

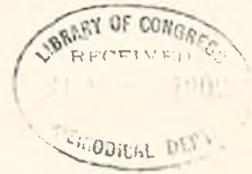
The Radiant Centre

A JOURNAL OF SUCCESS

"WE STAND BEFORE THE SECRET OF THE WORLD, THERE WHERE BEING
PASSES INTO APPEARANCE AND UNITY INTO VARIETY."—Emerson.

APRIL, 1902

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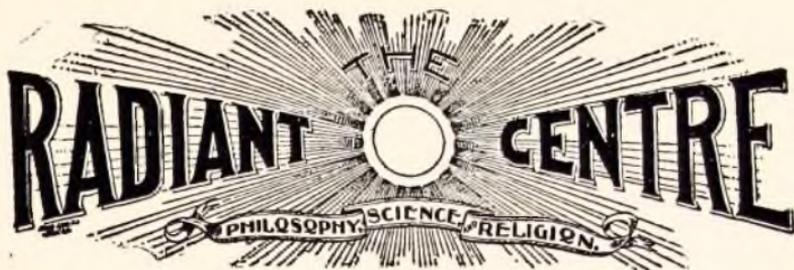
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NO. 4.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

I DO not know exactly how the story runs, but you have all heard of the old man, the child and the donkey who started out to go somewhere. The old man was feeble and so he mounted the donkey, while the child walked. They had not gone far when they were met by a person who remonstrated with the old man for appropriating the donkey and thereby forcing the child to walk. In consequence the poor old fellow dismounted with difficulty and placed the child upon the donkey.

Soon they encountered another person who thought it a shame that the child should ride at the expense of the old man, whereupon the latter clambered up beside the child and they resumed their journey.

The donkey ambled leisurely along and all went comfortably until they met a third party who inveighed against the cruelty of burdening the poor donkey with the weight of two people who were quite able to walk if they chose.

So the old man and the child both dismounted and being a trifle confused by so much criticism and wholly in doubt as to what course to pursue in order to satisfy their various and varying critics they attempted to carry the donkey.

History goes no further, except to state that they had a sweet time of it.

Ditto the hapless editor who tries to please all readers.

The editor of The Radiant Centre knows it can not be done without carrying the donkey and hence she does not make the experiment.

The editor who can not have an automobile would better ride a donkey than to carry one.

The editor had a dream once, a strange, psychic, seemingly prophetic dream, concerning a man named Bryan. Being wholly without political bias she rehearsed the dream in the columns of the R. C. simply for its psychic bearing, nothing more. Instantly two women with wide extension soles (not souls) stepped upon the R. C. with all their little might, while the editor rode calmly on behind the large, flapping, beneficent ears of the donkey, and not a fly came near.

Later this same editor uttered a word of eulogy for a martyred President and her waste basket was forthwith stuffed with anti-trust literature, stop notices, etc.

The editor rode on.

Then she ran across a most unjust assault upon a noble soul who happens to be in the ranks of Spiritualism. Knowing something of the one assaulted, and believing him to be perfectly sincere, she at once rose to his defense, making for the purpose a careful and exhaustive study of his work and methods, and publishing the same, with the result that two or three of the ultra wise ones exclaimed: "Aha, we know you now for a Spiritualist, a frequenter of dark seances and a believer in clap-trap. Get down from your donkey and carry it."

But the editor rode on, and the donkey smiled.

It was a smile of superior discernment for he had looked deeper than his human brothers into the processes of nature and beheld God working in the dark with every little seed in its germination. He had not actually seen God with his donkey eye but with an inner sense and as God was thus hidden from the outer eye, he naturally concluded him to be hidden or occult, to be revealed only to the inner sense.

So the donkey's smile was very sagacious.

But he confessed to being a little tired and so the editor dismounted of her own accord, turned him out to pasture, and stepping into an auto she went spinning away in search of Helen Wilmans Post, of whom she is very fond. Off they flew into the country, and the editor,

as she watched Helen's expressive face, kindling at sight of the young leaves and opening blossoms, thought—O, if the Third Assistant Postmaster General Madden could only see Helen's heart as I see it now how quickly that Fraud Order would be cancelled. Unfortunately the editor could not run the auto into the sanctum of that official, but she fervently hoped Helen's thought would reach and touch him there, so that he might know her as she is and not as she has been represented to him.

Was it Kipling who said something about our standing, each one of us on separate islands, and shouting to each other across seas of misunderstanding? Never mind who said it so long as it is true. Why, we know it is true. Who has not been cut in the very face by the stinging lash of criticism swung by the hand of a supposed friend?

And when friends so misunderstand each other what can one expect of strangers, between whom the seas of misunderstanding run wide and unnavigable?

What matters it, after all, so the heart be conscious of good intent? Is there not an inner peace based on that intent and can one not stand alone, and misunderstood, in dignified and splendid isolation?

Great natures evolve their strength in just this way. They are forced to the perpendicular, because whenever they would lean on another, away falls the prop, and no one can lean without something to lean on. When that something is gone one must either fall to the ground, prostrate, or assume the perpendicular. Happy the one who can thus rise and stand erect and free, though lovers and friends stand afar off.

Dr. Albert de Sarak, is with us still, and since our last account of him has given some interesting experiments.

On one occasion, in the presence of about twenty-five persons, Dr. de Sarak, having obtained permission of the editor, carried by occult means a book from her library to the place of assembly, a distance of over a mile. On another occasion a flower which was marked by having a portion of a leaf torn off was sent through a closed window upon the lawn and was afterward identified as the original flower by the perfect fitting of the torn portion to the leaf from which it had been severed.

But greatest of all was the experiment in which Dr. de Sarak was taken bodily through the walls of the assembly room out into the hall

adjoining. Doors and windows had been sealed with tape and sealing wax and stamped with the ring of one of the ladies present. The lights were turned out and after a short time the voice of the Doctor was heard in the hall. On striking a light every seal was found to be intact, so it was evident that neither doors nor windows could have been opened for egress. How then was it accomplished?

And yet, not being able to answer this, we still think we know so much of the powers and the possibilities of matter. Why, positively we know nothing compared with what we shall know.

Of course there is always the cry of "trickery" but to the best of the editor's knowledge and observation the phenomena given by Dr. Sarak are genuine. At the same time she refrains from endorsing the man himself of whom she knows very little. Occultism does not always stand for goodness or sincerity of purpose and it is well known that there may be black as well as white magicians.

Occasionally one meets a person who sniffs contemptuously at anything in the way of phenomena, saying: I have no use whatever for it. I have passed beyond all that and what I seek now is spiritual truth. It often turns out that said person can not distinguish spiritual truth from a large vacuous hole in the ground, where the sun never shines, where a flower never blooms and a bird never sings.

Divest spiritual truth of its accompanying phenomena on this earth of ours and what remains? The people who can divorce the two are doubtless ready for another sphere. They certainly can have no mission here. They do not belong in our nice little Kindergarten where we are learning with delight the wondrous mysteries of color and sound and form as the symbols of Eternal Life and Love.

But what a mistake for these little Kindergartners to leave their pleasant studies and go out with bean shooters and things to fire at the august person of Mr. Madden when he passes by. It is surely maddening.

And if "All is good" what is the matter with Mr. Madden? Isn't he good too? Why may he not be a good official in the earnest discharge of duty? If as many vituperous letters have been sent him as reported he might easily be pardoned for viewing the entire New Thought Movement as a Carrie Nation craze.

If New Thought principles are to slump into Old Thought methods of reform how much better off are we and how far removed from brute

warfare, for though no blood be shed there lies sheathed between man's lips a two-edged weapon which cuts deeper than a Damascus blade, and a New Thought wound might be deadlier than an Old Thought one.

Who wants to use a weapon in this enlightened age when we so well know that Peace and Love can usher in a higher and more ideal civilization.

And in the meantime though we must shout to each other across seas of misunderstanding our shouts need not be battle cries.

Even self-interest forbids it for if we know anything of the laws of mind the fact is plain that every poisoned thought of hatred or revenge returns to bury itself in the bosom of its originator there to breed disease and wretchedness. The tocsin of war though it call to battle on the metaphysical plane portends the destruction of the physical body just as surely as though it were wrought by gun or sword.

"Little children, love one another."

Somebody writes to Eleanor Kirk and asks her to come out squarely and tell her readers whether she does or does not believe in absent treatments, whether she has known of any substantial healing brought about by this method, also if she were ill whether she would trust herself to an absent healer. The writer then goes on to say that she (or he) has many acquaintances who have been treated in this fashion without result. They have parted with their money, but have not lost their ills, etc., etc.

Eleanor replies that such communications are often received at her office, and that she is ready to answer one and all, as follows:

Our friend says, "Will you come squarely out?" etc.

Eleanor answers:

"Certainly. I believe that some cases of sickness have *apparently* been cured by absent treatments, but most of the cases that have come under my observation have received no benefit whatever. And I have neither been asleep nor careless in my inquiries and investigations.

The successful instances have always or generally been where the patient implicitly trusted the healer, and had been in previous personal communication with her or him.

Francis E. Mason, of Brooklyn, mental science minister, tells a good story in this connection. He received one day a letter from a lady in a neighboring State, enclosing a bank-note for a quick cure which he had performed by means of an absent treatment. Words could not express the gratitude and delight of the writer for this instantaneous relief. The recipient of the letter did not know what to make of it.

He had received no order to treat. In a day or two the secret was out. The second letter had been the first to arrive.

Except in the patient's mind Mr. Mason had no more to do with this case than his neighbor across the street. All the same it was a genuine case of healing. The woman healed herself and thought Mr. Mason performed the miracle.

As our correspondent remarks, "There is something somewhere in this business that is good and true." This case of self-healing was good and true, although the credit of the work was given to another.

This subject is so tremendous that at present I feel utterly inadequate to handle it. I know that there is a great available force in this universe which is free to all who will stretch forth their hands and take it. It is no more free to one person than to another. I have just as much omnipotence in me as has the absent healer who guarantees to cure at so much per week or month. He may perchance—I use this word advisedly—have a fuller realization of this God power than I have. If he has, he can keep himself in good condition and help me to help myself by trusting in his knowledge of the law. In other words, he can teach me to heal myself.

Right here is the pith of the whole business. Jesus Christ could not or did not keep those He healed from future sickness or death. He could raise the dead, but if they did not know enough afterwards to keep alive they were obliged to duplicate the performance.

"Go and sin no more lest a worse thing befall thee," He said to one of His patients. What did that mean? Simply that this man must by the avoidance of former errors learn enough of truth to prevent the recurrence of such conditions.

I have always said, and I still believe, that dependence upon a healer absent or present, is just as harmful to the patient as dependence upon a physician. In a crisis they are both useful. If the healer-teacher accepts his fee and gets out, leaving the word he has spoken to blossom and bear fruit, he is the healer that I would like to recommend. But I have no use for either healer or physician who for the sake of money holds on to his clients indefinitely. It is nothing less than spiritual prostitution to pay a price from month to month and year to year to be kept in good health and prosperous circumstances. To add to the absurdity of the situation, there never was and there never can be a person on top of God's earth who can do such a work. The reason for this ought to be obvious to every one who can think.

The individual is the greatest creature in the universe, and anything that interferes with the evolution of the individual can wield no lasting power. Smitten by God's law, it is bound to go down.

ELEANOR KIRK.

Well, Eleanor certainly comes out squarely enough. She does not round a single corner, but where in the world has she been all this time not to have known of cases that were absolutely healed by absent treatment!

Of course Mr. Mason's story is a very good one and I could match it with two or three others, but both he and Eleanor fail to take into

account the demand upon the subconscious mind of the healer. When that patient sent her request for treatment, although the letter did not reach Mr. Mason, the request did. I thought it was an established fact that the subconscious mind has activities of which the conscious mind knows nothing, for instance a hypnotized subject in New York may see what is going on in Paris and yet bring back no remembrance of what he has seen when he returns to the circumscribed activities of the conscious mind. Instances are on record where persons in certain states of consciousness have seen into the future and made prophecies which were afterward fulfilled, and yet when these same persons returned to a normal state they knew nothing of the prophecies they had uttered.

Evidently then Eleanor's point must be that Mr. Mason is not entitled to remuneration for work done in the subconscious. That may be, but it reminds me of a man who sent in a bill for some mechanical work, and the bill seemed out of proportion to the outlay of time and effort. When questioned about it he replied: O, well the actual work done on this occasion might be valued at fifty cents. The extra charge is for KNOWING HOW.

That system of values seems to prevail quite generally. When Paderewski admits you to one of his recitals, he makes you pay for his KNOWING HOW to delight your ear.

When a specialist examines you, he does not base his fee on the amount of time he gives you in order to discover your ailment, but he bases it on the KNOWING HOW. (Even though sometimes he does not know how.)

And so forth and so on, you will find the same system everywhere in vogue.

It still remains an open question whether Mr. Mason's patient healed herself by her own faith or whether her faith had a sure foundation in Mr. Mason's KNOWING HOW, in his having the power, the subconscious power to heal her. Evidently Mr. Mason's KNOWING HOW does not lie in his conscious mind for he must think he does not KNOW HOW if he believes the patient healed herself.

But let me tell you something—Faith does not always heal for I have known instances where the patient had the most implicit faith and yet was not healed. How about that Mr. Mason! How about that Eleanor dear!

I have said again and again and I say it here once more that while each one of us has a direct pull on the healing power we can help each other to get the grip on it in the first instance, or to regain it when lost.

Eleanor herself knows that when she goes down to the ocean and pillows her head on the sand, then deep calls to deep and the mighty waves as they come rolling in rouse something within her which has been slumbering.

What the ocean does the healer does. Eleanor apart from the ocean has missed something; the patient apart from the healer has missed something. Do you see the analogy?

And as to dependence upon a healer whether absent or present, for long at a time, I do not believe such a thing possible. If the law is working for the evolution of the individual, it will take care of that evolution and see that said individual stands intact.

There is another law, by the way, which demands that individuals shall act and react on each other and we fail utterly to take that into account when we make a stand for individualism at the expense of communism.

But Eleanor acknowledges that the healer can help the patient by teaching him and forthwith compounds the word "healer-teacher."

This stirs me to ask if all healing is not teaching? I would also add that words whether written or spoken are clumsy and inadequate to the soul's expression. Who can put his highest thought into words? It is just this highest thought which goes to the patient telepathically in the treatment, and it is something far better than pen has ever traced or tongue uttered.

Eleanor is quite right when she inveighs against the healer who would hold on to a patient indefinitely for the sake of his fee. But I really did not suppose there was any one in the field of workers who would do such a thing. I am thankful to say I never knew of one.

To return to the original question—Are patients healed by present or absent treatments, or do they heal themselves—You have Mr. Mason's answer, Eleanor Kirk's answer and my answer. Now let us hear from some one else.

One thing is certain—Where you see smoke, look out for fire and where you see an effect, look out for a cause. If people are drawn to a healer, be sure that healer has something to give to them, something that they want, and that something is very likely to be strength or love or hope or some form of optimism. The healer is bound to give that out as surely as an object which is warmer than the surrounding atmosphere gives out waves of heat.

Strength, love and hope are healing vibrations but you can not register them always in little black characters on paper, nor form them into audible sounds. They travel instead on the invisible ether and touch the hearts that are waiting for them.

When you take this into consideration all this talk which is going the rounds, about—Who does the healing, the healer or the patient—looks quite like “Much ado about nothing.”

And the fact of healing remains undisturbed.

Special Notices.

When this issue of The Radiant Centre reaches its subscribers the book by the editor entitled *Mental Healing Made Plain* will be ready for delivery and the many orders waiting will be at once filled.

Helen Wilmans Post is in Washington and can be found at Hotel St. Louis, corner of H and Fourteenth.

The Success Centre.

When many minds concentrate upon one thought a mighty power is aroused to action. The Success Centre is based upon this principle and is composed of several thousand members who hold in unison a certain thought formula. This formula induces in each member the mental attitude which brings success. There is a thought vibration which means failure, and there is also a thought vibration which means success. When you associate with people who are in the vibration of failure you cast in your lot with them. You are like the Irishman who said to a brother inebriate, lying in the gutter: “Faith, and I can’t lift yees up, but I can lay down beside yees.”

To lie down beside those who are prostrate does not help them up, and it pulls you down. First get into the attitude of success yourself and then you can lift up others. Get into the thought vibration of the Success Centre and generate SUCCESS.

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KATE ATKINSON BOEHME,
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From Helen Wilmans Post's Waste Paper Basket.

KATE BOEITME said I must go and see Count de Sarak in his wonderful exhibition of the powers of The Brotherhood; the Mahatmas. And what Kate says is generally worth while. So I went. I had no difficulty about getting an escort. I could have had two if I had wanted them; being a good looking young widow (temporarily—Charley not yet having arrived) where was the difficulty? Besides that, I am a business woman with no end of push and the mere matter of securing an escort to an evening's entertainment is nothing to the difficulties I have overcome; marrying Charley, for instance. And difficulties—what are they anyway but stimulants to greater exertion? I would have been dead long ago but for the difficulties that always stood in my way as challenges to a fresh exercise of power.

This reminds me; one night I was at a dance in City Beautiful and had been dancing every set, when a lady who was a regular wall flower asked me how I happened to get so many partners. I told her it did not happen; that nothing happened to me. Just then a gentleman, a close friend, started out from a group and came in the direction of where some other ladies were sitting not far from us. I crossed the floor and intercepted him. "You are going for a partner?" I asked. "Yes," he said. "Has any particular lady focussed your intention in the matter?" "No," he said, "I have left the matter to Providence." "Then," said I, "Providence has selected me." "Thanks be to Providence," was his laughing response, and away we circled in the waltz. When I went back to my seat by the "wall flower" whom I had left, she said again, "I don't understand how you get so many partners when there is only one man to two women in the room." "The secret of it," I said, "is in the fact that I am a hustler."

The vitality that makes one "hustle" is the secret of success everywhere, and there is no power on earth that so rapidly promotes vitality as a knowledge of Mental Science. Why don't every one study it long and faithfully, I want to know? A knowledge of Mental Science is the basis of success in every undertaking in life; an understanding of it is an absolute guarantee of success.

But to go back to the lecture of Count de Sarak. He is a native of Thibet; a small dark man with great magnificent black eyes, hollow cheeks, and an expression of face as innocent as a child; I could as easily suspect a baby or an angel of dishonest intention as him. He can not speak English very well, and so his lecture was given through an interpreter. He told of the strange powers of the Adepts, "of whom," he said, "he was the least and humblest member."

He told of their growing old and of the weakening of their bodies just as other people become bodily weak in old age. But the Adepts while their bodies are growing old are all the time becoming stronger mentally, until the time comes when they get rid of their old bodies just as one gets rid of an old coat. After this they step forth immediately into the body of a new born child without the loss of any of the

powers acquired in their many previous incarnations. In this way they perpetuate their individuality which grows stronger with each incarnation and will continue to do so until they have acquired the knowledge to overcome the decay and death of their bodies and live forever in the flesh. Evidently, however, there were none who had yet accomplished this. At least I got this impression from what he said, though as he was rather vague about it I may be mistaken.

After his lecture he then proceeded with his tests. The first thing he did was to cause sugar to explode in a goblet held in the hand of a gentleman from the audience. He made passes over it which increased in force and rapidity until there was a big explosion in the glass, bursting it and throwing a flame several feet into the air. After this he seemed to be greatly exhausted, almost to the point of fainting. He touched the hands of several of his students and friends from whom he appeared to derive fresh power. Then he proceeded with his second test. This was the planting of wheat grains in soil held in the hands of persons from the audience. After the wheat was planted and watered he again went through the same strenuous exertions, evidently pouring out his own vitality into them until he had very little left. It took about five minutes for the seed to sprout and send up stalks an inch high. I brought one of them home with me and now have it planted in a small pot where it grew at least another inch the same night.

The next thing he did was to have himself tied securely in a chair where he could not move either his hands or body. Then he told us that for that test he would have to go out of his body; after which his head fell backwards for a few minutes, when all in a flutter a bird fell from somewhere—I could not see where—and went running over the floor. He then came out of his trance. I handled the bird and it was the prettiest little creature I ever saw, and entirely unlike any that the audience had ever seen. I asked the interpreter what she was going to do with it, and she said she would take care of it.

In his last test he was blindfolded completely, as I myself know. Bats of raw cotton were placed over his eyes and bound on with three thick bandages. In this condition he played a game of dominoes and did several other things, ending by painting a picture of a subject given him from the audience. It was a moonlight scene among mountains and trees, with a lake of water; the sky was beautiful, with a rift in the clouds from which the moon was shining, tipping the trees with silver and leaving a broad stream of light upon the water. From where I sat it looked like a beautiful thing. It took fourteen minutes to paint it.

Observing the tremendous exertion these efforts cost him I did not wonder at his cadaverous thinness and his death-like pallor. He was giving his own life force in these efforts and exhausting his body which will not much longer bear the strain he is putting upon it.

Now for his explanation. He disclaims his own power in the matter. He says it is his masters—the Adepts—working through him; their power is from Brahma whom they worship. Of course I took about as much stock in this explanation as I would in the ravings of one of our modern Christs who are representing themselves as the rein-

emissions of Jesus. And I believe I see through the whole thing too. This man only manifests powers that are latent in all men; but he don't know this; nor do the men know it in whom the same powers exist in latency awaiting their own recognition in order to become manifest.

The Orientals have performed acts that look strange and inexplicable during many centuries. The knowledge of how to do them has been transmitted from father to son until families have become marked by certain phases of thought that have produced certain phenomena. It has been claimed by them that the power to produce these phenomena is strictly confined to these families, and this claim has been accepted by the public. But it is a mistaken claim; for if it is possible for one person to do it, then another person can do it who—by any means whatever—acquires the belief that he can do it.

Count de Sarak believes that he does these things by the power of Brahma, transmitted through the Adepts of Thibet. He has been brought up to believe in Brahma just as our Christians believe in God. Brahma is all powerful; there is nothing impossible to Brahma—this is his idea—nothing can shake him in it; he would consider it a perfectly awful thing if one should tell him that the power was in himself, and that it was universal in the race, and capable of being brought into use by proper mental training.

But this is absolutely true; and if a man could believe in his own individual power as easily as he can believe in the power of Brahma or God, he could do all the works he ascribed to these "Omnipotent Ones." But brought up in the world's delusions of his own helplessness and dependence on a Higher Potency he is virtually emasculated for anything like what he calls a "supernatural" effort. His brain wavers and loses tension at the very suggestion of such a thing. Now I know that my explanation of this thing is correct. I have been studying the latent faculties of men for forty years, and it would not be believed if I should tell the world what a mighty creature he is capable of becoming.

The reason why Mental Science as I teach it in The Wilmans Home Course has not yet been accepted by the entire race is because of the world's belief in some mighty power outside of itself—God or Brahma—before which it lays down all belief in its own power and clings weakly to the traditions instilled in it from birth. The very bodies and brains of the people are builded out of these beliefs; every atom of them is stamped with this belief, and the truth which has just dawned will not find widespread credence in the present generation. But I can see in the trend of events that the time is fast approaching when all this will change. Men are coming closer and closer to a knowledge of themselves. They are becoming more and more astounded at the developments of science and the growth of thought.

For my part I see clearly that the present race of men are but the infants of the coming race; their brains are merely embryotic. In a few years we will laugh at the tests of the "power of Brahma" as given by Count de Sarak. Such tests and greater will be of every day occurrence. These tests are prophetic; they show forth the power to infuse wood and other negative substances with our thought in a way to make

it obedient to our will. And indeed the entire exhibition is wonderfully prophetic of things to be accomplished by the race in the coming years.

HELEN WILMANS POST.

In the exhibition given by Count de Sarak recorded in this week's Waste-Paper Basket, there is one point I overlooked. It is the fact of his being so overcome by the effort to produce his tests. He gave his life force in doing it. He poured his own vital force into the wheat seeds to hasten their growth, it was out of his own life fluid that he created the bird. Now while he succeeded in doing this in the way I have described, I am aware that there is an easier way to do it; a way that does not drain the operator of his own life. I have had an experience that causes me to believe this. When I first studied Mental Science, and before I understood it thoroughly, I was called upon to treat one of my own family who was so far advanced in consumption that the medical art could do nothing for him. One night—though the night was warm—he called for a fire in the grate, and laid himself down before it, making every effort to get closer and absorb more of its almost overpowering heat. He said his feet and legs had been cold for days and that the cold was creeping higher, and when it reached the vital organs he would die. This frightened me, and I spoke impulsively, saying, "I will give you half of my life." The words being spoken, the effect followed; I felt a force flowing from my body toward him which continued—gradually diminishing for some fifteen or twenty minutes. Then I found that I had become cold and had almost lost the power to move. I left the room some way and went into the kitchen where the servant girl noticed me and thought I was dying. She made me take a glass of wine and rubbed my hands and feet, and after quite an hour had me so I could walk with some little strength. Then I went back into the parlor where I had left my patient. I found him up answering his accumulated correspondence, and as lively as a cricket. He appeared entirely recovered; and this improved condition lasted for two months. Then he sank again. I tried many other times to pour my vitality into him as I had done on the evening I have mentioned, but I never could do it with anything like the same power.

But I did cure him later. I discovered that the better way and the lasting and true way was to evoke his own latent vitality instead of filling him with mine. It was in this way I cured him, and the cure was permanent. I have told this in connection with my account of Count de Sarak, thinking that in all things, even in wood, and in the air itself, the principle of universal vitality exists and can be called into manifestation and shaped into various forms of life through the power of the intelligent will.

It will be noticed in the description I have given that I have not questioned the honesty of Count de Sarak's tests. I absolutely know they were genuine. I can accept the fact of their genuineness the more readily because I have known for years that man's faculties and his power to use them as he most desires are unlimited.

Satva and the Fine Arts.

IN a temple, seated on the floor before the Image, a man was singing a song without the least regard to time or tune. The priest who had a good musical ear was nettled at this. "What do you mean by crying like this?" said he gruffly. "Why? I am singing a song to the Lord. I want to please Him alone, and do not care for what a man may think of it," was the angry reply. "To please the Lord!" said the priest sarcastically. "Is He a greater fool than myself?"

The priest, though in a fit of passion unwittingly struck a note of profound meaning. Persons capable of pleasing the Lord must partake of His nature, that is, the satva will be preponderant in them. Their conduct must, in every case, be the manifestation of satva. Illumination of the senses of perception is, according to the Scriptures, the true indication of satva. The Lord says in the Gita: "When intelligence is seen to shine through all the avenues of this body then it is to be known that satva is preponderant." (Chap. xiv. II.) Both Sankara and Ramanuja understand the senses of perception by the avenues of the body. Intelligence, which is the only means of right perception of things is the natural possession of the satvic—intelligence not limited to one particular sense but extending to all the senses of perception, making them capable of detecting at once the merits and defects of things presented to them.

Here the question presents itself as to whether there is any fixed standard of judging things. It is of course a fact that different people have different standards of judgment. But these different standards are determined by the prevailing gunas in them. All persons in whom the tamasic is the strongest will have before them the same "ideal," which every one of them will, by a constitutional necessity, aspire after. In his case the greatest blessing would be to lie immersed in sense gratification. Persons having the rajasic developed in them to the same extent will long for the realization of the same state of life, viz., incessant activity. So the satvic too have their own ideal. But as satva leads man nearer to the Reality than the other gunas, the fixed standard of judgment is, from the standpoint of men who believe in the Reality, the highest idea of good conceived by men in whom the satva has reached its highest perfection.

Whatever tends to hide from a man's view his own ideal (be it satvic, rajasic or tamasic) is repugnant to him and he thinks it bad. Whatever, on the other hand, harmonizes with the ideal or helps to bring it out into greater prominence, is good. In this way have all things which man uses out of necessity or for pleasure been classed under the three heads of satvic, rajasic and tamasic according as they suit the tastes of, and by exercise or indulgence deepen them in, the satvic, rajasic and tamasic persons respectively.

It is not within the scope of this article to dwell, in detail, on things that are satvic. But the general principle on which the classification is based may be briefly noted here.

We read in the Gita: "Such pleasures as are like poison at first but are like nectar in the end are satvic." (Chap. xviii. 37.) The

meaning is that things which are enjoyable only by trained minds are satvic. Tamasic pleasures of which the type is the sexual do not depend upon any previous training. They spring at once from the contact of the senses with their respective objects of enjoyment. Hence the more a thing is removed from the gross plane of the senses, the nearer it is to satva. Abstraction is therefore the element in which the satvic dwell.

The fine arts resting upon the principle of abstraction seeking as they do to express "ideas apprehended in pure contemplation" (Schopenhauer) have a close affinity with the man of satva. He lives in constant touch as it were with the "ideas apprehended in pure contemplation." Hence the least defect in representations of these ideas jars upon his most refined susceptibility. A satvic man can never therefore be duped by the gloss of surface appearances, nor does he himself do anything that conflicts with man's cultured tastes. "He never lays his feet unrhythmically" as Bhagavan Sri Ramakrishna used to say in His beautiful way. In other words a satvic man is the most cultured man imaginable, though he may not know a bit of what we understand by learning. His consciousness is the test of all things. Nothing false or defective can win his approbation.

It must not be understood that every satvic man is necessarily a most skillful artist. He must have a thorough grasp of the abstract ideas which form the basis of the fine arts and will be enabled thereby to appreciate the excellences and find out the defects in them, but he may not care to give him the physical training necessary to make a practical artist of himself.

The moral qualifications of a genuine artist can not be found in one who has not attained to some extent at least, the calm and purity of satva. The following lines from Ruskin, who though speaks of the painter alone, apply with equal truth to all fine artists:

"No vain or selfish person can possibly paint in the noble sense of the word. Vanity and selfishness are troublous, eager, anxious, petulant:—painting can only be done in calm of mind. * * *

"And, lastly, no false person can paint. A person false at heart may, when it suits his purposes seize a stray truth here or there; but the relations of truth, its perfectness, that which makes it wholesome truth, he can never perceive. As wholeness and wholesomeness go together, so also sight with sincerity; it is only the constant desire of and submissiveness to truth, which can measure its strange angles and mark its infinite aspects; and fit them and knit them into the strength of sacred invention."

It is unreasonable to think that the poet had distinctly in view this close affinity between true culture and the fine arts when he sang:

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with the concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted."

—V., in Prabuddha Bharata.

Salvation is in the Pursuit of Knowledge

Helen Wilmans Post, in Freedom.

WE do not understand ourselves. Actually we do not know what we are. These wonderful bodies of ours have been accreted under the Law of Attraction, which is the growth principle in all creatures. They have gradually unfolded themselves through use; prompted by the ever increasing desire of the individual for more good, more freedom and more power.

But whatever these bodies are, there is no doubt but they stand as representatives of the established thought or belief of the time in which they came into the world. They are condensed accretions of the best the world had to give us. If we accept the doctrine of Evolution, and I know that it is the true explanation of every mystery concerning us, then we have passed through this great laboratory of the earth, and we are here as her very highest and noblest expressions. We are the children of this mother, infinitely refined; all her crudity rejected; all her potency for good stored within us. We have come a long way on life's journey, and we have a longer way to go. And we are wonderful beings; but not a soul of us has more than the faintest idea of the latent power within us. We do not know what we are.

But we begin to know what we are not. We begin to know we are not the weaklings Theology accuses us of being—"crawling worms of the dust." We begin to reject such accusations as insults to our intelligence. We begin to know that we are creatures of a self-existent Law or Life Principle, and not the creations of a personal God, and that we need no mediator between us and this Law to save us. We know that only our individual intelligence, growing always in the knowledge of truth, can save us; and that there is nothing to be saved from but ignorance.

How people can be so indifferent to the acquisition of knowledge is beyond my power of comprehension. I place such acquisition above all things; there is nothing I would not gladly sacrifice for it. And yet speaking truly there can be no sacrifice for knowledge. What is riches in comparison with it, when riches—true, permanent, life enduring wealth—is based upon it and what real power is there that has not knowledge for its foundation? Therefore I touch the very centre of wealth and power and happiness when I say that knowledge is above; all; that it is the first thing to seek if the individual wishes to stand on firm ground, in command of the whole.

And the world is finding this out. It is no small thing to me, in looking over the exchanges that come to our office, to perceive how the spirit of introspection begins to be developed in so many editors. Now introspection leads to self-knowledge, and this is the beginning of all knowledge; for on it alone great actions are based. A man may know many things unrelated to himself, and yet be absolutely uncreative and mentally unproductive; but let him study himself and find out how his faculties relate him to the Law of Being; and then discover the limitless opulence of the Law, and he will have made greater advancement than if he had spent centuries in studying printed books.

Not long ago I was reading some instructions about how to become a popular writer; how one was to take thought of his readers in order to make the most admirers. I know it is a nice thing to have the approval of the literary public; but I also know that it is a prostituting thing to seek it. If one can write his highest truths and yet be popular, this is well; but if he must stoop one iota below his highest for the purpose of obtaining popularity, he is no longer a man; he is a buffoon. As a buffoon he may achieve a short lived success, but as a man he has passed out of existence. True existence, I mean; that existence in which one is the very highest and noblest he can be, namely, himself.

There are buffoons that were born so, and they frequently are very entertaining and pleasing and companionable, even lovable; but for a big man to play at being little, for the purpose of meeting small people on their own ground, is a horrible sacrifice; and this is an age in which sacrifice has justly gone out of fashion. It is an age of individualization, in which each brain must stand up for the very best expression of itself.

What is a small, temporary success, even in so noble an art as literature when compared with the dignity, the splendor of the highly evolved self? Why, the time has come when nothing short of the true self will be accepted as a man. How much this means to me; how much it would mean to every person if it could be understood and properly estimated.

What would Shakespeare have been if he had written to please an audience? He was the one man who above all others in the world's history wrote from himself. His writings are a transcript of human nature; he found that nature in himself. If he had been stuffed with the ideas of other men the clear fountain of human nature would have been overlaid and smothered in him, and he would have been a failure.

How strange it seems to me that this study of mind unfoldment—and this is what Mental Science is—should constantly take the student deeper down into himself; deeper down into the abyss of nature from which truth upwells—truth, sincerity, intensity, purity, strength, and eventually unparalleled creativeness; the word that stands for God; the word that represents all power.

Men and women have been trying to get away from this deep fountain of life instead of going down to it. They have projected an imaginary heaven, and arrayed themselves in imaginary wings in their efforts to fly away from it. "Human nature," they say, "is of the earth, earthy; let us live above it." To live above it is not to live at all. The only life is to live in it. And really consider a moment! Is it not the human nature in a person that attracts us toward him? Whom do we love least of all? He who is farthest away from human nature.

A baby is an example of human nature absolutely unadorned by the graces of true and genuine culture; and how sweet it is; so sweet that we overlook all its little crudities and its lack of proper direction. Now if we could give it the proper training without obliterating its human nature what an unimaginably delightful and charming creature it would be! Instead of such training, we teach it to conform to false

and unnatural standards; and so it is ruined; and the world is full of such ruined creatures; mere phantoms of men and women, living a make-believe existence; never touching real life at all, and then wondering why "God has punished them with disease and death." Mrs. Eddy is not far wrong when she denies the existence of such creatures, though her remedy only makes matters worse.

I want to tell the people to go down into themselves and get a better hold upon the roots of their existence, and then to develop themselves in conformity with the word that is spoken to them from that holy of holies that fountain of pure nature; that well-spring of Being for every soul of us, the finding of which is the union of all of us in the bonds of unshaken brotherhood. It is only when we come to this place that absolute justice becomes possible to us; because it is only there that we perceive the need of other souls no less than our own need; and it is only there that the true desire for other's rights takes hold of us with enduring power, and with the lofty tenderness that never relinquishes the just claims of any fellow being, no matter how weak and humble.

Referring again to the article on authorship. I doubt whether any person can write well who writes below the level of his best thought. But there are many ways in which one can express his best thought. Take, for instance, the Mental Science idea. This idea could be unfolded splendidly in a novel; or in a play. It might be worked up so as to produce a grand effect on the stage. I am not referring to the mere business of mental healing, but to the elaboration of the many wonderful things that it predicts and promises. I know quite well that I could not do it. And yet, since I wrote this last sentence I hesitate; called to order by the demand that forbids my placing any limit on my powers of accomplishment. Who knows but I may do it sometime. At present I only seem able to present the plain facts without any attempt at elaboration or ornament.

But one thing I am sure of; that I shall never stultify my best thought by lowering it to the public level. If I can not bring the public up to it I shall confess myself powerless in the matter.

After all, an article should write itself. It should be the unchecked outflow of the natural man; the man who has found himself in the deep interior of his human nature. When such an article is written it reaches every other person whose life is grounded on the same deep source, and it passes over the heads of others who are not so grounded; those who live as yet out on the surface of things, and who have no true hold on any vital principle; the shadows of men and women who pass for the real thing, not knowing the difference.

It is for this that the body exercises its tremendous attraction—that mortal love torments and tears asunder the successive generations of mankind.

That underneath and after all the true men and women may appear—by long experience emancipated.—Edward Carpenter, in *Towards Democracy*.

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But in general terms it may be said that Art, in all its forms, is the grand means of * * * making us conscious of the Ideal (which is the Real) world under the phantom world which passes for real to the ordinary sense. And Art does this largely by abandoning the attempt to represent the individual—which the sense can do a thousand times better—and by regarding everything that it deals with in an ideal and universal light, "sub specie aeternitatis," as Spinoza wrote, which the senses can not do at all.—Rolleston.

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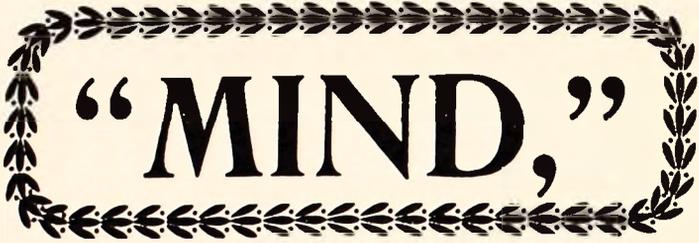
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