

THE PSYCHIC CENTURY.

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

VOL. I.

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WONDERFUL MATERIALIZATION.

Dean Clarke, writing in the *Light of Truth* on the "Philosophy and Phenomena of Mediumship," treats on materialization in the issue of Feb. 23. Following is the article except the part in which he gives his experience with the Davenport brothers and the Eddy family. We omit that part for want of space. He tells only what he saw himself:

"Probably no phase of mediumship has been the theme of so much discussion, pro et con, as that which produces what has long been termed 'Materialization.'

"We presume to say that, though this marvel has occurred almost from the beginning of the spiritual movement, not half of the Spiritualists of today believe in its genuineness, beyond a doubt. The skepticism arises in part from the seeming impossibility of spirits reclothing themselves with tangible and ponderable matter, but more from the painful fact that a great deal of it has been proven to be fraud. Nevertheless we have had such positive proof of its reality on several occasions of personal investigation, under such test conditions as precluded the possibility of hallucination, or deception, as to question its possibility, and at least its occasional genuineness, no longer.

Therefore, armed by many facts of our own experience, and fortified by a large array of testimony, much of which is that of the ablest savans of science, we feel justified in saying its reality is as well established as that of any other spiritual phenomenon. We might refer to many facts in so-called Sacred History, and to thousands of them recorded in the "folk-lore" of all ages and of all countries, treating of 'ghosts,' 'apparitions,' etc., if such testimony were needed, but the facts of today are ample without such confirmation. Most of the physical mediums of America have been attended with some form of this phenomena, at some stage of their development. The biographies of the Fox girls, of the Davenport brothers, of D. D. Home and voluminous accounts of its manifestations, with the Eddy family, of Vermont; with Mary Andrews, at Moravia, N. Y.; with Mrs. Compton, at Elmira, N. Y.; with the Koons family, in Ohio, and many others less noted in many sections, ought to establish its reality if testimony can satisfy any skeptical mind.

MATERIALIZATION WITH DR. SLADE.

"In 1872 we were invited by his 'controls' to witness the process of materialization as it occasionally occurred in the presence of Slade, who then had rooms in New York city. Materializers usually demand a dark place for its formation, but Slade kept one gas burner lighted all the time, but turned down about half way. We sat at one end of a table placed directly under the light, first having suspended a small black curtain with an aperture in its center (sized 8x10 inches), on a wire which allowed its bottom to hang an inch below the top of the end of the table opposite the one at which we sat, holding each other's hands. This curtain served to screen a small space behind it, from the dissolving effects of bright light, thus permitting molecules of matter floating in the air, there to condense.

As soon as we joined hands this curtain rustled and waved as though a breeze were striking it. Gazing at the open aperture in its center we saw what had the appearance of steam or smoke condensing back of the curtain, which shortly became a mass, and then gradually assumed the shape of a bust, the face looking as white as marble; but soon color and mobility came, hair upon the head and whiskers around the face rapidly grew, and when all was complete, the eyes opened with a benign smile upon us, and we fully recognized an exact representation of the earthly countenance of Rev. John Pierpont.

We had seen him once in Boston and had seen since many photographs of him, and the light was so strong here could be no mistake in recognition. The form was visible for nearly five minutes, when the eyes closed, the color gradually disappeared, then it looked like a marble bust again, but soon it began to crumble or dissolve, and in a minute it looked like smoke again, when we let go of Slade's hand and hastened behind the curtain to find—nothing whatever!

Thus we had seen a wonder of wonders! rare to mortal eyes—at least one process of materialization, and of dematerialization.

FULL FORM MATERIALIZATION.

While in San Francisco for several years, we saw a good deal of what was claimed as full form materialization, but as the conditions were never 'fraud proof' in all respects, and as no form ever came that we could unmistakably recognize, and as the forms usually seemed too human to be 'divine,' we were never satisfied but once. One afternoon we were one of a company of 25, mostly skeptics, who saw a phenomenon that convinced us all of its reality. The seance room was a square chamber, on the second floor of a brick building, whose lower floor was occupied as a large grocery. There were two windows opening onto a thronged street, and but one door for entrance or egress.

No cabinet was used, but a dark curtain concealed a corner of the room next to the street. After a thorough examination of the walls and floor of the room all were fully convinced that the only entrance for a confederate was the one door. When the medium came in and took a seat behind the curtain, members of the company darkened the windows but left light enough so that good eyes could recognize every sitter in the room. A strong skeptic locked the door and sat near to guard it. Soon a little girl, not half the size of the medium, appeared in front of the curtain, talking glibly and, at his request, walked up to a man by our side, fully eight feet from the curtain, and kissed him, then started to return, but stopped and slowly shriveled in size till only a little white mass lay at our feet a minute, then melted into air. About another minute elapsed and it again appeared on the same spot, and a little doll, in first appearance, grew in about the time it took in dematerialization, into the full form of the little girl, who danced with glee, and as she ran back to her medium said: 'This is the first time I ever materialized away from my medium.' She disappeared a short time behind the curtain, and on reappearing, seemed to float on to a table in front of the curtain, where she repeated the process of shriveling to invisibility as before. Every member of the circle was fully satisfied with what they had witnessed.

"Colonel McCracken, a leading citizen of Portland, Ore., who had watched the performance with a skeptic's scrutiny exclaimed at its close: 'There isn't a man on God's earth that can doubt such evidence as that. I'm no longer a skeptic!' Usually both the formation and dissolution of these 'materializations' takes place behind the curtain out of sight, but here was a rare instance of both occurring in plain sight of 25 witnesses, within three feet of us, and not less than eight feet from the medium, of whose position we were sure by her speaking.

HOW IS IT DONE?

There seems to be two kinds of 'form manifestations' besides the transfiguration of the medium by abstraction, or accretion of matter, from, or to their person. Genuine materialization is a condensation of atoms floating in the air, together with others drawn from the medium and sit-
t-
rs, around and upon the ethereal body of a spirit. The medium's body furnishes more or less of the material, and his or her vital aura polarizes and vitalizes all the atoms so they will temporarily adhere together, and also unite with the ethereal atoms of the spirit's body. The process has some analogy to chemical electroplating—the air of the cabinet serving as the bath holding the matter in solution, while the medium is the battery that electrifies and polarizes the atoms to be used, and when the spirit enters this bath, his spirit body is electroplated, so to speak.

"Spirits also make 'dummies,' or statues to represent themselves with sometimes, and they seem to have power to animate them enough to speak and otherwise manifest through them. Materialization, as we have already hinted, requires more or less darkness because light keeps the atoms in such rapid vibration that they will not unite and condense to form a body. Such is Nature's law.

Materialization is the most wonderful and most divine of all arts, and there is no sacrilege greater than to counterfeited it."

CREDO.

I believe in the motherhood of God. I believe in the blessed trinity of Father, Mother and Child. I believe that God is here, and that we are as near Him now as we ever shall be. I do not believe He started this world agoing, and went away and left it to run itself. I believe in the sacredness of the human body, this transient dwelling place of a living soul, and so I deem it the duty of every man and every woman to keep his or her body beautiful through right thinking and right living. I believe that the love of man for woman, and the love of woman for man, is holy; and that this love in all of its promptings is as much an emanation of the Divine Spirit as man's love for God, or the most daring hazards of human mind. I believe in salvation through economic, social and spiritual freedom. I believe John Ruskin, William Morris, Henry Thoreau, Walt Whitman and Leo Tolstoy to be prophets of God, and they should rank in mental reach and spiritual insight with Elijah, Hosea, Ezekiel and Isaiah. I believe we are now living in eternity as much as we ever shall. I believe that the best way to prepare for a future life is to be kind, live one day at a time, and do the work you can do the best, doing it as well as you can. I believe there is no devil but fear. I believe that no man can harm you but yourself. I believe that we are all sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be. I believe in freedom—social, economic, domestic, political, mental, spiritual. I believe in every man minding his own business. I believe that men are inspired today as much as men ever were. I believe in sunshine, fresh air, friendship, calm sleep, beautiful thoughts. I believe in the paradox of success through failure. I believe in the purifying

process of sorrow, and I believe that death is a manifestation of life. I believe that the universe is planned for good. I believe it is possible that I will make other creeds, and change this one, or add to it, from time to time, as new light may come to me. —Fra Elbertus.

SOWING THE WHIRLWIND.

What is it the temperance people of Kansas want? The enactment of the search and seizure law by the present Legislature has placed in their hands the necessary legal club with which to close the joints. No other proviso of law is needed. Why, then, do they persist in this crusade which is causing bloodshed, destroying property, and demoralizing and terroring communities without eradicating, or tending to eradicate, the evil against which it is waged? For the suffering caused there is no compensation. Present officers who have been drawing "sustenance" from the joints are bestirring themselves to overcome not the lawlessness of the jointists but the lawlessness of the crusaders. They are standing by their friends, and under this protection the jointists are regaining their wonted boldness and determination to carry on their illegal murder-producing traffic.

What should temperance people do? Organize with a view of electing officers who will enforce the law. Why is it they have not been able to do this heretofore? First, because ambitious church workers control the temperance movement; second, because party lines are drawn in electing city officials. In this way the temperance vote is divided. Under the present law the mayor, with the consent of the council, appoints the marshal, and they are therefore responsible for the attitude of the police toward the joints. Under the seizure act just passed, the police can close any place where liquor is found. The finding of liquor is to be taken as proof that it is being sold illegally, and the place can be closed as a public nuisance. Under such conditions it is plainly the duty of the temperance people to carry their crusade to the polls. If this method fails there is no other recourse under present laws. If they sow the whirlwind, they will reap the whirlwind. W.

Shun all that savors of narrow-mindedness. Do not think that you have verily found the Infallible! Be broad in all your communications with men. You have something today which pleases you and answers a yearning within. Very well; it is good for today; but watch lest you cling to it and make it a hindrance. Today it is a friendly raft which may have buoyed you across dangerous waters. Be watchful lest, when it becomes water-logged, it carries you down into the depths called bigotry. Nothing earthly is complete. This is especially true of every phase of advanced thought. There are hundreds of streams for us to cross and hundreds of bridges ready for our feet to press, to assist us forward and upward into the New Country. Shall we pause upon a certain bridge where the outlook is unusually pleasing and say: "Enough! This is the finest bridge I have yet seen, and it is useless to go further, for no more beautiful environment exists. Let others plod along those rugged paths and up those distant hills; as for me I shall stay here forever!" Move on, lest the bridge and you go down together. You must work as well as pray if you hope to pass into the kingdom. The way is upward, and you must climb. For this reason it is not "popular." Anything to be popular, to be largely endorsed, must appeal to the indolent side of human nature. A religion or a "science" that offers to take you (for a consideration) and carry you to heaven, without an effort on your part, is the thing which the lazy man eagerly embraces. The religion which says, "I hold the keys; I will take you inside for one hundred dollars, and while en route I will keep you from all misfortune,"—this is the belief for the populace. By this method they hope to slide in the gates. The hope will be realized in part, surely, for they will take a long, long "slide." The destination may not thoroughly please them, but the trip in itself is lovely! for it costs no effort—it is simply a matter of falling.—The Oracle.

There is no respecter of persons. You cannot do a wrong to any person today and repent tomorrow and expect to escape the result of that wrong. Repent as you will, do all the penance you may; that wrong will follow you and crop out in your life and frustrate your fondest hopes when you least expect it. Then you will bewail your fate and wonder why you are so persecuted after all your sorrow for the deed committed. Repentance is all right, for it stops the sinning on that line. But repentance is not complete until every wrong is righted. "Thou shalt by no means come out thence 'till thou hast paid the uttermost fathering." This means, right every wrong done. Then you can lift some other sin sick soul out of darkness. Be sure your repentance is fraught with good works, else the evil results must follow as night follows day.—Anna McGowan, in *Universal Truth*.

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1901.

"THOU SHALT NOT KILL."

Through the long dark night of a hideous past,
A cold faint glimmer from an unknown light,
Huge phantoms of death, o'er the centuries cast,
Like demons of evil in fiendish delight.

A ghastly picture on the canvas of time,
In human gore the figures we trace,
Slaughtered the victims on tradition's shrine,
A revolting compendium, to challenge the race.

From the threatening storm, and darkness appalling,
And the galling chains which fetter the soul,
The minions of heaven, for mercy are calling,
For love and justice to leaven the whole.

From the old dispensation the world is emerging.
"An eye for an eye" will soon pass away.
A higher conception its wisdom is urging,
The weaker have rights the strong must obey.

To conquer or kill, must relegate back,
To primeval barbarism, though Christian in name,
Civilization is advancing o'er a blood-stained track,
And doomed is the monster's despotic reign.

The scaffold, the faggot and guillotine terrible,
Alike are branded with infamous crime,
Wretchedly poor, and pitifully miserable,
A base cruel sentiment, wallowing in slime.

"Thou shalt not kill" has long been defied,
In the name of law by a groping age,
As martyrs to ignorance, millions have died,
E'er love could embellish the new century page.

Through psychic laws we are learning to read
Between the lines of the past and present,
In killing a murderer you double the deed,
And ne'er help the soul to grow and repent.

Like geniuses, so are murderers born,
You are making conditions destructive to life,
For parents and offspring are tortured and torn,
Their spirits departing, with vengeance are rife.

Curl not the lip in ignorant scorn,
The light is here, though in darkness you walk,
"Thou shalt not kill," to generations unborn,
Will have passed the line of effusive talk.

The tiny seeds in earth's warm heart,
Have room and time to develop and grow;
So human germs, from the world apart,
The sacredness of life will learn to know.

Weaklings we are, while boasting our strength,
So little we know, and so much to learn;
But time there will be in eternity's length,
The highest and noblest is ours to earn.

In charity wait, and endeavor to find
Underlying all effects, a primal cause,
A long way it's traveled, the human mind,
No cure for crime but by natural laws.

You may girdle the world, and the lightning chain
Roam through space for profit or pleasure,
But greatest of all is happiness to gain,
And here it is without stint or measure.

No robbing another can ever bring
A permanent joy to great or small.
"Thou shalt not kill" through the ages will ring,
And happiness for each is love for all.
C. M. Brinsmaid Barney.

IMMORTALITY.

"Whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into naught? Why sinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity thou pleasing dreadful thought!"

Man in his very nature craves life. The cry in his inmost soul is ever for life and happiness. Hence we see humanity struggling for an existence and clinging on to life when it would seem that it were better far that their little light be forever quenched in darkness and their life boat lost in the waters of oblivion, since to our obstructed vision there is naught but misery, pain and woe for them in such existence, yet according to this omnipotent law which declares there is no death, that all is life, life, life! not only man but all lower forms of creation cling to life with a tenacity that to the careless observer is indeed surprising.

And not only this but in obedience to this law there has been planted in the human soul that pleasing desire for immortality and that longing for an existence beyond the grave.

There are those who profess to doubt the continuity of life, and by a reasoning process attempt to prove that man is not immortal, that when his earthly sun is set it will

never rise upon another shore, that his history begins at the cradle and ends with the damp clods of the valley. Such a one I would liken to the thirsty traveler of the desert, who, not seeing the cool spring which bubbles up for him not far distant, declares there is no such thing as water in existence. While his tongue is parched, his lips dry and his whole nature crying out for water, yet he declares there is no water. Such is the materialist. His soul hungers and thirsts for life, his whole being yearns for immortality, yet he declares there is no life, no immortality for the soul.

Now I hold that if there were no future for man he would have no "longing after immortality;" that since his whole being is fraught with "this pleasing hope, this fond desire" for life and love and happiness, these in the very nature of things must exist for him.

It would be equally as consistent to create beings with a capacity and desire for food for material bodies, yet not a morsel of food in existence for those beings, with a proneness to thirst and no water to drink; naked in the cold with no raiment, as human souls with heart and tongue which cry out in yearning tones and with unutterable longing for an existence beyond the grave when there was no such thing—if life, as Col. Ingersoll says, is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities, and that is all.

Every desire of the human soul is correlated to its reality somewhere in the universe, hence it is impossible for man to desire a thing which does not exist for him.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox says that thoughts are things. If they are not things they are correlated to things and every thought and every desire has its correlative somewhere. Hence

"This pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality."

Some reasoners say we have only the five senses, seeing, hearing, feeling, etc., by which to acquire knowledge, but I hold that there is a sense—the surest of the sure, the truest of the true, a sense the most acute of all and that is the sense of knowing; the sense which instantly and without any reasoning process impresses correct conclusions upon our mentality, which sees clearly without the organ of vision, hears, feels, rejoices or sorrows without any visible means for the transmission of thought to the brain. This is the sense which makes man feel his relation to the universe about him, makes him know that he is a "part of one stupendous whole, whose body nature is and God the soul." That he is an important factor in the mighty structure of the universal life and capable not only of immortality, but of eternal progression. It is that mysterious inner self which though bereft of physical organs, yet knows, feels and wills, recognizing its oneness with the divine source of being. The I Am within which needs no oracle higher than itself to acquaint it with its true relation to all things else.

That which realizes without reason, knows without learning, maintains its own high standard of being regardless of height or depth, time, space or environment. Man, standing amid the grand eternal ways, is safe; nothing can hurt nor destroy him. Though the wild winds wail and the billows of adversity roll high, he shall not fall, and though the heavens roll together as "one mighty scroll" in the "wreck of matter and the crush of worlds" yet man shall remain unhurt, a living, thinking, loving, progressive soul.

"Eternity thou pleasing, dreadful thought!"

Man on whatever plane he may find himself shall find in his environment everything necessary for his unfoldment. If he be upon the material plane, occupying a material body, everything necessary for the maintenance of that body will be at hand, and the labor of procuring these necessities, which labor sometimes becomes a struggle, happily serves to unfold the soul, and this is well since the end and aim of life is the unfoldment to perfect happiness of the human soul.

Then since it is thus on the material plane, since we see this law operating with such precision look where we may here, is it not reasonable to suppose that it will be the same no matter to what heights we may rise or to what depths we may descend. So in the great beyond to which mortals are all looking with absorbing interest, straining our eyes to pierce the veil which hangs between us and that much dreamed of land, we may rest assured all things will be provided for our needs; that upon the evergreen shores of that blessed summer land, we shall not be naked nor unfed, but that the same law which brings us face to face with all our desires will clothe us in raiment white as snow and feed us with manna from the eternal storehouse of God.

When we contemplate humanity from the lowest rounds of the ladder where each poor mortal struggles in sorrow and pain to eke out an existence to the highest of which we can dream where angels bright and spotless dwell in the pure atmosphere of love and truth, we are staggered at long reach from the lowest to the highest, and our hearts are moved with pity for those who seemingly live only to eat and drink and enjoy the sensualities of life, and we oftentimes wonder what pleasure is life to such creatures and why they exist; yet, if we come in contact with them we find life is sweet to them and that they are as loth to part with it as those on the higher planes. Then if we are close students of nature we will find that

"Nothing useless is or low
Each thing in its place is best
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest."

That from the lowest where poverty, crime and lust ex-

ist to the highest where spirituality weaves its shining robes around us, and spreads its fields of enchanting beauty before us, the mighty tide of evolution sweeps ceaseless and unchanging, lifting all things higher and ever higher in the scale of being.

Then to the unnatural, unreasonable ones upon life's road who are either tired of this life or who believe there is none other than this, I would say beware! Think not, ye who are of suicidal intent, that you can get away from self, or that you can destroy self, for the soul is immortal and robbing it of its habitation of clay cannot kill it nor change it, and the suicide who thought to rid himself of life with all its cares finds himself after the death of the body, alive as much as ever and face to face with even greater perplexities than before, since outraged nature seeks redress and a long experience which can only be had in the body awaits the coming years.

Psychic science is shedding light upon these heretofore abstruse questions and teaching the importance of strict obedience of nature's laws, showing that as we advance in the scale of being we slough off the animal propensities and develop faculties capable for the keen enjoyments of the higher spheres, that instead of living a short span in materiality and then lying down in death, we sweep onward and upward forever to an unending existence of spirituality where no matter what our environment may be, we will find that eternal fitness of things noticed upon this plane.

"And for the soul, all will be well,
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter and the crush of worlds."

MOB MANIA.

When a mania seizes a people they absolutely refuse to reason and follow blindly where impulse leads. Reason should be king upon the throne in the domain of our being at all times and under all circumstances, for if he be allowed to rule all will be well. But let him be dethroned and we have a state of insanity, a raving, howling tempest within and consequently one without.

If the injunction, "under all circumstances keep an even mind," were strictly obeyed in all cases we would have no need of insane asylums. Nor would there ever be such thing as the violent mob, which under the slightest pretext sometimes will rise and in the excitement of the moment do some awful thing.

It seems that the mob craze has seized the people of Kansas here of late and almost from the time of the burning of the negro Alexander at the stake to the present the Sunflower state has been at fever heat, mostly from the sentiment stirred in the minds of the people by the Carrie Nation raids. Last week a woman was shot and killed near Leavenworth during a raid against a joint and Sunday night a Mr. Adams in North Topeka was shot twice and perhaps fatally wounded. This may be the work of the Lord, but if I believed in those personalities, God and the Devil, I would think it more probable that the Devil had gotten thirsty for blood and had gone out in this guise seeking whom he may devour, since he knows, if he is as wise as he has been credited with being, that such proceedings can never bring about the desired results, viz: the prohibition of the liquor traffic.

Mob law is a dangerous thing and in my opinion should never be encouraged by pulpit or press. An infuriated mob has no reason or judgment, whether its mission be to tear some poor criminal limb from limb or to raid a joint in the beautiful city of Topeka, and such lawlessness is never resorted to without liability of some terrible disaster.

The editor of the Banner of Light seems to think that when mob law is resorted to it is because officers do not do their duty. This certainly is not always the case. Many times a criminal is lynched before he has had time to be locked behind the bars of the jail and many times a poor victim is dragged forth to die merely to satisfy the hellish desire for blood, like that which called for Barabbas the wicked or Jesus the innocent—it made little difference to the mob which of the two it was or whether he was innocent or guilty, so they had a victim. Again, sometimes there is not sufficient evidence to convict. Then, aside from this, why should officers be so different in thought and sentiment from the mass of the people whom they serve? If officers of the law, the jury, and judge upon the bench, have grown lenient to the erring ones of humanity and are no longer willing to pass the death penalty upon them, does it not show that the sentiment of the great thinking people is coming closer to that which prompted the command, "Thou shalt not kill?"

If it be officers alone who have this advanced idea of how to deal with criminals, why is it so? Are not our officers the fair representatives of the people? It would hardly seem reasonable that all officers happened to be men who were below the standard in honesty, integrity and judgment, and given to such rascality as would refuse to do the best thing by both the people and the criminal.

The Psychic Century, while a bitter foe to intemperance, is not in favor of mob law under any guise whatever, and will never through its editorial columns utter one word for its encouragement. This is not the first crusade ever waged against liquor. We've had them now and then ever since we have had a country, but they have never put down the sale of liquor and I see not much prospect of it now. The great bloodless battle which has been and is now being waged against intemperance by such women as Frances Willard and strong temperance men who believe

LIFE'S MYSTERIES.

By LIZZIE DOTEN.

To the soul that is gifted with seeing
The secrets and sources of being,
A mystical meaning appears
For the hearts that in silence are broken,
For the words of affection unspoken,
For sorrow, bereavement, and tears.

There are souls that with genius are gifted,
On crosses of sorrow uplifted,
Who find their salvation thro' pain;
There are deeds of the brave unrecorded,
And the toil of warm hands unrewarded,
Whose loss is an infinite gain.

There are spirits who pray that no morrow
May dawn on the depth of their sorrow;
But the morrow brings patience and peace,
And the faithful, who often with weeping

Have sown the good seed in their keeping,
Have garnered a blessed increase.

There are lives that are matchless in beauty,
Through the faithful performance of duty,

Whose labors of love are unknown,
There are spirits who languish in prison,
Whose light on the world has not risen,
And yet they are never alone.

The poor, the oppressed, and the lowly,
The selfish, the weak, and the holy,
Have each in life's drama a part,
While the wants and the woes that o'ercome them,
With the lives of the righteous who blame them,
Are known to the Infinite heart.

O, where is the angel recorder!
And where is the watchman and warder,
That is charged with the keeping of souls?
And what is the mystical meaning,
Which the thoughtful in spirit are glean-
ing From the Force that all Nature controls?

O, not where the sun fires are burning,
And not where the planets are turning,
Their faces to welcome the light,
Shall we seek for the Centre of Being,
And learn of the Wisdom All-seeing,

Or climb to life's infinite height.
But deep as love's fathomless ocean,
In a spirit of lowly devotion,
Should we patiently strive to ascend;
Not reckless, unfeeling, and stoic,
But with courage and calmness heroic,
Unswerving and true to the end.

With shoulders that bow to life's crosses,
With hearts that faint not at their losses,
With spirits that triumph o'er pain,—
At length to such souls shall be given
The peaceful possession of heaven,
And the life that is infinite gain.

Then, judged by the complex relation
Of each to the Soul of Creation,
Distinctions of merit must fall.
There is good for the Saint and the Sinner,
There is gain for the loser or winner,
And a just compensation for all.

For the Infinite Life is ascending,
And all things are with it attuning,
Away from all evil and strife.
To man is the toil of endeavor,
But unto that Being, forever,
The peace and perfection of life.

and in other ways that he intended to burn the house. They were all absent from the house one windy day when some who were in a field near by noticed that it had caught on fire. They ran to the building and extinguished the flames. An examination showed that the fire was started in some hay, but they could not tell how the hay got there unless the ghost brought it. After that the ghost ceased manifesting, but, although he had not succeeded in burning the house, he had brought the property into disrepute and reduced its value.

It is astonishing how many orthodox preachers are in doubt as to whether there is a hereafter or not. They conceal this doubt by preaching about the affairs of this world and ignoring the question upon which they are expected to impart information. I know of one who has grown gray as a minister, and he so long avoided saying anything about a future life that one of his members took him to task about it. He told her he had no decided views on that question. One of the most prominent preachers of Topeka seldom discourses on any but secular subjects. When one of his members asked him why he did not talk about a future life, he answered her by using almost the exact language of Ingersoll: "One world at a time. This is the only world we know anything about, now. We can investigate the next when we get to it."

It is a significant fact that, for the last thirty or forty years, practically all the great authorities in the scientific world have been what the orthodox church would call infidels. They denied that the Bible is the special word of God. On the evidence of that book alone they could not believe in a spirit world and a future life. Traditions and the opinions of men who lived in a barbarous age were of little value to them in considering that all-important problem. They required evidence first-hand before they could believe. Some of them investigated Spiritualism and became convinced of its truth, but the great body of scientific authorities, for the time mentioned, were agnostics or materialists—such as Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, Tyndall, Haeckel and Helmholtz. Men of that kind will never become convinced of a future existence by anything that orthodoxy can present to their minds. Only the evidence found in Spiritualism will convince them. To those who blindly adhere to the orthodox belief, this fact should have some significance.

The other day I was visiting with an old friend who all his life has advocated measures for making humanity better and happier. Some of the things he advocated many years ago have been embodied in legislation and proven to be wise and beneficent. Others which he advocated and which were just as wise and as much, if not more, needed, he knew would never become laws during his life time. Yet he continues to advocate them, and spends much time and money explaining them to the people, trying to make them see their own interests. When I see an unselfish reformer like that, it is a great consolation to me to know that some day he will be richly rewarded—not in a material but in a spiritual sense. After he has passed to the other side and the years roll on, he will see that the ideas he sent forth in the world are forever tending to uplift the human race—that truth is immortal like himself. Then he will be happy in seeing that he has made others happy.

Here in Topeka last week a fiendish assault was made on a young girl, and the following evening several different mobs assembled at the city and county jails with a view of obtaining possession of the prisoner and lynching him. One of these mobs was led by the girl's friends and relatives for whose feelings of vengeance there was some excuse. But another was composed largely of boys and young men, and while they were not as determined and persistent as the first mobs that assembled, there is no doubt but that if they could have obtained possession of the accused man, Slater, they would have hanged him. Their lack of judgment was demonstrated by the fact that none of their number could have identified Slater had he been in the jail instead of at Atchison. Now, see what the practice of lynching leads to. How demoralizing to a community. Observe its effects upon the young, causing them to place small value upon the life of a fellow being and to care little whether they have got the guilty man or not just so they can hang some one while the spirit of vengeance is upon them, claiming, erroneously, I think, that the act will deter others from crime. Lynching is wrong from every standpoint. It is wrong even if the party lynched is guilty. But it sometimes happens that an innocent person is victimized.

A gentleman traveling for the Chicago Board of Trade called on the Psychic Century last week with a view of getting some Spiritualistic literature to regale himself with in his peregrinations. We found him an interesting talker, and were highly entertained by his accounts of experiences with some of the most noted mediums that have been before the public within the last twenty-five or thirty years. He told of one, too, who was not celebrated—an illiterate old lady in some remote country district who would not have known that the phenomena given in her presence were called Spiritualism if people had not told her they were such, for she never read anything. He found her at the wash tub one day and prevailed upon her to give him a sitting. She dried her hands and took him into the "best room." They sat down by a little stand on which was an ordinary cover or spread. Under the stand was

in the swift and effectual work of education, will be a thousand fold more potent for victory in this cause than all the crazy mobs that could be raised in Christendom, though they be armed with hatchets, pistols and guns and headed by Mrs. Nation or the mighty ministers of the gospel. Viewing it in the light of the recent disastrous results of raids, it is my opinion that this country needs to be saved from religious mobs as well as from the curse of rum; and that ministers of the gospel would look better practicing the teachings of Jesus and following his grand examples than heading a mob whose intentions, though good, yet in the very nature of things cannot do good. Also that they might be a greater benefit to humanity by studying and teaching the commands of him who was at last the victim of a violent mob.

"Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you and despitefully use you."

"Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy."

"Blessed are the peacemakers, etc."

"Father forgive them, they know not what they do."

These were the expression of him who lived in an age and "generation of vipers" where it was the custom to release prisoners at certain times (at the Passover) to gratify a howling unreasonable mob.

Even amidst this chaos of ignorance and crime Jesus was never found heading a mob, but meekly and quietly teaching his lessons of sublime truth which come ringing clear and sweet down through the mists of nineteen hundred years shedding light upon all the perplexities of human life. And his words will continue to glow with a living light and burn themselves into the hearts of generations yet unborn while angry mobs and their work will be remembered only as a blot upon the pages of history.

THE "BENIGHTED MISSOURIAN" AGAIN.

We had hoped that the "Benighted Missourian Editor" of whom we published a short article, although religiously blind and bigoted, was at least a gentleman; else he or his sheet should never have been accorded mention in the columns of this paper. But judging from the language used in a recent article of his relative to The Psychic Century, he can no longer be honored even with the name of gentleman, much less as a learned editor and scholar fit to discourse upon the high themes of religion and morality. In his recent article there is no argument whatever, and we refuse to reply to his by no means beautiful language except to answer with a few comments some questions he has asked, viz.:

"Do you believe that the Jews were a people chosen by Almighty God to make himself known to man?"

"Do you believe that the so called prophets named in the Bible were really chosen prophets of God?"

"Do you believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, that He came into the world to suffer and die that He might save man from his fallen condition?"

To the above questions we answer, No.

He says that if we do not believe these things then we must not quote any more from the Bible, that he will not allow us to quote one line as proof of our theory and then condemn the next, and that since it is the pretended word of God it is either all true or all false.

Now his God may be the author of such language as

appears upon some pages of the Bible, but my God would not utter such. According to his own statement his God knows nothing of nor cares for the common decency of speech, as will be seen by the reading of such passages as that which when written upon a piece of paper and sent through the U. S. mail placed the sender behind the bars of a penitentiary for the offense of sending obscene literature through the mails.

We would like to quote some passages from this "Word of God," to show the moral tone of a part of it, but it would not look well upon the pages of The Psychic Century, and then one should be very careful how he handles those words of sacred script lest he find himself in trouble for using indecent language.

He says it may be his ignorance, but if so he glories in ignorance. This reminds me of a preacher I once heard expounding the Bible to an audience among the Ozarks. Although no one had accused him of being ignorant, he broke forth in language like this: "Brethring, I had rather be the ignorantest person in the world and have my religion, than to be the educatedest person in the world and not have my religion."

Trusting that the questions propounded by our brother are answered to his entire satisfaction we will close.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

BY W. B. WAGNER.

A stranger in the city a few days ago, hearing of Mrs. Wm. Jurens, the spirit-photographer, went to her and sat for a picture. When a proof was shown him, he exclaimed in delight, "That is she!" Whether it was wife or sweetheart, sister or friend, that he recognized, I did not learn.

Mrs. Nation's trial for joint-smashing came up in the city court here last week. Judge McCabe decided in her favor. He held that a private party could not abate a public nuisance, but as the defendant was charged with "maliciously destroying property," and as she did the smashing without malice toward the owners of the property smashed, she was not guilty of the charge brought against her.

This is Lent—the time of fasting and self-denial. It should be observed to some extent for physiological and financial reasons. Fasting at this time of the year, within certain limits, or simply abstinence from meat-eating, prepares the system for the warm days of spring and may prevent that "tired feeling," which usually seizes us at that time. Is it not better for the ladies to practice a little self-denial now and come forth from their seclusion on Easter Sunday with rosy cheeks and a stunning Easter bonnet. I think, yes.

Representative Davis, of Bourbon, is not much of a believer in Spiritualism, but says that some time ago he bought two quarter sections of land cheap because of the fact that an incendiary "ghost" had once haunted the house on the land. It was a good many years ago when it happened. Some renters occupied the house and the ghost made known to them by means of written messages

placed a music box which he took the pains to examine. He found that it was not wound up, and that the lid had to be raised in order to wind it. Under the stand also were placed some slates. The old lady sat in an easy rocking chair some feet away from the stand, and complacently rocked to and fro as the manifestations proceeded. An invisible power wound up the closed music box and started it to playing. An invisible power wrote messages on the slates and gave them to him from underneath the stand. All this was in the light. He was in Cincinnati at the time Teeples, the spirit photographer, submitted to a test imposed upon him by other photographers of the city, and proved to them that he was not a fraud, which they believed him to be before the test was made. The conditions were that they be allowed to use one of their own cameras and prepare their own plates, he to touch the camera and make the exposure, after which they were to develop the negatives. If, after these conditions had been complied with, the pictures of departed friends appeared on the plates, they would forfeit the \$500 they had placed in the hands of other parties. He received the money. The narrator told, also, of sittings with the Bangs Sisters, and of sittings with the Fletchers, the wonderful flower mediums. At a seance given by the latter, all kinds of flowers, many from tropical climes and some that could not be obtained at greenhouses, were passed by spirit hands from the cabinet to people in the audience. This seance was given in the winter and such an enormous quantity of expensive flowers came from that cabinet that, if they could have been and had been purchased at the hothouses, their cost would have exceeded many times the sum which the mediums realized from the seance. The flowers were all fresh and covered with dew as if just plucked. The seance was given under test conditions. The gentleman relating these experiences gave it as his opinion that more wonderful physical manifestations occurred some years ago than now.

A Psychic Center is Kansas.

Editor William A. White seems to understand that there is something about Kansas which renders the inhabitants thereof "peculiar." He does not tell us what it is, but he perceives that whatever it is it makes people sensitive and susceptible to influence. While in Chicago recently he said, among other things, to a representative of the Chicago Post:

"Kansans are not idle dreamers, not mere theorists. From the time of John Brown to Carrie Nation the Kansan has been a simple-minded man who took a very short and absolutely direct cut from his ideals to the realization of them. If civil or criminal statutes or constitutional provisions happen to stand between the Kansan and the realization of his ideals, then God help the criminal statutes and the constitutional limitations.

"In the sisterhood of states Kansas is the prophetic. Kansas is, first of all, an educated state. The percentage of literacy is higher in Kansas than in any other state in the Union. To be a prophetic one must be a seer; to be a seer one must be a scholar. The composite mind of Kansas is open to ideas. Psychic waves, political tendencies, economic movements that are in the air, find their natural lodgment in the quick mind of Kansas and there find their first crude expressions in her deeds. This first crude action, the result of impulse rather than of reason, yet always of high impulse, has given the world the impression that Kansas is a state of cranks. John Brown was a crank in that sense, yet he was a voice crying in the wilderness. He cast the shadow which foretold the impending conflict. He was dead wrong in theory and practice. A great many men who are right are wrong."

President Barrett Coming.

Miss Emma Challand received a telegram this week from President Barrett of the National Spiritualist Association, notifying her that he would be in Topeka March 8, 9 and 10, and requesting her to secure a hall wherein he could hold meetings on those dates. He was in Minneapolis when the telegram was sent.

Later—Miss Challand is in receipt of a letter from President Barrett stating that Mr. and Mrs. Kates will be with him when he holds his meetings here. He says: "Mrs. Kates is a splendid test medium and will certainly draw large numbers of investigators. Mr. Kates is an able and eloquent speaker. I have already written to Daniel W. Hull and Thomas A. Thompson of your state to see if they can be with us at that time. With their help and such as I can give together with your local talent I do not see why we cannot have a meeting that would certainly rouse the people to a high pitch of enthusiasm, and my feeling is that the help should all be secured at once."

In 1897 Lillian Whiting wrote a series of articles for the Light of Truth. The following is a part of one of them. The friend referred to is Kate Field:

For the past fourteen months I have written a letter nightly (with a few exceptions) to that beloved friend who vanished into the etherial world in May of 1896, and regarding whom my little book entitled "After Her Death"—a record of psychic experiences with her—was written. I began these letters to her from an unconscious impulse at the moment, and later I studied the attempt as an experiment. Writing had always been the essential communication with us. Our paths lay in different cities, and our meetings, tho' frequent, were usually brief. So in almost the first hour of that bewildering grief on hearing that she

was gone, I seized pen and paper and wrote to her. Each night, the last thing before sleeping, I wrote, placing the paper on a little table near my bed. Whether those in spirit life could read our manuscript or printed matter had never, up to that time, particularly occurred to me. As I thought of it I realized what a tremendous fact, in the search after psychic laws, this would be were it true. The results have convinced me that it is true, although it may not be that they read the written word in the same way that we do."

"For a number of weeks after the passing of this idolized friend I was in Europe. Almost every night in my letters I preferred requests and wishes and entreaties regarding the direction and fulfillment of certain affairs of hers, than which nothing, from the human side, could have seemed more unlikely, not to say impossible. Every one of those entreaties have been granted me. Could I specify them them and unfold the singular chains of circumstances that have, at last, brought about these fulfillments, the story would prefigure itself as a curious panorama of spiritual history. It has all been a drama of the Seen and the Unseen Co-operating.

"Over and again have I written to her saying, 'If it is true that you read these words, send me some sign tomorrow on my plane of life.' This sign has never failed. It has taken various forms, of persons coming and saying certain things, of events and circumstances; but always something of a corresponding and evidential nature.

"Again, I have noticed that the spoken or the written word seems to reach one in the etherial world more clearly than merely the thought—the thinking to him, so to speak. The spoken word seems peculiarly conveyed by vibration to the instant recognition of the spiritual being. One who may experiment on this possibility will find, I think, almost startling results. To speak the words slowly (about five seconds between) and distinctly seems to insure their being heard by the one in the unseen to whom they are addressed. The habit of giving a certain time alone each day to the friend in the Unseen; to sit alone and call on him to come, will soon establish a magnetic rapport that is inconceivably comforting and satisfactory."

It is reported in the Talmud and was repeated later by Rabbi's, that when Jesus and his disciples, from a day's labor, were, near nightfall weary and hungry, the Master sent on Peter and James in advance to secure food and a resting place for the night. Nearing a little, squalid village, they saw quite a crowd surrounding a dead dog by the wayside. One said: "Doubtless the dog was mad and had to be killed." Another said: "His skin and ears have been deservedly torn because of being a thief dog." Another said: "He has probably chased and slain some sheep, and he himself been slain in consequence." Each and all commented in similar strains upon the poor, wretched, dead brute, with not a word in his favor. At last Jesus drew near and looking at the poor, prostrate creature and being full of compassion said, pitifully: "Pearls are not equal to the whiteness of his teeth." And the crowd said: "This must be Jesus, for surely none but him could see something to admire in a poor, dead dog." This, though a legend, has within it a meaning deep as beautiful, for there certainly is something to be admired, something good in all things.—Temple of Health.

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

"Mind."

The Psychic Century has received the February number of Mind, "a magazine of liberal and advanced thought, devoted to progress and research in Science, Philosophy, Religion, Metaphysics, Occultism." It is edited by John Emery McLean and Charles Brodie Patterson, and is published by the Alliance Publishing Company, Life Bldg, 19 and 21 W. 31st street, New York. Its table of contents for February is as follows:

Did Christ Teach a New Religion?
.....Swami Abhedananda
Divine Justice in Disasters.....
.....Axel E. Gibson
Cosmic Evolution.....Grace Shaw Duff
The Philosophy of Prejudice.....
.....W. Delos Smith
In a Dream—Poem.....Jos. Dana Miller
Thought Force.....M. E. Carter
The Dogmatism of Science.....
.....Charles A. S. Dwight
A Side-Light on Telepathy.....
.....Harriette E. Wright
Mata the Magician.....Isabella Ingalese

Editorial Department—The Springtime of the New Century, by C. B. P.; The Healer, by Ellen M. Dyer; The Death of the Body, by Bolton Hall; Injustice, by Emily Key C. Gause.

The Family Circle—Types of Mothers We Often Meet, by Helen Van Anderson; New Year in China, by Fannie Malin; Lily's Advice, Poem, by Lilian Foster Colby; The Earth-Worm, by Henrietta Latham Dwight; A Certain Boy—Bruce and His Teacher, by F. P. P.; Selections.

Reviews of New Books, by J. E. M.

To the Readers of the Psychic Century:

Friends—We are pleased to state that there is a Spiritual society here in Topeka known as the Ladies Temple Builders, whose object it is to raise funds, with which to build a Temple here to be dedicated to the use of Spiritualists and the promulgation of the Spiritual Philosophy.

Realizing the magnitude of the work and also that there are many tried and true Spiritualists who stand ready to do what they can for the advancement of the Spiritual cause, we, the Ladies Temple Builders, have concluded to hold a Fair the last of March for the purpose of increasing our Temple fund and do kindly solicit your assistance at this time.

There is scarcely a brother in the Spiritual ranks, as well as many other free thought people who cannot send a dime, and often more, or some book, or other article; while we are sure each sister will be kind enough to send us something that can be sold at our Fair and in so doing each and all can lend us aid and encouragement in our work. Receiving in return our warmest thanks.

Please address all letters and parcels to Miss Emma Challand, 712 Garfield Ave., Topeka, Kans. As secretary of the association I have been delegated that honor.

Permit me to say in conclusion as president of the Church of Spiritualism in this city, I can fully appreciate the importance of the work in which the Ladies Temple Builders are engaged and sincerely hope the day is not far distant when we all may rejoice in the successful completion of the grand work which they have so courageously undertaken.

Trusting you will all respond to this call in the name of the glorious cause of Spiritualism, I remain, very respectfully,
EMMA CHALLAND.

Mass Meetings in Missouri and Kansas.

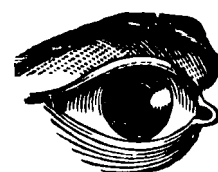
Mass meetings under the auspices of the National Spiritualists association in conjunction with state associations are being held in various parts of the country. Successful meetings in La Crosse and West Superior, Wis., closed last week.

The following cities and dates are arranged for: St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 26, 27 and 28; Kansas City, Mo., March 2 and 3; Topeka, Kas., March 8, 9 and 10. It is expected that a meeting in St. Joe, Mo., will be arranged for March 5 and 6.—Light of Truth.

If all the Spiritualists in Topeka would subscribe for The Psychic Century it would place it upon a safe basis and insure its ultimate success. It is sure to win and is destined to become one of the best journals for psychical research in the world. But now is the time it needs the help of all lovers of liberty and advancement. When The Psychic Century makes its appearance at you home, if unbidden, it means an invitation to you to help in the grand cause of enlightening the world by your support of it as an educational journal. If your heart is in the work then you can not do better than patronize this paper.

The Church of Spiritualism will hold its regular Conference meeting Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Mrs. Laura B. Payne will lecture in the evening at Lincoln Post Hall. After the lecture Mrs. Inez Wagner will give tests.

Rev. C. H. Searing lectured at Lincoln Post Hall Sunday evening, on the Relation of Soul, Spirit and Matter. Some good thoughts were presented for the consideration of the audience.



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

A Gleam of Light.

A woman in a tattered shawl rang the bell of a stately mansion.

"May I die on your doorstep, here?" she asked, respectfully, of the butler, who presently appeared.

"No!" was the brusque reply.

The woman was turning sadly away when a beautiful child, with golden hair, cut in:

"Oh, papa!" cried the child; "please do let the woman die on the doorstep."

"Very well," said the father, for he could deny his little daughter nothing.

So the woman died on the doorstep, feeling that the world was not altogether dark, after all.—Detroit Journal

Christians now number 555,000,000; the Mahomedans 200,000,000. These forms of faith are on the increase. Buddhists, 250,000,000, are decreasing.

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.

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