

KATE ATKINSON
BOEHME

*Thinking in the
Heart*

WASHINGTON D.C. NATIONAL
PUBLISHING COMPANY 1902

For More [Free PDF Books](#) on the Law of Attraction and Metaphysics Visit [the Law of Attraction Haven](#).

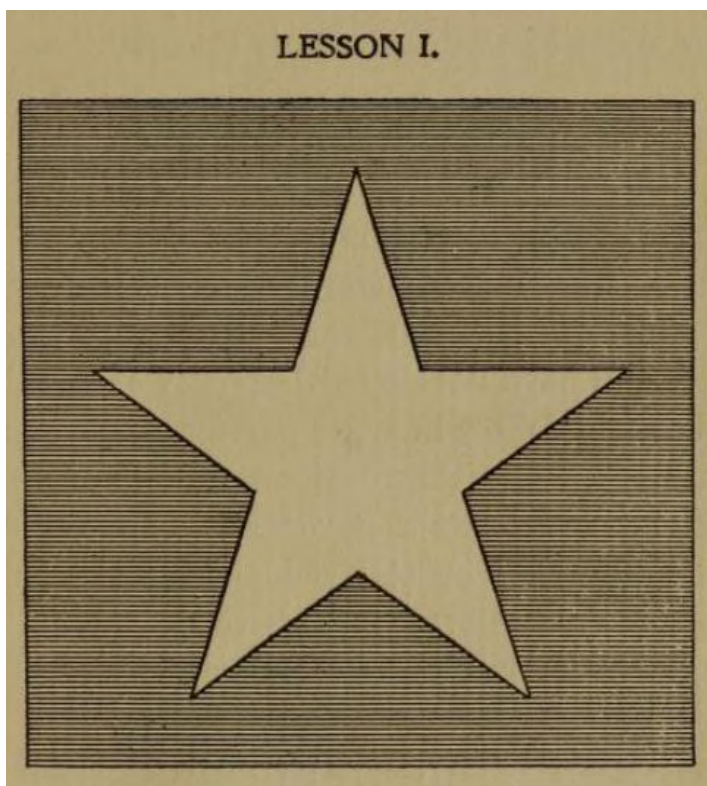
Click for More [Free Books](#) by Kate Atkinson Boehme.

Contents

Lesson 1.....	6
Lesson 2.....	19
Lesson 3.....	40
Lesson 4.....	52
Lesson 5.....	65
Lesson 6.....	75
Lesson 7.....	87
Lesson 8.....	101
Lesson 9.....	125
Lesson 10.....	137

Please Note: The diagrams from the original book have been displayed at the beginning of each lesson.

Lesson 1



In my experience with students, I find that one and all ask help for stronger realization. All seem to know that mental action is aimless and void unless it tends

toward a truer understanding of Life as it is, and not as it seems. To get away from the seeming and into the reality is to walk the path of realization.

Have you not seen a child reaching out to a bit of flickering sunshine on the floor, and have you not smiled indulgently at its baby efforts to grasp the golden plaything? Your smile is born of superior wisdom, but you are just as ignorant of that which attracts you, now, at your stage of the game, as is that baby on the floor. There was a time when you also cried and kicked in childish rage and disappointment because you could not seize a bit of sunshine in your chubby little palm. And here you are chasing it still. No longer, as in your baby days, do you creep after it, for with the growth of years you have developed the

power of running, and so you follow in swift pursuit your fleck of sunshine all over the world — and never grasp it!

Hence it follows that you are either crabbed and embittered or else saddened and melancholy. From start to finish the sunshine you sought to grasp was a bit of happiness, but always and ever it turned to illusion just as your hand closed upon it. You have reached the darkness of night. The sun has set and there is no longer the tiniest speck of sunshine for you to follow. So you say and think, but, O, child in the house of truth, do you not know that the sun does not sink to rise no more ? Tomorrow is coming and with it the sun. Possibly the clouds may obscure it, but there is another day after that. There is not a weather bureau in existence which will predict

cloudy days forever, and there is a perfect analogy between the physical and mental world, so I am sustained by science in my fair-weather prediction. Somehow, somewhen, somewhere, your sun will rise and shine, whether you believe it or not.

But you never can grasp sunshine in your hand. That has been your mistake. Moreover, it would not do you any good if you could so grasp it, for sunshine, by virtue of its fine, etheric nature, permeates you and fills you with its life-giving power, which it could not do if solid enough to be held in your hand. Do not quarrel with the sunshine for being just what it is, but place yourself in a certain relation to it and receive its influx.

And now look at the diagram which heads this lesson while I explain it to you. It is that of a radiant figure set in a dark background, and I have chosen it to represent a central truth in the law of Being. This truth is that God and Man are one. If you can get a realizing sense of this you are on the path of realization. You will notice that as the rays from the centre push outward they grow narrower, until finally they reach a point, and just for the purpose of illustration I am going to suppose that this point of the ray represents the mind of man before it has much knowledge of Reality. Let the dark background stand for negation or matter and you will see that the mind at this stage of its unfoldment has not at its command so much of the central light as it must possess when active in the wider and

ever-widening ray as you trace it toward the centre.

Now, right here I wish to make an important distinction between consciousness and the thinking process. They seem at first to be one and the same, but they are not, for I can think and be conscious of myself as thinking, or I can think and not be conscious of that thinking. For instance, I may set out to give my undivided attention to a subject, and after a few moments of concentrated thought, off goes my attention to one or more extraneous subjects, and I busy myself with them until I pull myself together with a start and discover that I have strayed away from my subject. During the interval of thinking I was not conscious of the straying, but now I know of it. Undoubtedly there are mental

operations continually going on in me of which I am not conscious, for I am a much larger being than I formerly supposed myself to be. How large, do you ask? Why, as large as Infinity itself, for I am It and It is I. We are interchangeable terms; one in essence, but dual in the sense of being expressed or unexpressed. If consciousness is awake only at the point of the ray, then I seem to be but a small being, but with a wider consciousness comes a wider sense of being; and so on until I come to the place where the ray joins the centre, which is the place of All-Consciousness. There, you and I are one, but all along the ray consciousness we seem to be two, and hence arise our relations one with another. We act and react upon the external side of life, impelled

to it by the sense of separation. All this is right and beautiful when back of it lies the knowledge of oneness of essence. Without that knowledge of unity in variety discord reigns, causing unrest of mind and disease of body. As a man thinketh in his heart, you know, so is he; therefore it makes a great difference to you what you think in your heart.

What does it mean to think in your heart? Does it mean anything more than thinking in your mind? Yes, it does. To think in your heart is to realize. A great deal of the process we call thinking has no more life in it than the rattling of dry peas in a pod, but thinking in the heart is live thinking or realization.

If you therefore think of yourself as a little pigmy which has somehow come into this world, with no more self-generative power than an automaton, you will believe yourself to be a weak thing indeed; a mere football to be kicked about by circumstances, a mechanical toy like the doll which cries when you touch a spring, or the horse which walks when you wind up its machinery and stops when it runs down.

To know that you wind up your own machinery, or better still, that you are the powerhouse behind all action, and controlling it, is to think in your heart, from whence are the issues of life.

Remember, there is but one Being, although there are many expressions of that Being, and those expressions we call

human beings. Trace every one of these beings back to the source, and they all come from it in a continuous flow, not separated in the least from that with which they are one.

If you can grasp this idea, though ever so faintly, you will begin to feel a greater sense of power. Consciousness will awaken at a place a little nearer to the central Being, at a wider place in the ray which we will call your human being. It is really Divine Being, but, as it is limited or expressed in form in the ray, it becomes human being.

You are doubtless familiar with the word Introspection, but possibly do not know what it means. Literally, it means to look into, or within. At any place in the ray consciousness, wherever you may find

yourself, if you turn your attention inward, toward the central Being, you are then introspecting.

And what will it do for you? What is the good resulting from it? Why, just this: Your weakest endeavor in this direction calls more Being into expression, so that your human being thus becomes enlarged, strengthened and vitalized. Then with each accession of strength your introspection grows stronger, and you are able to make larger drawing on the Eternal Supply.

It is well worth your while to take this simple lesson and study it in connection with the diagram, for you will then see more clearly what I mean by finding your radiant centre. It is by getting into that centre that you begin to think in your heart. Your thoughts

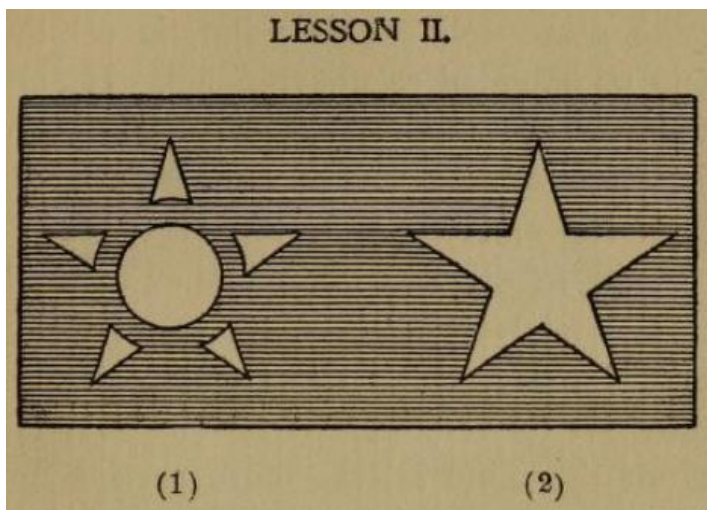
then become live things, and it is only when thus alive that they can heal disease in yourself or others. Only when thus alive can they create for you the peace which passeth understanding and the prosperity which shall beautify and enrich your life.

Do not be impatient if a great flood of illumination does not come to you at the first. Sometimes it does so come, but more frequently not.

Calmness and expectancy never fail to bring the longed-for result in time, because you are working with the law; and that law is, that every human being shall come into the knowledge of its radiant centre. The path is not hard. Just a little quiet introspection each day, and there will dawn

within you an ever-widening light, which will
at last unfold into the perfect day.

Lesson 2



To enter into Realization it is necessary to get away from the comparatively meaningless action which constitutes the greater part of our thinking. There is nothing to realize but Truth, and all thinking which does not move toward the knowledge of Truth is desultory, vague, purposeless, unreal and useless. You, the master workman, must learn how to use

the thought machine. You must also learn how to let it rest, for you are not at the mercy of your thoughts, except as you allow yourself to be. You really stand behind all your thought action and have the power to control and direct it. By developing this power you acquire the mastery over environment.

Edward Carpenter, in his "Visit to a Gnani," speaks to the point. He says: "That a man should be a prey to any thought that chances to take possession of his mind, is commonly among us assumed as unavoidable. It may be matter of regret that he should be kept awake all night from anxiety as to the issue of a lawsuit on the morrow, but that he should have the power of determining whether he be kept awake or not seems an extravagant demand. The

image of an impending calamity is no doubt odious, but its very odiousness (we say) makes it haunt the mind all the more pertinaciously, and it is useless to try to expel it.

"Yes, this is an absurd position for man, the heir of all the ages, to be in; hag-ridden by the flimsy creatures of his own brain. If a pebble in our boot torments us, we expel it. We take off the boot and shake it out. And once the matter is fairly understood, it is just as easy to expel an intruding and obnoxious thought from the mind. About this there ought to be no mistake ; no two opinions. The thing is obvious, clear and unmistakable. It should be as easy to expel an obnoxious thought from your mind as it is to shake a stone out of your shoe; and until a man can do that, it is just nonsense

to talk about his ascendancy over Nature, and all the rest of it. He is a mere slave, and a prey to the bat-winged phantoms that flit through the corridors of his own brain."

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

"While at work your thought is to be absolutely concentrated in it, undistracted by anything whatever, irrelevant to the matter in hand — pounding away like a great engine, with giant power and perfect economy — no wear and tear of friction, or dislocation of parts owing to the working of different forces at the same time. Then,

when the work is finished, if there is no more occasion for the use of the machine, it must stop equally, absolutely — stop entirely — no worrying (as if a parcel of boys were allowed to play their devilments with a locomotive as soon as it was in the shed) — and the man must retire into that region of his consciousness where his true self dwells.

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

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

Assuming this to be true, and you can prove it in your own individual experience, the question then arises — If I can direct and control my thinking, what shall be the manner of that direction and control? Granted the power, to what end shall I exert it? The answer is simple enough. Let your thought move to the Cosmic Law. Let it begin with the nucleus of an organic unity. Thought, to be alive, constructive and powerful must be organic. It must have a

central purpose and move about that purpose as planets about the sun.

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

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

brother, and so you find another one. As many identities as you discover in the world, just so many ones do you find.

But there you stop, and that is the trouble with your thinking. You are lost in the Babel of multiplicity, the Babel of the confusion of many tongues.

You have stopped short of the Supreme One, short of Wholeness, short of Perfection, short of the Unity of Being.

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

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

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

It is not sufficient, then, to see yourself as one. You must go further, and see yourself

as one with the Universe, with God and Humanity.

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

The world is full of these protoplasmic people who have not yet learned the secret of organic growth, and they are ever at the

mercy of time and circumstance, but within each one lies the germ nucleus of the higher organism awaiting the stir of its potential life within.

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

To understand this better, let us revert to the cut at the head of this lesson. It contains two diagrams. No. 1 represents the false conception; No. 2 represents the true. In the first lesson of this series I used

the diagram of a radiant figure to stand for the entirety of Being. I said that there could be but the one Being, and endeavored to show that God and Man must both be included in it, God being the centre, and Man the ray proceeding from that centre. This is the true conception of the oneness or unity of Being including both God and Man. Diagram 2 in this lesson stands for this true conception, as I have just said, while Diagram 1 stands for the false, or mistaken conception, which represents God as an enclosed sphere, and Man as separate and apart from this sphere. In some mysterious fashion, God is supposed to act through intervening space and externally upon Man, but there is the eternal separateness and aloofness, not

only between God and Man, but between Man and Man.

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

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

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

This ought not so to be. This most essential subject in the world should be made so plain and direct in its rendering as to reach the needs of all.

Every mind must have its central truth about which to build its organic unity. When this is supplied, it can work to a definite

purpose, and be, O, so happy in its working.

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

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

Symbols are helps to thought and to realization, for the mind soon learns to rise

from the symbol to the reality or the thing symbolized, and is thus led little by little into the understanding of Life and its ever-revealing mystery. In the non-understanding of Life lie the mistakes and the pain of living. With its understanding comes increasing gladness.

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

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

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

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

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

It is just so with the inward seeing. If you turn your eyes toward the inner Reality, though you may only feel it vaguely to be

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

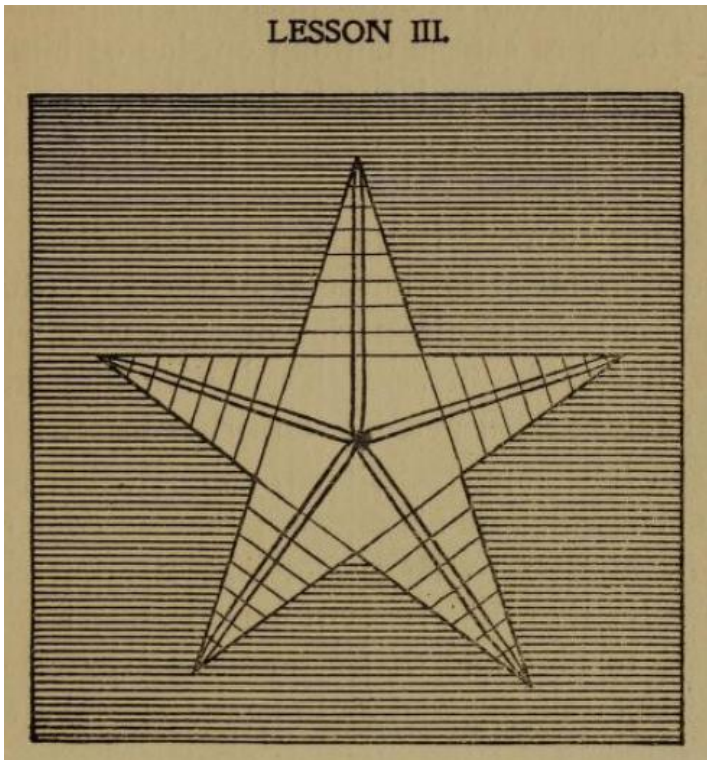
There is something behind the eye which does the seeing in spite of the physical imperfection of the eye itself. This something supplies more than we realize in filling in the detail of every image thrown upon the retina.

This something can see independently of the eye; absolutely without its intervention. It can look straight to the heart of a flower and know more about it in one instant than it can learn from all the sensations coming in over the bridge. Afterward, when these sensations come trooping in, as they will, you can understand them as never before, because you are getting at the heart of things by this growing power of the inner sight.

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

than anything you can now imagine. You will see straight into its heart someday, and then you will know all far better than I can tell you.

Lesson 3



It has been thought that man's destiny is decreed by some power outside of himself. This has led us to speak of the hand of destiny as the outreach of this power, controlling a man in spite of his own

volition. Such a conception reduces him to a mere automaton, and it is small wonder that the strong spirits of the world have risen in their might against so arbitrary and soul-crushing a tyranny as destiny must be if outside of man and coercing him.

But we have seen in our preceding lessons that man is inseparable from the entirety of Being, and that in consequence of his oneness with it there can be nothing outside of him to destinate or decree his ends since Being includes all there is and there can be nothing outside of it.

Being controls itself and straight from its centre or heart to the point of the ray, which represents its manifestation or expression, runs the line of destiny. Man's life starting

from that centre must perforce destinate itself.

But how happens it, then, you ask, that man is unconscious of his destiny; that he does not know himself to be acting and creating continually; that the events of each day are a revelation to him, and that a screen is ever placed between each day and its tomorrow? How can all this be?

It happens in this way. We are screened in a measure from our past. Even the immediate yesterday cannot be wholly recalled, while the more remote past escapes us altogether. Memory stops far short of the primeval form of life from which we are supposed to spring. What we know of our earliest history is largely a matter of inference, and who shall say that the

outflowing of life or existence began with a bit of protoplasmic slime? For my part I do not believe it. Why may not life have traveled down the spires of form as well as up them? As the worm mounts, so may the God descend. Does all motion begin at a given point and go in one direction forever? That which begins must end. Show me the point of departure and I will show you the point of arrival. One presupposes and involves the other. Life is too great to be circumscribed by the amoeba. We are forced to go beyond it in our search for a primal source.

The God-Head is the fountain-head. Living things proceed from it and to it return, for motion recurs or returns upon itself in cycles. If man comes, in the latter instance,

from the amoeba, in the former he came from God.

That is the story of the fall. Not a sudden declension, but a gradual descent. If I have been the amoeba in the lower spiral I have been the angel in the higher.

We have forgotten both the ascending and the descending, but as the awareness of psychological states is dawning we become again cognizant of the past. The line of destiny not only proceeds from the heart or centre of Being, but returns to it again from the ray, which in our diagram stands for man as the expression of God. At the turning of the line we begin our homeward journey toward that from which we came forth; and all along our course we come upon states of consciousness with

which we are familiar. It is only in this sense that the term recognition can be used with reference to our evolution in consciousness. To recognize is to recognize or know again, and recognition is therefore that act of the mind by which it knows again something previously known, but for a time absent from thought.

Running at right angles with the double line of destiny extending into the ray in the diagram before us, you will observe cross lines. These are intended to divide the space in the ray into sections, each representing a state of consciousness. As the God-life flows out from the centre it actualizes itself in the section nearest the centre producing the highest type of existence, a divine being far above our present conception. Then the life passes

out into the next section, and to the next, until it reaches the end of the ray. The number of these sections in the diagram is merely arbitrary. I do not intend to imply a definite number. I simply wish to show what I believe to be a fact, that you and I and all individuals have passed through states of consciousness on the outgoing line of destiny through which we are again passing on the in-going line. As we approach each state again it is like the hearing of a beautiful but partly forgotten song, the song of Divinity, stirring the secret recesses of the soul to a remembrance of its long-lost Eden.

At the heart of the universe there is perfection. Were it not so it must fall to pieces like a decayed apple; and from that heart you and I have destinated our present

and our future. It is all good and right and full of promise, whatever may be the seeming.

Though I have forgotten that former state in which I predestined my present action, do I not know that I am ensphered in Divinity; that in perfect freedom I decreed to be what I am; that the tendency within me to be myself and not another is of itself good? I decreed with wisdom, for in that past life when my home was in Deity did I not know all things?

Yes, I knew all, I could see all, and the freedom of the universal was mine. By that unerring law which is at once my freedom and my security, I came forth from Deity, and so did you, my brother. Like two corpuscles in the life blood flowing from out

the human heart, we set forth upon our way, moving with each other and yet distinct, each with a separate and inherent tendency to act, to do, to become.

We do not remember why we started as we did, or what we wished to accomplish on the outgoing or incoming journey, but some day we shall recall it all. Then we shall know that never for one instant have we been lost, not one inch have we gone astray, but always and ever moving to the measure of the soul's highest law we have trodden the path of destiny to its glorious fulfillment.

The lost opportunity is not lost forever. We shall meet it again and differently through the gain of deeper and fuller experience. Some time and somewhere there will come

to us the occasion for taking back the cruel word and undoing the deed of wrong, when fullest reparation will be given in joy rather than penance.

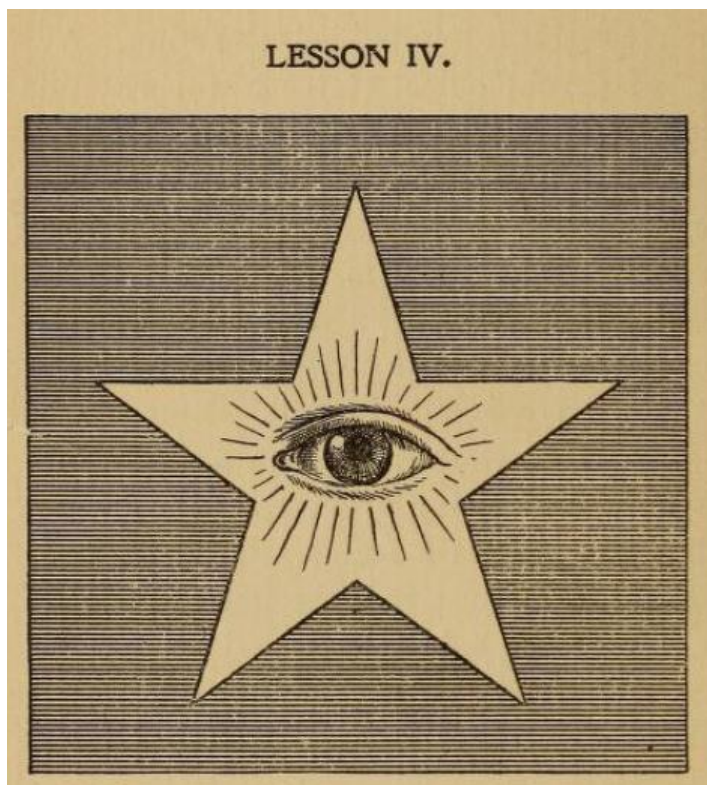
Do not mistake the meaning of the diagram. It is not intended to show that man himself really travels from the centre to the circumference of the figure, for then his states of consciousness would be something apart from himself, through which he must pass. Instead of that the figure stands for man himself, with Divinity at the centre, and his objective life at the circumference, while the line of destiny and the sections through which it is drawn signify states or stages of awareness in the thought life, accompanied, of course, by their corresponding external conditions of the body and its surroundings.

A word about this wonderful thing awareness, and I have done. Spirit has been well defined as, "Something which is and knows that it is." Spirit acts and reacts. When it acts it is not of necessity conscious of its action, but when it reacts it knows itself as acting. Awareness of psychological states is the reaction of spirit upon itself. As the ocean throws itself upon the shore and gathers its waters back in the undertow, so does the spirit know itself in the spiral of its motion.

You, therefore, as a ray from the central sun of spirit, have this awareness of yourself, but you have it not in full. You see but a small part of your real self, and therefore do not appreciate your greatness or your power.

What you seek is a fuller awareness, and you will find it, because it is the law of your being, the law of the spirit.

Lesson 4



Consciousness is really awareness, or seeing. I have therefore placed an eye at the centre of our Star of Manifestation to indicate the perceiving principle which is at the centre of Being. Out of that inner seeing

grows our physical sight, and I wish to show, if possible, in this lesson, how a knowledge of the inner sight may be turned to practical effect in improving the physical vision. Among my patients I have from time to time many with failing sight. With both young and old it seems peculiarly a disease of the present age. Often patients ask how they can cooperate with me so as to advance the cure as speedily as possible, and to those patients I write in substance what I am about to give in this lesson. Only, I am now going to work out the ideas more fully than I could possibly do in a letter.

In the April issue of the Radiant Centre I published an article concerning a Russian physician who is perfecting an invention by which the blind may be made to see, no

matter how badly the sight may be impaired. Dr. Stien says:

"Man does not really see with his eyes, but with his brain. The eyes are only an instrument for receiving images, which are conveyed to the centre of perception in the brain by the optic nerve. The blind man who perceives the size, shape and nature of an object with his hands sees in a limited sense. If men had evolved without eyes, but with all their present brain power, they would doubtless be able to see by some other method. Some of the lower animals have no eyes, but perceive light with their whole bodies.

"Now, if an image of material objects can be conveyed to the brain by some other agency than that of the eyes, it follows that

a blind man who has a sound mind will be able to see perfectly well. This is exactly what my invention accomplishes.

"An image is gathered on a screen instead of on the retina of the eye and is conveyed directly by an electrical current to the brain. Such a use of the electric current has already been foreshadowed in the process well known to science as cataphoresis. By this it is possible to convey medicines, anaesthetics and other substances into the interior of a man's body without his being aware of it. By its aid cocaine can be sent through the solid bone, conveying insensibility to nerve and marrow.

"This instrument in a slightly varied form will also enable the deaf to hear.

"I may point out to you that the mere fact that we can see images in our dreams, in the dark, and with eyes closed, is proof of the possibility of seeing without eyes as we at present understand them."

In the concluding paragraph Dr. Stien admits that we can see without eyes, but I think he would not be as ready to say that we could see without the brain. I think we could, however. If one material medium could be dispensed with, why not another?

Every system of metaphysical healing, by whatever name it is called, builds upon this basic fact — The externalization of a body with its component parts and functions from an inner, hidden, incorporeal Something. They are at variance about the character of that Something, but they all postulate its

necessity in order to account for a physical body. They go farther and say — As is that inner Something, so is the body.

Now, we will not argue the possibility of there being or not being this inner Something, for that would fill the entire lesson and leave room for nothing else. There are some things which we only know through what is called transcendental knowledge, as for instance, I know that I am, I know that I know, I know that I hope, I know that I love, I know there is such a thing as mind, etc. These statements admit of no argument, for they are patent, incontrovertible. They simply are so, and we know them to be so.

Metaphysical as well as physical science must start with its hypothesis. When it works we use it, when not we discard it.

Well, to be brief, men have somehow discovered that the little beings which they know as their separate selves are somehow all bound together in one common unity of being. They have also discovered that there is an external or phenomenal side to this one being and an internal or noumenal side. They have discovered also that the inner, or noumenal side, is a sort of cause-world to the outer, phenomenal side, or effect world.

It seems a well-established fact, and the mental therapist, taking it as a working hypothesis, has used it to good effect. When it fails will be time enough to discard

it for another, if another and a better there be.

But, taking it as the best we have at present, let us infer that external seeing is the result or effect of internal seeing. This inner Something sees directly anything which is incorporeal, like itself, but when it would extend its sight into the corporeal world of effects it must construct for itself a bridge of sensation by which it can touch external forms of life. The seeing is not in the bridge itself, but in the seeing faculty which uses it.

This seeing faculty is consciousness itself, the eye that never sleeps, or the eye of the Spirit.

You, being Spirit, have the all-seeing eye at the centre of consciousness. There is an

outer form of consciousness which does not see at all times. It is a spurious form. It is not the real thing, and it is in a measure blind; that is, its sight is darkened. The outer consciousness is very closely allied to the physical sight, and acts directly upon it. This outer consciousness, taking note, as it does, of the change in the external world and seeing failure and decay written on all things and accepting that as the ultimate of life, stamps that ultimate upon the physical eye, and it degenerates accordingly.

But that is not the ultimate. There is an inner consciousness which knows better, and little by little, for such is the order of life, the outer consciousness impinges on the inner, thus seeing more and more what it sees, and knowing more and more what it

knows. This is what we call the at-one-ment, the reconciliation between the outer and temporal life and the inner or spiritual life.

Owing to this at-one-ment the way is opened through the outer consciousness so that the inner or all-seeing power can act directly upon the physical organ of sight.

To apply this practically, refer to the diagram, or Star of Manifestation. See yourself as the ray proceeding from the Centre of Life ; then trace yourself steadily back (for there is no break) to that Centre. Realize that you are one with it; that because it has the power of sight, so have you. Then let your thought pass outward again to the end of the ray and feel that you are carrying the power of clear seeing with

you, even to the extreme of outward vision. In this way you will join your thought to that of the healer and strengthen its effect, or if your own thought be strong enough you will be able to restore your sight without the aid of a healer.

It is in this sense that you can truthfully say "I can see," when your eyes have utterly failed you, for you are speaking of that inner self, the consciousness, whose sight is perfect and unfailing, the awareness which is the eye of the Spirit and never sleeps and never knows weariness. This perfect vision is yours and can manifest externally.

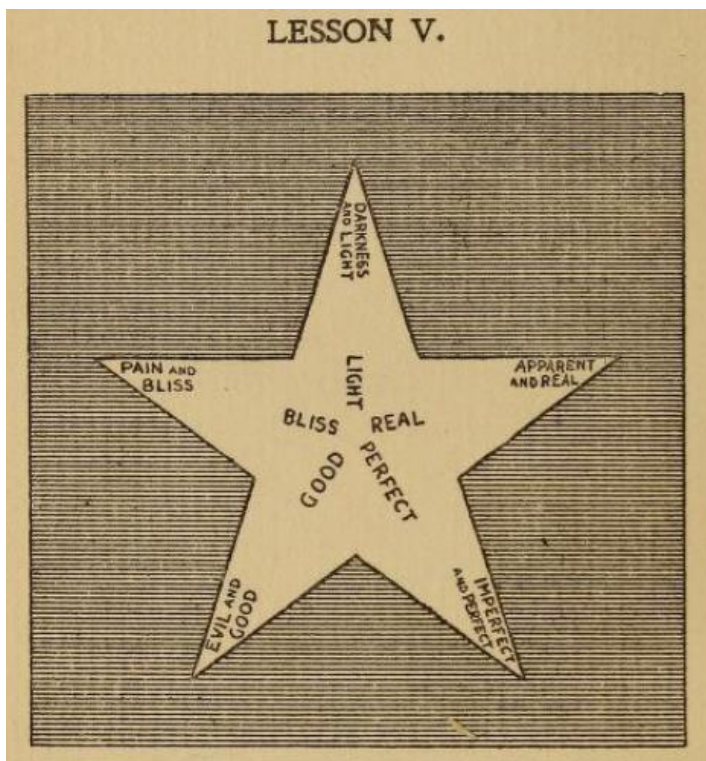
Now let me recapitulate. Consciousness is seeing or awareness; man is conscious being, therefore he has the power of

seeing. Physical sight is obscured because of a veil between an outer imperfect form of consciousness and the inner or real. The order of evolution or growth is that this veil shall be swept away, allowing the real consciousness to permeate the man from centre to circumference. The sweeping aside of this veil, which takes place gradually, is the process of at-one-ment by which man's external being comes in direct touch with his inner consciousness, and is thus born again, regenerated, revitalized in every part.

And whatever you lack in bodily functioning, know that the power dwells in perfection at the centre of life, with which you are one. See that power at the centre and then trace it out through the ray of your

being. It will attend your thought and go where you will it to go, for such is the law.

Lesson 5



You have now before you a diagram by which I hope to prove to you that it is possible to outgrow or get away from pain. It is well known that pain has been, and still is, a factor in evolution. I do not deny that.

On the contrary, I fully believe it. What I do deny is that evolution shall always find that factor indispensable. The time is coming when men cannot suffer. Nature points to such a time. Even now she will not permit her creatures to suffer beyond a certain limit. When that limit is reached she lulls them to unconsciousness or wakes them to bliss.

William Flagg in his work on Yoga writes of Saint John of the Cross, of whom it was said that "through the silence of the night the sound of his lash would reach the ears of the friars, who trembled when they heard it, for they knew how merciless he was to himself." There came a time, however, when he could devise no penance that did not yield pleasure instead of pain, and Flagg accounts for that fact by supposing

that the practice of penance "thoroughly and long persisted in has power, along with other bodily modifications it effects, such as adaantine hardness, control of breath, levitation, Herculean strength, etc., to actually reverse the normal action of the sensory nerves and to convert pain into pleasure, or else so completely overcome pain by pleasure that none is felt, which last, by the way, would hardly be more strange than that a condemned witch could tranquilly slumber on a pile of burning fagots, a thing that has often happened."

I believe that Flagg's supposition is correct and that a turning point can be reached by both an individual and the race where the action of the sensory nerves is reversed, yielding thereafter no more pain, but only pleasure. A subtle sense of this must

pervade the minds of those who believe in mental healing. If there is no ultimate escape from pain, to what end do they work? The door of escape need not open through self-inflicted penance. Life gives us pain enough unsought. If we can only believe it to be the passageway to bliss, how changed and hopeful the outlook. In this sense only can all be good.

And now let me refer to the diagram to still further explain my meaning. I have shown in the previous lessons that man in his outer life bears the same relation to a vast and unexpressed central life that the ray of the star bears to its centre. Man, in his real essence, is the centre, but in his manifestation or expression he is an emanation or a ray of Being.

Pure light in passing into manifestation is converted into a duality; into the relatives light and darkness.

Pure bliss passes in like manner into the relatives pain and bliss. The perfect likewise becomes relatively both perfect and imperfect. Good becomes good and evil.

The real becomes both real and apparent.

Expression or manifestation is therefore a mixture of light and darkness, of bliss and pain, of perfect and imperfect, of good and evil, of the real and apparent.

That is, expression as we know it, is thus dual, but we can imagine an expression which is all light, all bliss, all perfect, all good and all real.

This is the Ideal, the dream of the World, and toward it the World presses.

Oh, this glorious Centre within and back of expression in us all! Who would not call it more and more out into the world of action?

Of course it is beyond our conception now, a world without pain, darkness, evil, imperfection or unreality, but so was our present state of being unknown and unimagined to the earlier forms of life in which we functioned in past ages. I might go back of that and say there was a time when from a higher state we foresaw the worm which we should become as well as our return to Godhood, but that is foreign to the argument.

Whatever Ave had known was forgotten, as the worm, and yet hidden away in that

simple, tiny organism lay the nucleus of remembrance like a sleeping seed awaiting its life.

The worm saw not its destiny, but moved unerringly toward the man, drawn by an ideal close at hand, but all unconscious of the larger vision. Man moves today as certainly toward the Ideal which he cannot see in its fulness, but none the less truly does he move toward the highest life, the highest strength and the highest joy.

Heaven is within, said the Christ of past ages. Heaven is within, echoes the man of today. Yes, within, my brother, at the radiant centre of all life, and you are not separated from it for one instant. You never were, and you never can be. No one can

take heaven from you but yourself, and that by the closing of your spiritual eye.

Right in the midst of poverty, sickness and distress, you can find the heaven within, and when you do, all will be transformed without.

And even now when you do not thoroughly understand the laws of mind you can accomplish much if you will try. When you feel depression settling down upon you like a cloud of gloom instead of sinking under the pressure, you can say — I will be happy! I will rejoice! If you say it weakly at first, say it again with persistence, and more strength will come. Every atom in your mind and body will move in obedience to your affirmation, and soon you will be happy, even though there be no immediate

change in your surroundings. But that change for the better will also come. Until it does, remember you can rejoice, even though you are physically worn with the care of your house, of your children or the many responsibilities which devolve upon you in greater or less degree.

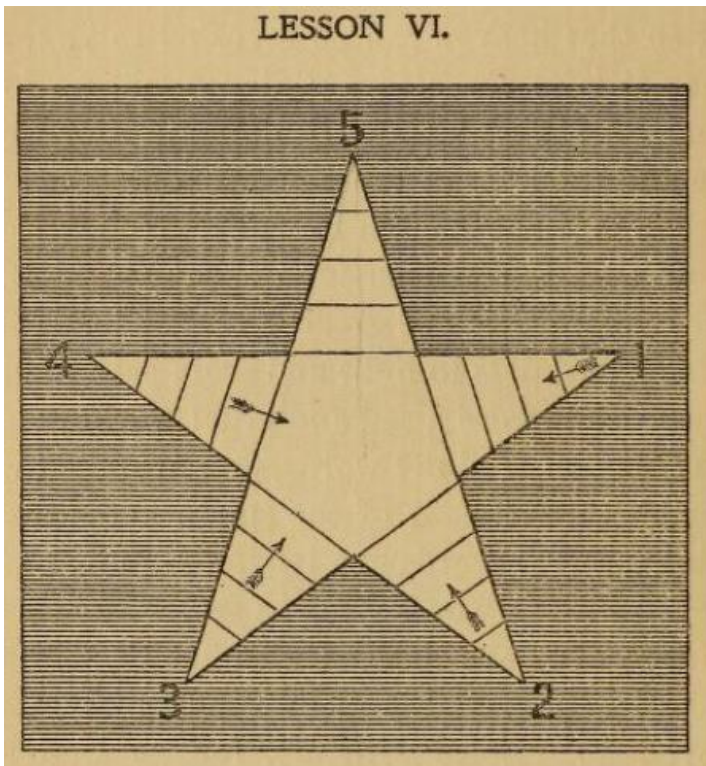
Wherever you are and whatever you are doing, remember you are in the pathway to heaven, which means only that your eyes are opening so that heaven can be revealed to you, and when it is so revealed a radiance will go forth from your spirit which will illumine your whole life and the lives of those about you.

And is it not enough to make anyone glad to know that the movement of the world is toward greater life and greater joy ? The

passage is from darkness to light and from pain to bliss, otherwise it were a sad and cruel world indeed.

If, as you read my words, you are filled with a sudden upliftment of the spirit, know that it is because my words are true, and, being true, they are living words straight from the heart of being. They are charged with health, with life and with joy, and you in reading them are moved to rejoice with me, for we light our lamps not only at the central fire, but also one of another.

Lesson 6



I am often asked if I believe in prayer. I do.

But let me explain what I mean by prayer. I mean far more than is meant in the orthodox interpretation, and yet I include that in my conception.

Every atom prays, reaching out tiny hands to be filled with that which it desires. Man can do no more. All action in the universe is based on prayer and its fulfillment. The seed prays to the earth, to the air, to the sun; that is, it sends out a demand, and that demand is met and supplied.

Emerson says: "As soon as the man is at one with God, he will not beg. He will then see prayer in all action. The prayer of the farmer kneeling in his field to weed it, the prayer of the rower kneeling with the stroke of his oar, are true prayers heard throughout nature, though for cheap ends."

The man who is not at one with God does not see prayer in all action. He limits it to an entreaty from the human mind to a Divinity transcendent, separate and distinct from

itself. His conception, so far as it goes, is true enough, for Divinity transcends the human consciousness. Not until it is merged, into the Divine does it know itself to be not only the prayer, but the answer as well.

Those who have studied the foregoing lessons in this series will understand the above diagram to represent potential Being and its expression. The rays stand for expression or Being passing into manifestation. The space in the middle of the diagram we call the radiant centre from which radiates every expression possible to Being, but in this instance we have attempted only to represent the human ray or expression.

The human consciousness in its progress toward Divinity awakens gradually along the whole length of the ray, beginning at the small end, where it focusses in external life, in circumscribed form, and widening with the ray until it reaches the breadth and absolute freedom of the centre.

In Ray (1) let us suppose that we have the earliest awakening of the human consciousness. The presence of Divinity is not realized, and yet its pressure or influence is felt as of something coming from afar. The state is analogous to that of our earth as it receives the light and warmth of the sun. It only gets this light and warmth after it has passed through many strata of earth-enveloping ethers. The earth does not know the sun as it really is, but as it is when affected by the intervening media

through which it must pass. To illustrate further: If I were a lifelong prisoner behind red glass windows my natural inference would be that all light is red. Let me escape and I learn the truth. It may not be the entire secret of the solar spectrum which stands revealed to me, but I at least know that the light which I had supposed to be red was only so by virtue of the medium through which it reached me.

In like manner the human consciousness when it awakes at the end of the ray feels Divinity, but has a misconception regarding it. It cannot be otherwise in the natural order of things. It feels Divinity and reaches out instinctively toward it blindly and feebly, and this is its prayer, the earliest prayer of the human consciousness, weak, imperfect, but natural, orderly and

necessary because it is the first number of a sequence. In a sequential order of unfoldment number one is as essential to that order as the number which marks its end.

Divinity shines as surely upon the fetich worshipper as upon the monotheist, but it touches both through media, and is therefore not fully revealed.

The prayer of the earlier consciousness opens, the door to an inner place in the ray of Being which lies nearer the centre. From this place prayer reaches forth again, another door is opened, and thus is the passage made from the earliest dawn of the human consciousness to its at-onement with the Divine. It is a gradual

awakening of life and action from the point of the ray to its radiant centre.

I have only designated four degrees in my diagram because my star has only five rays. In four of these rays I have indicated the stages in which prayer is both necessary and efficient. In the fifth there is no longer need of it because the human is one with the Divine and has all at its command. It asks nothing because it has all. It stands at the centre and speaks the creative word, the word of health, the word of power, and those words are made flesh; that is, they take on embodiment and become manifest in the external world.

The whole story of creation is told in that one brief statement — The Word made Flesh — taken in its esoteric significance.

The soul of every object is its thought or idea, and from that thought or idea its outer being comes.

The things which we see and touch are embodied thoughts, every one of them.

When we reach the creative realm we think thoughts of health, of beauty, of happiness and prosperity into existence for ourselves and others. A message of pure joy goes straight from the heart of the Infinite through the lips of the finite and blesses all whom it touches.

Until this place is reached there will and must be prayer. Until we come to the fountain we must quench our thirst at the chalice held by the uplifted hand of appeal.

And even when we find the fountain of all life and taste its healing waters we often stray afar from it, drawn by the rhythm of the earth life back into primal conditions, back into the weakness, back under burdens, but never to remain there, for prayer leads us again to the centre. What it has done once it can do over and over again until we are indeed and forever one with the central life.

Why the rhythm? Why the drawing away? Indeed I know not. I suppose it to be the working of the one law of the universe, the law of Love, which draws us now here and now there in the fulfilment of its blessed purpose that by many and devious paths we may attain to the fullest joy.

Therefore I believe in prayer, but I also believe that we outgrow it. Prayer and desire both indicate lack, and how can there be lack in Godhood, in Perfection? At the centre we are God even now, and at the circumference we are human. In many of us the God-consciousness is awakened, though we do not live in it continuously. We live also in the human, but by holding close to the centre we glorify the human, carrying to the extreme end of the ray the pure light from the central radiance.

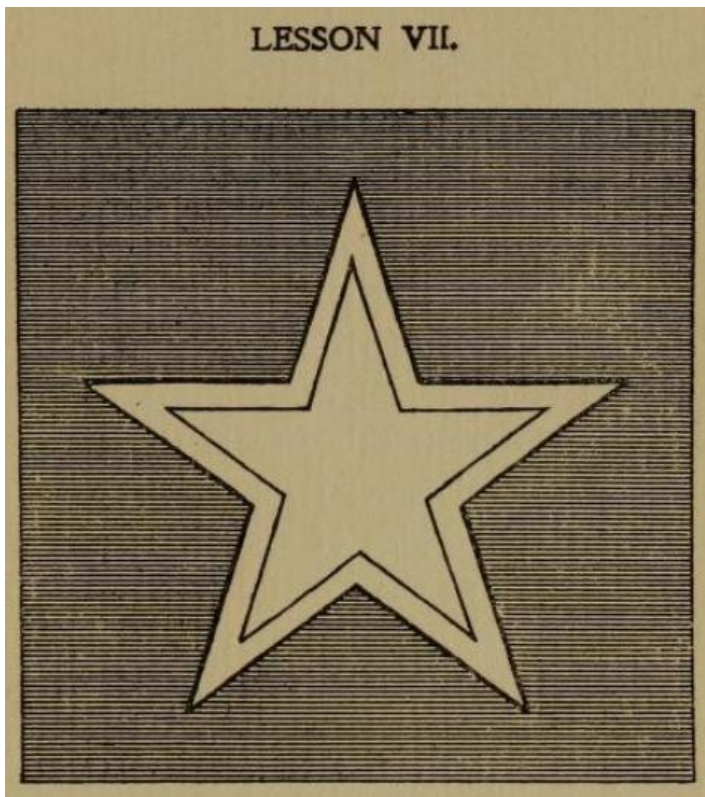
But, remember to pray in this manner. Enter into thy closet and when thou hast shut thy door pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret, himself shall reward thee openly. I do not know what significance these words carried when they were uttered, but I know

what they mean to me. To go into the closet and shut the door indicates silence, going within the consciousness and closing the door against the external world. There you speak to the Father (or source of being), which is in secret, or hidden from the external eye, and that Father which seeth in secret (perceiving mentally or comprehending your needs) himself shall reward thee openly; that is. from the internal hidden source there shall flow forth in answer to your demand that for which you ask. It shall come into external manifestation, and thus shall you be rewarded openly. Out of the potential or hidden world something shall proceed which can be sensed openly, something which is made manifest, externalized in the material world.

Or, if it be a spiritual blessing which you ask, there shall come something so vital and real into your consciousness that there is no mistaking it; a subjective reality coming into the open of your mind from a hidden inner source.

Call it God or the Cosmic Consciousness, as you will, there is Something to which the human heart instinctively appeals — Something which answers the appeal and finally Something with which the human heart is at last united, when it no longer has need of prayer.

Lesson 7



As Man passes from his God-centre to his human circumference of tangible and visible expression he is subject to certain laws which distort that expression. To use an old simile, he is like a straight stick

which appears crooked when plunged in running water. He is living a dual experience, that of a true and an untrue life. Between the two he vacillates as a traveler who is at home in neither. The untrue life is a necessity and a part of expression, as essential to it as the vapors which lie between us and the sun and equally illusive.

While consciousness may be only awake to the untrue life we are at the same time living the true life, each and every one of us. That we do not know it makes no difference; it goes on just the same, adjusting our mistakes, inspiring us with new and higher ideals, guiding and guarding us in all endeavor.

The awareness of life which we call consciousness (the human consciousness, I mean, which is a different thing from the Cosmic or Universal Consciousness) first manifests itself within the boundaries of the untrue life. It sees things not as they really are, but as they appear to be. You cannot convince a child that the horizon is not the limit of the world, and it is the limit of his world at the time, but it spreads and enlarges with increasing intelligence. When his field of vision becomes the subjective realm he is encompassed by another restrictive but ever widening horizon, which at last becomes co-extensive with Being itself and is one with the Cosmic Consciousness.

In our diagram, the star of manifestation, I have drawn an inner star to represent the

true life. Between it and the outer limit lies the field of the untrue life, the ephemeral, the changeful. While the consciousness remains within this field it is subject to the illusions which it accepts as real. Here disease riots, doubt and fear prevail, fleeting pleasure is followed swift by pain and loss, spurious love obtains with its heartaches and its jealous pangs. This is indeed the country in which the prodigal son found himself when, far away from the Father's house, he fed upon the husks.

When the human consciousness passes from this outer sphere into the inner state of Being it is making the return to the Father's house where plenty abounds and where hunger is unknown, but it will not seek that house until hunger grows intense and the fact is borne in upon it that the

husks contain no nourishment. Not until all things fail in the far country does it return to its home.

Wherever this spark of awareness is alight, there the Ego knows itself. When it is alight in the outer field, in the space between the inner star and the outer, then the Ego is only conscious of a weak and lowly conditioned self, separate from its source of existence, but when alight in the inner field then it knows its true life and becomes cognizant of its great powers.

When consciousness enters the inner field, and takes up its position there, it does not lose its hold on the outer fields but reaches forth and commands it as an outlying territory in which it does not care to dwell, but into which it may make excursions at

will as its lord and governor. It has thus lost nothing and has gained much. It has found a better country in which there are facilities for fertilizing or carrying new life into the old. Now when it goes forth it is not as the Prodigal, but as the Prince. It finds the husk, but the kernel is within.

As I have said before, the true life has been operative all the while, but there has been no consciousness of that life — and here let me make a distinction between consciousness and life. I will only say that consciousness is the knowledge of life. While there can be no consciousness without life there can be life without consciousness, or, in other words, there may be life without a knowledge of itself. Most of you can remember the time when as a child you had no knowledge of

yourself. I can distinctly remember the hour when a knowledge of self came to me. It dawned somewhat cruelly, for an angry playmate criticised me most unpleasantly. She told me that I had a large mouth, and although I did not know the merit or demerit of such a possession, something in her tone conveyed a strong suspicion of demerit. For the first time I looked at myself in the glass critically. The survey gave me no actual knowledge, but I was a wretched child. A poor little Eve had tasted of the fruit growing on the tree of the knowledge of good and evil and was straightway driven from Eden.

After a time, my mother noticed that whenever I was called into the drawing room to be presented to callers I covered my mouth with my hand, and she said:

"Katie, don't do that. It is very awkward." Here was a double grief. I not only had a large mouth, but I was also very awkward, but with the larger grief came a larger consciousness of Self. I became very thoughtful, my mind being a ground of debate as to whether it were better to disguise the large mouth or appear very awkward. Evidently it was a choice of two evils and not a good in sight. The good was to come later as the introspection grew deeper when I looked not at the mouth or any ungraceful action, but at that which had been hidden and so far undiscovered.

Then introspection touched the subjective self and went on until it reached the inmost subjective or the true life. I have used the personal illustration to show in a way how the passage occurs and also to prove that

consciousness — the human consciousness of course I mean —has its first awakening in the outer or objective mind, thence moving to the inner or subjective mind and finally to the inmost or spiritual Self which always moves and acts in the true life, but is not conscious of itself as so doing.

We are driven by lash and spur out of ignorance into wisdom, out of error into truth, out of illusion into reality. Suffering and unrest are the goads which drive us on. They cannot touch the real Self. That sits in motionless calm watching the apparent self that is exploiting in the outer field of illusion, and later in that of the true life. The Self is the riddle of the Sphinx, the riddle of the ages.

If you would solve this riddle watch your Self. See how the real you stands back of all action. Then see how the apparent you, the one which you know more intimately, looks to the real you for approval, for guidance and for continued existence; for this apparent you has no independent life of its own. It is as dependent upon the real Self as the shadow upon the object which casts it. Remove the object and the shadow goes, too. But the real Self is something which cannot be removed; therefore its shadow lingers until the Sun is at meridian. Then is the shadow lost in substance.

And what is the true Self? It is Deity. It is Divinity. Let us not be afraid to affirm it.

I have apparently given you two contradictory statements. I have said in one

paragraph that the spiritual or true Self moves and acts and in another that this same Self is motionless as the Sphinx. How can both statements be true? How does the true Self act?

Well, let us see. Suppose I go to the piano and play for you Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata. I thus set up motion in mind and body, but I am not in that motion. I cause it, I oversee it, I control it, and for those very reasons I am not in it. The apparent I is in it, but not the real I. Note the expression — My mind, my body, myself. What does it mean? Simply that I have a mind, I have a body, I have a self. I, the master, cause this mind, my body and self to function, or act. It is thus I express myself. In rendering the Sonata my apparent self, or in other words, the self

that appears, must hold close to me, the true Self. From this Self Beethoven wrote the Sonata, from this same Self I render it, for do you not understand, this Self of which I speak, was not only a Beethoven, it is you, it is I, as well. It is back of mind and function, but expresses itself through both.

The great central Self holds the entire Sonata in the hollow of its hand. It encompasses it round about. It sees it in its fulness. This the functional self cannot do, for it has not the comprehensive vision, the omniscience which sees the end with the beginning, but by virtue of its functioning must pass through all the intermediate terms, cognizing each in its passage, but never grasping the whole.

Every artist, musician, speaker or writer who thrills us does so because his functional self is in touch with the true Self, and obedient to it. All else is mechanical, automatic, dead and uninspiring. Nothing can thrill but life, and life is the effluence of the true Self.

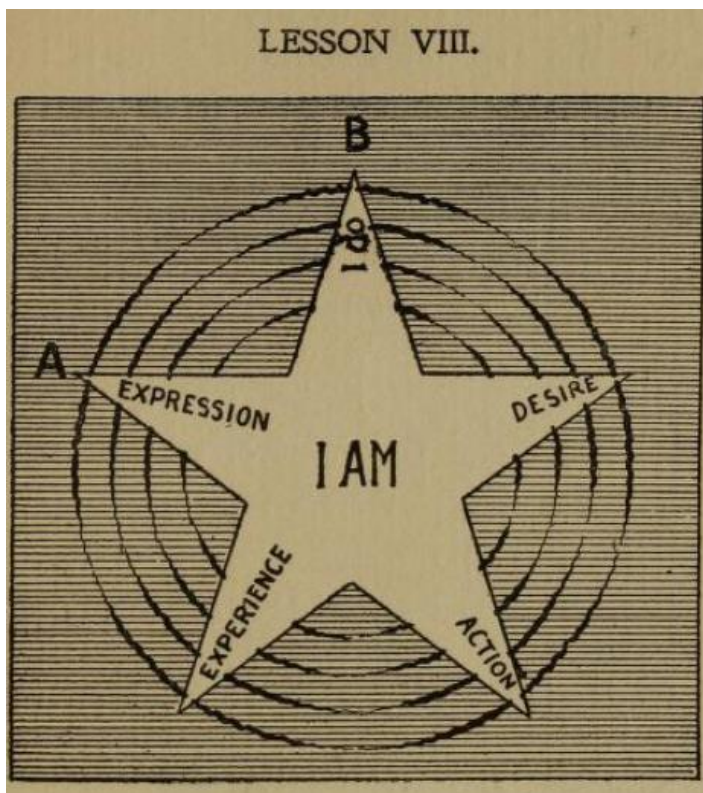
Now, I ask, How can anyone feel alone, helpless or uncared for with such a Self at hand, full of infinite resources? If you cannot believe that you have such a Self, set the fact up in consciousness and give it your attention, your criticism, your cavil, if you will. Finally, it will prevail and obtain your sanction, because it is the truth. Entertain the stranger and you have entertained the angel unawares, the angel who is ever after to brighten your life with its glorious presence.

And when you have found the true life, and the angel and the shrine, you need not withdraw from the illusions in the outer court of the temple.

Seek them if you will, but take them at their actual value. So will your sorrows be lighter, your joys higher and your loves stronger and truer.

You lose nothing by going into the Impersonal. On the contrary, you gain all.

Lesson 8



In the preceding lessons I have endeavored to show that man is one with an all-comprehensive Being which flows from centre to circumference and from circumference back to centre by its own

intrinsic law or mode of motion. This law is not imposed upon it from the outside, for there is no outside, since Being is all there is. Being, or any part of Being, moves as it does because it is what it is and for no other reason. The reason is in itself and nowhere else.

We speak of ourselves as separate beings because we have lost sight of the central unity of all life. We are not separated from it in reality any more than the branch is separated from the tree on which it grows, but if the branch could be supposed to have a small mind peculiar to itself and the tree a larger mind peculiar to itself, this would illustrate very well the difference between the state of consciousness which becomes functional or acts in the personal mind and that entire, whole, perfect and complete

Consciousness which projects the personal, that Unity which projects from Itself Plurality, the One making Itself the Many.

I use the star as a diagram because it shows in a way, so far as any symbol can express verity, how it is that the One becomes Many. It does it by radiation from its own centre.

Now, you know Plato says: "If One is, the One cannot be Many." That is quite true. Our One does not break itself up or become less Itself because it becomes Many. And now notice the difference between being and becoming. Plato does not say, "The One cannot become Many;" he says, "The One cannot be Many." Being and becoming are not synonymous terms,

for being stands for the "ding an sich" (thing in itself), while becoming stands for the acting or doing of that "thing in itself."

For instance — I AM. That is a primary fact. I do — That is a secondary fact. Were it not for the "I AM" there would be no "I do." The "I AM" is the subject in the sentence of Life, the "I do" is its predicate. The "I AM" is the centre of Being, the "I do" is its circumference. The "I AM" is Divinity, the "I do" is Humanity.

Very few understand this aright, and therefore when they read such a statement, they exclaim: "Oh what dreadful sacrilege!" To their minds Divinity is thereby dragged from its high estate down into the mire.

Divinity cannot be dragged anywhere. It goes voluntarily. It descends graciously,

willingly into the mire every time a lily or a rose is born. Did you not know that? You can see Divinity in the rose, you can see it in the lily, but you do not realize that to get to each it must go down into the soil — the soil, mind you — and the soil, as its name would indicate, has much in it that is far from pure and sweet. The soil is composed of the dregs of physical substance. It is full of putrefaction and all uncleanness, and the fuller it is of these base elements the better it is and the fairer the flower springing from it.

Notice how naturally we call putrefaction or impurity a base element and also notice that it is the base of growth. It may be a fanciful construction, but I can fancy that the flower grows away from such a base because of its own inherent purity, carrying

with it just enough of the lower or basic element to enable it to express itself on the material plane, for only thus can it relate itself to that plane. Without the base element it would so transcend the physical as not to be visible or tangible to the senses, and to us it would be non-existent. In other words, a flower dwells in Divinity as a thought of God, and like any other thought it clothes itself with material substance and becomes a thought expressed. We see and touch it and for the first time become conscious of the existence of that which has lived in subjective spheres as a reality, but is now visiting us on this plane as an actuality.

It is the real life of the flower that appeals to our sense of the beautiful. In its form, color and perfume, which constitute its

language, it is telling of its triumph over the powers of darkness, its passage from the unclean to the holy and its apotheosis in bloom.

I remember once seeing two exquisite flowers that told me their story in language never to be forgotten. They spoke to me in a foreign tongue, in the language of angels perchance, but I found the translation in my inner life, and it has remained with me, and will remain with me always. The flowers were two blossoms of the night blooming cereus. As I stood before their wonderful translucent whiteness which seemed to radiate delicate tremulous waves of light, they seemed to me like celestial beings, and I understood why our atmosphere must be too heavy for them and why their stay with us must be so brief. In an hour or two

they would return whence they came and breathe once more their pure and native ether, but not until they had given us their heavenly message.

It was a beautiful custom of the town in which I lived, for the owner of a night blooming cereus to invite in all the friends and neighbors upon the occasion of its blooming, and I remember well the stillness that was in the room as we moved in line, each stopping a moment in contemplation before those silent flowers. Silent to the outer ear, but full of speech to the inner. A hush fell upon the assembly, the room was a shrine and within it was the Holy Presence. An indescribable longing swept over me to fall on my knees before those messengers from a celestial sphere and implore a fuller revelation, for there seemed

so close at hand a glory to be revealed. But convention held me and I passed on silent and wistful, while the calm, sweet flowers seemed saying: Peace! Have faith! There is nothing hidden that shall not be revealed. All that thou desirest shall come to thee in good time, only do thou be patient and faithful.

The apotheosis of the flower is also that of the God-man or God-like human being. He comes up out of the soil or impure life by virtue of the Divinity within him, into the freedom and purity of the air above, the lower life being a necessity to the higher. It has been said that the greatest sinners make the greatest saints, and if this be true it must be on account of the principle here involved, just as the larger and more vigorous plant must extend its roots wider

and deeper into the soil to balance the greater breadth and height above, while the smaller and less vigorous can do with a slighter root hold on the soil.

There is no premium on the impure life in consequence of this principle. It is in fact a going away from the central Sun and involves an imprisonment in darkness, but only the going away makes possible the return with its unfolding experiences and its joys; and hence the descent of spirit into matter, with its so-called evil and attendant penalty, is good. The things we call evil are the imperfect, unfinished, undeveloped forms of good.

There is no base desire which may not be transmuted into its correlative aspiration. A base desire is an incomplete aspiration. It

is force going downward before it goes upward. The isolated fact is an evil, but taken with the whole it is an unquestioned good. Murder is an evil, but to the slayer and the slain there must come, through the Divine Alchemy, the ultimate good. Each will wade through deep pools of suffering in which the blood stains will be washed away, and though the murder is the direct cause of the suffering, it is good because it leads to an ultimate good.

Take a man at the moment of crime, in the act of murder for instance, and because he is what he is and the situation is what it is, there is but one course open to him. Because of past action he is brought to a point of culmination where nothing but the murder is possible to him. Given the provocation and he is as certain to become

a destructive agent as gunpowder at the touch of a burning match. It is the result of natural law, and in the case of the gunpowder it ends in natural law, whereas in the case of the man it does not, for spiritual law overlaps the event, gathers it into the sphere of the Divine and converts it into good. Now, that which can be converted into good must have in itself the elements of good. In a word — Evil is but undeveloped good. A fiery new born planet seething upon its orbit is an evil thing compared with that same planet in its productive period, but from the first it holds all good and beautiful things in its bosom. They are there, but concealed. Man is just the same in his process of unfoldment passing from the primal, chaotic, burning or

passionate period of his existence to his perfection of being.

The path from evil to good is the path of penalty, of pain and suffering, or more strictly speaking, the point of departure from evil is marked by pain, for pain is that which fences in evil, and like a barbed wire excludes us from forbidden precincts. There is nothing within those precincts which we really desire or which is tributary to our happiness, therefore pain is beneficent and good in the ultimate.

All states of becoming are more or less evil, and we pass out of each owing to a degree of pain or discomfort which we experience and from which we would escape. This engenders restlessness, want, desire, action, which all amount to the same thing.

All are forms of a discontent signifying emptiness, vacuum, a lack of contents, a state in which the mind does not contain or hold within itself something which it desires. It is hungry and seeks fulness, reaching out into its environs for impression and experience. This is the secret of action, the secret of evolution, the secret of becoming.

There are two methods of teaching in the New Thought, each repudiating the other as false. One busies itself with expounding the active "I do" side of life and ignores the changeless "I AM," while the other recognizes only the "I AM" and ignores the "I do." These contending factions remind me of the old fable concerning two knights who approached a trophy shield from opposite directions. One side of this shield

was gold and the other silver; thus each knight, seeing but one side, was led to dispute with the other about the metal composing it, until from words they came to blows, when, luckily, just at this juncture, a third knight appeared upon the scene, to whom the dispute was referred. This knight looked upon both sides of the shield and then informed the disputants that the subject of dissension was gold upon one side and silver upon the other.

Let us suppose that the third knight had not looked at both sides. Had he looked at one side only, he must, in opinion, have taken a stand either upon one side or the other and pronounced the shield to be either gold or silver. Then when other knights were added to the company, each would naturally enroll himself in one faction or the

other according to his angle of vision, and the factions would grow until the original two disputants would swell to thousands, while the entire feud would be founded upon a myth or a half truth, which amounts to the same thing. All feuds in defense of truth have ever been based upon a half truth or the imperfect cognition of a full truth, for men are so constituted that they come into the knowledge of truth gradually. They are not born full grown. If they were, there would be no growth for them either mentally or physically.

But to return to our shield story and its application. It is evident that so long as each knight was defending his own partial conception of the shield he drew no nearer to a full conception of its entire substance, and it would have led to greater wisdom to

have taken a look at the other side. It is therefore better to emulate the third knight in the story and attain to a wholeness of thought rather than contend for an accentuation of differences.

The "I AM" and the "I do" factions are each right so far as each goes, but neither is telling more than half the story, leaving the other half untold.

The "I AM" faction claims to be perfect now, to have all things now, and to it there is no past or future, for all is in the eternal Now.

This is wholly unintelligible to the "I do" faction which traces its origin back to protoplasm and finds its whole life proceeding from that beginning. It deals with the unfolding or evolution of form, but says never a word of the infolding or

involution of that which produces form. Not only this, but it ridicules and repudiates all knowledge concerning such a primal cause.

The Radiant Centre teaching covers the entire ground held by both factions. Recognizing evolution as a fact and acknowledging the existence of something which does grow or evolve, it also recognizes a Something back of all action which is permanent and unchanging. Something which always is and never becomes. Something which produces action but is not involved in it.

If we see only action in life and lose sight of the calm centre of being we are drawn into a maelstrom and are whirled ceaselessly about in a round of mental activity without

repose or mastery, but when we see, in thought, the calm, unchanging centre, the mental activity converges toward it, becomes stilled and then goes out from that centre with a new, direct and purposeful impulse. It goes forth from the Master and is therefore masterful. There is an energy of position, you know, and this sort of activity, coming as it does from the energy of position, acquires an energy unknown to the motion of the maelstrom. It goes out straight from the centre instead of being whirled helplessly about that centre.

The potential or unexpressed world is in the "I AM" of Being, while the actual or expressed world is in the "I do" of Being. Both properly belong to it and one cannot be divorced from the other; but though they cannot be divorced in reality we can think

of them separately or divide them in thought, and this has been the error of our thinking. From erroneous thinking there can be but one result and that is erroneous expression; hence we manifest a lack of symmetry and beauty in face and form, for, as a man thinketh so is he to the very limit of his circumference.

The "I AM" people declare that each individual is sufficient unto himself, that he has all within himself and that he needs nothing outside of himself, and yet one of these very people once said to me that it was often a great relief to him to meet others who were not metaphysical. It was a relief, he said, and gave him a change of thought. He was really in the camp of the "I do" people and did not know it. I brought the fact to his notice, for being one of the "I

do" people myself, at the time, I did not propose that he should come over into our camp for ammunition to do his firing, and I said so promptly, somewhat to his discomfiture. Certainly if he needed association at any time with a non-metaphysical person he was not sufficient unto himself, and what nonsense it is, to be sure, to deny the necessity for communication with our fellow-creatures and indeed with all other forms of life.

This brings me to the point I would make in this lesson. I would emphasize the fact that while all life proceeds from the centre where it is one, as it passes into the separateness of form there is and must be interaction between those forms. Thus a line of action extends from the ray (or form) A in the diagram to the ray B and from the

ray B back to the ray A, so that A touches B from the exterior and B touches A also from the exterior.

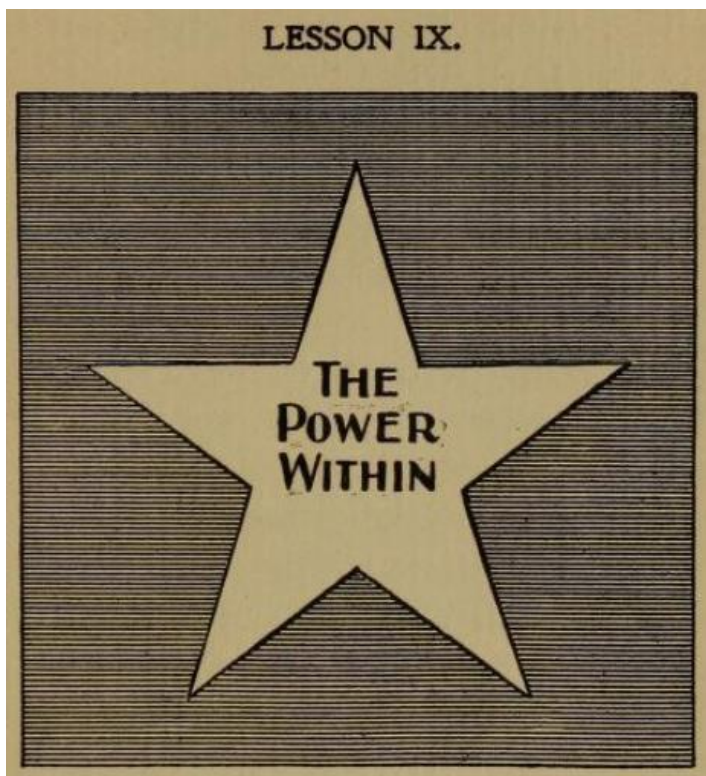
We touch each other through impression or sensation, and that impression or sensation is a call to the inner life to come forth and show itself. It comes forth obedient to the call and is manifest as externalized energy in one form or another as the case may be. Of course it is the inner life all the while that is working out through the ray A and touching the ray B or through the ray B and touching the ray A, but the exterior action coexists with the interior life and is essential to it. In fact each is correlative to the other, and one cannot be without the other unless one can suppose the entire field of expression to be wiped from the vision, in which event there would

be small need for any argument in favor of either the "I AM" or the "I do" factions. So long as there is expression there must be an "I do" and an "I AM" behind the "I do."

I, as the "I AM," which means I, strong in the consciousness of my oneness with the centre of existence from which all things flow, I, at this strong centre can establish an activity which is greater than the ordinary activity common to man. It is a spiritual activity and it produces not a sickly puling, white-faced ascetism falsely called spirituality, but a healthy, full blooded, muscular, intense, warm, living and vital spirituality which is the true thing and not its counterfeit. A glorified Humanity with God in it instead of out of it comes from the all-roundness of vision seeing the "I AM" in its relation to the "I do," and then living the life

which is therein typified, a life strong at the centre and free at the circumference. This is the life of the perfect human, a life possible to you and to me.

Lesson 9



Why are you poor in the midst of plenty?

There must be some reason for it. You may think that it lies in the existing order of things, but I think it lies in yourself. The existing order gets blamed more than it

deserves. It has become a regular scape-goat for the shortcomings of the individual. In a sense it is responsible, for it is you and I who make up the existing order. Because we are what we are, it is what it is. Because we are mentally weak-kneed, bow-legged and cross-eyed, we twist up the existing order and get it all awry. When we straighten out ourselves, we shall straighten also the existing order, for we produce it from day to day, from hour to hour.

Just so long as we place power outside of us instead of within, we shall continue in the weak-kneed state and get no hold on the Eternal Energy which lies within us and is ours to command.

Financial independence ought to mean to the metaphysician just what the word independence implies, a dependence on something within. Instead of that the tendency is to look outside for that which we wish to come to us.

I believe with Emerson: "He who knows that power is inborn, that he is weak because he has looked for good out of him and elsewhere, and so perceiving, throws himself unhesitatingly on his thought, instantly rights himself, stands in the erect position, commands his limbs j works miracles; just as a man who stands on his feet is stronger than a man who stands on his head."

I tell you, friends, the existing order of things has nothing to do with our

misfortunes and our poverty. If it had we would not see individuals here and there coming up in spite of it. Nothing can drag us down but ourselves. No circumstance can hold us down if we have the will to rise.

If you have learned the truth which I have tried to inculcate through this series of lessons, if you can see yourself as a ray proceeding from the Central Energy, if you can realize that in that Central Energy all things that you would be lie potentially and that you can call them forth from within, you are then standing squarely on your feet, with head erect, chest well up, lungs inflated and power in your right hand, ready for action. The existing order of things then has no power over you, for whatever it may be, you, by your very mental attitude, have thus cleared a space for your energies and

have made a place for yourself in the world's activities.

Picture yourself as standing thus, and so great is the power of imagery that before long your image will become an external reality.

You can do this all alone, if you have only a crust to eat and your room rent is unpaid. Ill luck and apparently insurmountable obstacles are only the appliances in life's gymnasium on which to increase your mental muscle. Would you fall down weakly before such an aid and eye it with terror? You are foolish if you do. You have seen a horse tremble with fear at sight of a newspaper caught up and swirled by the wind, and have, no doubt, smiled at its

foolish fright, but all the while you were subject to terrors quite as unsubstantial.

Now, look at the star which heads this lesson for it illustrates the truth I am endeavoring to place firmly in your consciousness, the truth of your independence.

You are independent because the source of your dependence lies within, and it is not a little isolated spark of being either. It is the WHOLE THING. You will never understand that, unless you picture it to yourself in the form of a radiant figure, like the star which I use in these lessons. It has helped me and I know it will help you. I used to be just as weak-kneed as anyone possibly could be. At the age of thirty-one I thought life was all over for me. Every ideal and every

ambition had failed me. Sorrow, misfortune and ill-health crowded hard upon me until I fell into the depths of nervous prostration. Just as life seemed at the last and lowest ebb, help came to me in the form of mental treatment and from that time I began to grow in health, in hope and in prosperity.

Knowing what I do, is it strange that I should try to help my suffering friends and brothers. If I do not make the truth plain enough, tell me, and I will try to make it plainer. The difficulty is that some of these inner truths which we feel so strongly ourselves are difficult to give in so many words to others. That is why mental treatments are often more effectual than volumes of written instruction. The thought passes in a hidden pathway from mind to mind, and translates itself to the patient in

renewed hope, in an increase of mental strength, in plans for the improvement of conditions and in general health and well-being.

I am often asked if the radiant centre of Being is a reality. It is. It is the only reality. It is substance. It is power.

If you come in contact with any external object, you feel its presence. Well, just so do you feel this inner substance of which all external objects are the expression.

It is not found by thinking or reasoning about it, but by feeling for it, as a blind man would grope for an object.

Just as I was about to begin upon this lesson I came upon the following passage,

which I now introduce as singularly appropriate:

"The statues that adorn the bridge of Saint Angelo in Rome are reflected in the water below. As you come upon the banks of the Tiber, there on the placid stream are the clear outlines of the old heroic forms; and then as you look up, you see the statues standing on their pedestals of stone on the bridge above. So hope is the reflection in the soul of blessings that are above and beyond."

In this way the soul dimly senses the presence of its radiant centre. It is the reflection of its reality in the stream of consciousness. From the reflection, one is led to seek for that which is so reflected, just as one looks up from the banks of the

Tiber to the heroic forms on the bridge of Saint Angelo.

And how do you know when you are actually in touch with your radiant centre? You know it by the change in your feeling. There comes to you an inner warmth and life, a sense of expansion as though you were growing wings — a delightful vision of approaching freedom, a tendency to draw deep, full electrical breaths — and, in short, all the sensations of a newborn creature: for, indeed, you are thus newly born. Old things have passed away and all things are become new. You stand in a new world of thought and feeling. Youth returns to you with all its charm and mystery of opening life, and you begin to grow, grow, grow, like a beautiful flower from your radiant centre.

Others may seek by much reasoning to understand the mystery of Life. It is enough for me to live it. I ask no greater joy. And to live it one must begin according to the law of Life, and unfold from a centre. From the smallest to the greatest organism, this law regulates growth and life. All else is a dead mosaic.

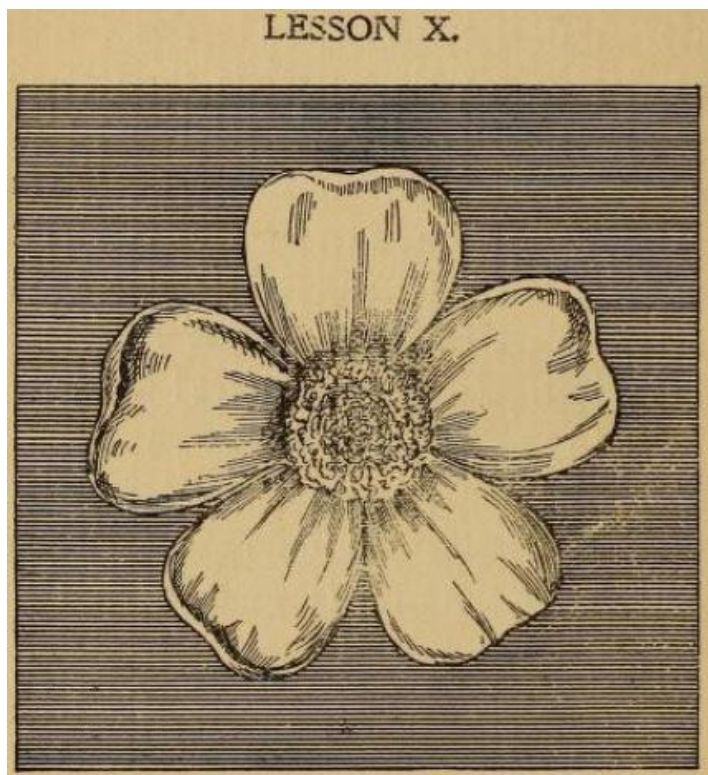
You are a living organism, but growth may be arrested in you and you may need the touch of Life. Will it come to you? Yes.

The healer can do no more than to arouse the dormant energy within yourself, but that is something worth doing and quite essential. In this lies the value of success treatment. It rouses YOU to a FEELING of the POWER WITHIN YOURSELF. THE FEELING is the POWER. So there you are!

If you have the FEELING of POWER, you have the POWER.

POWER be with you to do and to become all that you desire. ALL POWER IS YOURS.

Lesson 10



If I were asked by what standard I judge of any system of teaching, I must reply that its merit is to be estimated by the amount of joy it brings to the world. I think there is no better or truer test. All religions, no matter

though their central thought be self-denial, self-sacrifice and penance hold out the hope of a future peace and happiness. Without this they would instantly and forever lose all power over the hearts of men.

The fact is, Men make their own religions and they make them in accordance with the brain material which they have evolved. Back of the minds of men stands the Great Reality, but it stands unexpressed to the human consciousness only so far as that consciousness is able to receive, apprehend or interpret. As it receives, apprehends and interprets more and more clearly the Great Reality of which I speak, it is seen to be the source of happiness and it is also seen to lay no penance, no suffering, no sickness, no poverty, no

wretchedness upon any man. It does not even inflict present punishment as a means to future blessedness.

Whence come, then, the suffering, the sickness, the poverty and the wretchedness? They are incidents or attendants of growth and mark the soul's passage toward the light. I will venture to assert on the strength of a law running through all nature that every growing thing feels pain and lack and oppression in the earlier stages of its growth. The little seed says nothing of the weight of earth upon its bosom or of the darkness in which its life is enshrouded, but I know it feels them just as we do, only in lesser degree. It feels them as unhappy experiences in its growth, but they are happily all forgotten when it gains its freedom in the air and light above.

Surely the apotheosis of a plant can not be more than that of a human soul, and by virtue of compensation a happiness awaits us all commensurate with our pain. It is written on all things as well as in our hearts. The hope of heaven is as universal as life itself, but our greatest mistake has been in placing that heaven too far away.

This only goes to show the childish belief of the race with its tendency to live in the outer world and its inability to look within. I can well remember the time, for it is not far in the past, when I was utterly dependent on the happenings of a day for my enjoyment. My first thought on awaking in the morning was, I hope something pleasant will happen to me today. I looked continually to some external stimulus for my happiness, and need I say that I was as continually

disappointed? Every draught of happiness had its bitter dregs which I seemed forced to drink, and every flower of enjoyment its canker at the heart, so that it withered and drooped in my hand. Life seemed hard and cruel while overall a grim Deity held sway, a Deity whose purpose seemed to beat and crush me into subjection to his will. Of course it all seemed very wretched, yet I saw no way out, and there was nothing left me but to suffer on. To say that I was rebellious was to put it very lightly. The advice of Job's wife, to curse God and die, appealed to me as good to follow, but what would be the outcome? There was apparently no way of escape from that terrible will which cast a blight on all innocent enjoyment. I thought with ever increasing discomfort of that passage in

Psalms: "Whither shall I go then from thy spirit, or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me: even the night shall be made light about me."

Oh, that dreadful Omnipresence! How I feared and hated it as one might a relentless, all-seeing, all-powerful tyrant with whom it was impossible to cope and from whom there was no escape. The utter hopelessness of my state and of a whole world at the mercy of such a ruler finally plunged me into the depths of melancholia, but on that I will not dwell. It was all right

and good, though grievous at the time. By the unerring law of the cosmos I was to move, as do all things, from darkness into light.

If your path is dark, dear friend, it leads to the light. Remember the seed, for its experience is yours. You are one in the universal process of growth, and what is true of it is true also of you. From darkness to light, from pain to joy. If the seed thinks, and we have yet to prove that it does not, it may feel toward the darkness and opposing forces which encompass and circumscribe its little life something as I once felt toward the power which thwarted me at every turn and brought me the keenest suffering. I feel sure that the analogy must hold good throughout, and I

know that during my time of darkness I was wholly unconscious of the good to come.

In his beautiful book, "Five Windows of the Soul," Professor Aiken says something of the sea anemone which applies to the subject before us and is most suggestive. He says:

"When you take it out of the sea to bring it home, its tentacles are all drawn in, and it is a shapeless, slimy lump; but put it in a glass and pour in water fresh from the sea, and it will presently open out like a flower and gently wave its hundred arms. It has no knowledge of your presence, nor of its fellow anemone near it, nor of the seaweeds and other pretty things in the aquarium with it, nor of the sweet tones of the piano playing in the room, nor of the

merry laughter of your children; to it all these things are not. The soft feel of the water, its gentle motion, perhaps its temperature, too hot or too cold, these are the universe to your anemone. But drop a small empty shell into the water, so that in sinking it will touch the point of one tentacle, and instantly that tentacle closes on it. The anemone's world has widened. It perceives the existence of something which is not itself and not the water. And you soon find that it perceives also some of the properties of that thing; for after clutching it for a second or two it relaxes its hold and drops it, whereas if you try the same experiment with a piece of raw meat, it will clutch tighter and tighter and draw the morsel inward toward its mouth, which will open and admit it.

Should a luckless shrimp come in contact with one of the tentacles, it will be seized in the same way, but as it struggles to free itself, other tentacles will close in and hold it fast, and altogether your anemone will display an energy which it did not display when it was dealing with the shell or the meat. It perceives not matter only, this time, but motion.

Assuming, then, that the anemone has consciousness, we find that it has perceived the existence of matter not itself and of some of the properties of matter — resistance, hardness or softness and weight, also of motion. So far it has penetrated into the mystery of things.

Now does it not occur to you that our position in this world is very like that of the

anemone? Is not our life a continual attempt to penetrate the mystery of things? The anemone in its small way as it reaches out with its tentacles and touches the things of its narrow world is realizing just as truly as are we who are reaching inward after that which is unseen, but none the less real. And as the anemone is unconscious of the music of the piano and the merry voices of the children, so are we in the presence of wondrous and beautiful things which we know not. If our senses were fine enough, we might see and know much that is now virtually non-existent to us, for like the anemone that grasps the meat and the shrimp, the while unconscious of the music or the children's voices, so do we touch but little of the world about us.

As the world of the anemone widens, so does ours. In both it is a growth in realization. It is touching more of the outer and inner world. The anemone does not think as we think, and yet it distinguishes between the objects in its world of consciousness. It knows that the shell is not the meat and that the meat is not the shrimp, although it cannot spell the names we have given to each. How does it know? It realizes the thing itself and not its name as so many of us are in the habit of doing. To realize is to make real, and whether we seek the inner life or the outer, we should make our world more real through feeling, through coming in actual touch with it.

I have seen a simple soul filled with a joy and peace which a brighter intellect might envy and seek in vain. The simpler soul

had found that which no argument reveals and no process of reasoning brings closer to the perception.

Does it require an argument to prove to you that you exist? Can any word or series of words convey to you the fact of your existence? No! You simply feel that you exist. You may have reached that feeling through a long line of experiences in which thought played an important role, still the result of it all is a feeling just the same, and that feeling is realization.

Starting with a realization of your own being, which realization you possess now, is it so difficult a matter to extend that realization and see that being of yours widen and widen until it exceeds all your past conceptions? Can you not imagine

yourself on the inner side opening into the deeps of infinity as a river opens into the ocean? To think about it will aid you in believing it possible, but the only thing which will make it real is to reach out as does the anemone with the tentacles of your spirit in order to feel or experience or touch that which you seek. That, and that alone, is realization.

I have said again and again that thought without feeling avails nothing in the establishment of health and happiness. I cannot emphasize that fact too strongly, for it is all-important in the attainment of improved mental and physical conditions. Feeling is of the heart, and the heart is the centre of life. From it proceed the issues of life. We make a distinction between a hearty welcome and a merely civil one.

Both involve thought, but the former also involves feeling, while the latter does not. And why do we say hearty? Because it comes from the heart and is therefore full of life.

Let me illustrate still further. Not long ago I had a business transaction with a person who claimed \$25 more than I believed to be her due. The result was an argument in which neither was convinced.

I positively knew that I had justice on my side, and so one day I sat down at my desk in a judicial mood. I felt every fibre of my nature hardening in the interest of justice and I dipped my pen in ink to write page after page in justification of my own position. Suddenly, without warning and

apparently without cause, my mood softened, and I wrote:

Dear....., you are right. The \$25 is yours. Here is my check for the amount. Yours with love."

Now I never shall forget the delicious happiness that stole over me as I enclosed the check and sealed the letter. It was as though a heavenly benediction had descended upon my spirit and it was worth a thousand times that paltry twenty-five dollars.

But why did I say "You are right. The \$25 is yours? Simply because I felt that down somewhere in the subconscious stratum of our natures there is registered a different account from that which shows upon the pages of our daybooks and our ledgers,

and in that subconscious account it may be seen that some of the things which seem to belong to us really belong to others. The heart may know more than the mind does about that hidden account, and in that case feeling can move us to the deepest, truest ends of justice. And had I not said: "You are right. "Had I said: "You are wrong, but I will send you my check to end the discussion' I should have placed a canker in my note which would have eaten all the love out of it and taken away the joy it was to carry to another heart. I speak of this to show the difference between thought and feeling. I thought the \$25 was mine, but I felt that it belonged to another.

Who shall say that this prompting of my heart was not a forecast of that day of brotherhood, when we shall not draw hard

and fast lines about ourselves, our rights and our possessions? If we desire the pulsing life from the heart of the universe, we must become one with it, and we cannot become one with it while we shut our brothers from our hearts. You see when I made the interests of another my own and covered her need with my supply, the Spirit of Life gave me benediction. In fulfilling the law of Life more Life was poured out upon me. The law of Life is Love.

The diagram at the head of this lesson is a flower. It as truly represents a radiant centre as does the star, and it was suggested by these lines in Edward Carpenter's "Love's Coming of Age." He speaks of his belief in "a society to which we all in our inmost selves consciously or unconsciously belong — the Rose of souls

that Dante beheld in Paradise, whose every petal is an individual, and an individual only through its union with all the rest — the early Church's dream of an eternal Fellowship in heaven and on earth; the Prototype of all the brotherhoods and communities that exist on this or any planet. The innumerable selves of men, united in the one Self, members of it and of one another (like the members of the body) stand in eternal and glorious relationship bound indissolubly together."

In concluding these lessons, I have changed the diagram from the star to the figure of the flower, because I wished to throw a more definite and living beauty into the conception of oneness, for while the star itself radiates life in the form of light, this is not fully expressed in a geometrical

design upon paper. Nothing appeals to the heart and stirs it to new life like an organized form of beauty, and the thought of unfolding like a flower from the centre of Divinity, must be an incentive to better and more beautiful action. The form, the color, the aroma of a flower delight us through the senses it is true, but at the same time there is a subtle and unrecognized appeal to the inner life, because the still small voice of Divinity is saying through the flower: "Behold Me in this my symbol. I AM at the centre and I AM at the circumference. I AM God at the centre of the rose, I AM Man in its petals, and beside ME there is none."

To feel this, dear friends, is the first step in realization. It is not so difficult a thing. We are accustomed to look upon the things external, which can be seen and touched,

as real, and the unseen things as unreal, while just the reverse is true. We have developed crude senses by which we see and touch these external things and it remains for us to develop finer senses by which we feel the inner things. A seer once said: "The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."

Realization means, to draw the externalized consciousness back to the centre where it touches or is conscious of the spirit of power. It means to remain calm and serene at that centre while also reaching out in healthful activity. To reach this place in consciousness, so peaceful, so masterful, so creative, so blessed, is the entire end and aim of these lessons in Realization. They may seem to my readers

very much like a tune that is played on one string, with but little variation, and indeed they are so, for I well know the devious and wandering paths by which so many are striving to escape from the tangled labyrinth of many leadings. A definite, short cut is needed, straight out of the woods. I came upon it and it led me out. "Now I would place a signboard, pointing the way to others. With my whole soul I believe there is no necessity for unhappiness, for failure, for poverty or disease, and I as fully believe that the day is at hand when every soul shall recognize its own divinity and dwell in majesty at the centre of Being, controlling circumstance and radiant with Life and Power.

I hope you enjoyed reading *Thinking in the Heart* by [Kate Atkinson Boehme](#).

For More [Free PDF Books](#) on the Law of Attraction and Metaphysics Visit [the Law of Attraction Haven](#).

Click for More [Free Books](#) by Kate Atkinson Boehme.