic activities went more smoothly when left to themselves. While I conceded that the conscious mind must always affect involuntary activities, I felt that it should be in a general way, and without direct concentration upon them.

For instance, one can, by the immediate effect of thought, change the circulation, affect the heart, the lungs, and all the vital organs, and yet fail to bring them into the general harmonious adjustment produced by a cheerful mood, an attitude of courage, or some other

mental stimulant. In view of this, and of the fact that for many years we had all practised hygienic reform with indifferent success, it seemed to me advisable to drop, at least for a while, and as far as possible, all thought of the physical, except the attention essential to cleanliness of body and appropriate clothing.

Acting from this belief, I proved in my own life that it was possible to spend all my time indoors, either in study or meditation, without any physical exercise, and to remain at my work through the long summer here in Washington without the slightest detriment to my health.

That was very good, but it did not then occur to me how much more vital I might be under a different regime, and it was not until I spent a winter in Canada, much of it in the open air, that I realized the difference between my former state of health (which was unquestionably excellent) and the new state, with its great accession of vitality.

My conclusion was that it is one thing to master conditions on a certain level, and quite another, and a better thing, to get off that level to a higher for a new field of conquest.

Levels are bound to grow monotonous, and that "Moving toward the New" principle, of which I spoke in my last lesson, demands that we shall get out of the old and into the new if we wish to renew the life in mind and

body, while "The greatest joy of joys shall be the joy of going on."

And this is what I saw from the new level looking down upon the lower one—I saw that the lower level was good, and the higher could only be reached by dwelling first upon the lower and mastering its conditions. I saw that it was well for me to have withdrawn my thought from the physical for a time, and to return to it with a new perception. I saw that to gain mental and bodily perfection there must be a blending of the metaphysical and the physical in harmonious union.

To illustrate more fully my meaning—A person may walk for miles in ozone-laden air and return with mental depression and a weary body, while the same person, in the same physical condition, but with the New Thought astir in his mind, would be vivified at every step.

When the city of Chicago tunneled out into the lake for its water supply, the work upon the tunnel began at both ends, one being in the city and the other far out in the lake. So perfect was the engineering that the tunneling parties met midway, and the great conduit was thus opened between the lake and the city.

Now it seems to me that we construct in similar manner our conduit for the transmission of the Divine Energy. We work from the metaphysical end, and also from the physical, untill our work reaches the point of juncture when the way is fully opened between us and

our source of supply, and the influx rushes through to every atom of our being, just as the water is conveyed to every citizen in Chicago, even the poorest and humblest.

I know nothing of civil engineering, but common sense affirms that by beginning at both ends of a conduit the work of construction is accomplished in half the time it would take to work only from one end.

When I began my work of tunneling into the Infinite, I was an inexperienced workman, and had many masters, each advising a different method of procedure, until such a Babel of confusion arose that my work well nigh stopped altogether but I succeeded in closing my ears, and pushing on to the best of my knowledge, until I learned how to work at each end of the tunnel and reach a point of juncture midway, which I consider quite an exploit in metaphysical engineering, for it has opened a perfect conduit between me and my unfailing source of supply. Through it the waters of truth are ever flowing through my life, bringing refreshment and renewal to mind and body, and carrying away the germs of disease and death.

But since I proclaim the advantage of beginning at each end of the conduit, and working toward the middle, let me tell you in simple fashion what I mean by that, and how I would advise you to accomplish it.

To begin at the metaphysical end is to see yourself as indestructible spirit, and to know yourself as one with

the Universal, Omnipresent Spirit which pervades the Universe; to feel this to be the real you, while the temporal mind and body is but one of the many expressions of that real you.

This is how you should start from the metaphysical end. Take that primal conception, and reason upon it until you see that it must be so, and could not be otherwise.

You are then at the end of your conduit which opens into the lake. Remove your thought to the other end, and you then contemplate your physical body, and that part of your mind which presides over it and controls it.

If in that contemplation you lose sight of the conception you held at the lake end of the conduit, you stop work at the lake end, and you are also more than liable to lose your bearings, miss your calculation, and go burrowing along the shore instead of out into the lake.

If, instead, you retain the conception concerning the real you, it will cause you to extend your work in the right direction, and you will make your conduit meet in the middle, with the result that the real you will express itself in the everyday, commonplace you, which you have been accustomed to regard as your entire self.

The real you is resplendent with life, health and beauty, and when the conduit is opened so that the real

you can reach the other end of the line, it manifests there as life, health and beauty,

The real you has to have a medium of expression, and that medium is your body and that part of your mind which is associated with the body. It is possible to use your mind and body in physical culture, deep breathing and hygienic regime to a certain degree of improvement in health and good spirits; but you fall short in attainment unless you carry into this work the mental conception of the real you at the other end of your life line, and that is where our health reforms have failed in the past. They have been working at the physical end of the line, and, as I said in a preceding paragraph, have been burrowing along the shore instead of going out to a terminus in the broad waters of vital supply. They have remained in the earth or bodily consciousness, instead of going through it to the water, or spiritual consciousness.

If you are living in the bodily consciousness, and fall into weakness or disease, the very thought of a cold bath will fill you with dread. There will be a natural and instinctive recoil, which is really self-preservative, for should you exercise your will power, and take the bath, there would be no reaction, and your condition would be worse after the bath than before.

On the other hand, if you have gained a conception of the real self, with its infinite store of vitality, then, even though at times you get negative, low spirited, and

generally good-for-nothing, you may shrink a little from your cold bath, but back in your mind there will be the realization of the vitality upon which you can draw, and through that realization you do draw upon it, getting a fine, healthy reaction, and a strong pull upward out of your weakness. I have noticed this in my own experience ; in fact I was never able to take a cold bath without lowering my vitality, until I came into the realization of my oneness with the Eternal Energy ; while now I find cold water a fine tonic, and look forward with pleasure to my daily plunge.

I hope this lesson has made plain, and in a simple way, how it is that metaphysics and physical culture may go hand in hand toward health and well-being.



Answers to Correspondents

Question—I would like to ask what good you see in the following experience: I am in poor health, and am doing all my housework, although not able to cope with it. The other morning I came downstairs, hardly able to take a step, and found that during the night the roof over the kitchen had leaked, and everything in it was afloat, the top of the stove covered with water, and great pools all over the floor. Even the matches were wet, so you can imagine what a time I had in lighting a fire. It would have been a trial for a well woman, and for me in my weak condition it was simply awful. Now you claim that there is a lesson to be learned from all our experiences, but I fail to see the use in that one. Can you see anything in it but sheer wretchedness?

Answer—The actors in a play cannot see it as well as those who sit on the other side of the footlights, so I may see something in your experience which escaped your eye. To begin with: I regard every incident of that sort as a strength developer, but it lies with the individual whether it shall be used as such, or relegated to the general perversity of things inanimate. I have been placed in situations where it seemed as though all things were in league against me, and I was, as it were, "up against" a combination that was too much for me. Some-

times I came out ahead, and sometimes I slid around the corner to escape the fray, but I always regretted the latter course, and always found myself stronger and happier when I stood my ground and conquered. One incident in particular I recall, and will give it for your benefit: At a time when my finances were low I endeavoured to cut down expenses, and moved into a little suite of rooms, dispensing entirely with servants. I fitted up the apartments with my belongings, and the effect was ideal. I did my own cooking, preparing very dainty dishes, over an oil-stove, and was happy in the thought of getting my expenses within my income, in showing some executive ability, and in possessing such a dear, cosy little home. There came a luckless day, however, in which that oil-stove started to smoke, and before I was aware of it the entire apartment was filled with a shower of falling soot. Down it came in great flakes over all my pretty furniture. I opened windows and doors, but to no purpose, for the flakes would not go out, and I stood in helpless dismay in the midst of the blackening shower. Then came a rush of wild indignation, in which I felt as men do when they "swear a blue streak," but it did not last long, for over it all spread the calm of the Spirit, and I remembered what the quiet fields and woods said to Emerson: "So hot? my little Sir." Then the large disaster shrank to nothing, and I went about humming a little song, while I brushed away the soot as best I could, though much of it

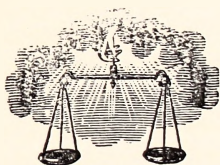
settled instead into the fine fabrics, and the fine, fresh appearance of my little home was a thing of the past. The incident was an opportunity, and a golden one, for putting in practice the mental gymnastics I had been studying, and I improved the opportunity, I am happy to say. Many a time since I have felt, in sudden emergencies, the strength gained on that occasion, and you will find it the same with you, provided you meet trying circumstances with that calmness of mind which comes from a knowledge that you are a spirirual being, with innate and supreme power over temporal happenings. You may not get hold of your supreme power in its fulness all at once, but you will by degrees if you meet all trials with a dominant spirit. You see why they are called "trials," do you not? They try or test your strength. And let me tell you something: a perfectly smooth life, with never a jar or a break, would be the most tiresome, monotonous thing imaginable. It would be like floating forever on a waveless sea. On the whole, you did very well with your trial, for some women would have given up and gone to bed sick, while you succeeded in making your fire and getting breakfast; so, on the whole, I applaud you, and cry "Encore!" You will do better next time.

Special Notices

Get your Xmas gifts early, before the rush, when orders may be delayed, and do not forget that the most acceptable gift to a friend (because the most helpful) will be "Mental Healing Made Plain," "Easy Lessons in Realization," "The Attainment of Happiness," and a year's subscription to THE RADIANT CENTRE. Each retails at \$1, making \$4 for the entire order, but by our special Xmas offer we will make it \$3. If you cannot afford to send all these to one friend, divide them up and send to several, only send in the full order at once, otherwise you would not be entitled to the reduction.

If your life is unsuccessful, if you are ill or unhappy, do not give up hope and think there is no help for you, for there is help, and it lies within yourself too. What you need is to be taught how to bring forth the power that is lying dormant and unused. What you want is to learn how to *renew your mind*, so that instead of being a stagnant pond it will become an everflowing, living fountain of health and vitality. Can you do this? Yes, and quickly too. Some teachers may not be able to develop speedy results, but Mrs. Boehme has found a short cut across the metaphysical country, and she will show you the way. You will learn much from the study of her three books, as above quoted, and the one called

"Easy Lessons in Realization" is the most helpful of all, because of the diagrams at the head of each lesson, which serve to make the meaning clear. To *realize* is to make truth practicable and available in your own life, to get hold of something more than theory, and make it work in bringing you health, happiness and prosperity. That is *Realization*, and "Easy Lessons" is the book you should study first. Thousands are being helped by these books, and by Mrs. Boehme's writings in THE RADIANT CENTRE. Do not let a good opportunity for bettering your condition pass by without grasping it. Enter the path to success. Know that you are "a god in the chrysalis," and learn to unfold the wings of power.



Is Everything Alive ?

The majority of us, for a long time, have gone on quite comfortably in the company of what we called "dead matter"; but an increasing majority of restless inquirers have been lately stimulating us with the suggestion that nothing is actually dead, but what we call "death" is only another form of life. The fact is that most of us have been deluded by the small inlets and outlets we call "the senses," mistaking for Nature's terminations what are really only our boundaries. We have very naturally thought that the signs of life which prevailed on our plane were the tests of life everywhere; and so, above us, we have been apt to doubt the angels, while below us we have denied life to the stones. They do not conform to our standard; these we cannot see, and those cannot move or grow; they exist not, or are dead, we say. What if we are wrong?

What is life? it is a huge question, and we doubt whether it can be answered, except for the uses of a temporary working hypothesis. Our own impression is that the best reply for the present is to be found in the tremendous truth that all things—literally all things, even "the mud and scum of things"—are direct manifestations of the one universal Existence—that infinite and undefinable ocean of Being in and from which we all live in our infinitely varied ways. Huxley bade us look

to protoplasm as the basis of life ; but there is something behind protoplasm ; and we have to still ask the question : What makes "protoplasm the basis of life?" Protoplasm is a product of—what shall we say?—of activities? of etheric vibrations? of subtle combinations of physical forces? Well, what started the activities? what hiding musician produced from the hidden strings the vibrations? what keen chemist combined the atoms, infinitely small, that built this "basis of life"? No; we have settled nothing when we arrive at the slime which appears to indicate the last stage in this curious game of hide-and-seek in quest of life.

We are led astray by the word "physical"; and we do not entirely save our credit by saying "the physical basis of life," for in reality we can indicate no intrinsic limits here. Who can say where physical begins and where spiritual ends? Is it a microscope or test tube that is to determine it? But microscope and test tube are only the symbols or landmarks of man's knowledge, or, let us honestly say, of his ignorance. All we can do is to pry and test with such arming of our senses as is possible for the moment; but it is the height of folly to imagine that our prying and testing are anything but minute steps onward and inward toward the secrets of life that are not for us at this stage of our existence. We are on the wrong side of the screen; and the best we can do is to "see in a glass darkly."

—*Light, London, England.*

Joy is Life.

We are finding out things right along ; and one of the things we have recently discovered, or re-discovered, is that getting old is simply a bad habit. A man who thinks he is old is. And the man who retires from business will shortly be retired by death. Nature has no use for the person who quits, so she just takes his word for it and lets him quit.

And another rather curious thing is that the fear of death is the monopoly of young people. The man who has lived long, and who has kept right at his work, living one day at a time, and not bothering other folks any more than he had to, doing each task the best he could, keeping an interest in all good things—that man is not afraid to die. He is willing to go or stay, and the man who is willing to go or stay stays quite a while.

Mental work of a congenial kind is a great stimulus to bodily vigor—to think good thoughts, work them out like nuggets of gold, and coin them into words, is a splendid joy.

And joy is life.

I remember seeing Oliver Wendell Holmes when he was eighty-three at Emerson College of Oratory, where of course he was dearly beloved by everybody. On the occasion I have in mind he made a little speech, and

explained that he was just getting his affairs into shape that he might come and join the school as a student. Then, to prove his quality, he recited : " Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys ? "

The man's enjoyment in life was complete—he was satisfied, grateful for the past, and he showed his gratitude by filling the present with good work.

Brain work is just as necessary as physical exercise, and the man who studies his own case, and then plays one kind of work off against another, finds a continual joy and zest in life. The Greeks came near finding this just balance of things : Solon, Sophocles, Pindar, Anacreon and Xenophon lived to be over eighty, doing strong and excellent work to the last. When Goethe died, past eighty, the doctors laid his naked body out on the table, and Scheffer exclaimed : " It is the body of a Greek god," and burst into tears. There was no wastage, nor shrinkage, nor signs of age, in that heroic form. Michael Angelo was writing love sonnets at eighty-nine, and Titian came within one year of making the century run, and his prayer at the last was that he might live to finish a certain fresco.

—*The Philistine.*

Willing to Work.

He goes to his task with a song and a smile ;
He never says " maybe " and " after a while "—

The fellow that's willing to work.

But he lives in the sunshine that gladdens today,
And he lightens each load by his good-natured way—

The fellow that's willing to work.

He isn't afraid of the trusts that expand,
He doesn't look forward to woe in the land—

The fellow that's willing to work.

For he knows that the earth will give food, drink and air,
And there's always enough and a little to spare—

The fellow that's willing to work.

— *Washington Star.*

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