

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.*

MAY, 1902

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RADIANT THE CENTRE

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, RELIGION.

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MAY, 1902.

No. 5.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

PEOPLE are born in one way or another; some with the traditional silver spoon in the mouth and some without. Our family annals say nothing of my silver spoon but they do credit me with a trustful temperament from the start. They say I trusted everything and everybody and that it was written in my eyes from the beginning.

I am glad of that. Not proud but simply glad. Glad that I struck the light of day with the first principle of jurisprudence large in my mind. Having that to start with I became a ready convert to the New Thought, which is supposed to hold the ideal for all humanity.

Our courts of law do not pronounce a man guilty until he is proved so on abundant evidence. Neither do I.

In the March number of *The Radiant Centre* I spoke very highly of Dr. de Sarak, but since then rather damaging reports have come to me concerning him. I have heard that he was expelled from the Theosophical Society for fraudulent doings and that his record in Buenos Ayres is not one to be proud of.

Some of the "over wise" ones are now saying to me, by way of greeting: "O, Mrs. Boehme, did you not know that man was a rascal when you first laid eyes on him?" I reply emphatically: "No indeed. I know no man to be a rascal when I first lay eyes on him. It may be very stupid you know, but I was born that way and can not help it. When noses were given out and the thirty-seven varieties were dis-

tributed I did not happen to get the detective pattern nor that of the sleuth-hound or the fox. Still I believe I have sufficient intelligence to discriminate against a man when I have evidence enough to show beyond a doubt that I can not trust him. But, even then I would really like to give him a chance to redeem himself."

I believe I owe it to my readers to give them a few incidents in the Sarak narrative beyond those given in the March and April issues of The Radiant Centre.

Delighted with his occult phenomena, which I still believe to be genuine, it was arranged that several of us should establish an Esoteric Centre here in Washington for the study of the occult. Dr. Sarak informed us that in order to do so we must have a charter from The Supreme Council of Thibet for which we must pay \$500, this sum to go to The Supreme Council, and not to Dr. Sarak. I thought nothing of this until I heard that \$15,000 had been required for the same purpose from a Centre in Buenos Ayres, and that the parties contributing to this sum had reason to feel aggrieved because of not receiving a fair equivalent. I also heard that Dr. Sarak, just before coming to Washington had tried to start a Centre in New York, demanding only \$100 for the charter from the members there, but it seems that something happened which created a prejudice against the doctor and the \$100 was not forthcoming, whereupon, it is stated that he tried to force payment, but did not succeed.

With this evidence before me I thought it best, being President of our Centre, to call a meeting and discuss the situation before going further. I did so with the result that we drew up a temperate and kindly article asking for an investigation of charges and we forwarded this to Dr. Sarak with the request that he give us the names of the persons constituting The Supreme Council of Thibet, so that we might communicate with them personally before paying them our \$500 for charter. It seemed to me that an innocent man would at once desire the fullest investigation but the doctor became highly incensed and in a letter addressed to me in reply he stated that the holy names of The Supreme Council could only be revealed to those who gave service of merit.

Naturally this balked proceedings, for the service of merit evidently consisted in laying our \$500 at the feet of The Supreme Council, who might or might not reveal themselves to us subsequently according to their appraisal of our service in the scale of merit. It was even whispered by the profane that another \$500 might be demanded be-

fore our merit reached the sticking point, so we thought we might as well stop at Zero, even if we were left out in the cold.

Thus endeth the tale of Sarak. My readers know the incidents and can form their own conclusions.

Occultism and goodness are not of necessity synonymous terms, and, by the way is there anything that so indicates the character of a man or woman as the handling of money? It is not to be despised for that very reason, if for no other, and I believe it to be the supreme test of character. Show me a man who is honorable in money matters and I will trust him for all things and for all time. He has my unbroken faith, while others have it only at the start.

And does it hurt, this losing faith in people whom I have trusted? No, not deeply, for I can look out, and beyond, to a place where human nature will grow away from its mistakes and its shortsightedness, where it will love truth and honesty, and where it will more truly represent the God within. I believe furthermore that the man who is dishonest to-day may become honest to-morrow and that in itself is a happy outlook.

Strange to say I am rarely duped to any considerable extent notwithstanding my chronic trustfulness. Sometimes I think the naturally suspicious people are more frequently preyed upon than I, so that even if one is born with the detective nose it might be well enough to soften its sharp outline by the mental massage of a belief in humanity.

The other day I had a pleasant little experience apropos of the topic in hand. I went into a dry goods house where I am not in the habit of dealing, and where I am not at all known. I purchased quite a little bill of goods, but had not money enough to pay for all so I said—Please send these goods C. O. D. but give me two small articles which I will take with me and pay for now, as I shall need them before your next delivery. A member of the firm happened to stand near me and overhearing my remark said very politely that I could take as much as I wished with me now, without paying for it, while the balance would be delivered, and that I could send my check for same by mail when convenient. As you may imagine this gave me a very comfortable feeling and I thought what a lovely world this would be if such confidence were more frequently felt and expressed.

There is one editor on the Washington Post whose editorials I

never miss reading and who is as surely in the New Thought as though he had his tag on. This is what he says about

MIND-CHANGING.

Is it not the inalienable right of a free American citizen to change his mind between two days, or in any other niche of time, as often as he sees fit? Is not mind-changing as fully within the area of that personal liberty which wholesome usage allows to a citizen as the changing of his shirt? And since the same reason that renders the latter indispensable may be equally operative in the former—for a soiled mind disqualifies one for good society quite as effectually as a dirty shirt—we can not see why the rapid and frequent discarding of one set of views and putting on of another should call for more reproof or excite more ridicule than similar changes in haberdashery.

This strikes me as sound sense and I think one of the mistakes made by some of the New Thought adherents is that they are so afraid of changing their minds. They are actually fettered by what they call truth and they spell TRUTH in large letters so that it looms up and dominates them, with the result that they become as creed bound as any sect in the world.

This, in my opinion, is not wise and moreover it is not healthful for it does not tend to freedom of thought and it engenders fear, which as we all know militates against the health of both mind and body. In fact I have seen persons so afraid of ERROR that it stood for them in much larger characters than Truth.

If you were doing a sum on a slate and an error crept into your sum would you be awfully afraid of it or would you quietly take your sponge and wipe it out. You might have to rub out the whole sum, but what of that? You would then have a nice clean slate to begin again upon.

Believe me, Error does not stalk about seeking prey. Neither does it lurk in ambush among "isms" and "ologies" ready to spring out upon you if you peep into them. Error is about as near nothing as it possibly can be. It is something like a hole in the ground, a sort of vacuum which you fall into on your way to the place where you would be, but I never fell into a hole of that kind that I could not clamber out of, and resume my journey, the wiser for the tumble, and I trust it has been so with you.

Sometimes the tumbles mean bruises and pains both mental and physical so that the error on the slate gets translated into an agony

in the living flesh. That is why we fear Error I suppose. We fear it because it entails suffering. Yes, I know it does, but there is that in the Heart of the Universe which gives compensation for every pain and for every sorrow. I have had my full measure of each but I do not regret it for I have found compensation as well. Moreover I am convinced that suffering has its mission, for, to use an old and well worn simile, it is like the plough which breaks up the ground and makes it ready for the planting.

To me the New Thought is or should be, Religion. Man is and always has been the better for Religion, no matter how mistaken his form of belief. The New Thought should be a Religion so universal that it covers all sects and creeds. Why not, I should like to know, when every form of Religion is trying to give an interpretation of that great Reality which is behind all, in all and through all. That Reality is God in whom we all live and move and have our being and whose Presence is everywhere, not only in temples set apart for worship but also in every human spirit, for "ye are the temples of the living God."

It seems to me that Religion needs a new presentation every little while because the mind wearies of the same phrases. Take any single word in our vocabulary and repeat it for a time and you will find it to become meaningless. It is so with any expression of thought oft repeated. Could anything be more tiresome than a preacher whose whole sermon consists of texts from the bible strung together on the thread of his discourse. The texts are all right, but when the man himself hides behind them and does not give out his own individual thought concerning them his utterance becomes a deadening monotony and only serves to lull us to sleep.

Bible texts are seed germs of thought and the preacher's office is to develop those germs out of his own individual consciousness. All the great preachers of the world have been men who could do this.

I hold the New Thought to be the renaissance of a very Old Thought and being a renaissance it is vivifying. It stimulates the mind and through it the body, but it need not of necessity lead people away from the Church. Rather should it take new life into it.

I understand that after twenty years or more of an independent ministry O. B. Frothingham went back into the Church, but did he return to it as he left it? I venture to say, not. He did not go around a closed cycle and return to the very point of departure, but as a man broadened and deepened by experience and with a new light thrown

on old beliefs. He simply went around a spiral returning to a new point for the purpose of learning that the Church is all right and that all it needs is the leaven of a new life.

There is a Church here in the city which is always open and I often go there to sit in quiet. The spiritual atmosphere of the place is beautiful and I invariably come forth strengthened and refreshed.

Some years ago while living in New York I went to St. Francis Xavier's to an early service at which they were to have some very fine music. When I entered the Church I was suffering from an intense headache but it soon disappeared, even before the music began, so I know it was not the musical vibrations that brought me relief. No, it was the spiritual aura of the Church.

With Emerson: "I like the silent Church before the service begins, better than any preaching."

It looks very much as though the world might be reverting to a simpler and earlier faith, such as was taught by the gentle Nazarene in that little upper chamber. A simple, pure and perfect ideal which has descended to us through the ages and is apparently indestructible.

And with it perhaps we shall return to simpler lives, lives shorn of their multiplicity of detail and fuller of restfulness and peace. If wealthy people would set the example in this respect it would save the poor from the strain of competition. A friend of mine has recently closed up his handsome residence and has moved into a warehouse in an alley where surrounded by his books and visited by the few friends whom he finds congenial, he seems thoroughly happy. The alley is a clean one and quite unobjectionable while from the windows of the warehouse one looks into surrounding treetops so that really the situation is not so bad as one might infer, and yet how few people would be willing to say they lived in an alley. This man does not mind it in the least and I admire his sturdy independence.

We are far too apt to entrench ourselves behind our possessions so that the real dignity of manhood and womanhood is hidden.

I thought that did not sound quite original and turning to Emerson's Essay on Manners I find, not exactly my own words, but the following:

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ask, Was a man in the house? I may easily go into a great house where there is much substance, excellent provision for comfort, luxury and taste, and yet not encounter there any Amphitryon who shall subordinate these appendages. * * * Everybody we know surrounds himself with a fine house, fine books, conservatory, gardens, equipage and all manner of toys, as screens to interpose between himself and his guest."

And yet I am happy to say that one does occasionally see beautiful characters whose surroundings are not screens, but true expressions of the soul within. I have seen dear little homes which seemed as much a part of the owner as the calyx is a part of the flower which it encloses.

I speak rather feelingly upon this point having been quite given myself to the luxury of appointments and the ornate in decoration, but now there is nothing that appeals to me so vividly and so delightfully as the vision of a country home, neat and simple in detail set in the midst of spreading green fields, long vistas, and great overshadowing trees. That vision attends me night and day. Shall I realize it? We shall see.

Friends, wherever you and I may be, let us not be torn by ambition or with the effort to vie with those who have great wealth. Let us know that if we have but one room we can make that room one of the sweetest, loveliest places on earth, if we live at the centre of Divine Love and radiate its beauty into all our conditions and surroundings.

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 What you can do, or think you can, begin it.
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 Why shouldst thou pray for what thou art?

—Mary Putnam Gilmore.

Answers to Correspondents.

Question: Can you help me to learn how to concentrate my mind, and then to attract or allure my thought to those higher vibrations of spirit that flood the being with light, love, health and every good. If I but knew how to relate myself to the All Good, how to think God, the Principle of Being, the Father, in the abstract. So often I ask myself, What I am? What God is? Then wait in silence, until I grow so nervous waiting that I am tortured. Will the light come? Yes I know it will, but must I give up this beautiful world I love so in order that this education be accomplished? Must I give up this body instead of bringing it into harmony with the law, through ignorance of the law? How may I find it?

Answer: Your question is a difficult one and I do not know that my answer will be satisfactory. Still I will give you what my thought suggests and it is this—The simplest souls have found this higher knowledge that you seek and its great attendant joy. It comes only to the religious temperament, to the soul that can aspire and revere. By the very act of aspiration the thought is attracted to those higher vibrations of Spirit which flood the being with light, love, health and every good.

You ask—How to relate yourself to the All Good and your mistake is in thinking that you are not now so related. If you can only think of yourself as a ray proceeding from the sun you will understand this relationship. Let the sun stand for God and the ray stand for yourself as a human being proceeding from God as the ray comes forth from the sun. Between the ray and the sun there is no separation. Neither is there any between you and God.

I do not know that you can think of God in the abstract. The Vedantists teach that the mind can only reach the abstract through contemplation of the concrete. It is for this reason that one images God as a Father or as a Person, and then passes from that conception to one more spiritual and more abstract.

It has been said that one must become as a little child in order to know God and find the Kingdom of Heaven and I believe this. I have never felt that it required a powerful thinking apparatus to find God for some of the greatest thinkers of the world have not thought Godward at all. In fact they have thought themselves away from God. The finding of God seems more an act of spiritual perception than a work of the intellect.

If your dearest friend is present with you, though you may not understand him still you can feel his presence and if you both love each other very dearly that presence will give you joy, though you may not be able to explain why. You may not know yourself thoroughly and you may know him still less and yet there is joy in his presence. And you feel that presence in a way which it is impossible to describe. It is in something such a way that the soul knows God and rejoices in the Divine Presence. By our human loves we learn of the love of God, therefore he who loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?

Do not make that intense effort to understand yourself or to un-

derstand God. It is no wonder that you are nervous to the point of torture if you expect a full revelation of either yourself or God on the instant. Just rest in the knowledge that through your aspiration you will draw to yourself as much of the knowledge of God as you can utilize in your life from day to day and from hour to hour.

I do not believe that it is necessary for you to leave this world by the gateway of death, to drop the body and pass into the spiritual world in order to find what you seek, for the inner part of you is spiritual now, and that is in touch with the spiritual world. Possibly a life without the physical body may be freer and one of more rapid advancement, but my belief is that the body can be brought into perfect harmony with the law, bringing health and happiness as its result.

The at-one-ment with God is not *made*, it is *now*, and simply waits to be *realized*.

Question: What do you mean by "The God Within?" If God is omnipresent how can he be within and not without?

Answer: When I say within, I do not mean in reference to a point in space as we judge of things in the physical world. I do not mean that God is inside of any one's body and not outside of it. By within I would indicate a place in the mind of man where the Spirit of God seems to centre and be cognized or realized by man. If you think of God as present within your own mind, or better still if you think of yourself as flowing forth from the central source of all, which is God, it is quite different from thinking of God in a far away heaven, while you are alone here, a little mite, feeble and almost helpless, on the planet Earth. I use the term to bring God nearer to you. That is all. I want you to feel that: "Nearer is He than breathing, closer than hands and feet."

The way to rise above the disappointment is to fix our eyes not on others or our own failures, but on the mark, and press toward that.—
H. W. Foote.

The Law.

We build our future thought by thought,
Or good or bad, and know it not—
Yet so the universe is wrought.

Thought is another name for fate.
Choose, then, thy destiny and wait—
For love brings love and hate brings hate.

Mind is the master of its sphere:
Be calm, be steadfast and sincere;
Fear is the only king to fear.

Let the God in thee rise and say
To adverse circumstance—Obey!
And thy dear wish shall have its way.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Special Notices.

Elizabeth Towne, the clearest of clear writers herself, says of the lessons entitled *Mental Healing Made Plain*:

"I have read them all and must say they are the clearest, easiest presentation of mental science I have seen. Surely no one with a grain of sense could read them and still claim not to understand."

From "The Reasoner," San Luis Obispo, Calif.:

Kate Atkinson Boehme, editor of "The Radiant Centre," sends me a file of her sumptuously printed magazine. There is no doubt that Mrs. Boehme has found her soul, and that she is one of those rare individuals who has the gift of imparting soul knowledge to others. Her English is elegant and her style dignified and sincere. Her lessons on "Mental Healing Made Plain," are among the best I have seen—being perfectly plain and practical. The conversational style employed makes the lessons pleasant reading.

The Radiant Centre is late again just as it was last year at about this time but subscribers will get every number before the end of the year and by Sept. it will be issued on its regular date, which is the 15th of the month.

Jacob Tuley, the young editor of "The Reasoner," San Luis Obispo, is a very modest fellow and never praises himself as some of the rest of us do, therefore let us say a good word for him for he deserves not only one good word but many. He is one of the cleverest, brightest editors in the field and his small sheet contains a great deal of strong thought, well condensed. It is happily named "The Reasoner" as it reasons forcibly on all the leading questions of the day.

A Wholesale Brother.

Allus liked his sorrow double—
 Nothin' else fer him wuz fit;
 Spent the day in huntin' trouble—
 Night in cryin' over it.

Trouble, like the gray owls hooted—
 That jest give him cause to say:
 "Lordy, ain't I persecuted!"
 Howlin' of his voice away.

That's jest how he used ter go it
 Bleakest winter, brightest May;
 Joy come, an' he didn't know it—
 Till he'd hollered it away.

—Atlanta Constitution.

A GREAT SOUL has just passed on and entered into the Spiritual Life. The Rev. George H. Hepworth was perhaps best known through the series of beautiful, soul-inspiring sermons which appeared regularly for many years in the Sunday edition of the New York Herald. At first pastor of a church, then seeking an audience larger than the voice of man could reach he became preacher to the people through the press. Though successful in the pulpit his inherent love of Humanity prompted him to reach millions of hearts by his writings, and for these he will be long remembered. His life was full of Missions of Love; notably among these were his trip to Ireland in 1880 at the head of a commission sent there to distribute supplies to the famine stricken, and, in 1897, to Armenia, for the purpose of determining what truth there was in the report of the alleged cruelties of the Turkish government. Dr. Hepworth spent considerable of his time in the upbuilding of churches and in other religious works. His life work, however, was the writing of Sunday sermons for the press, and the purpose of these sermons was to "take a broad and liberal view of all denominations, to treat the unbeliever as generously as the believer, to dig down below the foundations of mere dogma and to simply tell the people what was necessary to an honest life." In an introduction to a volume of his sermons, the Rev. Dr. Hepworth said: "I know very little about theology and care less for it. The Sermon on the Mount is about all I need, and I have found during a long career that to heed its admonitions keeps me very busy and leave slender leisure for theological speculation. There are men and women in the world who are entangled in strange perplexities and overburdened by struggles and sorrows; if they had a larger faith they would be happier. If they could be assured that the pains of the present are not without providential significance, that a future awaits them in which they will have a larger opportunity, that God is not neglectful of their interests, that Christ is ready to extend a helping hand, that the angels of heaven are within call and will render whatever assistance they may; if they can be persuaded of these truths, they will have all they want and their theological dogmas would only be useless lumber." "These sermons are written with the idea of smoothing the pathway of the troubled, and with furnishing them with stepping-stones to higher things. If in any degree they achieve that end I shall be more than satisfied with the task which I have undertaken." How well he has succeeded can be testified to by the thousands upon thousands who have read his words of comfort and cheer, and few indeed of these but will admit that they have been influenced to better things in the reading. An example of Dr. Hepworth's teaching may be found in the following: "What this world needs is sterling and unwavering moral principle and the independence to stand by it. These grand qualities of character must be taught in the home by parents who believe in them and exemplify them in their own lives, or they will never be acquired at all." In his sermon on the Immortal Soul the Rev. Dr. Hepworth says: "Is it not strange that any thoughtful man should assert that the soul is fenced in by death, and that the road it has traveled ends at the grave? The body may be satisfied with seventy years, but not the mind. The Soul's keen appetite is just whetted when it is told that there is nothing more

to eat. Bodies are easily sated, but by the time they are ready to drop the soul within them has just begun to learn how to live. Why then should both die at the same time?" Why, indeed! Who of us but believes that this Great Soul will live to enjoy the fruits of his great love for Man! What better can be said of him than that HE HONESTLY LOVED HUMANITY?—Magazine of Mysteries.

Shalam.

Shalam is located on a tract of land comprising about 780 acres, part of the accepted Dona Ana land grant. Heretofore it has been used as a Home for orphan children. No expense has been spared in equipping the various plants and irrigation works, as the following list will testify.

There are two large buildings, partly furnished, containing about fifty rooms.

Twenty cottages of two rooms each and one building containing ten single rooms.

One store and large storehouse.

The farm is well stocked with all needed farm utensils, wagons, etc., and buildings to cover them.

Large corral grounds for horses, cows, heifers, bulls, etc.

A large poultry plant well stocked.

Sixty cows (mostly Guernseys from ex-Governor Morton's farm on the Hudson), yielding six to seven hundred pounds of milk daily, a market for which is found in El Paso, Texas.

Fifty heifers, soon to give milk.

A complete dairy outfit of separator, Pasteurizer, and churn run by steam.

One stone well, 18 feet in diameter and 33 feet deep, from the bottom of which are sunk three six-inch and one 11½-inch pipes to a depth of 34 feet. The water in this well has been examined by the New Mexico College of Agriculture, and they reported total solids 60 in 100,000 parts of water, which is much the best water in the valley. The supply flowing from the pipes in the bottom of the well is entirely unconnected with the Rio Grande, as it is always the same whether the river bed is dry or full.

Two railroad tanks of California red wood, with a capacity of 50,000 to 56,000 gallons, with eight aermotor windmills for filling same. One 10-inch hot air engine, throwing 3,000 gallons an hour, used to supply these tanks when wind is not blowing.

One steam pump, pumping 1,000 gallons per minute into a reservoir covering an acre, or into a large ditch used for irrigating purposes. Sixty horsepower steam boiler for running the pumps.

There are about 2,500 feet of seven-inch pipe; 5,800 feet of iron pipe, over 40 water hydrants, and 16 galvanized iron watering troughs.

Ninety acres in alfalfa; 23 acres in raisin grapes, and large garden.

Laundry and laundry machinery. One 200-gallon boiler and Wilkes heater for bath room; water closets; kitchen boiler; stone sink in kitchen and porcelain sink in pantry.

A Sanitarium Eldorado.

Shalam Colony is no more—having dematerialized—but the Shalam Plant is still in the swim—and what a delightful spot it is! Situated in the far-famed Mesilla Valley, Dona Ana County, New Mexico, on the Santa Fe Railway system, six miles north of Las Cruces, the county seat, and fifty miles north of El Paso, Texas, the metropolis of the great arid Southwest.

This is an ideal locality for a Sanitarium—secluded, healthful, and a most invigorating atmosphere the year 'round. Large means have been expended erecting commodious buildings of brick and stuccoed adobe, having a rooming capacity for 75 to 100 people. Well equipped dairy; poultry, apiary and laundry plants; horse corral and stalls; store rooms; blacksmith shop; closets, and bath rooms complete. Extensive irrigating plant, with steam pump, reservoir, and a well of good water, best in the valley. Many ditches, with laterals to convey water to alfalfa fields and fruit trees. Wind and hot air engines, with a pipe system to supply water to buildings, lawns, fountain, garden and hydrants.

A number of two-room adobe buildings with water supply and garden lots, near to main buildings, suitable for parties who do not care to "go with the crowd."

Altitude is 3,800 feet, climate dry and equable. The Rio Grande River is near by, also the Dona Ana Mountains, in which the precious metals may be found; it is the climate, however, that we bank on! The soil is fertile and productive when under irrigation.

The whole plant embodies about 700 acres of land, in fields, pastures and woodiand, enclosed by wire fence.

It is a demonstrated fact that the death rate from consumption is less in New Mexico than in any other locality in the United States. At Fort Stanton and Fort Bayard they have met with great success. At both of the above hospitals the main reliance of the physicians is based upon supplying the patient with plenty of fresh air and sunshine, exercise when possible, and all the nourishing food that they can be induced to eat. Fresh air is the panacea, the physicians say, that accomplishes more good than any of the others. Those who are deemed well enough can sleep out with as little covering as possible, no danger of colds or dampness lurking in the dry air which stays dry for twenty-four hours of the day, barring rain. The sun helps, too. It revivifies the wasted bodies and sends the blood bounding through the veins at a riotous gait; and these all conspire to make it an ideal place for a sanitarium.

Photographs (8x10) of the place can be had on application. Price 35 cents. Address:

A. M. HOWLAND,
Dona Ana, New Mexico.

At the beginning of the twentieth century a general evolutionary reconciliation of the higher order is apparent. Everything there is has some fitting place and legitimate office. In the great scheme of the Whole, each church, sect, system and institution, however imperfect,

which is striving to uplift men, contains the most good for its own particular section of the human family, and its very existence is a witness of such adaptation. As rapidly as its utility is outgrown, in the natural order it will be replaced by one more fitting, and this may be without any overt antagonism or criticism. If one finds his normal hunger more fully met in some new institution, that which previously has been regnant will drop off of itself, and no one need try to strip it away. That which is truly liberal will not denounce that which is conservative nor even that which is narrow. The higher evolution silently relegates everything to its own place, arbitrary outside judgments to the contrary notwithstanding. Simply bear aloft the truth, or your highest ideal of it, and let it deal with error as the rising sun deals with darkness. If the shadows are to be sternly fought let the light do the work.—Henry Wood.

Camp Pequig—An Exceptionally Fine Outing for Boys.

The boys' camp has, from its inception, proved itself to be an institution which makes steadily for good, sound, moral and physical development. A place where boys under the proper restraint are allowed to develop along natural lines, and come close to the very heart of nature.

This mode of life brings out the noblest traits of the youth, making him independent and frank, and, at the same time, considerate in his relations to others.

In calling the attention of parents to Camp Pequig, Mr. Morse desires to specify besides the usual advantages of healthful locality and attractive scenery, the special advantages of a small camp, where every boy comes in immediate contact with and under the personal supervision of the director.

The grounds are on high land, and have all the features of an isolated camp, but are easy of access. While the management is as painstaking and exclusive as the very best, the fee is comparatively low.

The camp is situated on the banks of Queen Lake, a beautiful sheet of clear water, with most picturesque surroundings, in Phillipston, Massachusetts. Thoroughly water-proof buildings have been erected, with broad piazzas facing the lake, comfortable sleeping quarters, provided with single cots; with trunk and storage room abundant. A distinctive feature of the grounds is a large floored tent, to be used as a mess room in suitable weather.

The grounds include a baseball field, a tennis court and a running track. Boating, bathing and fishing are conducted under such careful supervision as to remove all element of danger. Tramps to interesting points near the locality will be made in suitable weather. Sports and excursions will be planned for each day, except Sunday, which will be properly observed. The study of all natural objects, trees, birds, rocks and plants is encouraged; in this way the habit of observation is cultivated. As a means of safety, no firearms are allowed at the camp.

The healthful outdoor life, the pine woods, with an abundance of

nutritious food, including all kinds of fresh farm products, make this an attractive resort for the delicate boy.

Parents desiring to travel for the summer may secure for their boys the best care, with pleasant and healthful conditions, at this camp.

Anyone desiring to carry on a course of study during the summer may do so by making special arrangements with the Director, who is a Harvard man.

The camp grounds are strictly private. Visitors are admitted on Wednesdays only. Parents are invited to visit the camp during the season.

The camp will open July 1st, and continue for ten weeks, closing September 8th. No arrangements can be made for less than the whole time; the expense of board, care and training is \$100.00, payable in advance; laundry work extra. Railroad fare for the round trip \$4.00.

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Heroes and Heroism.

But he that endureth to the end shall be saved.—St. Matthew x, 22.

Everybody admires heroism. The qualities of character which hurl one to the forefront in a critical moment, careless of danger, reckless of consequences, claim our unstinted applause.

Man is a rude, crude, but grand sort of creature, with the making of an archangel in him. There is mettle in his soul which has not yet been fully called forth. He is a Toledo blade which the hot fire of circumstance will some time temper. He is nobler than he knows or ever can know until he is forced to show himself by opportunity.

So much for physical heroism. It is generally exhibited in the gaze of the world. There is another kind, however, and a higher kind, which never sees the light of day—the quiet heroism of an obscure life. The majority of our heroes and heroines will be unknown to us until we get to heaven. They are not now walking on hilltops, where they can be observed of all men, but are living quietly and sacrificing patiently in their narrow sphere, waiting for the peace and rest which will come “at eventide.” I have known many such, and have never looked into their sad faces without thinking that there is a courage to which that of the battlefield is a trivial circumstance, the courage which endures with resignation and meets inevitable suffering and misfortune with a calmness which is God’s best gift.

Here, for example, is a woman who, on her wedding day, saw nothing but blue sky and sunshine. It seemed as though no shadow could throw itself across her path. A light heart and lips of laughter—nothing more. She did not know her own strength, for she had never been tested. But the avalanche swept down the mountain side and

crushed and buried all her hopes. The day was turned to night, and even the stars refused to come out. Sickness, death, poverty, followed in logical succession. She was face to face with a hard world, her children crying for bread. The friends of other days had their attention called elsewhere, and they saw her not. Alone in the struggle! And yet she bravely set to work, won her way to a livelihood, walked her lonely path in calm confidence that God still lived, brushed away the tears and grappled with fate. The struggle has told on her, for her hair is gray, and there is a look in her face which comes only from sorrow hard to bear.

You do not know her, or perhaps care to know her, but that life is one long list of heroisms, and when we all get yonder and look back on the past we shall see the path she has traveled, the upward climb of her years, and give her the meed of praise which a thoughtless and ignorant world now refuses. There are no nobler qualities of character than her uncomplaining endurance, her persistent patience and her undimmed faith. The future has crowns for such souls, and God and the angels walk with them on their way to the New Jerusalem.

I know a man who has given his life to an aged parent, and another who has been bedridden for years, shut in from the pleasures which we most prize, and still another whose life has been a long sacrifice for his children, and another who—but why continue the list? I do but remind you of a similar instance within your own knowledge.

The root and foundation of this heroism is religion. There must be faith that above us and around us are helpful and cheering influences, that earth and heaven are within telepathic distance of each other, and that what strength we need will be given us for the asking if we are to meet sorrow and misfortune with quiet fortitude. And the more we realize the presence of God the easier it is to bear burdens. If we could once catch a glimpse of an angel's face—and some tell me they have done this—we should be light-hearted even in the dark. At any rate, we can have faith that loved ones are near though invisible, and it helps us as nothing else can.—George H. Hepworth.

The Gymnasium of God.

ELBERT HUBBARD tells us we are all children in the Kindergarten of God. Yes, and there is a Gymnasium attached to that Kindergarten. We may be indolent or we may be tired but the appliances in that Gymnasium, are good for us just the same. We possibly do not always feel like swinging the dumb-bells or vaulting over the bars; we may ask for a little rest before making the attempt but we will make it when the time comes.

And why? Well, because in the first place the school curriculum demands it and we have to obey or get punished, and in the second place we really want to obey, because in our wiser moments we see that only the good is asked of us. We are not required to do one hurtful thing, and if a duty be not pleasant at the moment we see the benefit to be derived from it later on.

Somehow we seem to have an instinctive faith in the good intent of the schoolmaster and that helps us along wonderfully. If I thought

for one instant that the schoolmaster did not mean well by me, I would break every rule if I could, whatever the punishment, and I would make a desperate fight for freedom no matter what it cost.

I say I would because I know myself so well, and having spent so many hours of my Kindergarten training in playing truant, shirking lessons and getting thrashed for the same, I know pretty well what I would do if I were not so sure that the Master is all right and the school a very good place after all.

But about the Gymnasium. Well, some things are awfully hard to do. You have to try again and again, only to fail as many times, and then your muscles get sore and you go to bed aching all over, and you feel discouraged too for the other boys and girls seem to be getting clear ahead of you. But sleep comes and you forget your troubles. The next morning they don't seem quite so bad and you think you will try once more. You do—and you succeed. Then how good you do feel. Somehow the soreness has left your muscles and, now that you look back upon it, it didn't amount to much after all. The school's a good place and you are awfully glad you are in it.

But to-morrow how will you feel when a more difficult feat is attempted? Probably you will have the same experience over again only you can look back on that of to-day and remember how gloriously happy you felt at the moment of accomplishment. That will give you faith and hope to go on for you will say—That past effort looked so difficult and yet after all I succeeded. The chances are that I shall succeed again. At any rate I will try.

Brothers and sisters in the Gymnasium of God, that is the whole story. The daily trials you encounter are for the evolution of power and in that power is your highest joy. Your trials are just what their name indicates, something to try your strength upon, and only by so trying can you attain more strength.

When we view these things understandingly they are something to be glad over, but when their purpose is not understood we repine and consider ourselves afflicted, destitute, tormented.

If I were you I would not deplore my fate for an instant for if the truth were known there is nothing to deplore. The Master is good and the school is good. We are all loving happy little children growing strength in the Gymnasium of God.

K. A. B.

Inspiration Defined.

What is inspiration; and how do we become inspired?

At the outset I wish to explain that everything I write is written more or less under inspiration. When I report facts simply, or narrate some actual occurrence or incident, there is not much inspiration about it. It is a cold piece of mental work. Most writers work more or less under inspiration. If they did not their writing would be neither original nor worth reading. Poets write under inspiration; painters paint under inspiration; generals fight under inspiration; cooks cook under inspiration and kitchen maids wash dishes under inspiration. When they do not their work is not worth much. By mere

force and determination they may accomplish a great deal, but good work is done under inspiration. An inspired general will achieve victory against great odds. Only great odds can defeat a general who fights under inspiration. Inspiration is the direct gift of God to man. He breathed into his nostrils the Breath of Life and man became a living soul. "There is a spirit in man and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding." When we work without inspiration we work as the brutes work—from sheer necessity—because we must—and then there is no soul in it. We work as one without hope. Our work is then a burden to us; we become tired of it, become fatigued, get sick, grow old, colorless and wrinkled and die before our time.

Inspiration is the wine of life. Unless we are inspired we merely exist, we do not live and we live according to the volume of our inspiration. All life is inspiration. It is the breathing in of the divine spirit. Flowers bloom and vegetables grow by inspiration. Inspiration is the Breath of Life. This Breath of Life proceeds from God and pervades the universe. Everything that exists owes its existence to it and all created material partakes of it according to its capacity—according to the strength of its desire to become inspired. God breathed into man the Breath of Life and he became a Living Soul. Let us therefore rejoice and thank God exceedingly for this great gift. The life is in the rocks but they are not life, so of the trees, so of the animals. By erosion the rocks wear away, and the place which knew them once knows them no more forever. The trees live their lives, decay and are gone. Animals in their natural state do not improve from generation to generation. It is only when they are under the direct influence of man that they increase in gentleness and intelligence. When left to themselves they relapse into their former wild state. God gave man dominion over the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air. Animals have no inspiration, because they have not in them the Breath of Life. Man alone may have inspiration. Animals have being, man has life. Man, because of this gift of God, is a creator. Inspiration is the Breath of God, is a creator. Man's estate is not stationary like the beast's, it is progressive. Because in that Breath of Life resides the potentiality of progress. Because of this gift of God man has the capacity to unfold infinitely. His outlook is limitless, his power boundless. We are now only in the beginnings of our ascendancy. In our present partially developed understanding we can have but a poor conception of the grand attainments to be realized by man in the future. But we have the desire to know and the aspiration to be part of it. That is the inspiration of God. God could not have given us that aspiration unless He had meant that we should have the realization of it. That is faith.

Now, then: How do we become inspired? Inspiration is inbreathing, as the dictionary defines it. We inspire when we draw in the breath and respire when we blow it out. We become inspired by drawing in the breath, by inbreathing. Animals draw in their breath but they do not become inspired. Man only can become inspired because only man possesses the Breath of Life. The mechanical or automatic action of the lungs will not inspire in the divine meaning of the term. The living soul must take part in the exercise. But breathing—inbreathing—is the process by which we induce inspiration. Inspiration.

is the elevation of the soul, and this elevation of the soul is aided by inbreathing. Our lungs take in and appropriate the oxygen in the air. It is necessary for the formation of good blood. We could not live our animal life if we did not breathe. But there is no real inspiration in breathing. Animals breathe, but they are not inspired. The living soul must take part in the breathing exercise for inspiration. There is a finer essence in the atmosphere than oxygen and that is the Breath of Life. The lungs breathe oxygen, but the soul breathes the Breath of Life. To become inspired you must put your soul into the exercise. There is nothing mysterious in the process. Our mind may not fully understand, but the soul understands, and the soul needs the Breath of Life just as much as our bodies need oxygen. When we do not breathe in the Breath of Life we starve our souls. Our souls can not live without the Breath of Life.—The Reasoner.

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