

RADIANT THE CENTRE

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND RELIGION.

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

Vol. 1, No. 7.

WASHINGTON, D. C., JULY, 1900.

\$1.00 a Year.

Thinking in the Heart,

Or,

Easy Lessons in Realization.

By Kate Atkinson Boehme.

LESSON II.



(1)

(2)

To enter into Realization it is necessary to get away from the comparatively meaningless action which constitutes the greater part of our thinking. There is nothing to realize but Truth, and all thinking which does not move toward the knowledge of Truth is desultory, vague, purposeless, unreal and worse than useless. You, the master workman, must learn how to use the thought machine. You must also learn how to let it rest, for you are not at the mercy of your thoughts, except as you allow yourself to be. You really stand behind all your thought action and have the power to control and direct it. By developing this power you acquire the mastery over environment.

Edward Carpenter, in his "Visit to a Gnani," speaks to the point. He says: "That a man should be a prey to any thought that chances to take possession of his mind, is commonly among us assumed as unavoidable. It may be matter of regret that he should be kept awake all night from anxiety as to the issue of a lawsuit on the morrow, but that he should have the power of determining whether he be kept awake or not seems an extravagant demand. The image of an impending calamity is no doubt odious, but its very odiousness (we say) makes it haunt the mind all the more pertinaciously, and it is useless to try to expel it.

"Yet, this is an absurd position for man, the heir of all the ages, to be in; haggard by the flimsy creatures of his own brain. If a pebble in our boot torments us, we expel it. We take off the boot and shake it out. And once the matter is fairly understood, it is just as easy to expel an intruding and obnoxious thought from the

mind. About this there ought to be no mistake; no two opinions. The thing is obvious, clear and unmistakable. It should be as easy to expel an obnoxious thought from your mind as it is to shake a stone out of your shoe; and until a man can do that, it is just nonsense to talk about his ascendancy over Nature, and all the rest of it. He is a mere slave, and a prey to the bat-winged phantoms that flit through the corridors of his own brain."

Carpenter then goes on to say that this power has long been known and practiced in the East, but that, like other arts, it requires practice to attain any degree of success, when it no longer remains a thing of difficulty, or even mystery. He continues:

"While at work your thought is to be absolutely concentrated in it, undistracted by anything whatever, irrelevant to the matter in hand—pounding away like a great engine, with giant power and perfect economy—no wear and tear of friction, or dislocation of parts owing to the working of different forces at the same time. Then, when the work is finished, if there is no more occasion for the use of the machine, it must stop equally, absolutely—stop entirely—no worrying (as if a parcel of boys were allowed to play their devilments with a locomotive as soon as it was in the shed)—and the man must retire into that region of his consciousness where his true self dwells.

"I say, the power of the thought-machine itself is enormously increased by this faculty of letting it alone on the one hand, and of using it singly and with concentration on the other. It becomes a true tool, which a master workman lays down when done with, but which only a bungler carries about with him all the time to show that he is possessor of it."

I quote the foregoing because it bears so strongly upon my statement that it is possible to think as you decree to think, and not as you are apparently obliged to through heredity, habit, environment or any other cause commonly supposed to regulate and determine thought action.

Assuming this to be true, and you can prove it in your own individual experience, the question then arises—If I can direct and control my thinking, what shall be the manner of that direction and control? Granted the power, to what end shall I exert it? The answer is simple enough. Let your thought move to the Cosmic Law.

Let it begin with the nucleus of an organic unity. Thought, to be alive, constructive and powerful must be organic. It must have a central purpose and move about that purpose as planets about the sun.

What shall be that central purpose? Let us see. Observing again the Cosmic Law, we see the evolution of the many from the one. As one is the basis of mathematics, so is it the basis of all manifestation or expression. One is the basis of form, of proportion, of symmetry, of action, of all that goes to make up the objective world.

This is also true of the subjective world, the world of thought. You may be filled with thousands, yes, millions of thoughts and varying moods, and yet you know they are all unified in you. From you, the one, they proceed. You easily discover this, but here you stop. Naturally, however, what is true of you is true of your fellow-being, your brother, and so you find another one. As many identities as you discover in the world, just so many ones do you find.

But there you stop, and that is the trouble with your thinking. You are lost in the Babel of multiplicity, the Babel of the confusion of many tongues. You have stopped short of the Supreme One, short of Wholeness, short of Perfection, short of the Unity of Being.

Somewhere in your mentality there stands something which means God or Perfection, but it is shut away from you. God is enshrined in His own perfection, and to identify yourself with Him seems nothing less than sacrilege.

What is the matter? You have unified all that goes to make up your own being, but when it comes to joining yourself to all things else in a common unity, that fails you. There seems to be a separation and you can not bridge over the intervening chasm.

And yet, occult science is proving day by day that the supposed line of demarcation, cutting off man from man, or man from animal and plant, is really no line at all. In its place is the lost link in evolution. There it is, holding the Cosmos as a unit, though the natural eye be not fine enough to detect the linking.

It is not sufficient, then, to see yourself as one. You must go further, and see yourself as one with the Universe, with God and Humanity.

When you begin to see this you are following the Cosmic method and starting with one as the nucleus of growth. Then your thought energy, instead of being scattered in numberless directions, is called in and concentrated upon an organic centre. Then you begin to unfold from that centre as does the flower, and your growth becomes coherent and definite, having the characteristics of an organic unity. Previous to this, it was like the floating protoplasm, incoherent, indefinite, aimless and well nigh helpless.

The world is full of these protoplasmic people who have not yet learned the secret of organic growth, and they are ever at the mercy of time and circumstance, but within each one lies the germ nucleus of the higher organism awaiting the stir of its potential life within.

A basic conception underlies the thought of each individual, and according to the nature of that conception, is the character of the thought. If it be true, the thought is vital; if untrue, the thought is non-vital. The conception to which I allude is the idea which the mind holds regarding itself, its nature and its relation to that which it believes to be the cause of its existence.

To understand this better, let us revert to the cut at the head of this lesson. It contains two diagrams. No. 1 represents the false conception; No. 2 represents the true. In the first lesson of this series I used the diagram of a radiant figure to stand for the entirety of Being. I said that there could be but the one Being, and endeavored to show that God and Man must both be included in it, God being the centre, and Man the ray proceeding from that centre. This is the true conception of the oneness or unity of Being including both God and Man. Diagram 2 in this lesson stands for this true conception, as I have just said, while Diagram 1 stands for the false, or mistaken conception, which represents God as an enclosed sphere, and Man as separate and apart from this sphere. In some mysterious fashion, God is supposed to act through intervening space and externally upon Man, but there is the eternal separateness and aloofness, not only between God and Man, but between Man and Man.

Is it small wonder that the mind holding such a conception should be painfully conscious of its limitation, and feel itself cut off from a source of supply? It would not be putting it too strongly to affirm that all the weakness, inability, poverty, disease and wretchedness in the world to-day is in some way referable to this false conception of the relation of Man to God which has held the human heart so long in bondage.

When once this is set right, the whole outlook on life changes and all things become new. One then passes into a mental realm which is indeed a Kingdom of Heaven to the Hades of a former thought life.

I can not lay too much stress upon the importance of getting this basic conception right to begin with. So often students write me that they have been studying for years, seeking that highest truth which shall bring them improved mental and physical conditions, whereas they only find themselves floundering more and more helplessly in uncertainty, doubt and general unhappiness.

This ought not so to be. This most essential subject in the world should be made so plain and direct in its rendering as to reach the needs of all. Every mind must have its central truth about which to build its organic unity. When this is supplied, it can work to a definite purpose, and be, Oh, so happy in its working.

"A diagram," says Clerk Maxwell, "is a figure drawn in such a manner that the geometrical relations between the parts of the figure help us to understand relations between other objects."

It is with this intent that I have used, and shall go on using, in these lessons geometrical figures as a help to elucidate my meaning. Of course, the blank space in the centre of the radiant figure but poorly represents the wonderful reservoir of Life from which all things proceed, and yet that blankness may well symbolize the unexpressed.

Symbols are helps to thought and to realization, for the mind soon learns to rise from the symbol to the reality or the thing symbolized, and is thus led little by little into the understanding of Life and its ever-revealing mystery. In the non-understanding of Life lie the mistakes and the pain of living. With its understanding comes increasing gladness.

Professor Royce, of Harvard; Dr. Caird, of Glasgow University, and other thinkers of note whom I might mention, emphasize the fact that there is but One Self in the Universe, and my diagram of the radiant figure will serve to explain how this can be. By following each ray from its point of expression to the centre, whence all proceed, it is evident that they are one. This is the One Self. It is you; it is I; it is all men; it is all things.

Is this hard to realize? It seems the simplest thing in the world to me now, although, I confess, there was a time when I could not understand it, and that was a time of weakness, of mental depression, of distrust in my own ability, of utter hopelessness, of the darkness of despair. When I heard such affirmations as—I am all there is! or—I have all things now! I was simply stirred to an impatient contempt for the one who uttered anything so apparently illogical, so absurd.

I could not see, and the time had not come for my seeing, the inner world. I had looked so long on things external that the reversion of sight which opens to the view a new and hitherto unsuspected world, was to me a difficult turning.

Difficult though it was, I accomplished it; but here let me say that this inner seeing is like the outer, a matter of growth. When a blind man suddenly receives his sight he has no idea of the distance between himself and that which he sees. Some objects seem actually pressing upon his eyes, and he instinctively attempts to brush them aside. Others, really near at hand, seem remote, and it requires time for him to see things in their true relations to each other and to himself.

But he keeps on looking toward that which he desires to see, and in time he sees it correctly; he sees it with the understanding.

It is just so with the inward seeing. If you turn your eyes toward the inner Reality, though you may only feel it vaguely to be there, you will in time see clearly, understandingly. What is it you see with,

after all? Is it the physical eye? No, indeed! That is only a bridge over which sensations walk into your consciousness, and so loosely put up a structure is it that all the finest sensations fall through it before they reach you. Helmholtz once said that if any manufacturer sent him an optical instrument so poorly adapted to its ends as the eye, he should return it as practically of little use.

There is something behind the eye which does the seeing in spite of the physical imperfection of the eye itself. This something supplies more than we realize in filling in the detail of every image thrown upon the retina. This something can see independently of the eye; absolutely without its intervention. It can look straight to the heart of a flower and know more about it in one instant than it can learn from all the sensations coming in over the bridge. Afterward, when these sensations come trooping in, as they will, you can understand them as never before, because you are getting at the heart of things by this growing power of the inner sight.

You do not know how good and sound this old Universe is at the core until you begin to look into it. It does seem pretty miserable and crusty and seamed on the outside, as though it were all going to pieces, but it isn't going to do anything of the kind. It is as sound and rich and beautiful at the centre as anything you can imagine. Yes, better than anything you can now imagine. You will see straight into its heart some day, and then you will know all far better than I can tell you.

(To be continued.)

Old Human Nature.

Old human nature's woeful weak
And mighty aggravating;
Its own despite it seems to seek
In snares of its creating;
It sins as easy as the sun
Shines in the skies above it—
And yet, when all is said and done,
You just can't help but love it!

For even as it gropes along
Life's wide and devious winding,
For every act it does that's wrong
Ten good deeds you'll be finding.
Temptations sore by thousands start
From virtue's path to shove it—
And yet it keeps so sound at heart
You just can't help but love it!

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

Take It Easy.

You've got to take life easy
Its best results to get;
There's nothing gained by fuming round
All in a nervous fret;
The souls that do the great big things
Serene and tranquil keep;
They work on three square meals a day,
And eight hours' solid sleep.

It's but the weaker natures
That grumble, grunt, and groan
As if the weight of all the world
Was on their backs alone;
The great souls teach this lesson
To all of us address'd—
You've got to take life easy
To do its work the best!
—Ripley D. Saunders, in St. Louis Republic.

Answers to Correspondents.

Question. You promised to write on Love and Marriage and I, for one, am waiting most impatiently to hear from you on the subject. If you are pausing for the message, would it not be a good scheme to get out paper and pencil and coax the inspiration a little?

Answer. Well, no! I couldn't do that, for I don't use paper and pencil. I hammer out my messages on the best little machine I ever encountered, the Blickensderfer typewriter, a thing of virtues many, and of vices none.

Next to the keyboard of a piano, which I held in close comradeship for so many years, that of a typewriter is most fascinating. I love to sit before its pretty white letters on the shining black keys and think of the many possibilities lurking in those twenty-six letters, the few numerals and other arbitrary signs. A little waiting, potential universe, pending the touch of life.

And now—What is the message? Let us see if it will come. Love and Marriage? Love and Marriage? What have I to say upon the theme other than that which has been voiced and revoiced to the utter weariness of those who listen?

The subject is so stupendous that when it comes bearing down upon me it seems too large to handle. Even the keyboard, which seemed so eloquent, has now turned dumb.

Of Love we know but little, and, like children, we are reaching out to grasp experiences which we do not understand. Sometimes it would almost seem that only in the retrospect could one hope to learn what Love might have held for us in the way of blessing, so full is Love's cup of bitterness. And of what use, when that cup is drained to its last and bitterest dreg, to know how we might have filled it with sweetest nectar.

Sad would be the travesty, indeed, did the cup of Love hold but one draught. But it is ever refilling so long as the heart beats with the pulse of Life and the bitter potion makes sweeter the sweet.

And must we then learn to love? Is it an art to be acquired? Is it a science to be applied to living, breathing, pulsing humanity with the exact precision of mathematical law? It would not seem so, but I am afraid it is. No, I am glad it is.

Nothing in the way of music delights me more than the Pilgrim's Chorus in Tannhauser. Every note of it is governed by law, otherwise it could not give me pleasure. But I lose sight of the law. I don't like to see the skeleton under the softened contour of flesh. It seems gaunt and unfeeling. Wagner had to see it, though, and know that its proportions were true. As for myself, I simply feel them so.

There was Paganini, the greatest of virtuosos, who, when before an audience, threw the rein to the inspiration of the moment, and yet that same Paganini in his rehearsal practice was much given to a soundless measurement of the strings. He measured first and played afterward. The measurement was, moreover, the exact gauge of the ensuing delight.

Whether we love, or whatever we do, we are working out a pattern which exists in the mind. Sometimes it is a very poor

pattern, and again it is a good one, but still we keep on weaving, weaving, weaving. Sometimes I think we too often see only the wrong side of both pattern and fabric, so that our colors are dull and the rough knots and ends plentiful.

The very highest ideal which the mind can frame of Love falls doubtless far short of the reality, but we must simply follow the best pattern we have at hand. Then a better one will be shown to us.

Let us not go down to the lower forms of life for our ideals and the manner of our loving. A bird may have a sweetheart on every tree, but we can not emulate the bird in this respect any more than we can grow feathers for our clothing. The analogy is scant, for man has within his mind and heart so much more than there is in bird life.

To the more highly evolved human being comes the higher ideal, the higher pattern, the vision of a deathless love, that shall outstand time and circumstance, a love immortal and eternal as the foundations of Being itself.

To this end we seek the ideal personified in each other, and falling short of that, we are doomed to disappointment one in another. Around a new form a glamour hovers for a time, and then is dispelled by a rude shock of the actual. And so we pursue in hot haste the ideal on and on, round and round the world, when perchance it is hidden at our own hearthstone. If we love the chase and the glamour, we shall go on with it until we can learn to be still and wait for Divinity to unfold where e'er it will.

"Love hath full many semblances. Now this

Fair face doth lure, now yonder smile re-wakes

A song world; now at a mad-cap kiss
We build unstable dreams.

The vision takes a myriad forms,
And hath the charm thereof—
But ever in the background soareth Love,
One deathless creature poised beyond,
above."

This image of the deathless Love uplifts and purifies the heart, making it fitter for the realization.

Doubt not; the one who fulfills your ideal is in touch with you now, although possibly separated from you bodily by untold miles of space, and, I think, it is Browning who says:

"Unless you can love as the angels love,
With the breadth of Heaven betwixt you,
O, fear to call it loving."

Surely, the ignoble tyranny that would possess and fetter the freedom of its object with an insane jealousy, though doubtless a form of the Divine passion, is unlike to its reality as the crooked reflection of a straight stick in a running brook. It is a deflection and a distortion.

The great cry of the human heart is for the real. It is weary of shams and illusions. We seek the truest and the best in Love, as in all things. The Divinity within us calls for that, and nothing less. Shall we find it? Yes!

(To be continued in next issue. So far I have not really grasped my subject, but merely skirted about its edges. With the mercury in the nineties I am willing, however, to defer the closer touch to another writing.)

Winifred Black says Bad Luck Can Cure Some Men of Cowardice.

I once knew a man who was always worrying. Morning, noon and night he was looking forward with awful anxiety to things that never happened.

I met a friend the other day and asked after this much-worried man.

"Where is he?" said I.

"Well," said his friend, "he was in the West Indies the last time I saw him."

"Worried, as usual, I suppose?" said I.

"No," said our mutual friend, "I never saw him so happy."

"Happy?" said I. "What has happened?"

"Well," said the friend, "it's this way: I heard that he was there very ill, just getting over the smallpox.

"I went to see him. I've had it, you know. When I went in I thought I'd come to the wrong house. Everything seemed so cheerful. There were flowers on the table, the 'colored person' who was nursing him came out of his room on the broad grin, and I heard some one singing.

"I went in, and there lay Harry, warbling like a bird."

"Singing?" I gasped.

"Singing," said the friend, "at the top of his voice."

"Delirious?" said I.

"Not at all," said the friend. "Perfectly sane.

"Delighted to see me.

"Made me sit down and tell him all the news.

"I couldn't stand it.

"'Harry,' I said, 'what on earth is the matter with you? What makes you so cheerful? It's uncanny.'

"'Well,' said Harry, 'I've reached the limit, and it hasn't killed me. You know my friend that I had always with me? Well, he died; my wife ran away from me; I was taken down with this sickness; my company I came down here with burst up, owing me money, and yesterday I had a cablegram telling me that my little house up in Fifty-ninth street, New York, had burnt down with everything I had in the world in it, and I haven't got a thing left to worry about.

"'I haven't been so free from anxiety for years.' And he kept it up.

"The last time I saw him he had secured a small clerkship down there, with just enough salary to keep him in clothes and tobacco, and he was as happy as a lark."

Misfortune brought that man to his senses.

He thought he was a coward, but when the pinch came he found he was not, and his soul sang within him.—New York Journal.

Way O' The World.

This one that has fallen afar in the fight,
And this from the battlements hurled
From the light to the desolate darkness of
night;

It's the way o' the world—o' the world!
But somewhere the light's in the darkest
of skies,

And never the rainbows are furled;
The song's all the sweeter for tears and for
sighs—

It's the way o' the world—o' the world!
—Atlanta Constitution.



Published Monthly by

KATE ATKINSON BOEHME.

ADELAIDE A. CHENEY.

Associate Editor.

2016 O Street N. W., - Washington, D. C.

TERMS.

\$1.00 a Year; Single Numbers, 10 Cents; Foreign Subscriptions, 5 Shillings.

Entered at Washington, D. C., Postoffice as Second Class Mail Matter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., JULY, 1900.

Editorial Notes and Reviews.

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney has written a book called "The Integrity of Christian Science," and it has just been sent me for review by the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin and Company. When I took up the book and realized that Mrs. Whitney was the author of "Faith Gartuey's Girlhood" and other tales which once enchained my youthful fancy, I felt at the moment incapacitated for a strictly impartial review, but, divesting myself of the spell, I scanned its pages in unbiased mood.

I find that Mrs. Whitney has lost none of her charm for me. She still holds me in the same old way. If I have grown, so has she, and now that I bungle a little with the pen myself, perhaps I better appreciate the skill and force of her diction.

She says: "The two halves of the map of the world were very puzzling to me when I was a child. I could not by any mental stereoscopy resolve them into a globe.

"It seems to me that is the way many persons look at life, and the truth of living. They flatten it out on a plane, and make two level, separate rounds of it, instead of the beautiful unity of a sphere.

"Eastern and Western they call the two halves of the earth. Spiritual and Material they call the two halves of our existence. Out of this separateness grows all mistake of distance, non-relation, opposition.

"It used to seem to me that by this split map there was only one jumping-over place from round to round; at the equator, twenty degrees of longitude west from Greenwich. Everywhere else it was a jumping-off. It is apt to seem to us that there is only one jumping-over place from life to life. 'As far as the East is from the West,' is our apprehension of the states of our being. They are the Natural and the Spiritual. We live a while in the one; then, by a narrow point of contact, we pass over into the other. There is no intercourse; no going back and forth. Practically, we ignore even coexistence; identity we do not dream of. And yet

there is no particle of the earth, no instant nor fact of our consciousness, that has not both east and west, both higher and lower, involved with it, and inextricably joined in it to one. The margins meet all round. We live upon a globe; we dwell also in a round world, of sense and soul. I think that the great need—and the great failure—in all knowledge, at this day, is to put the two halves of it together and see it in the grand relief of its wholeness."

By "The Integrity of Christian Science" Mrs. Whitney plainly states that she refers to "a mighty truth, built into the foundations of the world, and declared with power nineteen centuries ago," and not that "something which she says has taken the name of 'Christian Science,' and which fails of its breadth and depth and height." She avers: "The error of the new 'Christian Science' is fundamental. It lies at the starting point. It bases itself on the old fallacy of two half spheres, set the one over against the other; the one bidden to ignore the other; indeed, the other totally and inconsistently denied. Here comes in false doctrine, charlatanism, and the beguilement of the simple."

"'God is all.' That is true."

"'Matter is nothing.' That can not be true. If it is, then God's creation is a stupendous trick."

"There is no such thing as no-thing. If there be a possible vacancy—a gap between things which God has not occupied—He has not shown it to us, and He never could. We have not got there, and we never can."

In all this Mrs. Whitney is avowedly orthodox, and throughout the balance of her book she actually screens herself behind a pile of Bible texts to strengthen her position. This would be well enough provided those texts were thoroughly understood in their occult significance by Mrs. Whitney, but it is just possible they are not. A good many sects and cults are defending their strongholds and harassing their opponents with the same ammunition. It is a powder and ball warranted to serve equally well on either side.

I am not a Christian Scientist, and therefore make no plea, on my own account, for its integrity or fallacy. I draw no line between the doctrine as it was taught nineteen centuries ago and that taught by the new cult of to-day. Standing in all fairness aside from either claim, I can not see why the statement "Matter is nothing" can make of God's creation a stupendous trick. Life, as I have found it, has been ever the seeking of truth hid in the garb of illusion. Surely, behind the phenomenal world there is an unchanging reality. Even Huxley, though not an idealist, found his mind greatly exercised by the following problem: What would become of things

if they lost their qualities? As the qualities had no objective existence, and the thing without qualities was nothing, he declared that, in view of this, the solid world seemed whittled away, to his great horror.

This, I take it, is the position of Christian Science, and I can not see it to be either inconsistent or unreasonable. To me it seems very much like taking hold of the positive end of life and living from it. A position of strength.

I can sit here and from my window see the line of the horizon. Once I might have thought it the end of the earth. Now I know better. It is an illusion born of the fact that my eye can not look around a curve. Well, I look at that line. It seems to be there, and yet it is not. It is an illusion, and God permits it to be there; say what you will of the stupendous trick.

Then again—Here I am, apparently upon a stationary earth, but instead of that I am really whirling through space at breakneck speed; now hanging like a fly to the ceiling, and then again right side up (if there be any up in the universe); and so on, rolling and tumbling through space, day after day, month after month, year after year. Why, that surely is a stupendous illusion, so great that I can not realize it; and yet God permits it, and has permitted it for a great many years, until, somehow it seems to be a part of the plan.

But this is mere quibbling. Mrs. Whitney may hurl any number of Bible texts at me, and if I find them written on the tables of my heart, I shall accept every one of them. Every text has to come through some human heart, and why not through mine?

Though I may feel obliged to differ from Mrs. Whitney, she has certainly written a fine book, which will go far to establish the integrity of Christian Science, and it should be in the possession of all who are interested in the subject. Address the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston, Mass. Price, \$1.

The magazine "Mind," edited so ably by Charles Brodie Patterson, president of the International Metaphysical League, is one of my most valued exchanges. Its subject matter is varied and always replete with interest, not only to the advanced student, but also to those just beginning a study of the New Thought.

Ruskin defines repose as "that attribute of beauty which is the 'I am,' as contradistinguished from the 'I become,' the sign alike of the supreme knowledge, which is incapable of surprise; the supreme power, which is incapable of labor; the supreme

volition, which is incapable of change." How like the Vedanta teaching is this!

And the repose which is so beautiful in art, is even more beautiful in character. The individual possessing it has the rarest charm in the world. This attribute of beauty is yours if you will but know yourself as eternally one with the "I am." This it is to have found your radiant centre!

This, too, is the sum of the Delsarte teaching—Strength at the centre; freedom at the circumference—by which our society women are trying to acquire grace and ease of action.

A great spiritual fact lies at the root of art, of music, of all culture, mental or physical. It is the fact of the "I am" the unchanging One at the centre of consciousness. That which says to the turbulent mind waves—Be still and know that I am God!

Lying before me are the pictures of Mr. Frank Gould and his Saint Bernard dog Kingstonian Gold, weight 250 pounds, price \$5,000. We bought 8,000,000 Filipinos for \$2.50 apiece. Babies can be bought in this city for \$1 apiece. Good slaves sold for \$1,000 apiece. For several months I have studied these two faces without being able to resist the opinion that there is that of nobility, fidelity and nameless worth in the face of the dog that is not in the face of the man. The man appears to know more. The dog appears to be more. Something lurks in animals' eyes and birds' eyes that I know not, but that I sometimes get a hint of in myself—something pleasant, furtive, real. There is evidently that in my dog that I can not get at and he can not get out. The same of myself. What idiot first got it into his head that humans are immortal and other animals not? The only difference between us and other animals is of degree. Kingstonian Gold is on the way, and is already more evolved in some respects than some men. There is that in his face that makes me feel ashamed of myself; and yet I, too, am half-way decent.—Hugh Pentecost, in Fred Burry's Journal.

Just Being Happy.

Just being happy
Is a fine thing to do;
Looking on the bright side
Rather than the blue;
Sad or sunny musing
Is largely in the choosing,
And just being happy
Is brave work and true.

Just being happy
Helps other souls along;
Their burdens may be heavy
And they not strong;
And your own sky will lighten
If other skies you brighten
By just being happy
With a heart full of song;

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

Philosophy—Science—Religion.

II.—SCIENCE.

The basis of a true Science must be a true Philosophy; that is, a true perception must precede a true conception. In other words, a true Science includes both observation and reflection. If we observe correctly, and reason correctly on what we observe, our conclusion will be scientific, and the truth will appear.

Many forms of Philosophy have prevailed in the past which have influenced more or less the science of Mankind. Some account of the later forms, as given by Major Powell in the American Anthropologist (Vol. II, No. 1) will be instructive, and may aid us in determining the grounds of a true Science. He says there are two forms of Philosophy known under the terms Idealism and Materialism, and he defines Idealism as "a theory that all the material objects of the Universe, other than human beings, are created or generated by mind, and that human beings are the real things, and all other things are but the concepts of human beings. * * * God and human beings are realities which manifest themselves to one another in perception and conception as ideas of the objective world. * * * On the other hand, Materialism is a theory of the existence of the world as constituted of forces. This theory is perhaps best expounded by Boscovich as points of motion, not points in motion; centres of motion, not centres in motion. * * * Idealism accuses all scientific men of being materialists, and it divides mankind into two groups—the good and the evil. The good are idealists and the evil are materialists. The idealists are from heaven, and the materialists are from hell. * * * Materialism accuses Idealism as being the enemy of science, of rejecting every scientific discovery until it can be translated into terms of Idealism, being the great bulwark of ignorance and the fortress of superstition. As Idealism is interpreted by Materialism the accusations are true, and as Materialism is interpreted by Idealism the accusations are true. Materialism is arrayed against religion, and Idealism is arrayed against science. Both Idealism and Materialism are fallacious because they both attempt to reduce all the properties of bodies to one, and in so doing they transmute the realities of the world into magic, and continue the superstitions of primeval culture."

According to this view, the world without and the world within, the objective and the subjective, stand in apparent antagonism to each other. A moment's thought, however, reveals the fact that the antagonism in this particular instance is only one form of an antagonism which is of universal prevalence. The first postulate of a universal Philosophy is the Absolute and the Relative, two forms of Being as widely different and antagonistic as it is possible to conceive; and yet these two inconvertible terms constitute the basis of all thinking. All meanings of words expressive of ideas of likeness and difference are seen to be derived from these. If we say known and unknown, something and nothing, great and small, high and low, near and far, to and from, at and off, or make a thousand other similar statements, we are only repeating the idea of antagonism, or

of opposites, subsumed in the Absolute and the Relative.

It hence results that Universal Science is that form of Knowledge which includes and reconciles opposite and contradictory forms, conditions and movements of Universal Being.

But the question naturally arises, How is this result accomplished? By what means, or through what method can such a difficult task be performed? Upon the correct answer to this question depends the fact whether or not we have a Universal Science. Evidently this answer is based upon observing the constitution and operation of both matter and mind, and by this means discovering the laws and principles in virtue of which such constitution and operation are possible. It would almost seem that the bare statement that there is a Universe should carry with it the logical conclusion that there is but one fundamental law in virtue of which the multiplicity of manifestation is accomplished. The method by which this is to be attained is very simple, namely: (1) Analysis down to elements; (2) Comparison of elements; (3) Constructive combination of elements; and (4) An illustrative model showing the application of the method, which model is found preeminently in Language, the alphabet furnishing the elements analogically of all other departments of the Universe.

How does the Universe present itself to our minds? Evidently as one and many, or one composed of many parts. This wholeness and partness, or oneness and manyness, are embodied and imbedded in the very constitution, not only of the Universe as a whole, but of every part and particle of it, mental and material. The idea of manyness, reduced to its least aspect, is twoness; that is to say, two is the beginning of manyness or numerousness; because, when we say three or four or more, we merely repeat the process of division which first took place in the creation or formation of two. If we divide an apple into two parts, and then subdivide each of these parts, we only repeat the operation of division. If, now, we unite two of the subdivided parts and then unite them with the parts of the first division, thus reconstructing the apple from its parts, we are performing in both cases the operation of addition; that is, the making one of two or more. So that division and addition—the making of two or more out of one by division or separation, on the one hand, and the making of one out of two or more by addition of the parts divided or separated, on the other—comprise the two grand processes of universal operation.

Thus we perceive, through the process of analysis and synthesis, that the constitution of the Universe is twofold, consisting of oneness and manyness—the least element of which is twoness—and that the operation of the Universe is also twofold, consisting of division and addition, the means by which the manyness and oneness have been produced. In other words, we find this double constitution is the result of this double operation; that is, that the constitution and the operation are both the result of the action of one law—a law with a double aspect.

Now, what is true fundamentally of the Universe as a whole, must be true of all its parts; each part representing in this funda-

mental sense the entire Universe. There being thus but one law for the Universe and all its parts, it becomes very desirable that we should know the nature and meaning of this law, in order that we may properly apply it. This law will be found in the relations of the one and the two, or of oneness and twoness.

What, then, is the true meaning of oneness and of twoness? If we speak or think of one thing, whether a sun, a world, a man or a grain of sand, our attention is directed in predominance to the object, irrespective of its quality as to number. In like manner, if we speak or think of two or more things, attention is directed to the things rather than to the quality which makes them two or more. Now, we desire to call special attention to these two qualities of oneness and twoness—separate and apart from the things or operations to which they relate—as the basis of all mathematics, as well as the basis of all thinking. The qualities of these two numbers, one and two—that is to say, oneness and twoness—are of special importance because they stand at the foundation of number, and in a sense comprise the principles upon which the whole superstructure of mathematics, as well as thinking, rests. They are, so to speak, the metaphysics of the mathematics, the elemental region from which the mathematics, as well as every other department, is derived. And as the mathematics is the foundation of all exact science, of course its principles must be those of all exact thinking as well as all right action.

Further, when we think of one as a number, we not only think of its oneness as a one thing, but we also think of its separateness or division from all other things. This latter thought—of separateness or division—it is true, is subordinate or secondary to the thought of its oneness, but its actual presence will appear on giving a little attention. On the other hand, when we think of the number two, while the thought of twoness predominates, yet the thought of one is necessarily present—though subordinately—because it requires two ones to complete the thought of two.

Here, then, a new element appears; that is, the combination of the oneness and the twoness in thought, whether or not we think of the oneness or the twoness first. Since we can not think of one without incidentally thinking of two, nor of two without in like manner thinking of one, it results that, in both cases, the one and the two are in thought, and these two—the one-thought and the two-thought—when taken or put together, make three. So that this new element, composed as it is of both oneness and twoness, may properly be termed threeness, since the addition of one and two makes three. Thus every mental act, as well as every physical fact, however simple it may appear, is really compounded of the two ideas, or qualities or factors of oneness and twoness, and hence is a triunit instead of a unit or duit.

But it must not be supposed from this that everything is exactly alike as to its composition. While the principle of threeness inheres in everything, yet in the majority of cases the principle of either oneness or of twoness is present in predominance. A geometrical point, for instance, exhibits the predominance of the principle of oneness; a line—the intervention between two points—the principle of two-

ness, while the angle—the combination of point and line—includes the oneness and the twoness, and thus forms a true or equated threeness. Thousands of other instances might be cited, but this will suffice for the present, as it is taken from geometry, the department nearest and most cognate to the mathematics. Again, oneness may be defined as togetherness, and twoness may be defined as apartness, while threeness is the combination of these two in varying proportions.

But these terms—oneness, twoness and threeness—though expressive, are yet awkward as scientific terminology, and hence there have been devised others equally expressive and more convenient, to signify the same ideas or principles. These are Unism, Duism and Trinism, from the Latin unus, duo, tres (one, two, three). From these, adjectives and nouns may be formed, as unismal, duismal and trinismal, and unismus, duismus and trinismus, the latter meaning the domains in which the principles themselves predominate. A formal definition of these terms follows:

UNISM is that principle in the constitution of all things, thoughts and movements in the Universe which corresponds with, repeats or echoes to the number one.

DUISM is that principle in the constitution of all things, thoughts and movements in the Universe which corresponds with, repeats or echoes to the number two.

TRINISM is that principle in the constitution of all things, thoughts and movements in the Universe which corresponds with, repeats or echoes to the number three. In a general sense, Trinism is that combination of Unism and Duism in any given case which exhibits in equal proportions the principles of Unism and Duism, respectively.

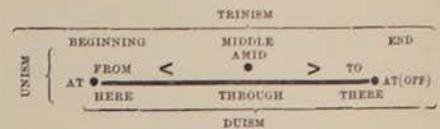
In another form of definition, Unism is the Spirit of the number One; Duism is the Spirit of the number Two; and Trinism is the Spirit of the number Three.

These principles are universal in their application, and, when clearly perceived or understood, become a guide to the investigation not only of the Universe as a whole, but also of every department, entity, quality and fact contained within it. If we think of the Universe, it is present before the mind of the intelligent thinker as a blend of all the ingredients, qualities, forms, substances, facts, movements, entities, objects and subjects possible of conception. Here, if we observe our thought, we shall perceive the Trinism of this blend, composed as it is of oneness or Unism, and manyness or, in its least aspect, twoness or Duism, the Unism represented by the thought of the Universe as a one, and the Duism represented by the thought of the Universe as divided into parts. If, again, we divide the Universe into the Absolute and the Relative, we perceive the presence of these principles in this division, the Absolute repeating the unismal, the Relative the duismal, and the Universe itself—the blending of both the Absolute and the Relative—representing the trinismal aspect or wholeness.

A simple illustration of these principles may aid in their better understanding. A journey consists of three points, a beginning, a middle and an end, but these three points may be viewed as indicative either of motion or position. If we describe the motion, we say it is from a point, through a space and to or toward an end. If we

describe the position, we say at a point—the point of departure—midway, or amid, to indicate the central point of the thoroughness, and at again to indicate the point of arrival. This last at is not, however, identical with the first, but really indicates offness from the first. This shows a doubleness of position, as from and to indicated a doubleness in the aspect of the motion, depending upon the point from which it is viewed. We say here and there, but if we change places, the terms are reversed, and the there becomes here, and the here, there. So that we have here two sets of terms descriptive of Unism and Duism, one as applied to position, namely, atness and offness, and the other as applied to motion, viz., fromness and toness. Trinism is the summation of all these aspects in one—a compound one.

A diagram may aid in understanding these terms:



Lack of space prevents further illustration.

M. A. CLANCY.

The Cause and Effects of Despondency.

Everybody knows that despondency and a feeling that all is going to the dogs, whether in finances, love or health, may lead to suicide, to recklessness or to any other thing which the world calls evil. No person ever did a rash act of any sort when in his right mind, we say, which is saying whenever the mind is filled with hope, or joy, or peace. How important, then, to know the cause of despondency.

Anyone who will perform the following experiment will know its cause, and we urge every one who reads this to try the experiment and report to us the results. It is this:

When in the presence of some person who will listen coldly or sympathetically, but without antagonizing anything you say, you are to enter upon a lengthy description of something which you dislike or hate. Let it be of a vile wretch who has done you (as you think) a great wrong, or, if you are a partisan politician, of the iniquities of the opposite party, and especially of the crimes (as you call them) of its leaders. Denounce in the bitterest terms, accuse of every bad thing you know or can imagine. Don't be particular to limit your tirade to truth, or even to what your conscience intimates is truth. Call them vile names; show how everything is being ruined by them; get warmed up into excitement and let loose all the vials of your wrath. Get to feel the enormity and damnableness of what you are attacking. Keep this up for a good half-hour or more, as long as you can do so.

Then drop the matter and go about your business, or whatever suggests itself. Forget what you have been saying. Dismiss the subject. In from two to six hours thereafter when that matter has been forgotten and you are thinking about your business or your health or some scheme, a most terrible fit of despondency will come over you, and you will feel that your business, your health, or whatever your mind

is now upon, is wrecked. You will see it only in the worst sort of light. Perhaps no ray of hope will remain to comfort you. You will feel that life is not worth living and may incline to suicide.

The conditions produced by you in your pessimism directed against persons who were not hit or affected thereby have all come home to you and you are experiencing exactly what you yourself created.

A listener has been employed in this experiment, but it can all be done by yourself alone with less pronounced results.

After proving in this way that all despondency or blues is created by holding thoughts of "evil" and concentrating energy upon them, you may try the opposite experiment. This will consist in lauding something or everything to the very skies. Let nothing be too good to say of the subject which is being talked of. Keep up this incessant fire of optimistic thought for half an hour, or even an hour. Then forget it and go away to the ordinary duties of life. In a few hours the feeling of exquisite joy and exuberance will come. You will fairly laugh and sing for joy. You will see all about you as good. The most trying circumstances will be met with peace and conquering almightiness.

People are forever performing one or the other of these experiments in a mild way, and without discovering cause and effect because the cause is separated from the effect by a period of forgetfulness. This is an absolutely necessary condition, however, which can be explained psychologically.

Thus, all ill health, all financial misfortune, all poverty, all failure are the outcome of despondent conditions and the acts which those conditions result in, while the despondent conditions are all due to holding in the mind and emphasizing thoughts of evil, of denunciation or pessimism. All good things come from the opposite course of life.—Occult Truths.

The Spoken Word.

Talk happiness; the world is sad enough
Without your woes. No path is wholly
rough.

Look for the places that are smooth and
clear,

And speak of those to rest the weary ear
Of earth, so hurt by one continuous strain
Of human discontent and grief and pain.

Talk faith; the world is better off without
Your morbid ignorance and uttered doubt.
If you have any faith in God or man or
self,

Say so; if not, push back upon the shelf
Of silence all your thoughts till faith shall
come.

No one will grieve because your lips are
dumb.

Talk health; the dreary, never-ending tale
Of mortal maladies is worn and stale;
You can not charm or interest or please
By harping on that minor chord, disease.
Say you are well, or all is well with you,
And God shall hear your words and make
them true.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

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The Tripod of last month was written as usual by our valued contributor, Mr. J. C. F. Grumbine, although, through an oversight, his name was omitted. Mr. Grumbine is now taking a vacation, but we shall hear from him again in the autumn, to the joy of his numerous admirers.

In subscribing for the Radiant Centre please mention the month with which you wish subscription to begin. We have no back numbers earlier than May.

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The Radiant Centre is supposed to come out on the 15th of each month, but it often happens that the busy editor does not hand it to the printer until after that date. After it comes from press, a few days later, time is consumed in wrapping and addressing, so that sometimes your paper may be very late in reaching you, but do not for an instant think that we have discontinued its publication. It will continue this year, and many more years, we trust, for the editor is warming up to the work and enjoying it immensely.

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Mrs. Harriet M. Peabody, who is doing a good work in educating the Navajo Indians, has brought some of their blankets to Washington. They are now for sale at the Electus Shoe Company, on F street, and can be purchased at a very low figure. Mrs. Peabody's address is 1512 Twenty-first street, where she can be seen by those who wish to interview her on the subject of Indian education, in which she is well versed. The sale of these blankets is for funds to carry on the work.

Our columns are filled in advance for the entire year, so please do not send any original contributions. Clippings from other papers are, however, always acceptable, because the Editor's copy is written from month to month and these clippings are very suggestive, especially when relating to invention, discovery, current events or any matter germane to the metaphysical movement.

Once upon a time a Poet, with much sorrow, contemplated a Farmer of To-day. "Ah! the man with the hoe!" sighed the Poet, dejectedly.

"Hoe!" exclaimed the Farmer of To-day, "Don't you know the difference between a hoe and a golf club?"

Here he lofted, dignifiedly, and landed on the green.

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"High thoughts and noble in all lands
Help me; my soul is fed by such.
But ah! the touch of lips and hands,—
The human touch!
Warm, vital, close, life's symbols dear—
These need I most, and now and here."
—Richard Burton.

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