

THE PSYCHIC CENTURY.

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

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MODERN SPIRITUALISM, THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

Paper read by Miss Emma Challand at the union services of the Topeka spiritual societies on the fifty-second anniversary of Modern Spiritualism.

History clearly demonstrates that there has existed within man's mind from the remotest period of which we have any knowledge a paramount desire for immortality. The pyramids of Egypt, the great temples of Karnak, the obelisks of Thebes proclaim it, and as these mighty structures, as well as the palaces and tombs of Assyria, Babylonia and other ancient nations, sink beneath the dust of ages they cry out in language unmistakable that this thought animated the minds of these builders. Even the mounds of prehistoric man breathes forth this desire and their ruined temples in the south land echo the refrain. All that the minds of these ancient people could devise as to durability was resorted to in order that these creations might withstand the ravages of time and, enduring through the ages, proclaim to generations yet unborn that they had had an existence and wished to live in the minds of men and enjoy a continuity of life after the dissolution of the physical body. This desire for immortality is not confined to any one people; every race of every clime, ages remote to present time, cry out in no uncertain tones for life that has no end.

The ancient Egyptians, 3,000 B. C., had a grotesque belief in the immortality of the soul and transmigration. Ignorance coupled with desire for immortality made them willing to accept an existence as taught in the Book of the Dead where the soul is described as making long perilous journeys in the under world. In this book the soul is instructed how to reach the first gate of heaven. This passed it enters upon a series of transformations, becoming anything from a louse to a crocodile, meanwhile retaining a mysterious connection with its mummified body, being at liberty to come and go from the grave in the day time in any form it might choose; thus prolonging earthly existence by the spirit taking up its abode in all sorts of lower animal forms. Finally the soul and body were again united and went to new fields of adventure. The trial in the great hall of justice before Osiris was the most dreaded encounter. Here the fate of the soul was determined. If accepted it enjoyed a period of bliss with Osiris and finally entered eternal rest. But if rejected it was sent back to earth in the form of a pig or something worse to suffer degradation and torture. Osiris in turn was supposed to inhabit the bull Apis whose temple was at Memphis. So we find a gigantic piece of bronze statuary set up there in honor of this deific personage.

None but the most ignorantly superstitious could have accepted such a conglomeration of gods, animals and crockery, much less endowed them with such marvelous powers.

The Assyrians and Babylonians believed much as did the Egyptians and had good and evil spirits continually warring with one another. Here again we see a blindly ignorant belief in immortality; not knowing the truth but instinctively desiring life beyond the grave. Their deification of sun, moon and stars as well as many lesser objects which they feared or could not comprehend simply implied a desire to "stand in" with powers acknowledged to be greater than they in order that their chances of a pleasant future existence might be increased. Everything feared was deified and bronze figures, images and temples were constructed in honor of these deific personages.

The Hindoos made God the soul of the universe, teaching all we taste, see, hear or feel is God, and that good spirits are absorbed into the Supreme Being while wicked ones are sent back to occupy bodies of animals and in this way undergo purification, in time becoming exalted, acquiring the wisdom of a God and hope of Nirvana or eternal repose.

Buddha is said to have existed in 400,000,000 of worlds during his successive transmigrations and to have been almost every kind of insect, fish animal and man. He could have entered Nirvana millions of centuries before but preferred to endure existence that he might benefit humanity. These teachings are accepted by one fourth of the earth's inhabitants today. We must not forget the Bible people with a God sitting in judgment. Here we note the resemblance as well as difference between Osiris and the Christian God. The one judges according to the deeds, desires and acquirements or failures, granting to the good happiness, to the meanest an opportunity to acquire perfection at last. The other repudiates justice for ordaining some who have lived lives of purity and progression to eternal punishment in a lake of fire because they cannot believe an all wise and loving father would punish to the death an innocent child that those who had sinned against all the laws of God and man should enter the "eternal city," there in bliss to dwell at His right hand singing praises to His holy name because these scoffers at justice said in their last hours they believed. Believed what? Why, that a God of justice

created man, placed him in the garden of Eden, put him to sleep, took out a rib, breathed a little sense into it, called it a woman, created a talking serpent and turned him loose in the garden to talk with Eve, then stood behind the garden wall to wait results. Eve, liking the looks of the apples, plucked some and she and Adam ate. This made God mad, though it was just what he had expected, and he turned them out of the garden to mix with the heathen, though just who these people were when Adam and Eve were as yet the only pair I am not quite able to determine.

But God kept tab on the mixed sinners and called them his chosen people. He talked with them much and got angry with them often and by way of a safety valve for his wrath he incited them to frequent wars with other nations and shedding of blood. Finally these poor ignorant sinners with their evil spirits, winged angels, devils with fire to gues, horns, hoofs and forked tail, magicians, other gods and talking donkey made Him so mad nothing but the innocent blood of His only begotten son could quench His wrath and save all mankind from a never ending torture in hell fire. This is the Christians God of justice.

With this conglomerate mass of beliefs in Christian, Hindoo, Assyrian, Babylonian and Egyptian gods and ideas of life and justice freighted with superstition and error crushing hard upon the minds of the people, was it any wonder we had the dark ages when everything good, noble and true seemed about to be swept from the face of the earth?

Finally when our spirit friends sought to make their presence known to the people of earth, was it any wonder we had that season of terror known as Salem Witchcraft? By and through these manifestations of spirit power the gigantic walls of the gods were wrenched from their foundations and ere long the dark curtain of error was drawn aside and through the gateway of eternal truth the light of a glorious new day cast its effulgent beams over this benighted world.

Glorious light to mortals given
Teaching them of life to be,
When from out this earthly temple
That which lives shall be set free.

Teaching them that old traditions
Must forever disappear
For the reign of truth and justice
On the earth is very near.

Superstition and its errors
May have served the ages past.
Minds of men by thought expanded
Can receive all truth at last.

It came first to little children
Purer they and could receive
The dear friends from lands supernal
And the spirit cease to grieve.

There within the home at Hydesville
Came the soft and tiny taps
Telling of the life eternal
In these gentle spirit raps.

All the world at first was startled
By the truth they did convey,
But the bright light of that dawning
Riseth to a perfect day.

Though clouds hung dark and heavy
Round this harbinger of day,
All the gods of superstition
Cannot now its progress stay.

Onward, upward, yes forever,
Spirit friends now lead the way
And with words of cheer and comfort
Tell us we with them shall stray

By the brooks and shining fountains,
In the gardens, groves and plains,
Listening to the heavenly music
And the sweet birds gentle strains.

INDIVIDUALITY.

The one great end toward which all effort tends is the development of the individual. Every human being is a spark from God but there are no two sparks exactly alike. Every individual possesses some trait or traits of character that do not, never have, and never can belong to any other. They are his alone. They manifest themselves in his every action; they speak in his every utterance. Yet how few there are that know themselves. How few there are who can delve deep into the recesses of their own souls and bring up the rich treasures of truth that lie hidden there.

Know thyself. That divine injunction has resounded through all the ages. It has rung in the ears of the heathen and re-echoed through all the crags of Christendom. But it has remained for the philosopher of the twentieth century to demonstrate the powers and possibilities of the human mind. The hundred years just ended was a century of invention and material development. But as the golden gates of the twentieth century swing back upon the

hinges of time, the world turns instinctively to a contemplation of the realm of mental science. This is a field which has never been fully explored, and it promises fair to yield abundant fruitage. The searchlight of the human mind shall be turned in upon itself, for thus alone can be revealed the psychic powers of the individual. Thus alone can man know himself. Thus alone can he come into touch with the Infinite.

The average man of today is ignorant of his own powers. This has been the case in all the generations that have lived and died. Stop and consider for one moment this proposition: If every individual that ever lived had done the things that it were possible for him to have done, what would be the present stage of the world's advancement? Again, if every individual alive today were to put his wits to work and do the things that lie within the range of his powers in the way of invention, science, art, literature or any other line of work, what would be the status of the world's progress one generation hence? Every sane man is a genius if he only knew it. Every individual can contribute something to the world's progress and to the up-building and betterment of the race if he will only apply his ability. The greatest curse of the human race today is a lack of self trust. Man's belief in his own weakness is an iron chain which he fastens about his own neck, and it is amply sufficient to bind him to the dust. There lies in each individual a latent power, which, if developed, would enable him to become absolute master of his environment. It is possible and not difficult for every individual to develop this power. It is not necessary that any one should be poor or sick or weak and eke out a miserable existence in hardship, drudgery and want. In the rich abundance of earth there is opulence for all. The supply is always equal to the demand. Every individual gets that which he deserves, no more no less. These are facts which the world has not yet grasped, yet they are the very essence of truth. If a man is able to demand much he will receive much and vice versa. But as before stated every man has the power latent within to become master of his surroundings; he can be what he desires to be. There is no ambition that he cannot realize if he but rightly apply his energies.

Every man's ambition is the measure of his power. A man cannot have an ambition to the height of which it is not possible for him to attain. This is true simply because every longing is the expression of a capability. If it were not possible for a desire to be gratified that desire could not exist. Suppose that men were born with ravenous appetites, yet there was nothing in the universe for them to eat. This would not be more absurd than any other misapplication of the law of desire. The eternal law of supply and demand is as unchangable as the law of gravitation. Wherever there is a competent demand the supply is there also. Therefore I say that every man's ambition is born of his innate power to procure that which he desires. Stop and consider for a moment how much this means to humanity. How many a poor man or woman has dragged through a life of hardship and misery simply because through a lack of self confidence they failed to follow the calling of their choice, failed to pursue the prompter of their early hopes.

It has been said that every individual is born for a special purpose. Whether this be true or not, everyone can live for a purpose, and each person should decide for himself what his work shall be. There is not a boy or girl but that has some idea of what they would rather do in life. These faint glimmers of youthful ambition should not be overlooked for they are the unmistakable expressions of the inborn powers and inclinations of the individual. Among all the countless millions of people that ever lived upon the earth there have been no two exactly alike. As each of the different species of plants adorn the verdant hillside seeks a different kind of nourishment from the soil, so does each individual soul demand a different kind of gratification to constitute its growth and happiness. Thus should we ever harken to the still small voice within for verily the remotest desire of each human heart is the outgrowth of its individual nature.

The material world today is on a higher plane of development than ever before in its history. But who has brought it there? Not the combined thought and work of the bulk of humanity, it is the result of individual thought and action. Here and there, all along the path of the world's progress, have come into prominence men who were not afraid to "thrust aside half truths," and with unshakable reliance upon their own inner convictions, have shown the world the truth. These great men to whom we owe so much were nothing more than individuals and the only reason their names are written so high on the temple of fame is simply because they trusted their own convictions, developed their own individualities, and gave to the world the products of their individual thought. Any man could do this. We are all strong enough and wise enough within the seclusion of our own room, there where the un-

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1901.

KING REASON.

Rejoice, rejoice, O people!
For today a king is born,
While the star is slowly rising
Of the century's golden morn.
Not a monarch, stern and haughty,
In bright robes and guilty fame;
But King Reason unpretentious
Who doth liberty proclaim.

Liberty of mind and body!
Can such a thing on earth be known?
Is there yet a time forthcoming
When old things shall be outgrown;
And when man emancipated
From a dark and ignorant past,
May mount upward all untrammelled,
A free, perfect man at last?

Yes, there is a time forthcoming
And we hail its dawning now,
When all people shall pay tribute
And at reason's throne shall bow.
When this mighty king of nations
Shall bring happiness to earth
And all men shall bless the morning
Which gave this, our saviour, birth.



FROM DARKNESS INTO LIGHT.

Light is breaking o'er the way
And man can now behold the day
Of his emancipation.

The world is being lifted out of the realm of matter into the realm of spirit. All creation groans and travails for the birth of freedom. Too long has man lingered in the swampland of ignorance and superstition; too long have the fetters of churchdom bound him hand and foot, so that when he would walk he could not and when he might break his bonds he would not.

Within the dark and narrow limits of prison walls has he been confined until his atrophied faculties understand not the harmony of life, and "the radiant rays which shine from countless sources" penetrate not to his creed-bound soul. As the rays from our glorious sun shine at all times with equal brilliancy upon the earth, yet penetrate not the dungeon's gloom, so the splendor shining undimmed from the great central sun of life lights not the soul impaled within the dungeon of ignorance and vice.

Let us be glad and hopeful since there are strong and powerful hands, moved by kind and loving hearts, busy today removing the ponderous stones of those prison walls. Lifting an old, rotten plank here, battering down a grating there, until ere long the splendor of a twentieth century noonday will illuminate those dark and dismal cells.

The physical age is passing away and the psychical is being ushered in.

From barbarism up through the intricate ways of evolution has man journeyed. By slow and labored progress, by painful experiences, through blood and battle, through struggles hard and long, leaving his heart's blood upon every track behind him, has he continued his onward march, until today he has mounted the high throne of reason and has declared that through a knowledge of the truth he will be free; that he will put all things that hinder him under his feet.

There was a time in the history of our race when a man was measured by physical strength and skill, when a nation's glory was dependent upon its power to hold in subjection other nations by physical force. Am sorry to admit this last to be the case with us today to a great extent; but individual progress must necessarily precede the national, and as a man is no longer measured by his brawn, but by his brain, so eventually nations must be measured entirely by the same standard.

The bull fight, the dying gladiator and the blood-stained arena no longer excite the populace to joyful applause and praise as in the days of Roman greatness, but highly intellectual and spiritual people of this day turn from such scenes in disgust and seek the highways of peace and purity. All things go to show the tendency of man from the coarse and beastly enjoyments to the refined and spiritual.

In this age of careful research men are looking after the soul of things asking why, whence and whether. The song, the sermon, the lecture, the poem or even the newspaper article which comes freighted with the wealth of the author's inmost soul, is the one that counts, the one that reaches and stirs the soul. No one would think of applauding a hand organ although it were possible for it to render sounds as harmonious as those of a Paderewski. Why? Simply because its work being automatic and soulless it has no power to move. It is not a harmonious arrangement of sounds alone that has power to lift and bear

us away to the pearly gates of life, life and beauty, but the soul basis of them which comes vibrating in every note telling of the spiritual glory; it is the soul basis, as aims and ambitions to soar to those lofty heights to which at such times we feel we are lifted.

And as we go plodding along life's road we no longer pass by the beautiful and wonderful phenomena of nature without a thought of the cause back of all these grand effects. Man now beholds the coming and going of the seasons, the ebb and flow of the tide, the full and change of the moon, the rising and setting sun and even his own wonderful being without superstitious awe, but with a partial understanding of the laws which govern them, not content to fall in reverence before an imaginary creator of all things and remain wrapped in total ignorance of everything save mystery, but with an intense longing to know more and more concerning himself and his relation to the universe about him, he delves into the earth and there reads sermons in stones, he sweeps the heavens with the telescope and compels its starry depths to give up their long kept secrets; he dives into the bottom of the sea and brings forth lessons from its liquid depths for the good of his fellowman. He has chained the lightning and girdled the earth therewith so that nation may speak to nation as face to face. From a puny creature who dwelt naked and in caves who knew not even enough to kindle a fire by which to warm himself and cook his meat, man has advanced to the grand and noble creature he is today. From his low estate where instinct alone controlled his action, to his present high plane where reason and judgment guide human endeavor, has he gradually climbed.

Then if he has come thus far through trials and difficulties, mounting by slow steps to higher rounds upon the great ladder of life, is it not reasonable to suppose that he will continue to progress until, having explored the broad fields of knowledge and unravelled the mysteries of life upon the material plane, he will go into the spiritual and finally develop faculties which will enable him to comprehend even the wondrous workings of mind. For, after all, mind is the power that moves the world, aye all all worlds. Mind is the cause back of every effect. Material things are but the manifestations of mind, and into this psychic or soul realm man is advancing, and not only man but according to the omnipotent law of progression, all life is being lifted higher and higher, even into a oneness with the Divine mind.

Now the new century just born has already been aptly named the psychic century. The query upon the lips of mortal man today, as we said before, is, why, whence and whither. Yet if this is all there is of life, if these lines are true of man:

"Into this world willy, nilly blowing,
Out of this world willy, nilly going"

Then it were not worth while to study into the cause of things nor try to explore the spiritual fields, for if this be true it were better to spend our short span of existence to better our material condition alone.

If the materialist is correct and death ends all, then the longings after life and the hopes of happiness which take root in the heart and brain all pointing to realization are falsifiers and deceivers. If, according to the Bible account, God made us and is allwise and powerful, and has given us this yearning after purification, this desire for happiness and a home beyond the grave, these faculties which cry out with a thousand tongues in vain then he is a deceiver and has given each human soul a promise to pay on a ruined bank.

But, if, according to the scientist, man was not made but is the result of evolution--growth--and according to the law which governs his being any desire of his is a promise of its attainment, because it is impossible for him to desire a thing which does not exist in abundance for him, then all is life, there is no death, and all the boundless space beyond is fanned by spirits' breath.

Spirits of those who have run their race in material life completing it for a higher, and others who have been hastened from the shores of time by accident or otherwise, leaving unsown and unreaped what might have been fruitful fields of experience, yet all doing the best they can according to their development psychically, and to their environment. In either case, whether God made us or we have evolved, the conclusion must be the same, man is immortal.

Hence it behooves us to learn of the country beyond, since without a question we are all fast hastening thither. The Psychic Century is to be an educator along the lines of psychic phenomena and philosophy. Entering upon its mission with the birth of the new century, it has come to stay until it has fulfilled every demand upon it, and that no doubt will be long hence.

Let us hope that thousands of readers of this paper will go hand in hand with us far into the fields of psychical research. Come let us reason together. Walk with us we beseech you up the hills of spirituality, sparkling with the dewdrops of eternal spring and fragrant with the perfume of a thousand flowers which grow thereon.

Remain not in the dark valley where the mists enfold and blind you, where grim phantoms hold and bind you, but stroll with me through the green pastures by the still waters of reason and knowledge.



INTELLECTUAL CAPACITY OF WOMEN.

Is woman less or more intelligent than man? Less so, decidedly, says Prof. Paolo Mantegazza; and this fact lies at the basis of the whole so-called "woman question." Professor Mantegazza sets forth his views in an article in

The *Journal of the American Psychological Association*, December, 1899. The general view is that woman is less intelligent than man, which is as follows:

"Woman has always been, is now, and will always be less intelligent than man, and the general characteristic of her mind is that of being infantile. In the long road of intellectual evolution she always stops at the stations nearest to the point of departure. Of course, with a better education, she will be able in the future to make a greater contribution to literature, to science, and to the fine arts; but I believe that the distance which separates her from us will always be the same, since the progress of man will keep pace with that of woman, each preserving all the while his or her own brain and the peculiar idiosyncrasies of the intellect. The oppression in which woman has been held until now is not sufficient to explain her inferiority. Oppression by the strong can only originate from surprise, but it can never last a long time. Those who stand high above others are placed there by the right, the hateful right of might, which, if not the most just and lawful ideal, is yet the most natural and logical. Among savage tribes woman is subjected to man because she is physically weaker; in civilized states because she is intellectually weaker. Were she to become stronger tomorrow, she would occupy the first place without any need of new doctrines or of new laws."

Woman is not inferior to man intellectually, and would never have been so considered in any wise but for the fact that in the age when physical strength counted for greatness she was naturally his inferior in physical powers, hence he has ever considered her so in all things. To this fact has been added the teachings of the church for more than fifteen hundred years that woman, having committed the original sin, was under the curse of God and was really not a fit partner for high and holy man. This idea, taught by the fathers of the church, has been elaborated and promulgated until it has permeated all Christendom, and finds its representatives even at this advanced age in such men as Prof. Paolo Mantegazza, who seems to overlook the fact in drawing his conclusions regarding the intellectual capacity of woman, that she has until recent years been denied the right of education. It seems that a scholar would consider the effect which centuries of careful training and education of the faculties would have upon a race or even one-half a race, for in so doing I have no doubt he could see where the cause lies for the difference in the intellectual powers of the sexes.

He says that in the savage tribes she is inferior because she is the weaker physically and in civilized races on account of her mental inferiority.

I would just ask the Professor if he thinks that we have reached the acme of civilization, have we outgrown all the ways of our ancestor?

It is my opinion that in this infancy of civilization we are still clinging to many of the ideas and even traditions of our predecessors and this idea of woman's inferiority is one of the relics of barbarism which future generations will laugh to scorn. Man represents the physical age, woman the spiritual. When she comes into her kingdom she will have no superior therein and although she has not thus far contributed to a great extent to science and the fine arts, the rapid progress she has made in the intellectual fields since being admitted to the institutions of learning proves my assertion that woman is not intellectually inferior to man.



Character itself—is it never fixed and final upon earth? Up to the last hour of life the good man may trip and fall.

"Come quickly, O death, sighed the great Marcus on his imperial throne, 'lest I forget myself!'" Even up to the last hour of life the bad man may reform. "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom!" cries the dying thief. Saint and sinner may change places even in the shadow of death.—Rev. R. Heber Newton.

This reminds me of the doctrine preached and sung in the churches since I can first remember, the lines of some of the songs running something like this:

While the lamp holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return

Or—

Between the stirrup and the ground
Lest Mercy was sought and pardon found.

Now I believe there was never a more ruinous doctrine taught to mankind. With this idea in mind thousands have led evil lives believing that there would be ample time to reform, to claim the blessings of God and enter straightway in through the pearly gates, even after having waited till late in life. According to this doctrine a wretch of the vilest character may be carried straight from the slums to Abraham's bosom. If this be true, what is the good of a long moral life if one who has violated every known law of God or man may at the last change places with the saint, of what avail is the saint's saintliness?

No, it is time all such theories were swept down and out like so many cobwebs which have long obscured the light, and teach something in keeping with common sense at least.

The truth as I see it is this: If an individual violate the laws governing his being either physical or moral or any of them he is out of harmony with those laws and must suffer the penalty in sickness, pangs of conscience or whatever the legitimate consequences of his acts may be.

Evil deeds and thoughts deprave his nature and write upon his moral constitution in indelible characters the story of his life. Letters of fire that will not grow dim until he by slow progress emerges from his prison of darkness, will tell in unmistakable terms of the road he has traveled on earth. As sins against the physical man disfigure the body so sins against the spiritual man mar the soul and leave scars thereon which he alone can efface. And the individual who has lived in accord with nature

EDNA GRAY; A Spiritualistic Romance. . . .

By W. B. WAGNER, Topeka, Kan.

O such a scientific man
Was Doctor Humboldt Gray.
On problems, deep and puzzling, ran
His thoughts both night and day.
No question could a mortal find
That seemed perplexing to his mind.

He knew just how the universe
Had slowly been evolved,
And how—O, could its fate be
worse?—
'Twould be again dissolved;
For Herbert Spencer he had read,
And never doubted what he said.

He knew just how our little earth
Was from the great sun hurled.
And how, for ages from its birth,
This fiery, molten world
Had wheeled its weary flight thro'
space
With naught alive upon its face.

He knew—but how he could not
say—
That when the earth got cold,
Low forms of life from inert clay
Spontaneous did unfold.
And thus he bridged the mighty
chasm
Between dead clay and protoplasm.

From protoplasm up to man
'Twas clear to him, indeed,
For on the great Darwinian plan
All thinkers are agreed.
The law by which the brutes were
made,
In his descent has man obeyed.

A man so learned and profound,
So versed in nature's laws,
Would never to a creed be bound
Without sufficient cause.
He'd gauge his views by common
sense,
And not by hearsay evidence.

No facts in science did he find,
No evidence that gave
Full satisfaction to his mind,
That man beyond the grave
Would live and love, and know
each friend.
He thought man's life at death
would end.

If, since this planet formed a crust
And ceased at last to burn,
All living forms evolved from dust,
To dust they will return.
O then where are the facts to bring
A balm for death's most cruel
sting?

No scientific man would look—
And scan it page by page—
Into an ancient, time-worn book
Penned in an ignorant age,
For proof that those thought dead
by men,
Shall, in a bright world, live again.

Such book, whose authors are un-
known,
Though claimed to be inspired,

Would have small value, viewed
alone,
Would not be much desired
In any scientific plan
To prove the spirit life of man.

If inspiration was a law
With men so long ago,
If into spirit life they saw,
Knew much that spirits know,
Such truths to men are still revealed
For natural laws are not repealed.

Since Doctor Gray had not received
The evidence first hand,
He thought 'twas not to be believed
There's a spirit-land;
And though 'twas claimed that
others had,
He thought they surely had gone
mad.

We see 'twas natural that this man
Whom creeds could not control,
Had never heeded any plan
Which sought to save his soul.
With his view, there was naught to
save
If all was destined for the grave.

Not so his wife, Elizabeth.
She thought man's life is given
In this world to prepare for death
And gain a crown in heaven,
Or to escape a place more dire,
A literal burning lake of fire.

The Doctor's science she abhorred.
To her it seemed supreme
Abomination to the Lord,
And but the devil's scheme
To put upon great minds a spell,
And drag unwary souls to hell.

The Bible was to her God's word,
And therefore wholly true,
And in that book it was averred
What mortals had to do
To make their peace with God, and so
Escape and endless life of woe.

'Twas necessary to believe
That man is born depraved
And that he only can retrieve
Lost Eden, and be saved,
By asking Jesus to efface
The sin by his redeeming grace.

The babe upon its mother's breast,
By her so dearly prized,
Must have its innate sin confessed—
Is lost unless baptized;
And later sins must be forgiven
Before the soul can enter heaven.

They had one child. No flower in
May
E'er grew in field or wood
As beautiful as Edna Gray
In early womanhood.
It seemed that nature ne'er essayed
To make a lovelier, fairer maid.

Although the Doctor and his wife
Were far apart in creed,
There was one interest in life
On which they were agreed;

Their lovely daughter they adored—
On her their wealth of love out-
poured.

This charming creature, I must say,
Had always been inclined,
In everything, to have her way.
With independent mind,
She read her father's books and—
well
Like him she was an infidel.

One day she bade a fond adieu
To those her heart held dear.
And went to see a friend she knew
And loved for many a year—
A friend who lived in a far-off land,
And a lengthy visit had been
planned.

The months rolled by—a year had
passed—
Two souls were plunged in gloom,
For Edna Gray had breathed her
last;
Her form was in the tomb.
And it was whispered that the
maid
Had from the path of virtue strayed.

A tender babe—'twas hers, they
said—
No evidence to show
The mother ever had been wed—
No mortal seemed to know,
Whether a widow, wife or maid
Had in the dark, cold grave been
laid.

O, Doctor Gray! Elizabeth!
Your lot is hard indeed;
Your only child gone to her death
O now, where is the creed
To comfort you and put to rout
The dark and dreadful demon
Doubt?

At last there came a comforter—
'Twas one that some called mad,
For those called dead conversed
with her;
Through her the Doctor had,
Between sealed slates, one happy
day,
Received these words from Edna
Gray:

"Dear Papa: Do not think me
dead.
I live—will prove it too.
Behind a picture near the bed
Where I my last breath drew
And yielded up my earthly life,
Are papers proving me a wife.

"He's with me now, for whom I
yearned.
I promised I would keep
The marriage still till he returned
From o'er the waters deep.
The ship that held my husband
dear
Went down, I learned on coming
here."

O such a scientific man
Was Doctor Humboldt Gray.
To get some new thoughts he began;
His doubts have passed away.
His wife, no more by creed en-
slaved,
Now knows her child's pure soul is
saved.

merly appropriated to themselves a good share of the funds which they collected ostensibly for charitable purposes are now obliged to present their credentials to the proper authorities of the club. Under this system Catholics, Protestants, Jews and Agnostics work harmoniously together to relieve the suffering.

The acquirement of wealth is not a test of character. The money-acquiring instinct may accompany the higher and nobler qualities; it may accompany the baser ones. But it lies with a man himself whether he shall have the respect and the confidence of the community in which he lives. If he fail to inspire it, or if, having acquired it, he forfeit it, in that lies his punishment, and for it he alone is responsible.—Lilian Whiting.

The Spiritualists of Topeka are talking of reorganizing and getting together in a body strong enough to do something for the cause, which it seems to me would be a very sensible thing to do. If not reorganize, then have a revival of the old time enthusiasm. Persuade some of the old-timers with money and experience to put their shoulders to the wheel of progress and help the old car a little further up the hill. Topeka should by all means have a spiritual temple and there are enough Spiritualists here to build without burdening any one. Who will start the ball to rolling, who will build a spiritual temple in the city of Topeka?

The death of Ignatius Donnelly calls to mind the Great Cryptogram written by him many years ago. In that book he attempted to prove, by means of a cipher therein explained, and by other evidence, that Francis Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays. Whether Donnelly was right or not, the fact remains that Shakespeare was not a book-learned man, and could not have obtained, with his education, much of the knowledge which the author of Shakespeare's works possessed. There is much in Shakespeare's plays that is not characteristic of Bacon. Is it not probable, therefore, that Shakespeare was a medium, and obtained from the unseen world the information which he could not procure from material sources?

We earnestly solicit the aid of our friends everywhere in getting subscribers. The Psychic Century will be light in darkness to many, and if you wish to benefit your fellowman you can do no better deed than help enlighten his mind. The great Ingersoll said: "There is no darkness like the darkness of ignorance." So the salvation of the race is in education. Now if you have the light shine it upon the pathway of your brother. Once when I was in doubt and darkness, my soul groping about for something more reasonable than orthodoxy, a friend handed me a copy of Paine's "Age of Reason." What a balm of consolation it was to me! What a light seemed to dawn upon my senses! And I bless the friend today who gave it to me though he has long since gone up higher. Many books on free thought and all kinds of liberal literature have I read since, but nothing ever filled me with such delight as did that little book, coming to fill a long felt want in my being. How I love and venerate all those grand old thinkers who had the courage of their convictions. And so you, my friend, may do some one an everlasting good by handing them The Psychic Century and asking them to subscribe for it. Let us all join in spreading the good news to every land and among all peoples. The Psychic Century is not a policy paper, but proposes to be an exponent of the truth as God gives us to see the truth.

Prof. Calef, of Boston, and wife occupied the platform at Lincoln Post Hall last Sunday evening, under the auspices of the Church of Spiritualism. The Professor gave quite an interesting lecture on Spiritualism and Psychic Phenomena. He stated that while he had been reared a Spiritualist, and was still one, he could not teach the doctrine of spirit return as well under that name as under some other. The expression "Psychic Phenomena" was more popular, having been adopted by people of unquestioned authority in scientific and literary circles, who are seeking facts to prove that man lives beyond the grave. Of course they deal with exactly the same phenomena as do the Spiritualists, but do not want to be identified with a body of people who have received the opprobrium that is always bestowed upon those who first defend the truth. The Professor's discourse finally led up to this question, Shall the Spiritualists of Topeka organize under some name more popular than that of Spiritualism? The attempt to answer this question will be made at a meeting to be held at Lincoln Post Hall next Sunday at 2:30 p. m. The Psychic Century is not opposed to changing the name of the Spiritualistic organization here, but it is opposed to any step which will disconnect it from the national organization. Spiritualism is a religion, Spiritualists are entitled to all the rights and privileges that are conferred by law upon other denominations. They should always keep that point in view. They should organize to obtain the recognition they deserve. There is more in Spiritualism than the phenomena which proves a life after death, and the ability of spirits to communicate with mortals. Science may investigate such phenomena and sustain the position of Spiritualists, proving beyond question that death does not end all. But, although convinced that there is a hereafter, each man must learn for himself how to come en rapport with higher influences and with the Divine mind and this is—elirigion.—W.

and in harmony with the laws that govern his being, is a happy man. He has attained that for which all creatures were born, that which is the end and aim of all life—happiness. Nothing can take it from him. Though he should apparently fall from grace, as the orthodox would say, he cannot lose the whiteness of his soul, nor be deprived by any manner of means of that perfect symmetry or radiant light which belongs to the soul purified by and developed by years of right living.

It is estimated that there are about 15,000 Spiritualists in this city besides many Theosophists, Divine Scientists, Christian Scientists, etc. In fact, Topeka is called the psychic center of the world. Within its pure and thought-generating atmosphere the ego can rise triumphant over carnality. Here man finds himself growing weary of the load of animal propensities he has been wont to carry and begins to slough them off one by one. Here the pure angels of peace, truth and love seem to hover and ever beckon man upward to their peace-crowned heights.

Yet while all this is true and notwithstanding there are so many free thinking people here they have had no paper to represent them through which to give the result of their investigations to the world. Thus The Psychic Century steps in to fill a long-felt want. Born with the new century and clad in the vesture of truth, it comes to light the way for many of earth's weary travelers. "Man shall not live by bread alone," was said by one wise in spiritual things. So while many no doubt are hungering for food for the physical body, more are hungering and thirsting for the meat and drink which satisfy the spiritual man. Each week The Psychic Century will reach its readers teeming with the gems of the best literary men and women of the day. Its purpose is to be a friend and helper to all into whose hands it may fall by giving information about

the things which so much concern them here and now. It will be a non political paper, always the champion of free thought and especially treating of subjects of a psychic nature.

We solicit the correspondence of wide awake twentieth century people for our paper. Let us have what you honestly think.

Lowell said:
"I honor the man who is willing to sink
"Half his present repute for the freedom to think,
"And when he has thought, be his cause strong or weak,
"Will sink t'other half for the freedom to speak.
"Not caring what vengeance the mob has in store,
"Be that mob the upper ten thousand or lower."
And them's my sentiments tew.

NOTES.

Psychic Science is the name of a monthly magazine started in Topeka last month by C. M. Aley and Cyrus Corning. The initial number contains thirty-two pages of excellent articles on psychic subjects. There is much need of literature of that kind and we hope Psychic Science will have many readers.

Prof. Charles Ainsworth of Indianapolis, Ind., has been conducting meetings for the Spiritualists of this place the past month, giving both tests and lectures which have been very satisfactory. His manner of giving tests is by pellet reading and in almost every instance has been very convincing.

Kansas City is the only city in the union that has divorced humanitarianism from religion. The Commercial Club is the sponsor of all charitable work done there by religious bodies. The ambitious church workers who for-

THE PSYCHIC CENTURY.

INDIVIDUALITY.

Continued from 1st page.

charitable eye of the world cannot scan us, there where we enter into a oneness with the eternal law, we make resolutions as to what our future course shall be, and our fertile brain hatches schemes for amassing riches perhaps, or of doing something great, but when we mix and mingle with a cold and unsympathetic world again, when we hear the harsh and unjust criticisms from those who know but little of our rinner natures or capabilities, perhaps those whom we suppose to be our friends, we let our good resolutions slip away uncarried out; we wither beneath the unjust judgment of the world and soon our grand schemes have dissolved into thin air and we find ourselves at the bottom of the ladder, discouraged, hopeless, fit for anything but making a success of life.

Now the only remedy for this is to educate the inner man to be strong under all circumstances. "Under all circumstances keep an even mind" is a wise injunction. If, when you go out to try to put into practice your theories, you find your courage faltering, go into the silence and there enter into conversation with yourself. Tell yourself you can do better than that, that you are as important as anybody, that you have as much right to the good things of this life and to the attainment of your desires as any one, and your subjective mind will take and act upon these suggestions and soon you will find yourself growing strong so that you will not care for criticisms, but will profit by them for you will be judge as to whether they are just. Thus can we often profit by knowing what public opinion is regarding us. If it be a poor opinion we need not be discouraged thereby, but, being master of the situation, we can in time change even public opinion.

So I would say to every individual, be not like a feather blown about by every wind, but be like the strong oak, which, unfolding upon the material plane all the possibilities within the acorn, it strikes its roots deeply into the earth and spreads its branches into the air becoming "the monarch of the woods." You must be either a positive or negative force in the world. You can be positive and move things or negative and let things move you.

The individual who positively declares that he will be master of his house and that "no plague shall come nigh his dwelling" is the one who will be found enjoying good health; and he who trusts his desires, doubting not the universal law of opulence, is the one who succeeds in the attainment of his desires. And let me say in conclusion that no door is locked, no prize withheld from him, who, rising in the power and might of his being, declares, I will.

E F ROBERTS.

THE PRODIGAL DAUGHTER.

I have been asked by a despairing mother and loving friends to make an effort to find Lois Grace Paige, who disappeared from her home in a Vermont village a year ago.

I am informed that Miss Paige was interested in my work, and the friends who address me think she would read anything to which my name were attached, if living and the article should fall under her notice.

A man writes me, "My last despairing hope lies in you. I know that if you wrote a poem in which her name, Lois Grace, would figure, with an appeal from her mother and enough of the actual facts to let her know for whom intended, she would come back. Life is so short, a mother's devotion so dear, shame and disgrace of so small importance when compared to the everlasting universe and time, and I know that your pen can picture this reality and cause this girl to reflect and understand that all is forgiven. As for me, if she was among the lowest of the low, I should still love the girl."

I cannot write a poem of this kind; my muse has never known how to go about a personal theme of such a nature. But I can make this appeal to Lois Grace, hoping it may reach her eye and her heart. Love and forgiveness await her if she will return.

The world grows more merciful to erring women as it grows older and learns there is no sex in sin. The old laws which caused parents to kill the fatted calf for the prodigal son and to shut the door in the face of the repentant prodigal daughter are modified by the growing spirit of liberal and humane thought.

There was a man it was said one time,
Who went astray in his youthful prime.
Can the brain keep cool and the heart keep quiet
When the blood like a river is running riot?
And boys will be boys, the old folks say,
And the man is better who's had his day.

The sinner returned and the preacher told
Of the prodigal son who came back to the fold.
And Christian people threw open the door
With a warmer welcome than ever before.
Wealth and honor were his to command,
And a spotless woman gave him her hand.
And the world strewed their pathway with blossoms a bloom,
Crying, "God bless the lady and God bless the groom."

There was a maiden who went astray
In the golden dawn of her life's young day.
She had more passion and heart than head,
And she followed blindly where fond Love led.
And Love is ever a dangerous guide
To wander at will by a young girl's side.

The woman repented and turned from sin,
But no door opened to let her in,
The preacher prayed that she might be forgiven,
But told her to look for mercy—in heaven,
For this is the law of the world we know,
That the woman is stoned, while the man may go.

A brave man wedded her after all,
But the world said, frowning, "We shall not call."

Lois Grace, these verses do not apply to your case. Come home and receive the forgiveness and the love awaiting you.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Chicago American.

THE HEGILA MAGI.

While in Kansas City recently a representative of The Psychic Century became acquainted with Rev. S. Magee, Supreme Master, and Mr. E. H. Adams, Master of the Quill of the Hegila Magi, finding them both very pleasant and scholarly gentlemen. He also heard an interesting and instructive lecture, by the former gentleman, on the relation of Christianity to the Paganism that existed at the time of the Roman emperor, Constantine. Although a firm defender of the truth as he sees it, Rev. Magee, in his lectures and in private conversation, manifests a kindly feeling towards people of every religious belief, and this spirit of tolerance seems to dominate the order which he founded. Below we give the objects of the order as set forth in one of its publications. It is certainly a good line of work and study, but the statement that the average life of man was at one time 500 years will hardly be endorsed by the student of anthropology.

The order of Melchisedek is similar to all other great benevolent orders; yet it is superior to them all from this fact; it is intensely scientific, teaching all the laws governing man, from the conscious atom to the Master of Light in the realms of eternal perfection.

We can only give outlines here for want of space; to fully appreciate the grandeur, use and beauty of this order one must master its teachings and live up to its rules.

It is founded on the law of nature. The Masters who brought it to the uses of man, in the first place, lived close unto nature, knew its laws and lived up to them, and the result was a golden era where health, wealth and perfection showered their blessings upon them.

There is not a lesson inconsistent with the universal law. The founders understood the mathematics of nature, and as all should know, nature is builded with mathematical precision, and we must come within that precision to be right.

It is a great educational institution and at the same time portions of it must be secret, because you must not scatter pearls before swine; that is, there are truths which the people generally cannot comprehend, and if given to them they would be disregarded, polluted and rendered worthless.

Through the teachings and powers of the Magi, we can solve the mysteries of the past, read the hieroglyphics on the tombs of hidden ages, open the treasure house of nature and know its present, and from the present penetrate into the future; as coming events cast their shadows, or sunlights of joy, before, so can the person who walks in the light of the Magi prognosticate the future.

This order teaches the very science of life and lays down the laws which were observed by man when the

The Master is Coming.

They said, "The Savior is coming
To honor the town today,
And none tell at whose house or
home
The Master will choose to stay."
And I thought, while my heart beat
wildly,
What if he should come to mine?
How would I strive to entertain
And honor the guest divine!

And straight I turned to toiling
To make my home more neat;
I swept, and polished, and garnished,
And decked it with blossoms sweet;
I was troubled for fear the Master
Might come ere my task was done,
And I hastened and worked the faster,
And watched the hurrying sun.

But right in the midst of my duties
A woman came to my door;
She had come to tell me her sorrows,
And my comfort and aid to implore.
And I said, "I cannot listen,
Nor help you any today;
I have greater things to attend to;"
And the pleader turned away.

And soon there came another—
A cripple, thin, pale and gray—
And said, "O let me stop and rest
A while in your home, I pray;
I have traveled far since morning,
I am hungry and faint and weak;
My heart is full of misery
And comfort and help I seek."

And I said, "I am grieved and sorry,
But I cannot help you today;
I look for a great and noble guest,"
And the cripple went away.
And the day wore on more swiftly,
And my task was nearly done,
And a prayer was in my heart
That the Master to me might come.

And I thought I would spring to meet
him,
And serve with utmost care,
When a little child stood by me
With a face so sweet and fair—
Sweet, but with marks of tear-drops,
And his clothes were tattered and
old;
A finger was bruised and bleeding,
And his little bare feet were cold.

And I said, "I am sorry for you,
You are sorely in need of care,
But I cannot stop to give it,
You must hasten elsewhere."
And at the words a shadow
Swept o'er his blue-veined brow:
"Some one will clothe and feed you,
dear,
But I am too busy now."

average life was five hundred years, when peace, harmony, happiness and good will prevailed among the people. When the order went into disuse by corruption, the people degenerated and the average life is now about thirty-three years and that will grow less, unless the people regenerate, is apparent to all observers.

The first degree teaches the laws of material life and is the degree in which all business is transacted.

The second degree teaches of the laws of man's physical being, leading up from cosmic mists through evolution to animal nature, the distinctive features of animal and man, the force of atomic education, embryonic training and physical development. It teaches the laws of health, hygiene and right-living in all that pertains to physical perfection.

The third degree teaches what mind is, where it came from and how to train it, that the passions and appetites may be subdued and evil eliminated and physical subordinated to the mental.

The fourth degree pertains to the spiritual forces, what the spirit is, its influence on physical man and man's influence on the spiritual world, and the relation each bears to the other. It teaches how to make the spiritual nature triumph over the physical, and man becomes a law unto himself to the perfection of his being.

The fifth degree teaches of mental and magnetic powers in healing; how to heal at a distance, the force of the will, powers of concentration of the mind. The difference between physical magnetism and spiritual forces and of those psychometric powers by which one can diagnose diseases from contact with the magnetism of the person as given through articles forwarded, and other medical developments.

The sixth degree: In this degree members of the Magi are taught pure spirituality, eliminated from all physical environments. In this degree, pure spiritual lives are led and all things else are rendered subordinate to that kind of life.

The seventh degree: This degree teaches the higher spiritual manifestations, such as leaving the physical form and visiting the spheres at will with other kindred developments in spiritual and occult knowledge.

The eighth degree teaches of the alchemies of nature and how man may use nature's laws to his well being.

The other four degrees are only given to the advanced members of the Magi, and are kept secret from the world.

It leads its members into the college of fine forces, teaching the laws governing the physical, mental, moral and spiritual natures of man, bringing the blessings of heaven to earth, and making life worth living. It assists the struggling, curbs the grasping, raises the fallen, directs the mighty, comforts the sorrowing, cautions the frivolous, administers to the sick, teaches man how to get well and keep well, and how to live that when, like fruit ripe for the harvest, he may sink away without a struggle or a pang, that he may exclaim in triumph, "O, death, where is thy sting? O, grave, where is thy victory?"

The Topeka Magnetic Institute.

The number of remarkable cures affected by this institution since its first organization is something worthy of consideration by those who suffer from any form of physical ailment. Within the last two months people have come to us for treatment who had to be actually carried into the house, but after one treatment were able to walk out and get into their carriage without the assistance of even a crutch. We have not an instance on record of a failure to effect a cure of any case that has come into our hands. We guarantee the success of our methods of healing in every case where the patient is not actually dying; and we can save eighty per cent. of these patients from death.

Magnetic healing is comparatively a new science in the world. Yet since the inception of modern Magnetic healing we venture to say more pain has been relieved, more good done, more homes made happy, more hope inspired and more woe dispelled than has ever been since the year 1. Our leading healer, Prof. E. F. Roberts, has never failed to effect a cure in the most severe cases that have been presented to him. This science is founded on absolute truth and he is a master in its application. We ask the public in all candor, what is a man worth to you, who can secure for you in two weeks what you have been searching for through the medical doctors for the last five or ten years, perhaps, permanent, vigorous health. We ask you to investigate the merits of this institution and place your case in our hands, resting assured you will receive all and more than you expect.

Laura B. Payne's Beautiful Songs

Can be had at this office. Latest, The Millennium, can be had for 25 cents. By mail, 30 cents.

MRS. INEZ WAGNER, Trance and Platform Test Medium,

Located at 320 Monroe, Topeka, Kan. Gives private readings.

At last the day was ended.

And my toil was over and done;
My house was swept and garnished,
And I watched in the dark alone;
Watched, but no footfall sounded,
No one paused at my gate,
No one entered my cottage door,
I could only pray and wait.

I waited till night had deepened,
And the Master had not come;
"He has entered some other door," I
cried,
"And has gladdened some other
home!"

My labor had been for nothing
And I bowed my head and wept.
My heart was sore with longing,
Yet, in spite of it all, I slept.

Then the Master stood before me
And his face was grave and fair;
"Three times today I came to your
door

And craved your pity and care;
Three times you sent me onward,
Unhelped and uncomfoted,
And the blessing you might have had
was lost,
And your chance to serve has fled."

"O Lord, dear Lord, forgive me!
How could I know it was thee?"
My very soul was shamed and bowed
In the depths of humility.
And he said, "The sin is pardoned,
But the blessing is lost to thee;
For, comforting not the least of mine,
Ye have failed to comfort me."
—Unknown.

It was the intention of the company to publish the first number of The Psychic Century the first week of the century, but a miscalculation in regard to the necessary printing material for the plant caused a week's delay. Such difficulties usually attend the starting of a newspaper or magazine, but in our case they will be speedily overcome and The Psychic Century will go forth to fulfill the mission for which it was founded—that of enlightening humanity upon subjects which concern their happiness both in this world and the next.

Be sure and subscribe for The Psychic Century today and you will not miss a number.

We desire to exchange with all progressive thought papers,