

THE PSYCHIC CENTURY.

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

VOL. I.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, THURSDAY, JANUARY 31, 1901.

NO. 4

WHAT CONSTITUTES A CHRISTIAN?

The mistake that has been made in regard to Christianity is that it is a doctrine to die by. That Christ's kingdom is a spiritual kingdom, and not intended for this world; that this life is something separate and different from the life after the change called death.

This is radically different from what the disciples were commanded to do. Jesus said to his disciples, go preach. Preach what? That the kingdom of heaven is at hand; and as ye go, heal the sick. Now if the kingdom is at hand, this does not mean that you are to wait until you are dead before you enter it. Again, to be more explicit, he said that the kingdom of heaven is not here nor there, but that it is within you. It is a condition that is created within you by a certain mode of life, by your own thoughts, words and deeds. The nature of this mode of life is well set forth in the life and teachings of the Master, so I will simply quote Him, and let Him show what constitutes a Christian, or those who follow in his steps; for he expressly says, those are my disciples and followers who hear and do things that I teach.

"Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glory your Father which is in heaven."

Note what it says: That your Father is glorified by good works, and not by what you believe. Again, whosoever shall do and teach the whole law shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven.

"Thou shalt not kill."

How, then, can you take part in war and slaughter your fellow men, your brothers by the thousand.

Thou shalt not commit adultery, and whosoever looketh on a woman in lust hath committed adultery in his heart. Ye have heard that it has been said, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." "But I say unto you, resist not evil." If a man smite thee, smite not in return. If a man sue thee at the law and take away thy coat give him your cloak also. A Christian cannot resort to force, neither the brute force nor the force of the law. The only law that a Christian has at his command is the law of love, practiced in wisdom.

Then again, it is made still more binding by the following that we cannot resort to force on any occasion:

"Ye have heard that it hath been said ye shall love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy."

"But I say unto you, ye shall love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you."

Why must we do this? That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven; for he makes his sun to shine on all, the evil as well as the good. For if ye love those that love you, what reward have you? Do not the publicans do this? Be ye perfect even as your Father is perfect."

Now you look upon these things as impossible and unnatural and do not attempt to obey them. But I say that such teachings are the highest and best philosophy and if you doubt them, go do as the Master tells you, viz.: Keep my sayings and ye shall know of the doctrine whether it is true or false. The only way to prove any teaching is to live it. Who among you have lived these teachings?

To follow Him in his life and teachings is to find the kingdom of heaven within, right here and now. But you cannot find heaven and live hell at the same time. Ye cannot obey the law of hate and resistance and at the same time profess to follow the law of love. Ye cannot serve two masters. The doctrine of non resistance to evil, is the fundamental basis of Jesus' teaching and life, and it must be strictly obeyed by those who would be disciples of the Divine Master. This is the doctrine for which the angels rejoiced, when they sang, "Peace on Earth and Good will to Men." Without obedience to this doctrine in what respect are ye different to the pagan world. Thus it is that brings peace and love more and more into your soul. That which we cultivate grows both in heaven and earth. If you cultivate anger and hatred and revenge it reacts upon you and does you more injury than your enemy. Therefore, you cannot afford to resist evil when you know that it will injure your spiritual life and growth.

"He that keepeth my commandments, he is that loveth me, and I and my Father will make our abode with him."

E. K. WALBRIDGE.

AS THE TREE FALLS, SO IT LIES.

As the tree falls, so it lies. Man is just what he is, no more nor less, and what he is here he will be "over there" at least, until he grows into a better state. The characteristics, the good, the evil, the quality of the man does not go down into the grave. He that is unjust here will be unjust in the Spirit world; he that is holy here will be holy there; he that is filthy here will be filthy there; and he that is pure in heart here will be pure in heart there. Death recreates no man. It merely takes

away the outward husk and leaves him standing a purely spirit-man without the slightest change in his moral character. He will emerge there just as he left this life. He may have sentimentalized a great deal over what he thought the mercy of God would or should do for him after death had robbed him of further opportunity to feed his unholy appetite, but in all that he simply admits his utter unworthiness to be other than he really is, and adds to his own degradation by hoping that by some strange chance or through the mercy or love of God he may be enabled to escape the consequences of a deliberately misspent earthly life.

The body goes down to the grave blameless for everything it did while the tenement of the soul. It can never be a question of what the body does, for it is merely a machine; but what the soul causes the body to do is a question, and a question, too, that demands our careful attention every hour. The body cannot of itself steal or bear malice, nor yet can it do a good act, but a pure soul within it will make it do good continually, as will an evil soul move it to wicked deeds. The body may do a very bad thing at the instigation of a pure soul, but it cannot be called evil, nor should it be punished; for wrong was not intended, and evil is not visited with condemnation when good was intended. It is that which actuates the soul that makes the act a crime or not; hence, it is not always the act in and of itself which reflects the character of the individual, but it is true that almost always the deeds of an evil disposed person are evil in their effects upon others.

Vice is always aggressive and imprudent, but no man has the right to say he cannot resist its attacks, for by assiduous watchfulness with an honest desire to do the right, vice is not difficult to overcome, but vulgarity, profanity and evil associations are by no means helpers in a struggle against it. Virtue, refinement and a determined effort to hold fast to that which is good and to flee from even the appearance of evil will never fail to overcome evil inclinations. As the tree falls, so it lies.—Thomas B. Wilson.

THE OUIJA BOARD AS A MEDIUM.

Editor Psychic Century:—If you will allow me space in your paper, I will give an incident of my experience in communicating with the spirit friends by the simple means of the Ouija Board (and let me say right here, we have had as positive proof of spirit return by the use of the Ouija Board as we ever had through any other source). In February, 1894, we received a communication on the Ouija Board to this effect: "On April 7, your niece Lorena is coming to pay you a visit." Lorena lives in central Iowa, and she had previously written to my wife that she had intended visiting us in the spring. (We at that time lived in Topeka, Kansas.) Almost every time we would sit down to commune with our friends on the Ouija Board, it would, involuntarily on our part, spell out Lorena is coming on the 7th of April. We naturally got so we believed she would come and looked for letters from her to tell us when she would come. But no, not a letter from her or any one else in regard to her coming did we receive; neither did we write and tell them anything in regard to her coming, but of course we expected her to write and let us know, so we could meet her at the train, Lorena being a young girl and this her first trip to the west. The 7th of April came around at last. My wife had a room for Lorena all prepared and in order. The day passed by and all day trains on the Santa Fe railroad were in, and we were about to give her up and condemn the Ouija Board for not telling us the truth, when lo and behold! a 'bus from North Topeka backed up to the front and Lorena stepped out and came in, having come over the Union Pacific from Kansas City. And ever since then the Ouija Board has occupied a prominent place in our house.

Such tests are indisputable. No living being ever knew, when we got those communications, what day Lorena would come, nor what week nor what month—only that she would come in the spring. Not she herself had the least idea, when she wrote that only letter, when she would come—only in the spring. Now, if my article is not already too long, let me advise my skeptical friends to try an Ouija Board for their own satisfaction, and as like attracts like, so it will be with you and your trial on the Ouija Board. If you are in earnest, if you are true and honest, you will receive true and honest communications. This is only one narrative out of many.

N. J. HOLUM.

Kansas City, Mo.

AT KANSAS CITY.

Editorial Correspondence.

In company with Mrs. Inez Wagner I filled an engagement at Kansas City, Mo., last Sunday evening. Our meeting was in a hall on Grand Avenue and fairly well attended. Spiritualism does not seem to be on the boom in that place. Like many other large towns there are many Spiritualists there but they are not organized and

their work seems futile as regards the advancement of the cause.

I believe that if Spiritualists would organize and stand together, working as a unit for the cause, we would soon have places of meeting of our own instead of having to take some hall, perhaps two or three stories high, where many of the older and more decrepit ones cannot come. I know that Spiritualism has done a grand work in the world already, even though it has built no grand edifices. Its work so far has been to plant truth in the minds of men which has rooted out error and brought sunshine into many a broken home. It has crept into the church unawares, and even now its beautiful philosophy is often expounded from the pulpit, yet it should do more. It should build in this material world a sanctuary for its adherents, a home—a place where Spiritualists could meet and invite their skeptical friends, which would be an honor to them and to the cause.

I long to see the day, and my efforts shall be to that end, that we shall have in this lovely city a temple for the teaching of the doctrine of Spiritualism.

Sydney Flower, L. L. D., editor of Suggestive Therapeutics, in a recent number of that journal, reviewed the life and mediumship of "Farmer Riley," the great materializing medium. Speaking of such theorists as Madame Blavatsky, he says: "But neither Madame Blavatsky nor Mrs. Besant were practical doers. They talked; they philosophized, and their followers talk and philosophize. So far so good. But is it any wonder that I prefer to heed the words of one who has done the work? If I want to find out whether the subjective force of man can materialize a form I am not likely to cling to the statement of Thomson Jay Hudson to the effect that the subjective force can materialize a form, because I know that statement to be a part of a theory which the pleasant author of The Law of Psychic Phenomena has woven to account for all so-called spiritual phenomena. No; I go to the man who does the work; the man who can materialize a form, and ask him what explanation he has to offer. He says that he 'is told it's spirits.' Why not subconscious force? Why not subjective mind? Why not Thought, I ask? He replies, because so-and-so, and so-and-so. And this is not the opinion of the theorist, but the workman. He has a thousand reasons why it cannot very well be other than what it claims to be. The intelligence says: 'I am so-and-so.' 'I am a spirit.' It is for the outsider to make good his claim that this intelligence is not what it purports to be."

Spiritualists owe much to the Bible for the clear and satisfactory evidence it furnishes in proof of their philosophy. It is doubtful, indeed, if such an array of convincing testimony could be found in any other book; besides, what it chronicles about the power of spirits to communicate with the people of this earth, to show themselves to us, to talk to us, to walk with us, to materialize in short, and be essentially one of us, is endorsed by every theologian and every other believer in the divine inspiration of the scriptures. Spirit friends never obstruct or hinder the ascending or descending before us. Remember when they go away, it is but for a little time, and when they return, they always come bearing precious gifts to the soul and encouragement and consolation to the material man. Why, spirit manifestations should be dearer and sweeter to the Spiritualists than the confessional and Eucharist are to professors of the Christian faith.—Thomas B. Wilson.

Our happiness depends entirely upon our aims of object in life. There is an old and very true saying that a person without a hobby is never happy. Work, labor, activity, achievement, a constant and persistent desire and effort to improve and develop, will bring happiness. Persons with high ideals are very happy, and no one can make a mistake in elevating their mind and thinking the purest and best things in the world. With a conscience clear, our characters pure, and a longing for the higher things of life we will enter a state of happiness which is difficult to express with language. It is our first duty to ourselves and the whole world to be happy, and the only road to real happiness is in high and lofty aims. Let it be your hobby to be happy and always remember one that is fond of books is a lofty thinker and a person of elevated opinions.—Voice of the Magi.

We can live so nobly, not in despite of the great sorrows and bereavements, but because of them, that our life shall be a gospel, though we can never write or frame one with our lips.—Robert Collyer.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any touch as the sunbeam.—Milton.

THE PSYCHIC CENTURY.

LAURA B. PAYNE, Editor.

W. B. WAGNER, Associate Editor; C. F. ROBERTS, Business Manager.

Published every Thursday, at 813 Kansas Ave., Topeka, Kan., by

THE PSYCHIC CENTURY PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Entered at the Topeka postoffice as second-class matter.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 per Year in Advance.

If not renewed, the paper will be stopped when subscription expires. No bills will be sent for extra numbers. If you do not receive your paper promptly, write us, and errors in address will be promptly corrected, and missing numbers supplied gratis.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 31, 1901.

THE VALLEY OF SILENCE.

This beautiful poem from the spirit of Father Ryan, the Post Priest, accords with the teachings of Jesus. "But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and having shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee."

I walked down the Valley of Silence,
Down the dim, voiceless valley alone,
And heard not the fall of the footsteps
Around me, save God's and my own.
And the hush of my heart was as holy
As hovers where angels have flown.

Long ago I was weary of voices
Whose music my heart could not win;
Long ago I was weary of noises
That fretted my soul with their din;
Long ago I was weary of places
Where I met but the mortal, or sin.

I walked through the world with the worldly,
I craved what the world never gave,
And I said: "In the world, each ideal
That shines like a star on life's wave
Is found on the shores of the real,
And sleeps like a dream in the grave."

And still I pined for the perfect,
And still found the false with the true,
I sought, 'mid the human, for Heaven,
But caught a mere glimpse of its blue;
And I wept when the clouds of the mortal
Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I toiled on, heart tired of the human,
And moaned 'mid the masses of men,
Till I knelt, long ago, at an altar
And heard a voice call me. Since then
I've walked down the Valley of Silence
That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the Valley?
'Tis my trysting place with the Divine;
I fell at the feet of the holy,
And about me a voice said, "Be mine!"
And there rose from the depth of my spirit
An echo, "My heart shall be thine."

Do you ask how I live in the Valley?
I seek, I believe and I pray;
And my tears are as sweet as the dew drops
That fall on the roses in May;
And my prayer, like perfume from a censer,
Ascendeth to God, night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence,
I dream all the songs that I sing;
And the music floats down the dim valley
Till each finds a word for a wing,
That to men, like the doves of the deluge
The message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach;
And never heard sounds in the silence
That never shall float into speech;
And I have heard dreams in the valley
Too softly for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the Valley,
Ah, me! how my spirit was stirred;
They had holy veils on their faces,
Their foot steps could hardly be heard;
They pass through the valley like virgins,
Too pure for the touch of the world!

Do you ask me the place of the Valley,
Ye hearts that are narrowed by care?
It lieth near, between mountains,
And God, and his angels, are there;
One is the mount, "Understanding,"
The other, the bright mountain Prayer!

IN THE SILENCE.

"But thou when thou prayest enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret."

There is a beautiful philosophy in the above words of the Nazarene. He understood that the lips might utter words of prayer and invocation, and that there might be much speaking and loud crying unto the Lord without real benefit to the soul. Thus he instructed his disciples to not pray standing in public places to be seen and heard of men, but to enter into the silence, where, shut away from external annoyances, the soul may come enraptured with the Father (Infinite Spirit) and become one with Him.

It is here alone that the tired spirit may find peace, wisdom, love and rest; here alone can we rise to an understanding of self, and here alone does the true man assert himself and declare what course in life shall be pursued, what difficulties overcome and what objects gained.

How often do we find ourselves pushed about by the careless multitude, sneered at by the thoughtless, and our projects laughed to scorn, until we, feeling our littleness, are liable to be borne into the maelstrom of despair, when, if at such times we go into the silence, where, in the calm

consideration of the matter, our selfhood may rise master of the situation, where we can resolve and again resolve that we will storm the tide of sneering misfortune and gallantly ride the waves of adversity, though our course be forever against the current we feel the difficulties already slipping away and the assurance of success welling up in our being, for when self is asserted by unyielding determination and unquestioning faith in the divine law which operates at all times and in all points of the universe with equal precision, there is no power existent that can separate us from the thing desired. We, alone, can shut the door of opulence in our faces and can banish to disgrace and lonely exile the self that continually tries for recognition and its true place in the affairs of this earthly life.

O mistake not the language of the still, small voice that ever whispers to you as you jog along your pathway here, and comes especially to make its wants and wishes known when you enter the silent valley where no disturbing sound comes to break the harmony while it speaks. It is your true self speaking unto you and the message it brings is never false. If you have been doing wrong it comes to tell you of it and to beseech you to cease wrong doing; if you have been doing well it spreads its white wings above you and gives you the blessing you deserve. It, being in touch with The Great Oversoul, feels and sees the possibilities within you, knows what things await you in the future and bids you reach out for them.

It is the divinity within you, your guardian angel dwelling in your kingdom of heaven who will, if you permit it, guide you safely through the turbid waters of life into safe moorings upon the evergreen shores of the great over there. The doctrine which teaches self abasement is certainly wrong since it is diametrically opposed to the nature of man to desire exaltation; this desire, being but care of self in the lower animals, carried on into the conscious plane where humanity dwells. Some contend this is selfishness and should be abandoned, but rest assured whatever nature does she does well and for a purpose, and the selfishness in the lower forms of life which tends to individualization becomes selfhood in man and is still the monitor within, leading us ever upward to nobler and better things, making us Lord of our household, king upon the throne of our being, and the perfecter of our own individuality.

That the savage adorns himself with paint and feathers according to his crude ideas of the beautiful, is due to his love of self and self aggrandizement. The beautiful maiden who loves to adorn herself, although she were more beautiful unadorned, is but carrying the idea of her race which has already brought to her suppleness and symmetry of form, the sparkling eyes, ivory skin and silken hair, on to a spiritual beauty yet undreamed of in the gross, material world. Then have not the teachings of the church for the past fifteen hundred years and more, to the effect that it is a sin to love the beautiful and to desire to be beautiful, a sin to esteem yourself more than a poor, weak worm of the dust not worthy to lisp the name of your maker, I say, have not these been all wrong and opposed to every law of the divinity which paints the western skies in gorgeous hues, gives to the peacock his gay plumage and to the rose its bright colors and sweet perfume.

When we consider how for centuries man has been taught his unworthiness and to let the selfhood within him die, we think it is no wonder the world has developed a race of weaklings who are not able to cope with the wild winds of adversity which must needs blow for their development into the strong and great, who, finding themselves in a world of opulence, are starving to death and are naked in the cold, not having the strength and courage to possess themselves of the things justly theirs.

O let us get out of this feebleness, throw it off like an old, tattered garment in which we have felt ashamed and afraid, and don the royal robe of power and glory which will admit us into the King's palace where a feast is spread for us and where music and dancing, joy and gladness, greet the soul, lifting it to holy ecstasies of delight.

"Then when ye pray enter into your closet," into the blessed silence where that wonderful inner self may come and commune with you and where that holy trinity may be formed and you may become one with the Father. And I want to say here that the individual who can enter into conversation with himself, as we say, in the holy sanctuary of the silence speaking honestly face to face with that mysterious personage without feeling any condemnation resting upon him for any thought or deed, is, indeed, a happy one. For, as I said before, this sweet, low voice never fails to condemn or praise and is as truthful as God Himself is truthful.

In every emergency of life, in sickness, sorrow or poverty, let self be asserted. No band of angels from the celestial realms can rescue you from the depths of darkness if you do not of yourself seek to rise. No God on any throne can save you from sorrow and despair if you sow the seed which brings them forth. You may be your own savior by obeying the voice within, or your own savior by crushing out the selfhood which always seeks to lift you to heights sublime and set your heart to vibrating in unison with the great soul of the universe.

So let us walk, often in the beautiful valley of silence, listening with joy to music which floats to us upon its balmy breezes and beholding the beauties which, there alone, can meet the eye and charm the soul.

Few men are so clever as to know all the mischief they do.—Rochefoucauld.

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE FREE.

No person is free while he allows himself to be bound by creeds. "If the truth makes you free, you are free indeed." But the individual who is bound by any system of theology, by any creed or dogma, is like the woman trying to mount the steps of a ladder with heavy weights hung to her skirts. They pull her back at every step, and like the bird with the broken wing he never will be found soaring high until he is healed of the infirmity which has so long kept him down, viz.: dogmatism. If you would be free you must declare yourself so and "throw your soul wide open to the light of reason and knowledge."

"Seek the truth wherever found, on Christian or on heathen ground, the flower's divine where e'er it grows."

All who claim to be free thinkers we find are not free, for some of them are as narrow and bigoted in their unbeliefs as the orthodox are in their beliefs. Some are tagged "Christian" and seem to think that word is a safe passport to glory, and what more is needed; others we find wearing the badge Free Thinker, and imagine that term alone will launch them far out upon the broad ocean of knowledge, while yet there are others who wear upon their forehead or inscribed upon their banner, the name Spiritualism, Christian Science, Divine Science, Mental Science, Theosophy, etc., etc, the daily department of each implying that in his own particular school he had reached the ne plus ultra of religion and philosophy.

Upon the great tree of knowledge, whose luxuriant branches overshadow all nations, we find growing but one fruit, although it has many names.

That fruit is Truth. Some gather it and call it one thing and some another, and yet all these are but parts of the whole, the whole truth. No one can be free and fear to speak the truth as he knows it, catering to the popular church for the sake of personal popularity. How often we hear the remark, O, I do not wish to be associated with Spiritualism, it is so unpopular; I can't afford it, at the same time having possession of facts regarding it which it would help the world to know. This is putting your light under a bushel. Choking the life out of a plant which would otherwise grow into large proportions; dwarfing the soul to imbecility, for in this way alone can the soul grow by shedding its sunshine upon others, giving out freely its wealth for the good of others. In holding the light for others we light our own pathway. The world's brightest lights, those who have done most to redeem it from error, have been those who were absolutely fearless in their declarations regarding what they knew to be right. The man or woman who fears to acknowledge the truth he feels in his soul, proclaiming it from the house tops if need be, will never lead the world to grander heights, will not make it nor himself.

So let us be the earnest, honest devotees of nature, the unbiased seekers after truth, willing to learn from the heathen if perchance we may, or led by the little child to the fountain of knowledge.

Farewell to time-worn book or creed,
Whose narrow laws I will not heed;
From whose dark cell my soul is freed
By the light of truth and reason.
Adieu to dogma's iron chains
Where ignorance with its darkness reigns,
Where he who dares to foster brains
Is charged with highest treason.

I shall be free, I shall be free!
Nothing can harm or hinder me.
For in the light my soul can read
That truth shall make me free indeed.

Then whatsoever is a foe
To freedom, I must let it go,
And by my efforts I shall grow
To mankind's highest station.
For just to pause and sweetly sing
"Simply to the cross I cling"
Can never high perfection bring,
Nor help to bless creation.

And everything that tends to bind
Or fetter my unfolding mind,
Like Satan, it must get behind
As I ascend the mountain.
Before no idol will I bow,
Wait for no crown upon my brow,
But live in the eternal now
And drink from truth's pure fountain.

Some people think if you say a word derogatory to the orthodox church you are arraigning Christianity. But I want to say there is a vast difference between the modern church and Christ as he is represented in the bible to have been. And further I wish to state without fear of contradiction that there is not one of the popular churches today teaching and living according to the true doctrine of the Nazarene. Jesus said: "These signs shall follow them that believe: They shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover; if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them," etc. He also said that his followers should do the things which he did and greater things. Now, if this be true the members of the church should be able to do all the miracles which Jesus did; calm the troubled waters and walk upon their waves, heal the sick by the laying on of hands and by prayer; call the dead back to life and feed the multitude with a few loaves and fishes as did Jesus. He also cast out devils, gave sight to the blind and made the deaf to hear. Now, if there is a church on earth today that actually does the things which Jesus did I am ready and waiting to be informed of that fact. I have nothing to say against true Christianity and am willing to accept all the sayings of Jesus, providing they can be proven true, which I believe science will some time do. Many whom the church brand as infidels are nearer to believing and proving the doctrines of Christ than they themselves are.

THE PSYCHIC CENTURY.

THE LAW OF MENTAL HEALING.

A soul well taught may send out thought
Which other souls may feel.
And thoughts, when sent with good intent,
Have power to soothe and heal—
Have power to calm and act like balm
On bruised and bleeding heart,
And carry rest to those oppressed
And strength and health impart.
And every thought by kindness wrought,
And sent to soothe and heal,
And calm and bless those in distress,
Promotes the sender's weal.
But should he send the thoughts that rend
The sensitive and true,
Such thoughts of hate as sure as fate
Will rend his bosom too.
O God, I pray, I always may
Such virtues emulate,
That I may feel the thoughts that heal,
But not the thoughts of hate.
W. B. W.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

BY W. B. WAGNER.

"Prof." Calef claims that he can more easily humbug scientific people than any other class. He says the "gallery gods" are the hardest to deceive.

Among those who were photographed last week by Mrs. Jurens, the wonderful spirit photographer on Monroe street, were Mrs. Minnie K. Haines and Miss Mary Rupright. In the former's photo appeared the pictures of four spirits that she recognized. One was that of a little niece, showing the full form in the attitude of dancing. Photographed with Miss Rupright were several guides and controls. Perhaps, the most striking feature of this photograph is the picture of "Blossom" and one of her snakes, about which so many have heard through her medium, Mrs. Inez Wagner.

I have just been perusing an article on "The New Psychology," by the editor of *Mind*, a gentleman who writes many capital letters after his name, showing the degrees he took in college. It contains the latest thought of those scientists who are investigating hypnotism, telepathy, etc., and who hope to discover the principles underlying such phenomena without considering spirit influence as a factor. It concludes by saying that the church is making a mistake by charging that psychic phenomena either do not exist or are produced by tricksters; that it would be better for the church to admit that they do occur and then go about trying to explain them on "principles not involving spirit return." I believe I prefer orthodoxy to such science as that. Even such phenomena as hypnotism and thought transference would suggest to the reasoning mind that the soul is immortal and that spirit return is therefore probable. If spirits do return they have an influence over those who are experimenting in hypnotism and telepathy. Why is it that so many people are hostile to the doctrine of spirit communication with mortals? Is love of creed or dogma, in both science and religion, becoming stronger in the human mind than love of the dear ones gone before?

Some of the darkest and most unhappy spirits that try to manifest to mortals are those who, when in the form, persecuted mediums. I remember years ago receiving a message from the guide of Mrs. Linnie Wagner, describing the spiritual condition of John C. Bundy, who, as editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, had persecuted and defamed nearly every medium before the public. When he found himself a spirit, he naturally wanted to communicate to his friends on earth, and also to those who had been misled by his sophistry and false charges against mediums, but no avenue was open through which he could do so. No guide of a medium would trust him. He was in utter darkness. These bombastic, egotistic, know-it-all twaddlers who see no evidence of spirit return in any psychic phenomena but try to account for all such on the theory of mental telepathy and hallucination, will find themselves pretty small potatoes when they reach the other side. A person may be honest without being over-credulous. If he honestly investigate alleged psychic phenomena he will soon learn to distinguish the genuine from the fraudulent, and to discover such as prove life after death. But when he investigates with his mind filled with suspicion and a determination to accept nothing but that which supports his own preconceived notions, he is apt to be led farther from the truth the longer he investigates.

I have often wondered how so many Spiritualists, here and elsewhere, some of them mediums and teachers, too, who ought to know better, could uphold Hudson's "Law of Psychic Phenomena" as a book favorable to their cause. In my humble judgment, it is the worst work that could be put in the hands of a person who has just commenced investigating psychic manifestations, and who is really anxious to know whether any of them prove spirit return or not. It is an old saying that a half truth is worse than an outright falsehood. Hudson's book is just near enough to the truth to make it damaging to Spiritualism. A more cunning piece of sophistry was never written. Claiming to be a scientific explanation of psychic phenomena, it is anything but that. The true scientist never formulates a theory until he has a foundation upon which to rest it. He simply observes and classifies phenomena. When this has been done, he fits the facts together into an harmonious whole, and sets up a theory to explain them. He makes his

theory suit the facts, and never does as Hudson did, select such facts as support his preconceived idea. Had Hudson been a true scientist he would have found a vast number of psychic phenomena that could not possibly be explained by his theory, and a theory that will not explain the facts that pertain to it is absolutely worthless. A single fact, well attested, which cannot be explained except on the theory that man retains his individuality after death and can communicate with mortals, must be taken into consideration when we try to explain other psychic phenomena. If there are spirits coming in touch with mortals they necessarily have an influence in such phenomena as telepathy, hypnotism, etc. The very first manifestations in what is called Modern Spiritualism conclusively proved spirit return. The Fox family were religious people. They were members of the Methodist church and accepted its teachings. The thought had never been suggested to them that spirits could communicate with mortals. They believed at first that the unusual occurrences in their home every day were the works of the devil. When communication was established with the unseen intelligence, a message came from one who called himself a departed spirit and who said he had been murdered in that house many years before. He told them where to dig in the cellar to find his remains. They did as directed and found the human bones which the spirit said were there. The spirit had told them who he was, and by making inquiry of the oldest inhabitants, the family learned that a party of the name and occupation given to them by the spirit had disappeared in that community long before the Fox sisters were born. Hudson sets up the theory that there are two distinct minds—the objective mind and the subjective mind. It is the latter which is subject to hallucinations and which personates the spirits of the departed. In other words, the subjective mind is a perpetual liar, and it is this part of us which Hudson, without any evidence whatever, says is immortal. A pretty condition we will be in after death! An assemblage of liars, and since he says the objective mind through which we obtain a knowledge of material things dies with the body, we will be an assemblage of nonentities without any advantages derived from earth experience, without any of those characteristics by which we were recognized and identified on earth. I would advise those Spiritualists who have copies of "The Law of Psychic Phenomena" to trade them for yellow-back novels which are more edifying, by comparison, than Hudson's book.

BEAUTY AND BENEVOLENCE.

BY LOLA LITTEN.

Upon entering a room the other day, a picture arrested my attention. It was that of an aged lady and her grandchild, a little girl of tender years. The little miss had tried to surprise her grandma, and the latter pretended to be surprised. They were evidently enjoying each other's company. Merriment sparkled in the child's eyes, and wreathed her face with smiles and dimples. A look of quiet but deep-felt joy beamed from the furrowed features of the old lady. I studied the picture. "It is Beauty and Benevolence at play," I finally said.

Benevolence is selfishness in its highest form. Why should I be kind and gentle, and relieve the suffering? Because it is essential to my happiness that I preserve and develop the tender and sensitive part of my nature—that part which vibrates and thrills me with joy when, through the five senses, it comes in touch with and is acted upon by the Sweet, the Exquisite and the Beautiful in nature and in art. It is that part of me which makes me suffer when I see others suffer. If I am able to relieve their suffering and do so, I carry with me a mental picture of that person made more beautiful by being made happier, and this picture connects me with other happy and beautiful creatures in nature and with beautiful works of art which express happiness. But if, being able to do so, I do not relieve the suffering, I take with me a mental picture of misery, and this picture checks the vibration of my soul with the Divine. In the former case, my happiness may be added to by the blessing of him whose pain I relieved and by the consciousness that my act would, if known, be approved by my fellow men. In the latter case, the converse is true.

This line of thought brings to mind the experience of and the conclusions reached by the great Lincoln. He was riding along the road one day when his eye fell on a hog that had got fast under a fence. It was covered with mud and Mr. Lincoln had on his best clothes and was in a hurry to fill an engagement. He rode on, but the farther he got from the suffering animal the more he thought of it, and the more he was convinced that he had not done his duty. Finally, after he had ridden about two miles, he turned back and performed the act which his finer nature at first prompted him to do. Resuming his journey, he thought about the incident and finally concluded it was selfishness that prompted him to extricate the suffering animal. To remove a pain from his mind and advance his happiness he did the act of kindness.

It is necessary to our happiness that we obey the Golden Rule, which may be followed no matter what our circumstances in life may be. It means that one should mentally put himself in another's place, should feel with that other's nature and environment, and then act accordingly. By thus developing sympathy we develop the power to enjoy the beautiful both in this world and the next. It is through this finer nature that we receive inspiration from the higher realms of that unseen world, which, as Harriet

Beecher Stowe says, "lies around us like a cloud."

From the history of phrenology we learn that each organ was discovered independently. Those who had a certain trait highly developed were compared with those who lacked it, and the contrasts in the shapes of their heads were noted. After all the organs had been located, it was found that those faculties of the same general nature have their seats in the same region of the brain. In the top part, just back of the intellectual organs, are located Benevolence, Hope, Clairvoyance, Love of the Beautiful, etc., all of which pertain to the finer part of our natures. Physiologists tell us that this region of the brain controls the delicate movements of the hand. Now, it is a curious fact that clairvoyants, in reading pellets, often obtain the best results by first holding the pellets and then placing them over that part of the brain where the phrenologists have located spirituality or clairvoyance.

GOD.

Somebody wants my definition of God. Here it is: "God" is the name of a purely fictitious Big man supposed to reside on a Great White Throne in the middle of nowhere; said to have created out of nothing all things that are, as manikins and puppets to dance to his fiddling and tickle his abnormal Bump of Approbation. One of his manikins was man enough to revolt against such a life and God cast him and his sympathizers into a bottomless pit of fire and brimstone. Then he dared them to walk to and fro in the earth and see if they could tempt anybody else to have an opinion of his own, or a desire to do anything but tickle the divine Bump of Approbation. Most of earth's inhabitants tired of their God-appointed job and went to hell. Then God was mad. So he spends eternity devising means of torturing his enemies.

There is my definition and it fits to a T the beliefs of of tens of millions of men and women, most of whom are dead, thank God. And the rest of them will be if they don't get their noses out of the dirt at God's feet and look up long enough to see that there is no such fetich.

The dictionary always gives several definitions to the same word. As I am the dictionary now I will give you a second definition, in the words of the inspired Pope, who used his own eyes and thinker upon the God of my first definition. Thus saith Saint Pope:

"The Universe is one stupendous Whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul."

There you are—God is the soul of things.

But when you get to the state of evolution where you really see this truth, you somehow discard the name "God" as inadequate and inappropriate.

"God" conveys the attribute of personality, limitation, plurality. Every man is a God more or less alive to his godship.

But the soul of things is one; the same yesterday, today, forever; invisible and indivisible.

Therefore it deserves a name without limitations.

"God" is not God, but love. I am the dictionary which defines the "soul of things" under the names "Love" or "Law."—The Nautilus.

A SELF-CONFESSED HUMBUG.

Spiritualism, like every other beneficial truth, seems destined to fight its way through deception and humbuggery. We do not deny for a moment that there are frauds and "fakes" innumerable who pretend to present spiritual phenomena. But this of course is no proof whatever that all such phenomena is not real, for everybody knows that there must be a genuine before there can be a counterfeit.

Our readers will remember that last week's issue of *The Psychic Century* contained an article entitled, "An Exhibition of Gall and Assininity." The renowned (?) "Professor," mentioned in that article, thinking the remarks quite complimentary to him, called at this office to extend congratulations and to purchase several copies of that issue of the paper. While here he gave utterance to these words: "I am not in this work to convince anybody of the truth. I don't care whether people know the truth or not, and I'm not in it for my health. The coin is what I'm after and the coin only." He also boasted that he would give \$50 to anyone who would detect fraud in his spirit manifestations, at the same time admitting that he is a fraud. Anybody who understands spirit phenomena would know he is simply an ignorant imitator and knows nothing of true Spiritualism. He is certainly the most cheerful idiot of the season. Such examples of audacity and imbecility furnish ample material for equally ignorant skeptics to harp about, in their vain efforts to disprove the grand philosophy of Spiritualism. But all sensible people will take the proper view, and such impostors as Calef will soon become objects of ridicule.

"Truth, crushed to earth, will rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers.
But error wounded, writhes in pain
And dies among his worshippers."

Mohamet made the people believe that he would call a hill to him, and from the top of it offer up his prayers for the observers of the law. The people assembled; Mohamet called the hill to come to him again and again, and when the hill stood still, he was never a whit abashed, but said, if the hill will not come to Mohamet, Mohamet will go to the hill.—Bacon.

He who cannot see the beautiful side is a bad painter, a bad friend, a bad lover. He cannot lift his mind and his heart as high as goodness.—Joubert.

THE PSYCHIC CENTURY.

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

Written for The Psychic Century.

When death has loosed the fetter
That binds the "spirit wings,"
"We shall know each other better"
Where heavenly music rings.

When the soul has left this clay,
Within its darkened home,
Then it soon will slip away
In brighter light to roam.

We shall not leave our dear ones;
They'll only think us fled,
But still we'll watch beside them,
Although they'll call us dead.

LIZZIE PIERCE.

Avs. Mo., Jan. 20, 1901.

Huxley on the Limits of Knowledge.

The "Life and Letters of Huxley," who first used the word "Agnosticism" to express his own mental attitude and that of the great modern school of thinkers who agree with him, contains one striking statement of his position. To Charles Kingsley, the novelist and Broad-Church clergyman, who had won his heart by sympathy in the death of his son, he wrote as follows on May 22, 1863; we quote from an extract in the New York Evening Post:

"I don't know whether Matter is anything distinct from Force. I don't know that atoms are anything but pure myths. Cogito, ergo sum is to my mind a ridiculous piece of bad logic, all I can say at any time being 'Cogito.' The Latin form I behold to be preferable to the English 'I think,' because the latter asserts the existence of an Ego, about which the bundle of phenomena at present addressing you knows nothing. In fact, if I am pushed, metaphysical speculation lands me exactly where your friend Raphael was when his bitch pupped. In other words, I believe in Hamilton, Mansell, and Herbert Spencer, so long as they are destructive, and I laugh at their beards as soon as they try to spin their own cobwebs.

"Is this basis of ignorance broad enough for you? If you, theologian, can find as firm footing as I, man of science, do on this foundation of minus nought—there will be nought to fear for our ever diverging.

"For you see I am quite as ready to admit your doctrine that souls secrete bodies as I am the opposite one that bodies secrete souls—simply because I deny the possibility of obtaining any evidence as to the truth and falsehood of either hypothesis. My fundamental axiom of speculative philosophy is that materialism and Spiritualism are opposite poles of the same absurdity—the absurdity of imagining that we know anything about either spirit or matter.

"Babanis and Berkeley, I speak of them simply as types of schools, are both asses, the only difference being that one is a black donkey and the other a white one.

"This universe is, I conceive, like to a great game being played out, and we poor mortals are allowed to take a hand. By great good fortune the wiser among us have made out some few of the rules of the game, as at present played. We call them 'Laws of Nature,' and honor them because we find that if we obey them we win something for our pains. The cards are our theories and hypotheses, the tricks our experimental verifications. But what sane man would endeavor to solve this problem: given the rules of a game and the winnings, to find whether the cards are made of pasteboard or gold-leaf? Yet the problem of the metaphysicians is to my mind no saner."—The Literary Digest.

Hypnotism and Law.

Only a few years ago mesmerism was sneered at by the doctors and set down as a pitiable delusion. It received another name, hypnotism, given by a doctor or professor who had broken away from the prejudice of his caste, and investigated the subject. It became a fad, and then a great deal more was claimed for it than even by its original supporters. It was a dangerous power which should be made criminal for any one to use, outside the medical profession. Some support to such a conclusion is furnished by the verdict of a jury in Red Bud, Ill., which perhaps may be placed among the strangest that any body of twelve men ever came to.

A young man deliberately shot and killed another young man. It was deliberate murder, for he had said days before that he would shoot him on sight, and he did so at the first opportunity.

At his trial he said in defense that the murdered man had "hypnotized him to his detriment," and he killed him in self-defense. The jury, after a brief conference, apparently agreed with him.

It has been said that no one can predict what the verdict of a jury will be in the most transparent case, which saying is confirmed by this verdict. Of course it does not make the law, but it will be appealed to as a precedent. It is a readier excuse than insanity for crime. The assassin can plead that his victim has hypnotized and drawn him irresistibly to the deed, and from the greater crime to the most petty thief there stands the excuse of hypnotism! Such a decision and all the loose talk on this subject comes from an almost absolute ignorance of the subject or of its limitations. No one can be hypnotized who does not desire to be, nor can any one be drawn away from the paths of crime, who has no inclination, or who has no control over his desires. Any decision of law which teaches the contrary apologizes for crime.

If the results might not be so dangerous to the individual and the welfare of society one might well laugh at the ludicrous absurdity of deciding a question involving

the most delicate problems of psychic science by the vote of an ordinary jury, the members of which, however able to decide on a cow, are at sea on anything above the muck of their business.—The Progressive Thinker.

Fear.

There is nothing in all the universe that man should fear. All the petty anxieties of human life are but the needless creations of untutored minds. Fear in its very nature is a destructive element. Men are fast learning the true meaning of the terms positive and negative. Here is an infallible truth: Man always receives that to which he is passive. The mind that entertains a fear is always passive to the thing it fears. Thus, to be fearful is to invite calamity, and to put one's self in a condition to receive it when it comes. It has been said that "self-preservation is the first law of nature," and all through the ages man has held the erroneous idea that fear is a means of self-preservation. But instead it is one of the very worst means of self destruction. In the business world men fear "As we've sown so shall we reap." No truer utterance ever passed the lips of mortal man than that. If a man willfully and maliciously commits a sin he should suffer for it, and there is no power in earth or heaven to prevent him from receiving the penalty; and the man is a coward who seeks to evade the requiting of his own willful sin. No crime can be forgiven and no person can atone for the sins of another. What a grand thing it will be if mankind can be brought to a realization of the eternal truth that:

Every sin shall be requited,
Every kindness be repaid.

Will men be so apt to sin if they believe every crime will be punished, as they would be if they expected to be forgiven at the last moment, by simply confessing some belief?

Let us cease this foolish fearing
That we shall forever burn;
For denying senseless dogmas
Our common sense and reason spurn.

Every sin shall be requited,
Every kindness be repaid;
And the soul shall climb up higher
In the light that it has made.

EDGAR F. ROBERTS.

New Officers Elected.

The Spiritualist Society of Topeka held its regular meeting at Lincoln Post Hall last Sunday afternoon. After the interesting and instructive exercises the members held a business session and elected the following officers: President, Miss Emma Challand; Vice President, Mr. Gus Johnson; Treasurer, W. F. Bellman; Organist, Mrs. Bertha Cummings; Trustees, Mrs. Inez Wagner, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Henry Wolf and E. F. Roberts.

Under the new organization we hope to see the society aroused from the stupor into which it seems to have fallen and set upon its feet again. There are enough Spiritualists in Topeka to have a large, prosperous society if each one will do his individual part. The Psychic Century will do all it can to further the interests of the society, and we truly hope to see it grow and prosper.

The Psychic Century has received copies of the first number of Soul and Mind, a monthly soul culture journal published at Denver, Col. "The main object of our paper," says the salutation, "is to show to the world the beauties of inspiration and the realities of heaven, as given us from the storehouses of wisdom above." On the first page is a picture of the editor and publisher—Maud Moore. Hers is a refined, spirituelle face, beautiful, some would say. The high, expansive brow indicates a poetic nature and a well developed mind. Some of the writings published in her paper are given through her hand while she is in a deep trance. With pleasure we place Soul and Mind on our exchange list.

We are pleased to acknowledge the receipt of an encouraging letter from Mr. E. J. Barnett, of Kansas City. Besides enclosing the necessary substantiality, he said in part: "I am well pleased with the samples you sent me, and wish you all the success you deserve in the good work, which I think is a great deal." Thanks, Bro. Barnett, may your tribe increase.

The mind itself must, like other things, sometimes be unent, or else it will be either weakened or broken.—Sir P. Sidney.

The Temperance Movement.

Last Monday evening the Kansas State Temperance Union held a meeting at the Auditorium. Rev. Chas. M. Sheldon was billed for an original story and the house was crowded. The music furnished by the Washburn College Orchestra was simply excellent. A paper prepared by J. W. Gleed, the gist of which was a complimentary discourse in favor of Mrs. Nation, was frequently applauded. The principal feature of the evening was Rev. Sheldon's story, "Who Killed Joe's Baby." It was very interesting and brought out effectually the point it was intended to emphasize, viz.: that the men who deal in the liquor traffic, and the voters who allow it to continue, are as much to blame for the crimes caused by liquor as the intoxicated fiend who does the deed.

The Psychic Century is deeply in sympathy with the temperance movement, and we truly hope that in this, the early dawn of a new century, this crowning curse will be forever swept away, that it may cease to drag men's souls to degradation, break the hearts of wives and mothers, and blast the happy homes of innocent little children; and that old king alcohol will be hurled from his throne and that his tyrannical reign will be forever ended in the fair commonwealth of Kansas.

Service.

Thousands of men breathe, move and live; pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They do not do a particle of good in the world, and none were blessed by them; none could point to them as the instrument of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished, their light went out in the darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die? Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the heart you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as bright on the earth as the stars of Heaven.—Dr. Chambers in Voice of the Magi.

that they will fail, and this very fear is the most potent factor in bringing about their failure.

A pestilence enters a neighborhood, certain persons are afraid they will take the epidemic, and that very fear makes them passive to it, and they are sure to be the ones afflicted. Nowhere do we find these ideas of fear more deeply rooted than in the religious soil. And nothing breeds more unhappiness for the poor creed-bound adherents of orthodoxy than those narrow ideas, born in an age of barbarism, that human souls will be doomed to eternal damnation, if they do not believe these foolish things. What can be more repulsive to the human reason, than the idea that men will be forever punished for not believing a certain way, even though their reason cannot approve of it; rather than that they shall reap the reward or penalty of their own actions?

One subscriber at Overbrook, Kansas, says in a letter to ye editor, "We have received your valuable paper and read it, and we think it good as gold." Another in Southwest Missouri says: "I value your paper so highly I do not want to miss one number. It teaches me the very things I have so long been wanting to know."

A few rash words will set a family, a neighborhood, a nation, by the ears; they have often done so. Half the lawsuits and half the wars have been brought about by the tongue.—James Bolton.

A tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only tool that grows keener with constant use.—Washington Irving.

One solitary philosopher may be great, virtuous, and happy in the midst of poverty, but not a whole nation.—Isaac Iselin.

Kindness has converted more sinners than either zeal, eloquence or learning.—F. W. Faber.

He that thinks he can afford to be negligent is not far from being poor.—Johnson.

Laura B. Payne's Beautiful Songs The Topeka Magnetic Institute.

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

National Catarrh Remedy.

A positive Cure for Catarrh, Colds and Headaches, compounded under spirit directions. Price prepaid to any address 25c and 50c per box. Address W F Bellman, 819 Kansas Ave, Topeka, Kas

We desire to exchange with all progressive thought papers.

Are you sick? Do you have a chronic disease? Then you need our assistance. There is health in store for you. We have never failed to effect a cure, even in the most severe and chronic cases. We do not claim to perform miracles, but we do, by natural and scientific methods, banish disease of the worst character.

Call or address Prof E F Roberts, 109 E Ninth Street.

Now is the time to subscribe.



You Can Be Healed

By A. M. EIDSON, M. D.,
The Chronic Disease Specialist,

Who is not only a graduate of a standard, four-years course, Eclectic Medical College; but a graduate as "Doctor of Psychology" and as a Mental and Magnetic Healer, and has taken special courses in "Medical Electricity, Osteopathy and Hydropathy," and being a graduate in "Optics," is prepared to test your eyes for glasses free of charge. All consultations, by mail or in person free and confidential. Write for question list, or call at the Life Saving Station, 934 Kan. Ave., Topeka Kan. Phone 305.

Subscribe for The Psychic Century now.