

THE PSYCHIC CENTURY.

"Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be unto all people."

VOL. I.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1901.

NO. 13

THE CLEANSING OF THE TEMPLE.

We should never lose the thought of the inherent goodness and purity of every human soul. The soul's purpose is expression through matter while journeying over the fair and bountiful earth, and the character of its expression depends largely upon the body and its environments, mental and physical; but the soul is never contaminated. It is the diamond light of Omnipotence and can not be defiled. Every soul ego is a facet on a diamond which in its totality is Omnipotence, the All-Father-Mother expressing through motion and form. These facets may become blurred and indistinct by life manifestations that are murky and ill-defined, just as we might take a diamond and daub it with paint or mud. But neither of these inhere in the diamond, and as soon as they are removed the diamond sparkles with all of its pristine beauty.

By thus hiding the diamond light of the soul its expression becomes dwarfed. It loses in time and experience that which otherwise would enhance its power and glory, so that when the corruption is removed at death and the soul expresses itself clearly through what little of the spirit it is clothed with, the contemplation of what it has lost forces upon it the greatest disappointment.

From all of this it follows that the cure of mental and physical infirmities here in this life is the one supreme demand upon the energies of the world's soul force.

Thought can be made to control feeling. We know that it is capable of producing feeling. Pain, joy, sorrow, disease, life and death are all within the compass of thought-power. Good thoughts, loving sentiments toward everybody and everything, will yet form the directive forces of the social life. The mind is the window of the soul, and it should be kept clean in order that the soul may express itself gently, tenderly and courageously, as the soul of the flower or the tree expresses itself. Did we live in a natural state heaven would be here and now, for nature is only another name for that struggle of the forces of the universe, as focused in earth, to produce harmony. The natural life of the soul, then, is a harmonious blending with all that seeks to manifest and express soul round about it.

The temple of the soul is the body beautiful which Omnipotence hath planned. What tenant rare is he installed in such a house! Verily, a house not made with hands, and yet surpassing all the combined wisdom of all the souls of men in structure and marvel of appointments. Into this last and best of nature's handicraft the Good Creator ushers a part of himself in the form of man, and bids him keep it clean and undefiled.

"The body is not vile;
'Tis thinking makes it so."

And all the term of habitation the thinking power is weaving another body, so fine that the soul sees it as a thought body, the color and texture of which is made up of the characteristics of the tenant of the material form—a body that is constituted of the thought-essences of life. This body is pure or impure according as the soul has sparkled in its clear light, or has been blurred by the incrustations of a bad life. It is the spiritual body, and the soul is still expressing through this new and fine body.

The earth is a thought of God's expressed in outward form. The works of man are expressions of his thought. The Capitol at Washington was a thought in the minds of the architects long before it appeared in stone. Thought is the world power, and love is the world law. Love is thought reduced to order. In every one of us there is a medium of love, and the cleansing of the temple is performed by love. If we increase love we increase the directive power of thought. Love is the controller. Love is what all the world is seeking, and yet the world hath it already in abundance. As the soul is uncovered and allowed its fullest expression, love is perceived to be its handmaiden. Thus to the soul liberated even the world-law, the greatest thing in the world, bows and abdicates. The soul is Omnipotence in action.—The Light of Truth.

A CHILD CLAIRVOYANT AND HEALER.

The following from an exchange reminds us of the wonderful clairvoyance of A. Slayton's daughter, Nannie, who died in Topeka some years ago. She was clairvoyant as far back as she could remember, and when her power was first noticed and tested, she was surprised that others did not see spirits as she did. Her descriptions of spirits and spiritual things were marvelously accurate, and she often told what they said and gave wise answers to deep and puzzling questions propounded to her by mortals. Her power waned somewhat when she took up high-school work in which she always excelled her classmates. Psychic power in a child has more than ordinary interest and is of great value, but it should not be exercised or developed to any great extent during childhood:

"The newspapers report that the city of Newark, Ohio, possesses a wonderful child in the person of Eugenia Glenn, who lives with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles F.

Glenn, No. 238 Indiana street, Mr. Glenn being a well-known Baltimore & Ohio passenger engineer.

"On the night of November 14 last Eugenia was sitting up in bed, she says, with a very peculiar feeling of largeness of the head, and it was at this time that her grandfather, William Burke, who had been dead a number of years, and whom the little girl had never seen, came and talked to her, telling her that she would possess a wonderful gift. The next morning she related her experience to her mother, who was startled to hear the child describe with great accuracy, the unseen grandfather, even to the clothing in which he had years ago been buried. Other details of a life spent in Baltimore were then related to the astonished mother—things that had occurred when the latter was a mere child.

"Other persons deceased have since appeared to the child, among them her Uncle Eugene Burke who was murdered on Second street about thirteen years ago by having his throat cut and his body thrown into the Ohio canal. Eugenia says that the murdered man appeared to her and told who his murderers were, but at the same time enjoined secrecy on her part for the present, saying that it was not best to disclose too much just now.

"Still another relative whom the child had never seen or heard talked of was accurately described. The girl tells of a number of robberies committed in Newark many years ago, the details of which it would seem that she could not possibly learn.

"Mrs. Glenn said that when sitting in a dark room with her daughter showers of sparks can be seen dropping into the mother's lap, which Eugenia says is prophetic of some great gift that is to be bestowed upon Mrs. Glenn. The father corroborates the assertion, and says that he has seen them himself.

"A healing power also came with the gift, and is now being used by Miss Glenn in several cases with great success.

"The child does not go into a trance but the spirits appear in broad daylight. The process is, however, very exhausting to her nervous system, and she has been told by her deceased grandfather to use her power sparingly until she is physically developed for a greater exercise of it. Mrs. Glenn declares that both she and her daughter were sickly before Eugenia came into her gift, but that neither has since then suffered a single ache or pain.

"The mother, who is wonderfully wrought up over the child's strange power, has taken her daughter to several mediums, who say that when the gift is fully developed it will be the greatest ever given.

"Eugenia is a pretty and bright little girl of twelve years. She modestly refers to her accomplishments, and is manifestly sincere. The family has no intention whatever of turning the gift to pecuniary advantage. No member of the Glenn family is a Spiritualist, and none have heretofore taken any stock in the so-called 'faith cures' or 'mediums.'"

THE FIFTY-THIRD ANNIVERSARY

Of Modern Spiritualism was very appropriately celebrated in Topeka on Saturday and Sunday last, under the auspices of the Ladies Temple Builders and the Church of Spiritualism. Many were disappointed by the unexpected absence of Mrs. Payne and Mrs. Wagner, but aside from this, which was almost unavoidable, the celebration was a complete success.

At the fair Saturday afternoon the ladies displayed a great variety of beautiful and useful articles and books, which had been donated for the occasion and a great many of which found ready sale. In the evening an excellent supper was served, which brought joy to the hearts as well as nourishment to the stomachs of all the many who partook of its rich deliciousness.

On Sunday afternoon, after a beautiful, appropriate and highly appreciated original poem, was read by Miss Emma Challand, Colonel Smith, a retired lawyer and highly educated old gentleman and a veteran Spiritualist, in a short address, gave the full history of the advent of Modern Spiritualism. He told how, by the simple, persistent rappings, observed by the Fox girls in Hydesville, N. Y., was made the grand discovery of that sublime, indisputable truth that souls who have "left their outer grown shell by life's unresting sea," do still live and are capable of communicating intelligence to those still in the flesh. He gave it as his absolute conviction that this discovery was by far the most important event in human history. Col. Smith was followed by Rev. Searing who showed his great depth of thought in a long, beautiful poem of his own production, which he read from the rostrum.

E. E. Chesney, our well-known lecturer, now of Kansas City, one of the most highly cultured gentlemen we ever met, concluded the afternoon session by a short, brilliant talk in which he urged the Spiritualists to organize more thoroughly; to patronize the Spiritualist papers; to build their temple, which he said they were capable of doing,

and in every way to maintain their self-respect as an organization and thus command the respect and co-operation of others.

On Sunday evening, after free lunch had been served, the capacity of Lincoln Post Hall was not sufficient to accommodate the crowd that gathered to listen to E. E. Chesney's eloquent address. For nearly two hours this walking encyclopedia, with wit, sarcasm, instruction, and grand flights of oratory, held the most intense interest of his audience, which occasionally broke forth with irrepressible applause. Mr. Chesney is an exceptional scholar and a most able exponent of the spiritual philosophy.

This celebration, in a general way, will prove a benefit to the cause. The Ladies Temple Builders, by tact and persistent effort, are beginning to make themselves felt, though at first their cause seemed almost hopeless, yet it is now plain that if to the product of their efforts are added some liberal donations, their ideal will yet be realized and the Spiritualists of Topeka will have a building of their own in which to meet and study and worship and promulgate that sublime philosophy of which they are so justly proud.

A GREAT SCIENTIST'S VIEWS.

From the Temple of Health.

Alfred R. Wallace is one of the most distinguished men of England. He was the compeer of Charles Darwin, and long ago pensioned by Queen Victoria for his literary and scientific works. He is also a devoted Spiritualist.

Here was his published message to Spiritualists in all lands. It may be considered his advice to the Twentieth Century Spiritualists:

A MESSAGE TO MY FELLOW SPIRITUALISTS FOR THE NEW CENTURY.

Spiritualism is not an end in itself, but a means of advancing humanity both morally and materially. How much this advance is needed has never been more forcibly shown than at the present time. Plague and famine, the most terrible famine of the century, raging almost unheeded in India; England engaged in crushing out two nationalities with fire and sword in South Africa; America doing the same in the Philippines; and all the great powers uniting in the plunder and massacre of the helpless Chinese—all this by the professed followers of the Prince of Peace, and under the lying pretense of civilization and Christianity. Oh! the mockery! the pity of it!

The first duty of Spiritualists is, not only to protest with voice and pen against these national crimes, but to render them impossible in the future by the regeneration of our social system, which, in its awful contrasts of luxury and starvation, of vicious idleness and the grinding toil of millions, is the real cause of them. We must claim for all that perfect equality of opportunity, which is the only safe foundation of really civilized society.

If you will continually keep this duty before you, asking yourselves how you can best further this great cause, your spirit guides will, I feel sure, impress you how you should act so that the new century may witness the birth, and perhaps even the maturity, of a truly moral and spiritual civilization. Your friend and well wisher.

ALFRED R. WALLACE.

WHO WOULD HAVE MUST GIVE.

What would you think of a rose that would say to itself: "I cannot afford to give away to strangers all my beauty and sweetness; I must keep it for myself. I will roll up my petals of beauty, I will withhold this fragrance for myself. It is wasteful extravagance to give these things away." But behold, the moment it tries to store up, to withhold them from others, they vanish. The fragrance, the beauty, does not exist in the unopened bud. It is only when the rose begins to open itself, to exhibit its petals, to give its secret, its life, to others that its beauty and fragrance are developed.

So selfishness defeats its own end. He who refuses to give himself for others, who closes the petals of his helpfulness, and withholds the fragrance of his sympathy and love, finds that he loses the very thing that he hoped to gain. The very springs of his manhood dry up. His finer nature becomes petrified. He grows deaf to the cries of help from his fellow men. His tears are dried up, and he stares at misfortune without wincing.

Refuse to open your purse, and soon you cannot open your sympathy. Refuse to love, and soon you lose the power to love. Your affections are paralyzed, your sympathy atrophied from misuse, and you become a moral cripple.

But the moment you open wider the door of your narrow life, and, like the rose, send out without stint your fragrance and beauty upon every passerby whether peasant or millionaire, you begin to develop marvelous power.—Junction City Tribune.

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THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1901.

THE SOUL'S UNQUIET MUSINGS.

Whence comes this mighty longing,
This tide of restlessness,
This clamoring for freedom
I'm powerless to suppress;
This calling of the spirit
Out to the vague unknown,
This yearning, aye, forever,
And craving for its own?

And in my darkened chamber,
In slumbers of the night,
Does my soul "cast off its moorings,"
And soar to realms of light?
Does my imprisoned spirit
Ignore these earthly chains,
And fly to its Valhalla's
Bright, ever blooming plains?

I know not what the nature
Or possibility
Of this immortal spirit
That flutters to be free,
But I know ten thousand voices
Call through immensity:
"Come upward, come up higher;
My own, come unto me."

In all my life's expressions,
I feel I'm hedged about
With fears and difficulties
And lowering clouds of doubt;
That feelings and emotions
I long to manifest
Must evermore lie silent,
Not even dreamed or guessed!

Yet oft within the silence
Self rises up supreme,
And walks upon the waters
Of life's dark, turbid stream.
'Tis then I feel the power
My soul to manifest,
Like the rose in full-blown beauty,
By gentle winds caressed.

I know that through this mortal
I ne'er can half express
The life, the light, the music,
And love's sweet tenderness!
That through my being surges,
Like a tempestuous sea,
And calls for recognition
Wherever I may be!

But some time in the future
My spirit, all complete,
Shorn of its imperfections,
Joined in communion sweet
With all the royal family
Who by earth's fires are tried,
Shall drink at love's pure fountain,
And shall be satisfied.

LAURA B. PAYNE.

March 29, 1901.

OUR SOULS' SALVATION.

"There is not the possibility of any soul becoming eternally lost, for we have provided for the redemption and preservation of all the children of earth."

The above is from the book called "Rending the Veil" and is presumed to be one of the utterances of Spirit William Denton. He says no soul shall be eternally lost, for we have provided for the redemption of all earth's children. We, who? Does he mean to have us understand he and other individuals hold the destiny of our souls in their hands?

They who were recently among us, erring mortals like us, finite as we are finite and limited as we are limited? If this be true and they have become clothed with such vast power so soon, then the teaching of our philosophy that a human soul is no better or no worse, no wiser and no grander for having passed out of the mortal body, but just the same imperfect individual until he has progressed by slow stages from that condition, is false.

For myself I would as soon entrust my soul to the keeping of Jesus, Mohammed, or some other of the gods of the people as to William Denton and his associates in spirit life. To me the idea is absurd that any individual in heaven or earth or any number of them could save my soul. That is something I must do myself. There are not gods enough nor principalities or powers sufficient in the universe to either save or damn a human soul.

The salvation of every soul is dependent upon that soul itself, and every round it makes on the ladder of progression it must make it by its own individual effort.

The same spirit, in connection with the above, says: "Think no longer that the soul of man cannot escape a ceaseless round of transmigration ere it can be absolved,

for it needs no other incarnation than its first to become capable of existence in spirit life." And what does a man know of the mighty problem which it would take an eternity to solve who has had a conscious existence but a few years, comparatively speaking. Has he, in his brief sojourn in that land of souls, which realm lies so close to this that he may come and reclothe himself in the fleshly habiliments and commune with those in the form, learned all the secrets of life and is now ready to decide upon a question of such import?

If he can explain the mystery of the rose and how the soul thereof clothes itself in materiality and gives its beauty and fragrance to the world, or the philosophy of the growth of a single blade of grass, we think it possible for him to look through the countless aeons and tell us what of the human soul, whether it in its upward course reembody itself again and again.

Let us not be ready to fall down and worship at the feet of a fellow being just because he has laid aside his mortal body, as John did the angel, but let reason be our guide in the search for truth and in all our undertakings. We may accept the wise ones from beyond the tomb as our teachers and helpers, and as such let us ever welcome them to our midst, but let us not fall into the error of thinking they can save our souls, or carry us up the rugged steeps which Mother Nature intended we should climb. The teacher cannot learn for the child in school, be he ever so willing to do so, but the child must dig for knowledge himself, and it is thus with us in the school of life. We can save our soulselves, and we alone.

CHARLES WESLEY DEAN.

Every 2,000 years, according to this man's beliefs and utterances, a new religious and governmental dispensation is inaugurated all over the world. The "Adam dispensation" was the first recorded; the dispensation of Moses followed it. The Christian or "Jesus" dispensation has lasted 2,000 years already, according to Mr. Dean, and a new dispensation is due to appear some time before the close of the present year. This is the dispensation which Mr. Dean believes himself—plain citizen—divinely commissioned to make public, and which is to make Chicago the capital city of the world. It will be called the Spirit Government of Love, and its name will appear in letters of glittering, glowing golden light in the sky over Lake Michigan some time before the dawn of 1902. Christmas day, 1901, Mr. Dean believes to be the time chosen for the initial appearance of this name on the sky, although of the exact date he says he has not yet received "official" or heavenly notice. Eight days later the reign of the new government, which is to take in all the world, and which is to be unlike anything ever dreamed of before, will begin.

So sure of the truth and reality of these facts is the man who has been considering them, gradually, for upward of twenty years, that he has started a paper with the express and sole object of publishing them to the world, preparing the way, John the Baptist like, for the new dispensation. The paper is called "Name on the Sky," in honor of the wonderful name which is expected to make its appearance in the sky to the east of Chicago next December, and its editor and publisher, although sternly and strongly denying that he is a Spiritualist, insists that among its "regular contributors" are numbered almost all the famous men and women who have lived in all ages.

The first issue of the paper, published March 12, 1901, contains the following notice:

REGULAR CONTRIBUTORS.

Old Father Adam, Mother Eve, old Methuselah, the oldest man; old Noah, old Father Abraham, Lot's wife, old Moses, Joshua, Phineas, the first high priest ordained by Moses; old Sampson, the strong man; Saint Peter, Saint Paul, Jesus of Bethlehem, Mary Magdalene, Martin Luther, George Washington, Noah Webster, Abraham Lincoln, Jefferson Davis, Henry Ward Beecher, Henry George, Charles Darwin, D. L. Moody, R. G. Ingersoll, and many others are regular contributors to Name on the Sky.

Articles announced as contributed by Abraham Lincoln, Jefferson Davis, D. L. Moody, James G. Blaine, Martha Washington, George M. Pullman, R. G. Ingersoll, Alexander Wolcott, former County Surveyor of Cook County, Illinois; Cyrus the first King of Persia, and Henry Ward Beecher, appear in the same number and successive numbers of this astonishing publication. The second issue, just from the press, contains articles said to be dictated by the late Queen Victoria, P. D. Armour, Washington Hesting, and other departed notables. Nearly all of these articles deal with the affairs of the new Spirit Government of Love expected to begin next December, and with the arrangement and interests of the new and glorified City of Chicago, which is to become visible and tangible at the same time, and which will be renamed "Hadden."—Chicago American.

The spirit world may be planning a new government for earth and it will certainly be a government of love when it comes, yet in our opinion the time of its establishment is farther away than 1902.

A great revolution will, no doubt, in time, be wrought in the world through the gentle yet omnipotent power of love and education, but I opine that the kings and queens of earth are not yet ready to lay aside their crowns, or to surrender their scepters of power, neither are the money kings ready to part with their millions, although one or two royal hearted ones have set them an example to follow in that direction. However, the tendency of the race is toward better things, and every sermon, song or lecture for the cause of humanity is a spoke in the wheel of progress, and especially is every press consecrated to the cause of truth and justice a potent factor in hastening the millennium.

PRAYER.

We find many among Spiritualists and other liberal minded people who do not believe in prayer, and think that those who offer invocations in public meetings are

catering to the orthodox notion that prayer is necessary. Now I believe that whatever the innate principle of man has been and has led him to do is right. Man unconsciously obeys the divine laws of his being and has blindly followed the course that would lift him higher and higher even unto the plane of Spirituality. And so with prayer; man prays because it is his nature to pray, and it is his nature to pray because by prayer he places himself in a condition to receive the things best for his welfare. It is a scientific fact that the negative principle attracts the positive. This being the case, man attracts that to which he is negative. The attitude of the mind when engaged in earnest prayer is receptive and the things he desires are positive to him, thus they come. I do not mean by this that he may receive all things for which he prays, but by placing himself in a receptive condition he opens the door for influences, and if in thus opening the door he invites the good or that which will redound to his welfare, the good will be attracted and most assuredly come in.

Then as each mind is sending out thought vibrations, if such vibrations are those of prayer for the good of not only self but for fellow travelers in the earth life, and not only this but for souls everywhere they will reach all who dwell upon that holy plane and a response will surely come, for as surely as harpstring will vibrate to harpstring if attuned to each other, so heart-string will vibrate to heart-string if upon the same plane of vibration. So we find there is philosophy in prayer, and it is plain to be seen when we study into the nature of it and into the motives and promptings of the human soul to the spirit of prayer, that the reason man prays is because it places him in the right relation to the things which are for his good.

Then prayer is a sincere desire of the heart, and prayer with faith is in obedience to the law which correlates our desires with the thing desired, and that brings those things to us if we fully believe in and trust the law.

Thus it will be seen that the Christian prayers and faith and the mental scientists belief in universal opulence and his own possibilities are founded upon the same fundamental principle, and when the law is obeyed the reward comes as a natural consequence whether the petitioner be Christian, Spiritualist, Mohammedan, Buddhist or Materialist.

Prayer is the keynote of harmony, and

"Sweet harmony is heaven's first law.
Its music fills the spheres,
Rolling in symphonies most grand
Through all the passing years.
Angelic beings feel the power
And lovingly obey each hour."

SPIRITUALISM AND IMMORTALITY.

Spiritualism does not prove immortality. It only proves that man survives the change called death and maintains a conscious existence upon another plane; also, if there be any truth to be gleaned from our phenomena, that he continues that existence for thousands of years. Yet it is reasonable to suppose, since there is no death, but only change, look where we may through the vast arcana of nature, and since man does not die in any sense of the term, but merely passes through a change, that his existence is endless. It is claimed by some that an individual to prove the immortality of the soul must live an eternity to do so. But when could he stop in his eternity to tell us of his immortality? If he has an eternity before him he must have one behind him, has already lived an eternity, yet is he prepared to say he is immortal? Yes, I think he is, but not in the sense alluded to. He feels the weight of evidence upon his soul placed there by a past eternity, also the voices of the future calling to him in unmistakable tones, and this he will never hear more plainly than he hears it today.

So if Spiritualism does not prove the immortality of the soul, there is no testimony bearing upon that point except what reason can give and the soul's innate consciousness of immortality.

Andrew Carnegie in his determination to give away his wealth has sounded the keynote of the song of redemption of man from sordid selfishness. Not that we think it literally true that no rich man can enter the kingdom of heaven for verily into that kingdom hath entered many a rich man already, but because the time is coming in the history of the race when hoarded wealth will not satisfy the soul. Happiness is the end sought by every human being, and if wealth will not give it, then it must go and let that which will take its place. Men are begotten and born with the supreme belief that money-getting is the greatest thing in life, and now and then a genius in the art of money-making is evolved; and why not, since the strongest desire of the race has been to obtain wealth. But when it is clearly understood by all that no amount of gold can purchase pleasure, that there is something far above and beyond it, the world will cease to produce multi-millionaires and will seek to have plenty for all, and hoarded millions for none. Intellectuality, spirituality and the clean conscience which gives a peace that passeth understanding, are more to be desired than great riches, and when the supreme desire of the race is for these things they will come.

Overbrook, Kansas.

Assisted by Mrs. Inez Wagner, I held anniversary meetings last Saturday and Sunday evenings at Overbrook, Kansas. The weather being unfavorable on Saturday the crowd was not large, but on Sunday evening we had a large and appreciative audience. The exercises each even-

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THE SONG OF FAITH.

By FLORENCE SHAW KELLOGG, Fay, Kan.

"It singeth low in every heart—
We hear it, each and all—
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call."
But is it true they answer not,
Those on the other side?
Is it in vain we call to them
When joy or grief betide?

God knoweth still our every need,
The human heart is weak
To bear the silence all unbroke,
And so He lets them speak,
And soul meets soul with naught be-
tween—
How quick we know Love's voice!
It comes to banish all our fears,
And oh! how we rejoice!

Still as of old they call to us,
For love can never die;
But sometimes grief shuts out the
sound,
However we may try.
The veil of flesh doth so enwrap
Our very souls around,
How shall we guess of all the joy
Of which we hear no sound?

But only sometimes is this true,
Thank God who gives us cheer!
And in our deepest hour of need

We know that they are here,
The veil is rent which would forbid,
Unto our longing sight,
A glimpse of those so dear to us,
And all the way seems bright.

We dimly feel the holy joy
Which comes to them in heaven,
And God's own peace, which needs
no words,
To aching hearts is given.
However dark today may be,
The sun will shine tomorrow;
Tho' now we weep, we yet shall
know
The holy joy of sorrow.

For we are God's as they are His,
One life with them we share.
We join with them in holy work,
Safe in His loving care.
Nor heights, nor depths, nor any
power
Can keep us from our own,
And if our lives be pure and true
We still can catch Love's tone.

For what is death that it could break
The ties of love so true?
Deep though the grave, 'tis power-
less
To keep your friends from you,

And life is ever more than death,
As love is more than fear.
Doubt not the soul will claim its own
In earth or higher sphere.

'Tis we alone who make the cloud
Which shuts us darkly in;
They come to us but we are blind,
And linger yet in sin.
'Tis ours to live in purer air,
And share in joy divine.
"Why walk ye yet by candlelight
When God's great sun doth shine."

But slowly do we wiser grow—
The night is almost past.
With might of thought we part the
cloud
And claim our own at last.
The songs they sing in that blest
home
Are wafted to us here,
The hands we love are clasping ours
And all the way grows clear.

"It singeth low in every heart,"
Ah, yes! but now we know
Love answereth love in joyous tone,
And makes us strong to go
Along the way God leads us here;
Our hearts give back the song,
By day or night we walk secure—
From Him can come no wrong.

clock to see what time it was. A letter was sent to Mr. M the next day, asking him to relate his experience at the time the above mentioned manifestation occurred, but he was not told of our experience. He replied that he was in a trance at the time; that he had experienced the sensation of floating or travelling through the air; that he had found where we lived, although he had never been at the place before; that, entering the room where we were, he beheld Mrs. B. in the big armchair holding a baby, and noticed that a stranger was with us. These details were correct, and corresponded with what the clairvoyant saw.

Character can be read not only by the head, the face, the hand, the walk, but the house a man erects for himself. Buildings squatty, lop-sided, angular or symmetrical and imposing, correspond to the unfoldment of the builders or those who ordered them built. But there are soul-buildings of which thoughts, purposes and will-power are the constructors.

These buildings are eternal. The good and pure enter and dwell therein now. Heaven should be today, as well as tomorrow—and hereafter.

Wisely, beautifully wrote Oliver Wendell Holmes:—
"Build thee more stately mansions,
O, my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low vaulted past!
Let each new temple nobler than the last
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free;
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"
—Temple of Health.

Speaking of libraries, nine-tenths of the books of the country are useless, and more than useless. They are un-instructive, fictitious, or platitudinous. We haven't time to read them, neither has any person who has a purpose in life. They are mostly written for amusement—as a rattle is made to please a child, and never teach anything important. The reader is interested mainly in the personality of the hero or heroine of the tale, and when he has read it he is intellectually just where he was when he commenced. He is just as incapable of making the world or his part of it better, or his neighbors happier as he was before he read it. His time has been frittered away and not a single treasure has been stored away in his mind or in heaven.

The Chicago Tribune says that Spiritualism is of no value to the world, and will not be until its followers find the spirit of Capt. Kidd, and compel him to disclose the place where he concealed his treasure. Not a few Spiritualists look upon Spiritualism in the same way the Tribune does. Its value to them rests wholly in the dollars and cents they can get out of it. Spirituality and intellectual unfoldment count for nothing with such as these. Their God is gold, and most humbly do they worship at his shrine. They would sacrifice honor, love, duty, and even the most sacred emotions of the soul in their blind worship of their idol.—Banner of Light.

If newspaper subscribers would only pay their bills as promptly as they do almost any of their other expenses, there would be better papers and more prosperous and happy editors. But most people seem to think that the editor can be paid last just as well and he's considered imprudent by some if he insists upon the settlement of his dues. We haven't the least doubt that there is a special felicity in store for people in the next world who have always responded promptly and cheerfully to the demands of the newspaper man.—Press and Printer.

Live for a purpose—not for a purpose of making money or fame, but for a purpose of making some one person, or some few people happy. Let this be your purpose in life and you will receive more happiness than riches can give. If you do this, personal lusts such as the tobacco habit, gambling, strong drink, or gorgeous dress will drop from you as saurians disappear before civilization, and you will grow continually away from bad habits. If you would grow better, first resolve to help every other person to grow better.—Liberator.

Arrangements are being perfected for the meeting June 1st. It will probably be held in the Auditorium and a good time is anticipated. The State Association will then be organized and we hope to then see Spiritualism make a great move forward in Kansas.

Passed to Higher Life.

From Cailsbod, N. Y., Ada Macomber, in her 22nd year, one of the most attractive young women at Berlin, O., has been suddenly removed to the world beyond and leaves a wide circle of mourning friends. She had gone to Cailsbod hoping to have her health restored but it was of no avail. Although the day was stormy, one of the largest assemblies gathered to pay their last respects at the beautiful home to which she was brought so soon to be taken away to the Hillside cemetery. Hudson Tuttle officiated, and where everything was so sad and heartrending, he lightened with the glad tidings of spiritual philosophy. While he said not one word that the most conservative could object to, he fearlessly presented Spiritualism in contrast with materialism as the one system which answered the aspirations of mankind and was able to bind up broken hearts.

The editor must not be held responsible for all the various shades of opinions expressed by correspondents.

ing consisted of a lecture and songs by your humble servant and tests by Mrs. Wagner. There is a small society of Spiritualists at Overbrook and they are not fossilized, but are abreast of the times and doing what they can to spread the gospel of Spiritualism. I have not yet heard of one of them sitting back complacently and telling what great things they did for Spiritualism forty years ago while doing nothing for it now. But they manifest an interest in its present and future welfare by a willingness to pay their laborers in the field. Among their number are those not only loyal hearted in the cause of Spiritualism, but royal hearted in every sense of the term, and we hope in the near future to see a strong society built up at that place.

The following is from an editorial in the Banner of Light regarding Mrs. Nation and her recent onslaught in the "Smasher's Mail" on Spiritualism which was published not long since in The Psychic Century, and in which editorial she calls us witches and wizzards, alluding to President Barrett as the prince of wizzards, G. W. Kates and wife, who, in company with the former, were in attendance at our convention March 8, 9 and 10, the speaking devil and prima donna witch, winding up by saying: "I would like to have a chance to meet these enemies of all righteousness and hew them with the prophets and slay them with the word of God!"

"No doubt she would glory in an opportunity to use her hatchet upon the representatives of Spiritualism, and would feel that she was rendering her God an act of service by slaying the opponents of her Christian faith. As she was in jail at the time of the visit of the parties she names, she had no opportunity to meet them in debate, much less redder the blade of her hatchet with their infidel blood. Her language is quoted verbatim; we apologize to our advanced readers for inflicting it upon them, and we assure them it is only done from a sense of duty toward the Spiritualists who hold that she is a 'medium,' 'controlled by angels from higher spheres' to work reform among men. If hers be the language of reform, what, then, can be the language of bigotry, billingsgate and prejudice? Such 'angels' as she is controlled by should have comfortable cells assigned them in some roomy phalanstery in the spirit world, under a strong guard of loving, magnetic spirits, whose work would be to heal them of their maladies. It would be well if the Kansan instrument were to be treated in like manner on earth. She would then be given a chance to sink into the oblivion of forgetfulness, and the people would be freed from her unspiritual and demoralizing influence. Hasten the day when this last named reform can be brought about. We conclude by expressing the hope that Mr. and Mrs. Kates, as well as Mr. Barrett, will survive the attack made upon them by this Kansas Christian."

A Monument to the Memory of Atlantis.

A notable discovery of more than ordinary interest for historians, especially those who have a leaning toward antiquities, has lately been made by the well-known archaeologist, Augustus Le Plongeon. This discovery should particularly attract the attention of Americans, since it enables them to lay claim to one of the most important monuments of ancient times. The edifice in question is the Pyramid of Xochicalo, standing 5,396 feet above the level of the sea, and situated to the south-southwest of Cuernavaca, sixty miles from the city of Mexico. For more than a century the pyramid has been occasionally visited by distinguished travelers, including the learned Humboldt; but none succeeded in discovering the purpose for which the monument had been erected, nor in deciphering the mysterious inscriptions on its sides.

As far back as 1886, Dr. Le Plongeon published his alphabetic key to the Maya hieroglyphs, comparing this with the ancient Egyptian hieratic alphabet. He has now found that the signs on the Pyramid of Xochicalo are both Maya and Egyptian; and a careful study of these decorative inscriptions has made it plain to him that the pyramid was a monumental structure erected to commemorate the submergence and destruction of the great Land of Mu (Plato's Atlantis), together with its population of 64,000,000 human beings, about 11,500 years ago.

Dr. Le Plongeon, in his remarkable work, "Queen Moo and the Egyptian Sphinx," gives four Maya accounts of the same cataclysm. This, then, is the fifth, and, in his own opinion, the most important of all the known records in Maya language of the appalling event that gave rise to the story of a universal Deluge that is found in the sacred books of Jews, Christians, and Mohammedans.—Mind.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

BY W. B. WAGNER.

Mrs. Nation went "slumming" while in Cincinnati, and it is reported that in one place she beheld a sight that rendered her speechless, and actually made her forget she was the Lord's special instrument to rid the world of sin. She sank exhausted on the sofa. It is hard to imagine Mrs. Nation in that condition.

The reactionary effect of Mrs. Nation's hatchet work in Topeka is made manifest by the result of Tuesday's election. While, at the time I am writing, it is not definitely known who is elected, it is certain that Mr. Hughes, if elected at all, will have but a small majority. Mr. Hughes was the regularly chosen candidate of the dominant party in this city. He was the so-called temperance candidate, having the endorsement of the law enforcement league and a portion of the Home Defenders. He publicly announced that he did not want any of the whisky vote. Mr. Parker, his opponent, is a member of a party that is sadly in the minority here. He is generally looked upon as a cool-headed business man, and has certainly never been identified with radical prohibition elements. He received almost the solid vote of the whisky people, and a large vote from the conservative element. The latest returns indicate that he is elected.

The statement is often made that a person's "astral" may leave the body and go to a seance and materialize, or in some other way manifest through or to a medium, like an exanimate spirit. I have always been more or less skeptical about this phenomenon, especially in cases where the person is going about his business in the ordinary way, never realizing that his "astral" is cutting up capers at a materializing seance. Much of such phenomena can be accounted for without resorting to the theory alluded to. There are some phenomena, however, which seem to prove that the conscious part of a person in a trance may leave the body and manifest to a medium, the person remembering his experience upon returning to his normal state. I recall an instance: Several years ago, I was at home in Topeka one evening with the members of my family, a stranger, and a lady friend. We were chatting sociably, when my wife, who is an excellent clairvoyant, suddenly exclaimed: "There is Mr. M.—!" a gentleman friend living several hundred miles away. She described him as entering at the door, and going to our lady friend, who was also a friend of his, looked at her as if he was glad to see her. The lady at the time was holding a baby, which one of the neighbors had put in her charge and had left the room. Soon the "astral" man departed and we looked at the

THE PSYCHIC CENTURY.

A Mother's Love.

There is not word in all the English language that vibrates with such soul-thrilling memories as that of mother. The first record that is penned upon the pure page of life's memory is of mother. And as days, weeks, months, and years unfold the young heart we find that the page grows brighter, and incidents more thrilling, and richer grow the garlands with the choice jewels of a mother's love, all sparkling in the sunshine of her smiles like the unnumbered stars glittering in the golden crown of night. From infancy to youth, from youth to manhood, from manhood to middle age, through all the shades and shadows of life, her love shines with the same warmth and brightness, never obscured by clouds, never darkened by the shades of night, never chilled by the cold winds of winter, but one perennial spring ever pervades her being, giving life and beauty to clothe all the bleak and barren places, so that life may ever bloom and grow rich in the joys of peace and love forever.

The pen too weak a mother's love to tell,
A fount too weak for thought to fathom well,
The soul may in her sunshine live and glow,
But its sacred bounds can never know.

A mother's love so deep and wide
No darkness can her offspring hide,
'Mid dungeons' damp and fetid air,
A mother's love is shining there.

Plunged in the pool of sin and crime,
Clothed in rags, covered with slime,
Her lovelight to the soul is given
To make it pure and bright for heaven.

When friends forsake and all the world do chide,
And darkness reigns on every side,
A mother's love will wash them all away
And turn the darkness into day.

If hope's bright star in darkness disappear,
And veils the soul in shadows drear,
A mother's smile will faith and trust impart,
And plant anew hope's star within the heart.

Let all earth's wrongs in one great ocean roll,
And dash upon the weary soul,
A mother's love would brave the deep abyss,
And give even there affection's kiss.

Oh, then think not a mother's love to span,
Thy power too feeble, mortal man.
Pure as divinity it shall ever flow
Around each heart that want or sorrow know.

Or if in fabled Hades' dark abode,
With fire-eyed fiends, away from God,
A mother's love the demon host o'erpowers,
And bears her offspring back to heaven's sweet bowers.

J. W. COWEN.

Perry, Ore.

The Legend of Two Sacks.

There is an ancient legend which tells of an old man who was in the habit of traveling from place to place with a sack hanging behind his back and another in front of him.

What do you think these sacks were for? Well, I will tell you.

In the one behind him he tossed all the kind deeds of his friends, where they were quite hidden from view, and he soon forgot all about them.

In the one hanging round his neck, under his chin, he popped all the sins which the people he knew committed; and these he was in the habit of turning over and looking at as he walked along, day by day.

One day, to his surprise, he met a man wearing, just like himself, a sack in front and one behind. He went up to him and began feeling his sack.

"What have you got there, my friend?" he asked, giving the sack in front a good poke.

"Stop, don't do that!" cried the other. "You'll spoil my good things."

"What things?" asked Number One.

"Why, my good deeds," answered Number Two. "I keep them all in front of me, where I can always see them and take them out and air them. See, here is the half crown I put in the plate last Sunday, and the shawl I gave to the beggar girl, and the mittens I gave the crippled boy, and the penny I gave to the organ grinder, and here is even the benevolent smile I bestowed on the crossing sweeper at my door, and"—

"And what's in the sack behind you?" asked the first traveler, who thought his companion's good deeds would never come to an end.

"Tut, tut!" said Number Two; there is nothing I care to look at in there. That sack holds what I call my little mistakes."

"It seems to me that your sack of mistakes is fuller than the other," said Number One.

Number Two frowned. He had not thought that though he had put what he called his "misdeeds" out of his sight, everyone else could see them still. An angry reply was on his lips, when, happily, a third traveler—also carrying two sacks, as they were—overtook them.

The first two men at once pounced on the stranger.

"What cargo do you carry in your sack?" cried one.

"Let's see your goods?" said the other.

"With all my heart," quoth the stranger; "for I have a goodly assortment, and I like to show them. This sack," said he, pointing to the one hanging in front of him, "is full of the good deeds of others."

"It must be a pretty heavy weight to carry," observed Number One.

"There you are mistaken," replied the stranger; "the weight is only such as sails are to a ship or wings to an eagle. It helps me onward."

"Well, your sack behind can be of little good to you,"

said Number Two, "for it appears to be empty, and I see it has a great hole in the bottom of it."

"I did it on purpose," said the stranger; "for all the evil I hear of people I put in there, and it falls through and is lost. So, you see, I have no weight to drag me down or backward."—Independent.

Woman.

Says an English exchange: "In his recently published book on the Babylonians and Assyrians, Professor Sayce tells us that at least fifty to sixty centuries ago Babylonian culture had elevated woman to a position equal, if not superior, to that of man. In poetry she always takes precedence—'female and male,' not 'male and female.' Even if married she had legal powers quite independent of her husband. She could buy and sell, lend and borrow, and even bequeath her property as she wished. Her dowry was her charter of freedom, and it was tied to her by custom as securely as any modern marriage settlement. As priestess or prophetess she often exercised an almost despotic influence. As governor of a town she was sometimes responsible for the administration of the public affairs of a considerable community."

This was woman under Pagan influence before Christianity existed; before Abraham emigrated to Palestine, indeed it antedates the deluge by near 800 years, taking Bible chronology for authority on the one hand, and the shortest of the Professor's estimate of time on the other. Taking the longest of his estimates and woman was a personage of considerable importance a hundred years before creation.

Our civilization is an inheritance from the Romans, as is the Christian religion. Woman takes the place with us she occupied in Rome when Christianity was founded, whether that period was 1900 years ago, or but 1,000 years, as some suspect. She is just beginning to emerge from her long enslavement. If prudent in her action long before the new century closes, notwithstanding the retarding influences of the church, she will regain the position her sex occupied when Babylon was in its glory.—The Progressive Thinker.

Mystic Words Puzzle Savants.

Robert Williams, electrical engineer of the White Horse mine, Boulder City, Col., visited the University of Chicago and attempted to get translated certain documents which may throw light upon the secrets of the Hindoo mystics. These consists of a piece of parchment, covered with a bewildering array of characters and signs, and a leather-bound note-book filled with writings akin to the cursive Hebrew script. The documents had been the property of a Hindoo who appeared at the White Horse mine in a strange manner, stayed there two months and suddenly disappeared.

Dr. George S. Goodspeed of the divinity school, professor in Hebrew, puzzled over the papers for some time, attempting to decipher them, and then gave up the attempt.

The story which Mr. Williams tells of the Hindoo's sojourn with him is a strange one. "The man," he says "appeared at the mine early this winter and asked for permission to go through it. He was alone, and no one in Boulder City knew who he was or how he got there. During his trip through the mine an accident occurred and he was injured. I took care of him until he recovered, and after that he continued to stay, living underground with me in a room built in one of the mine's levels. I have seen him do things that I would not believe if I heard another man tell them. Frequently he would go to sleep with his

eyes staring wide open, and then would fade away into thin smoke and disappear. Once when I had just come into the room for an upper shaft, and could not possibly have been hypnotized, I saw him walk into the solid rock and vanish. About a month ago he disappeared, leaving behind his things and several note-books like this. How he got out of the mine is a mystery. Every one who leaves the shaft gets permission from me, but the Hindoo simply faded away."

Dr. Goodspeed said: "When such things occur they may be explained in two ways—either by acknowledging that we are unbalanced, or by attributing it to the supernatural. For my part, I believe that the Hindoos possess certain secrets concerning the laws of matter of which our scientists know absolutely nothing.—Chicago News.

"One of the most singular incidents about this seance work," says Geo. E. Lothrop, Jr., in a long and instructive article in the Light of Truth, on "Mrs. Sawyer's Materialized Spirits," "is that no plant or flowers will live when near the cabinet. The medium says if she wants to keep any plants, she has to place them away down in the suite as far away as possible from the cabinet or they will wither up and die. One man brought a box of pansies to the seance when they were in full bloom and vigor. He placed them on the floor in front of the curtains. During the seance the spirits painted a picture, having the exact coloring of the pansies, but after the seance closed it was seen that the entire plants were lifeless and dead as if baked in an oven. Here is another problem for the wise clergy to decide. Are these plants killed by unknown powers or spirit force or do they get a peculiar treatment unknown to the scientists? There are no human forces known to any branch of earthly science which will thus act upon flowers in a parlor whose temperature is about 70 degrees and when neither winds, frost nor heat are used upon them. To enlighten those who view the subject with interest, we would say that the cause of this peculiar action upon flowers or plants is doubtless due to the so-called 'materialization forces.' These marvelous, almost unknown spirit powers, which can dematerialize the human body of the medium, force solids through solids, create visible spirit forms, etc., etc., can also remove the life-forces or spirits of the plants, leaving behind the dead earthly remains to amaze scholars."

We would be glad to receive communications from those who desire to help the cause in this way. If you have a good thought give it to the world. Don't let it die for want of light and air. All communications not available for use will be returned if so desired by the sender.

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The April "Mind."

The readers of this able exponent of the "New Thought" will be glad to know that the Rev. R. Heber Newton, D. D., contributes the first of another series of papers to the April issue. His subject is "The Training of Thought as a Life Force." "Mental Influences" is the title of an article, which is also the first of a series on metaphysical topics, by Charles Brodie Patterson, one of the editors. Alwyn M. Thurber, late editor of Universal Truth (recently absorbed by Mind), writes upon "Our Safety in Thought and Action." J. A. Plummer answers Pilate's query, "What is Truth?" in a most suggestive way. Alida Chauler Emmet contributes some extremely plain talk "concerning woman." "Dominion," a poem by M. P. Stanton, precedes an encouraging article on "Universality in Religion," by H. W. Graves. W. H. Phillips presents some striking comments on the question, "Are We Free?" which is followed by a beautiful allegory from the pen of A. A. Haines, entitled "The Sun and the Oak." Mrs. Ingalese's occult story is continued, and the Rev. Helen Van-Anderson contributes some luminous metaphysical "answers to correspondents," in the "Family Circle" department. John Emery McLean has four editorials and some instructive reviews of new books. The eighth volume opens with this number. \$2.00 a year; 20 cents a copy, at news-stands. The Alliance Publishing Company, New York.

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Several communications were received too late for this issue which will be published in our next.