

THE PSYCHIC CENTURY.

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

VOL. I.

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NO. 18

PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY.

What was the gospel Jesus brought,
O'er which the clanging creeds have fought
A thousand years, my brother?
Oh! what indeed—if it was not
That precious Golden Rule he taught
Of love to one another?

Not every one that loudly calls
The name of Christ in churchly halls
Is true disciple, brother.
But they are true disciples still
Who do the Father's holy will
For love of one another.

No tedious homilies did He draw
On "scheme" and "plan" to save us all
From "wrath" eternal, brother.
His speech was like the sweet perfume
From groups of lilies when they bloom
From love of one another.

Above the tables of the Law,
A higher rule of life he saw,
And tried to point us, brother,
To that occult, primeval force
That holds the planets in their course
For love of one another.

For more than rarest incense rising
From smoke of priestly sacrificing,
O'er all the earth, my brother,
Is incense pure and sweet ascending,
From two sweet human souls blending
For love of one another.

This was the gospel Jesus brought
O'er which the clanging creeds have fought
A thousand years, my brother,
Oh! when will blinded mortals see
That to be true disciples we
Must simply love each other?

—W. A. Pratt.

Missionary Work is the Need of the Hour—Some Practical Views by an Old Worker.

The Spiritualists of Indiana are awakening to a realization of the necessity of thorough organization. Since we came back to the state we have organized and chartered societies in every town but two that we have visited, and these two will soon join us.

This is an object lesson, a real demonstration of what may be done if the effort is made.

If two missionaries can organize and charter sixteen societies in ten weeks, and set them to holding regular meetings, doing active work for our cause, where little or nothing had been done before, why would it not be a good idea to put many more missionaries into the field, multiplying the number of societies and establishing them in the good work, that the grand truths of Spiritualism may be carried into every home and every life?

To do the best work in the missionary field, I think two workers should go together, that one of them at least should be able to give platform tests and messages. The messages attract a large number that would not come for the lectures alone, and when they hear the lectures they get interested in the philosophy as well as the phenomena.

We find that the old Spiritualists do not object to a few good tests from a medium who is a stranger. In fact they enjoy them about as well as the skeptics and investigators.

We find Spiritualists wherever we go, and they are nearly all ready to organize. It is very rarely that we meet with any opposition whatever on the part of Spiritualists. They have evidently discovered, as we have, that organization is the only method by which Spiritualism can be kept free from dogmas and objectionable creeds, and preserved to Spiritualists as a distinct philosophy in its purity, as originally given by the spirit world to bless mankind.

There are many Spiritualists in this country, we all know. According to one of the reports of the president of the N. S. A., there are one million, five hundred thousand Spiritualists in the United States, and Canada.

Now suppose that one Spiritualist in every fifteen could be induced to give one dollar per year to the missionary fund of the N. S. A. That would create an annual income of \$100,000. Yes, if there were but one hundred thousand Spiritualists in our country, and each of them would give one dollar annually (the price of one sitting or seance), to the missionary fund, the N. S. A. board would have one hundred thousand dollars each year with which to carry on this grand work. With this amount placed at their disposal together with the collections, etc., made by the missionaries, the N. S. A. could place three or four hundred missionaries in the field.

Now let us see what three hundred missionaries could do for our cause.

We will place everything at the very lowest estimate, and see what may be done. If these three hundred missionaries should organize but ten societies each per year, we would have three thousand societies at the end of the first year. If each society was composed of but 30 members, the societies we have organized this winter average more than 30 members each, the aggregate would be a

membership of 90,000—quite a nice little body of working Spiritualists for one year's labor, I am sure. And 90,000 active Spiritualists added to the present membership of the N. S. A. would make a very respectable showing, and would be an inspiration to the Spiritualists of this nation and of the entire world. It would enthuse those who are discouraged and inspire all to greater activity, while the membership would continue to multiply many fold. We are not now talking about the boasted millions of Spiritualists in the United States. These figures hardly reach the first one hundred thousand mark.

If these 90,000 Spiritualists were divided equally among the forty-five states of our Union, the number would only reach the low figure of 2,000 in each state; only a fraction of the great number of Spiritualists in any one of these states.

There may not be a single state in the Union that does not have more than the entire ninety thousand Spiritualists within its borders. If only two missionaries could be sent into each state of our Union, what a grand work could be done. If each one of these missionaries should organize but ten societies per year, we would have an addition to our working force of 900 societies composed of 2,700 members.

Spiritualists of the United States, read this carefully, reflect upon it, and then act.—E. W. Sprague, in *Progressive Thinker*.

To Make Local Societies Succeed.

In Mr. Sprague's article on this page are some good ideas in regard to missionary work. He points out the need of more missionaries to establish local societies, shows how the best missionary work can be done and formulates a plan to raise money for that purpose. As he says, such work cannot be carried on successfully without the aid of platform test mediums, but these should be capable of doing the work satisfactorily, and should otherwise be a credit to the cause. Mr. Sprague seemed to have no difficulty in establishing local societies in Indiana, for the Spiritualists are ready for organization, and I think there would be little difficulty in putting his plan into operation, but after the societies have been organized, how are they to be made successful? This question is, in part, answered by the following by E. L. Allen, president of the Berkeley Hall Society, of Boston. It is from his address on the Fifty-Third Anniversary:

"As it is expected of your president that on this occasion he make a brief address, and as other speakers will dwell upon the more general features of the anniversary, I shall confine my remarks to what I am most interested in. That is the Boston Spiritual Temple, as we love to call it, the Berkeley Hall Society. This society is now in its eighteenth year of existence. It has been through all the trials and vicissitudes of most societies. It has been bankrupt, but it has never been rich. It has followed the usual course of spiritual societies in engaging speakers by the month, until it became apparent that a change must be made or the society would cease to exist.

"In the face of strong opposition the board of management voted to engage a speaker for the season. We are now in the second season with the same speaker.

"Much has been done and written lately regarding the disintegration of local societies, but one thing has been demonstrated. That is, the days of itinerant speakers have gone by for any society claiming the dignity or membership of a church.

"The B. H. society has not been the pioneer in this departure. There are others. But it presents today a most brilliant example of the efficacy of the policy. In one short year the membership and finances have doubled and trebled. And the element the lack of which is largely responsible for the disintegration complained of, namely, cohesiveness, has become a pronounced ingredient in its make-up. This we have done under the leadership of a settled speaker.

"Thus we present a solution of the question, 'Why spiritual societies do not succeed.' It is because they are not cohesive; do not work together; are faint hearted or have no heart at all in the work. Our experiment has proved a success. We feel proud of what has been accomplished. The outlook is encouraging. But we are only starting our career. We are looking forward to greater achievements. We hope to have a meeting place that we can call our own in the near future. We need a building with anterooms for week evening meetings, where the ladies of the society can get up entertainments. We need a lecture hall that can be kept clean and sweet for the use of the psychic that ministers to our spiritual wants.

"We could do a great deal, had we the facilities, both for the pleasure and profit of the society. This work cannot be carried on, however, without the co-operation of a large membership. Only in numbers is there strength. Berkeley Hall deserves and ought to have a membership of at least 500. The work that is being done here deserves it. With five hundred earnest working members our building would be assured. The success of the society is already assured. So long as the B. H. society honors me with the

position which I now occupy, so long will I keep this matter to the front until it is accomplished.

"There are many here who are not members. In the kindest spirit I ask your names to come and join us. Give your names to the secretary with two dollars, and become members. Make this the largest and strongest society of Spiritualists in New England, into which you will not be ashamed to invite your friends, and in so doing assist in lifting from the shoulders of the pastor the burden that does not belong there, and leave him free to catch the inspirations that come to him from the spirit world. Make this the first anniversary of the new century memorable for its influx of interest and hearty good will in the work in which we are engaged. May each one feel they have a work to do in elevating the cause of Spiritualism."

Ole Bull, the Inspired Musician.

Those who sneer at the idea that spirits can make their presence known to mortals through the simplest methods—methods neither more complex nor yet more simple than the batteries and wires by which the messages of kings and kaisers are interchanged—are still ready enough to allow that spiritual inspiration is constantly manifested in the lives of great and exceptional persons, such as poets, artists, musicians, etc. Again and again the writer of this article has heard the claim made that Ole Bull, the king of all violin players, the very crown and apex of a great musician, was an inspired man; that he must be so, and that nothing less than the influx of a higher and better world could breathe through the marvelous tones and glorious improvisations of this peerless performer. It was not until the present writer had met and conversed with this magician of sweet sounds that the secret of his life and power was made clear to her. Ole Bull was not only an openly professed believer in spirit communion, but he declared, in a large company of Spiritualists, in New York, that from the time he could remember he had never been without the voice of an invisible being, who advised, instructed and often rebuked him. When "hammering out" his musical ideas as best he could, as a boy, the voice would often praise, sometimes find fault with him, and tell him to try again, or practice in another way; or at times say, "Bravo," which was a sure sign he was going on well. Unlike the voice of Socrates' "Demon," which was always the same, the voices which Ole Bull declared "had accompanied him through life" were often changed, but to his mind ever seemed to bring such a strong idea of identity with them, that no mortal power could have convinced him it was not Tartini, Spohr, Guarnerino (the celebrated maker of violins), but above all Paganini or Joseph Haydn that spoke to him. After the decease of his friend Madame Malibran, he said it would have been impossible to persuade him that she was not still alive in some state that enabled her to speak to him as familiarly as in olden time; moreover, he said, this beloved spirit friend, together with Pasta, would come and "sing on his violin bow," and when he used to hold it suspended over the instrument at the close of certain delicate passages without touching the strings, he could clearly hear the voices of his friends, singing echoes, and he felt obliged to pause and listen.

On one occasion, he said, he was so delighted at a very fine performance of the Handel and Haydn Society, as they sang "The Hallelujah Chorus," that he rose to his feet and fairly danced his applause by stamping. When the enthusiasm of the occasion ended, he distinctly heard a voice which he knew—though he could not explain how he knew it—to be that of Handel, murmuring in his ear, "Only shadow music, sung by shadows."

"My soul replied, and asked," he said, "Where then is the substance, master?"

"In my world," the voice replied, "where alone all things are real, and music is the speech."

Such was the faith, the inner life and inspiration of Ole Bull; and having, we trust, so far interested our readers in one who shared their faith, and spoke in his delightful music so clearly of heaven and the speech of angels, as if an angel orally spoke, we shall give a few clippings from an American paper, in which a dear friend of the great musician has written a pleasant and graphic sketch of Ole Bull's life. The writer says:

"The fond recollection in which the name of good Ole Bull is held is conclusive proof that 'a great man's memory may survive his life,' not 'half a year,' but while the soul responds with sublime desires to the enchantment of sweet sounds. It was long ago, February 5th, 1810, when the little Ole first opened his eyes to the light in the Norwegian village of Bergen. Both Ole's parents were musical. 'Uncle Zeus' and grandmother Gedsken Edvardine Storm were specially fond and proud of him; saved him from much of the harsh discipline of his time, and indulged many of his fancies. He imbibed the rules of art unknowingly. He did not conceive the music as produced by players, but as proceeding from the instruments played, jubilating, triumphing, quarreling, fighting, with a life of their own. Playing in the meadow, when he saw a delicate bluebell gently moving in the breeze, he fancied that

Continued on 4th page.

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THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1901.

TODAY.

Be happy today while the sky is bright
And the birds are singing with cheerful delight.
Let the smiles of contentment your face adorn
For the world is too full of the sad and forlorn.
Let songs of rejoicing pour forth from your soul
And symphonies grand ever heavenward roll.
Chant not a dirge as you journey along
But make the world sing with life's beautiful song.

Be generous today with your love and gold
While the suffering millions of young and old
Are reaching their eager hands for bread
And sighing for words that are never said.
Words of affection and sweet tenderness
Touches of hands in the gentle caress,
Give, oh, give freely these gems of great worth
Of which this old world has had so much dearth.

Be gentle today with the wayworn and sad,
Who foot sore and weary, hungry and half clad,
Come timidly knocking upon your back door
Begging even the crumbs from your dining room floor.
Remember they're human, they suffer and feel
Pangs which perhaps they now seek to conceal.

Grieve not for the heathen in far away lands
Among China's millions or on Africa's hot sands,
But in sympathy sweet, oh list to the plaint
Of the one at your door, be he sinner or saint,
And do not withhold the crust nor the cup
But bid him come in to rest and to sup.

Be hopeful today for the final success
Of the good in the world to conquer distress,
For if it be true that our thoughts are things
Then let them bear out on their snowy white wings
Rich burdens of love and hope and delight
Which will bring back the fruit on their homeward
flight,
That will brighten earth's hills and desolate plains
And fill all the land with love's peaceful refrains.

Then let us be happy today and try
To live for the now, not the bye and bye.
For if in life's drama we act our part well
We need have no fears of the torments of hell.
Today is the day of salvation, oh friend,
The day to do right, the day to amend,
The day to find heaven about you lying,
To know that you're saved without waiting or dying.

The day to commune with the saints over there,
The day you may realize answer to prayer.
The great day of judgment when sentenced is passed
And the sheep and the goats appear in contrast.
The day that the soul may find happy release
And rejoice in a heaven of infinite peace,
By casting out sorrow, Satan and sin,
And bidding pure love rule the kingdom within.

MEDIUMSHIP.

Mediumship is the gateway through which have come the denizens of the world beyond to answer the question that has trembled upon the lips of humanity in every age and in every clime: What of the future?

It is the foundation upon which is reared the grand superstructure of Spiritualism, the window through which shines the light from the beyond and as the glass gives its own varied tints and shades of coloring to the light passing through it, so does the life and character of the medium color the intelligence given through him or her. If the window pane be clear and unstained the rays from the great sun pass through without change of tint, and if the character of the medium be unspotted, the mind untarnished by evil thoughts, then will the light come streaming through him from the higher spheres casting no uncertain shadows, but flooding the world with a glory calculated to illumine all the dark places of the earth and dry up the damps and fogs of ignorance and superstition. It is a lamentable fact that the light from the other world has not always been permitted to shine through the clearest of glass, and the dark shades of color cast upon Modern Spiritualism have been and are the result of the dingy character of the medium through which they were transmitted.

Mediumship is a most holy calling and the laws governing it should never be prostituted to the low, vile abuses such as were practiced in the ancient Black Art and which is sometimes indulged in by mediums of the present day. Such mediumship has placed the cause of Spiritualism under the ban of ridicule and doubt, and it remains for the true, pure, mediums and workers in that cause to redeem it therefrom.

People are looking for the strange and mysterious, some of them, others are sad from the loss of dear ones and are earnest in their endeavors to get a word from them, some are curious, but no matter from what cause, it is a fact

that the phenomenal part of Spiritualism attracts at first the majority. Hence the seance rooms where is given materialization, trumpet speaking, slate writing, test messages, etc., are crowded. And how often is the refined, intelligent sitter shocked, if not at what she is certain is fraud, then at the irritableness and coarse, rough language of the medium. Thus here in the A B C class of investigation a bad impression is made and Spiritualism branded as a fake and a fraud.

Again, we have mediums whose sole thought is for self and selfish ends, with never a care for the grand cause they represent, and as a natural consequence they grow sordid, narrow and scheming, attracting those of like dispositions from spirit side to aid them in their nefarious work. Such mediums quarrel among themselves, are jealous, envious and even malicious in feeling and conduct toward each other. They back-bite, slander, and like a snake in the grass sting the unsuspecting fellow worker. Viewing it in the face of these facts, is it any wonder Spiritualism is sometimes, by its enemies, called the works of the devil?

One thing is very apparent, and that is that to be a medium, controlled by spirit forces, does not always mean to be spiritual, and many claiming to be exponents of the beautiful religion and philosophy of Spiritualism are not fit to lisp its sacred name, but need to be washed and purified by years of right thinking and upright conduct. No fabled "fountain of blood" can cleanse such souls. It will take years of self culture, of destroying of the weeds and planting in their stead the good seed.

Every individual aspiring to the holy office of mediumship should first make a thorough investigation of self. Look into that inner being, examine its motives, its purposes, its aims and objects in life, and especially those prompting the taking up of that line of work. Renovate self, purify self, control self, then and then only will you be a fit instrument in the hands of angels to do the will of the Father.

We consider it a dreadful thing for a minister of the gospel to be found acting the part of the hypocrite, saying his long prayers on Sunday and cursing his dog on Monday, but it is nothing strange to see a medium stand upon the rostrum or before his circle and deliver an invocation and in less than two hours perhaps be cursing with vehement oaths a fellow being. It is easy to live right if one makes up his mind to do so, and there is no habit so strong but that we can master it if we will.

Swearing, lying, tale bearing, tobacco, whiskey, etc., should have no part in the life of him who takes upon himself the responsibility of teacher, especially teacher of Spiritualism. A cause is always judged by its exponents and just so long as Spiritualism is represented by such as the above described so long will it be under a cloud and far from the attainment of its object in the world.

Another mistake made by mediums is to feed the superstitious, wonder-seeking faculty of man by catering to his desire for the mysterious. For instance, it has been supposed that as soon as a man dies he knows everything. Mediums know better than this, but often they still hold out this idea so that people may be induced to inquire of the departed, as they did of old time to know what to do. Thus we find many like the man who wished to inquire of the spirit friends who stole his hog, and because the medium, who was not one of the class referred to, would not seek to give him the information he desired, declared he would have nothing to do with Spiritualism if it did not tell him what he wanted to know.

Spirit guides who do not know as much as a ten year old boy of today ought to know, yet who claim to have been in spirit life for many years, are credited with knowing all things, thereby deceiving the credulous and ignorant and disgusting the prudent and wise. Trance speakers sometimes claiming to be controlled by Abraham Lincoln or some great man or woman of the past make grammatical blunders and otherwise manifest inability to such an extent that one would think the great man had sadly retrogressed instead of progressed since his transition to the other side. Such mediumship is not only disgusting to the intelligent mind, but is a woeful hindrance to the cause of Spiritualism.

If the dark side just painted were all of Spiritualism we would gladly turn away and leave it to go its own obscure road, but aside from all of this, and looming up like a great mountain of light against a dark background of sorrow and suffering, is the blessed truth it has come to establish. And ascending its shining heights hallowed by the rainbow tints of love and hope are the purified, sanctified and holy mediums who shall and now are demonstrating it to a doubting, ignorant world.

And in behalf of the glorious cause of Spiritualism for which many noble, pure minded men and women are laboring earnestly, I would say let there be a grand movement toward the development of a higher mediumship. Schools for the unfoldment of such should be established in many places, and not only being a subject for spirit control, but intelligence, education, morality and Spirituality should be the qualifications for mediumship. And let the Satan of selfishness, envy and hate be cast out and the God of love enthroned in the heart, then will the mediums of different phases be reconciled to each other and the cause they represent be honored and upheld.

Let the sweet incense of a pure life and spotless character rise from the altar of communion and envelop like a mist of glory the medium as she sits in the holy of holies and communes with the saints.

A 35-cent book and The Psychic Century for \$1.

THE CHRISTIAN.

Many think if they give a few old clothes to the poor, drop a few pennies into the foreign mission box or give largely toward the building of a church edifice and have their names enrolled upon some church book, that they are entitled to the name of Christian and have a free passport to glory; but I claim that to be a Christian one must do the things which Jesus did and that a passport to glory, in other words, to a state of bliss, can only be obtained by right living and right thinking.

What did Jesus do and command his followers to do? He preached the kingdom of God within, healed the sick by the laying on of hands and by the prayer of faith, he cast out devils and last demonstrated the continuity of life by returning and conversing and communing with those yet in the mortal body. Now those who do not these things have no right to be called Christians. But some one will say that Jesus did miracles and the days of miracles are over. Yet we know that the days of miracles are not over and that we only have to look about us in this busy, progressive world to witness every day miracles just such as Jesus did. Among the Spiritualists they may be found; those who heal the sick, cast out devils and call those back to consciousness who have been long in the trance as we call it, that state which Jesus called sleep. "He is not dead but sleepeth." Many are talking with those from the beyond just as Jesus talked with Moses and Elias on the mount.

He said to his followers that the things he did they should do and greater things, and they are doing them.

The Nazarene taught the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and when the principles he talked of are adhered to strictly we will have a far different condition of affairs upon the earth from that we now have under the so-called Christian dispensation.

Under the true Christian dispensation every man will be his brother's keeper and the grasping greed, bigotry and parasitism which now infests humanity like a terrible plague will have no place in the affairs of mankind.

OUR MESSAGES.

The message of the departed to mortals is ever cheering and hopeful, and often are we exhorted not to care so much for the old body, the house from which the dear one has fled, but instead of lavishing flowers and costly decorations upon the tomb, give them to the dear ones left behind. "Pour out the love of your heart," said a spirit mother to those who had the care of her children in earth life, "upon my beloved children and let your thoughts be to make them happy now while they are with you in the body instead of thinking and planning for some grander, better way of marking the spot where my body is laid. I thank you for the love and respect you manifest for me, but the time to strew flowers is while your friends are in the body and in need of every ray of sunshine that can possibly come to them. So love my darlings and make their lives bright, and in so doing you happily my soul more than you can possibly do in any other way."

The time is ripe for a new revival of learning and a new era of human progress and unfoldment. Self development is the secret and source of true happiness. He who has the knowledge of how to unfold self holds within his grasp the magic key to the kingdom of heaven. Jesus Christ gave into the hands of the apostle Peter the keys to the gates of heaven only when he imparted to him the knowledge of how to utilize the forces of his own soul. The kingdom of heaven is within you said the Nazarene, and a deeper truth by human tongue was never uttered. There can be no question but that there are degrees of heaven, for every individual is happy just exactly in proportion to the development and proper exercise of his own inherent powers. The physical man serves the intellectual and both these serve the spiritual, for it is toward the development of the spirit that all nature is forever tending. Every soul possesses the rudiments of greatness, and it is a duty that every individual owes to himself, to his fellowman and to his God, to discover and unfold his own native powers and give their products to the world. But each individual must develop these forces for himself. Individuality persistently manifests itself throughout all nature. It is the selfhood of man that must be developed. It is thus that he prepares himself not only to enjoy this life but to take up the endless chain of progression in that higher life beyond. Man can never, through all eternity, get away from self, and 'tis only by properly developing that self that he can realize what heaven means. A human being fully and harmoniously developed, physically, intellectually and spiritually, is the highest ideal of God's creation.
E. F. R.

People who are called "rich" move about arrogantly, not speaking to their neighbors, because they fancy themselves superior. The real effect is that they lose their individuality. The real man is the dominant thought or organization of thought, and, if that is an error, the real man is not there at all, and his place in the body is occupied by a phantom—a thing that assumes to be a man, yet is not a man. This is a form of obsession, and here is unfolded the theory of control of evil spirits. The remedy is to dispossess the evil spirit and recall the true one.—The World's Advance-Thought.

O. L. Concannon, of Kansas City, Mo., the great materializing medium, will be in Topeka about May 25 and hold seances. Those desiring seats apply to C. H. Goodwin 235 Taylor street.

WISHING.

I wish--that Sympathy and Love,
And every human passion
That has its origin above,
Would come and keep in fashion;
That Scorn and Jealousy and Hate,
And every base emotion,
Were buried fifty fathoms deep
Beneath the waves of Ocean!

I wish-- that friends were always true,
And motives always pure;
I wish the good were not so few,
I wish the bad were fewer:
I wish that parsons ne'er forgot
To heed their pious teaching;
I wish that practicing was not
So different from preaching!

I wish-- that modest worth might be
Appraised with truth and candor;
I wish that innocence were free
From treachery and slander,
I wish that men their vows would mind:
That women ne'er were rovers;
I wish that wives were always kind,
And husbands always lovers.

I wish--in fine--that Joy and Mirth,
And every good Ideal,
May come erewhile throughout the earth
To be the glorious Real;
Till God shall every creature bless
With His Supreme blessing,
And Hope be lost in Happiness,
And wishing in Possessing!—John G. Saxe.

MESSAGES.

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. INEZ WAGNER.
The spirits giving the following messages requested that the parties to whom they are given, if they recognize them, answer to that effect through the paper.

Lily Blanchard.

I want to send a message to my mamma and papa and sisters. I want to tell Rosa I am with her and am helping her all I can. I am proud to see the vast improvement in her development. Don't give up; let nothing discourage you, sister. I send love to mother and father, too. Tell them I love to come to them, and am so glad the door is open to me. I see the time near, Rosa, when you will become engaged in this great work. Keep up your sittings regularly, and remember a host of angel friends are helping you. Grandpa and Grandma Blanchard come, too, and say for me to give greetings from them. I am so happy, and each Sunday morning I bring a wreath of lilies to you, emblematic of my name,
LILY BLANCHARD.

To John Byer.

I want to send a message, through your valuable paper, to my brother. He becomes so very much discouraged, and I want him not to feel so. Things are looking brighter for him. I want you to know, John, I am helping you, and do not get discouraged. You will be able soon to give to the world these beautiful truths yourself. Otto comes with me and says he is so glad to be able to come so easily. The home will soon be thrown wide open to him and it will help in his own development. Dear brother, remember this: We made you a promise that we would assist you to become so developed that you could give these beautiful truths to humanity, and we shall ever keep our promise to you. My brother is John Byer. I am his sister Kate.

Leo Martin.

I want to send papa and mamma and brother a message through your paper. I want papa to know how much I can help him. I think the pony looks fine, papa, and think it is so nice you keep him for me. I was with you today [Sunday], helping you gather flowers. Little Marie MacMurry says for you to tell her papa she was up here to the medium's house with me today. The guides are so nice, and, papa, I wish you could see the pictures here. They are so pretty. I will have my picture for you, papa and mamma; I can, I think. It is so nice to come this way, and hope I can come again. I know how happy this will make you. Must say good-by, mamma, papa and Rene. My name is
LEO MARTIN.

VERIFICATIONS.

Herington, Kans., April 30.—I feel it my duty to write and thank you for the message I received from Clara Crowther, a dear sister in spirit life. Let the angels of light forever guard and guide The Psychic Century is my prayer. Let freedom and truth be our watchword.—Mrs. J. W. Davis.

Plain Talk to Spiritualists.

There is a time for all things. What is best for us to do now may not be the thing that should have been done in the early days of Spiritualism. We have made some mistakes, perhaps, but not irreparable ones. So far there is no cause for regret or censure. But if we continue to make the same mistakes in the future that we have made in the past—if we profit not by our experience—the peace that comes to those who act wisely and do their duty will never be ours.

I take it for granted that every Spiritualist desires the advancement of the cause which is, or should be, dear to his heart. He would like to see Spiritualism recognized as a truth by all people. But how can that end be accomplished? That is the question he asks himself.

When I was a child, less than thirty years ago, I heard Spiritualists express this view: "Spiritualism is a science and religion. It is a science because its phenomena can be

observed and classified like other natural phenomena. By means of well-attested facts a future life can be scientifically demonstrated. If we formulate a creed and establish a church, scientific people will not investigate our phenomena. They will look upon them as hallucinations caused by religious fervor. They will think it no more likely that we see and converse with spirits than that the people of orthodox churches see and converse with the Lord and the Holy Ghost. Let us, therefore, hold up Spiritualism as a science rather than a religion. Science is now molding human thought; it speaks with authority. If a few leading scientists investigate Spiritualism and pronounce it a truth, the world will accept it as a truth, and the churches, which are learning to respect science, will incorporate it in their creeds, and preach it from their pulpits."

That was a sensible view to take of the situation at that time. Several leading scientists had already investigated the phenomena and had become Spiritualists. The Society for Psychical Research had been instituted, and great things were expected to happen when the great men got down to business. But they haven't happened yet, and they are not likely to happen. These "great men" apparently cannot see anything with the naked eye. They must use either a telescope or a microscope. If they can't catch a spirit and preserve it in alcohol they won't believe one exists. They will accept any explanation of a psychic phenomenon except the most probable one. If an intelligence says it is the spirit of John Jones, manifests the characteristics of John Jones and relates circumstances in John Jones's earth-life which they afterwards find to be correct, these "great men" are at once convinced that it was not John Jones's spirit that manifested but somebody's "sub-conscious mind." They say they are going to try to explain psychic phenomena on principles not involving spirit return. I think they will succeed, but no one will accept their explanation. A scientist, so-called, may be just as dogmatic and unreasonable as a theologian. The Society for Psychical Research is not going to be a very important factor in advancing the cause of Spiritualism. Even if all its members became Spiritualists, the churches would not accept their conclusions.

To make their influence felt by churches and people, generally, Spiritualists must establish their cause as a religion. They must adopt every means that has caused other churches to grow and become influential. We must profit by their experience as well as our own. We have a decided advantage over them. Our doctrine is in harmony with the most advanced thought of modern times. The true exponents of our philosophy will not offend the most intelligent. We are not tied to dogmas and creeds formulated in ignorant and dark ages. Ours is a religion that will satisfy thinking people.

But while we are appealing to the intellectual and moral, let us not forget the aesthetic and social natures of man. Sex, too, must be taken into consideration, and so must age. All these things have been considered by churches that have been successful. We should not ignore them.

How often have orthodox churches been obliged to make concessions to the aesthetic nature of man. For instance, take music. A few years ago, the placing of an organ in a church was an innovation. There were no choirs. The congregational singing was the most solemn. I haven't been to an orthodox church lately, but I am told that the music approaches very close to the theatrical, and it should do so. In a place of worship the eye and ear should be pleased by art. The aesthetic and religious natures of man are closely allied. There is but one step further that the churches can go in that line. They should have dancing after young people's meetings. Dancing is the most natural amusement for the young, and the best for health. Some time ago, a Presbyterian preacher in Pennsylvania advocated dancing in church. That will come about some day, and Spiritualists should lead the way.

Spiritualism has been so scientific that it has become solemn. Furthermore, it has become masculine. In spiritual societies there is little to please the ladies and the young. Do you know why the Quaker religion, grand in some respects, has never flourished? The Quakers are against art in every form, especially in their attire. There is a lack of life and beauty in their meetings. They have no regular speakers, and their meetings are often intolerably dull.

Spiritualists should have fine temples; should have settled, amply-paid, educated speakers. No church ever succeeded with volunteer, unpaid, illiterate and itinerant ministers. There should be good platform test mediums, but these should be kept in the missionary field as much as possible. There should be choirs and orchestras; lyceums and young people's meetings. There should be socials and literaries and dances. If Spiritualists got started in the right line they would have no financial difficulties in establishing and maintaining churches. W. B. WAGNER.

A Murderous but Legal Fad.

While the doctors are trying to secure laws to prohibit magnetic and other kinds of healing, something ought to be done to prevent the murdering of people by doctors. The drugless healers do very little harm, and if they did no good the people would soon stop patronizing them. But the doctors with drugs and knife may kill any number of people and there is no law to prevent it. The following is quoted by the Cincinnati Enquirer from a letter from a prominent physician of Mansfield, Ohio. He speaks only of the murders in cases of appendicitis, but a reliable and skillful physician once informed me that the knife is often used with fatal results in other troubles, and after the operations have been performed, it is often found that the

parts thought to have been diseased are healthy, but the doctors always keep that to themselves:

"From the record of deaths that have followed the operation for appendicitis it ought to be made a crime for a surgeon to perform it. There is not a case on record where it can be positively shown that appendicitis, without an operation, ever caused death. Autopsies have shown a diseased appendix, it is true, but I defy the fraternity to show an instance where the inflammation or sup-puration of an appendix disclosed by an autopsy is creditably recorded as the cause of the death. Every death on record directly accredited to appendicitis is where an operation was performed, and 60 per cent. of those operated on die. In every recorded case where death followed the operation the patient is reported to have had appendicitis. What an appalling record of a murderous fad confronts us when we look up its history!

"The vermiform appendix has the least vitality of any part of the whole viscera, yet the ignorant and dangerous novice with a knife is trying to tell the world that it is so dangerous that at first suspicion of its inflamed condition, the patient should submit himself to an operation under which 60 per cent. die.

"It is no less than murder and but little less than deliberate murder. It has only been within the last 25 or 30 years that the world has ever heard of appendicitis. Then all at once it was discovered that grape seeds were the cause of it. Then the butchers began to sharpen their knives. Some man or woman of sedentary life would neglect their bowels. A fulness and a pain would appear in the abdominal region. A quart of warm water, a little soap and a syringe would have it cured in ten minutes. But they call the surgeon; then they call the undertaker. He died of that awful malady appendicitis. He had gone the grape seed route. It would have been more humane to have cut his throat. Death was equally certain, and would have been quicker and much less painful.

"Legislatures will never do their duty until they stop the murderous practice by making it a felony punishable by imprisonment in the penitentiary." W.

Confusing.

Many highly cultured persons argue that immortality consists only in a future existence. They do not pause to question what they were before they were born into this world; nor do they reflect long upon the thought that life in order to be immortal must be eternal in all directions. If finite life ever had a beginning, it is certainly logical to conclude that it must have an ending.—Banner of Light.

This language is confusing. In the sentence, "they do not pause to question what they were before they were born," what is meant by "they"? It refers to persons. A person does not exist before he is organized as such, although the substance of which he is composed existed always. A certain amount of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen, etc., is not a person. We recognize a person in this world by the acts of his body and mind. His body reflects light, so as to convey certain ideas of form, color, etc. His mind performs acts which no other mind can perform in exactly the same way. We recognize a spirit person chiefly by his mental acts, although the spirits assure us that they have substantial bodies and live in a substantial world, but these cannot be clearly discerned even by the best clairvoyants. We expect a spirit friend to tell us something about his earth-life that we may fully identify him. In like manner, if a person lived before his mortal life commenced, he ought to express to us some idea of that former life. A child, as soon as it is born, conveys ideas of its pre-natal existence. In mind and body it acts like its parents in some respects, or expresses conditions by which they were influenced. We must conclude that it never had any other organized existence than that given to it by its parents. Will such existence ever come to an end? No one can answer. All we know is that it continues after the change called death, without any end in sight. The Banner says, "If finite life ever had a beginning," etc. Why, of course, it had a beginning if it is "finite," and being finite it cannot comprehend the infinite.

In the same article from which the above is quoted, the Banner says: "Immortality cannot be mathematically proved until one or more witnesses are able to show that they have lived immortally past, present and future." That would beat making the world out of nothing. Imagine a being of any kind saying he has lived in the future! Even Infinite Intelligence cannot live in time that has not passed. It is safe to say that the Banner's witnesses will never put in an appearance. In my judgment, nothing is gained by trying to comprehend the infinite. It is like trying to put a bushel measure into a smaller one. The infinite is ever beyond the ken of the finite in time and space. We need a word to express the thought that the spirit of man does not die with the physical body? Is there a better one than immortality? W. B. W.

Moses Hull was asked by a member of the New York Legislature if he would oppose the Wagner Bill, if it were amended so as to exclude magnetic healers and clairvoyants from its provisions. "Yes sir," was that noble patriot's reply; "I oppose that bill on PRINCIPLE, and not for selfish gain to any one." "Well, said the Legislator, "you are the only one thus far whom I have found that takes that position. The Christian Scientists, Osteopaths and other irregular schools have stated that they would not care if the bill did pass, provided they secured exemption. They were seeking personal advantage—not principle." Comment is unnecessary.—Banner of Light.

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Continued from 1st page.

he heard the bell ring, and the grass accompanying it with the most enrapturing fine voices. Uncle Zeus played the violoncello, and had a collection of instruments. When only three years old the music was dancing all through Ole, and he must give it utterance. Running home he would seize the yardstick, and, with another small stick for a bow, endeavor to imitate what his uncle had played. He heard it, as he always affirmed, with his inward ear. When five years old his uncle bought him a violin 'as yellow as a lemon.' He played well on it from the first, though he received no instruction. He would stand by his mother's knee while she turned the screws which would not yield to his little hand. The tuning was not easy since his ear made him critical even at that age. His uncle taught him notes at the same time he was learning his primer. The imaginative turn of his mind gave him profound sympathy with nature. Herr Paulsen, a Dane, was his first teacher. One evening he was in his cups, and could not play in Uncle Zeus' quartette, so the latter told Ole he might try. His memory served him well, and he played each note correctly. He gave the passages like an artist, and his uncle had him elected a member of the Tuesday Club. He was fond of composing original melodies, and in these imitated the wind in the trees, the rustle of the leaves, the call of birds, the babble of brooks, the roar of waterfalls, and the weird sounds heard among his native mountains, and he used positively to declare he heard all the music he afterwards composed sounded out and arranged in the air before ever he played it.

"Ole and his six brothers used to select sea-shells of different tones to blow upon, and, under his direction, they practiced until they produced some musical and pleasant effects. At other times the boys improvised songs with accompaniments. Ole would seek out the most solitary places, where he could sit and play undisturbed. If he could not make his instrument utter his thoughts, he would, after patient trial, fling it away, and not even look at it for many days. Then he would get up in the night, and play the strangest airs and melodies. At other times he would play almost incessantly for days together, hardly eating or sleeping in the meantime.

"Some one asked the grandmother how she could rest when the boys, so full of fun and mad frolic, were with her. 'Why, my dear,' she replied, 'if we sent nurses after each one, what would their guardian angels have to do?' The death of a baby sister made a great impression upon the sensitive Ole, especially as he had imbibed the idea that the little one hovered around him in visions, listening to his music, and growing up to be a beautiful angel.

"At the age of nine Ole played the first violin in the orchestra when his father acted at the theatre. His father was one of the best amateur actors in Bergen. In 1822 a Swedish violinist, Lundholm by name, settled in Bergen. From him Ole received instruction. When fourteen years old, one evening his father brought home two Italians, and their talk was a revelation to him. They told him all they knew of Paganini. He appealed to grandmamma, and she procured him a bit of Paganini's music, which he played to his heart's content. In irony Lundholm told him to try this; which he had secretly mastered, and all were astonished.

"Ole's father wished him to become a clergyman. After three years' study, he was sent in 1828 to the University of Christiania. His fame preceded him. Restrained by his tutor from playing, he resorted to whistling and singing. Before long he could whistle, sing, and accompany himself on two strings, and later, in playing on all four strings at once. Occasionally he would combine six different themes at the same time. Accident made his examination a failure—though in reality a good thing. Old Thrase taken ill, he was appointed ad interim musical director of the Philharmonic and Dramatic Societies. A month later, on the death of Thrase, he was regularly installed in these offices, and at once attained independence.

"In 1814 began a new epoch in the liberty of the country. Later, Ole Bull convinced not only the outside world but the Norsemen that they could foster sons worthy their renown. The ambition of many a youth was kindled by him, who afterwards became widely known as a musician, painter, sculptor, and poet. In 1831 the cholera raged fearfully. Ole had means to carry him through the winter, which he lost through the base treachery of a friend.

"Through a sign, 'Rooms to Let,' he gained admittance where his resemblance to a recently deceased son proved his salvation. The old lady's grand-daughter, the beautiful Alexandrine Felicie Villemot, an orphan, afterwards became the wife of Ole Bull. Paganini came to Paris in 1831, and Ole heard him for the first time. Once, worn out and exhausted by the difficulties in a new composition, his father seemed as in a vision to stand before him as he was playing, and to speak with his eyes rather than lips this warning: 'The more you overwork, the more wretched you make yourself; and the harder you will have to struggle.' Ever after he avoided over-exertion or practice, as it deadened the finer sensibilities which must be relied on for inspiration. In the 'Polacca Guerriera,' the novelty and marvelous difficulty of the finale, in which the violin alone performs four distinct parts, and keeps up a continuous shake through fifteen bars, completely electrified the audience. There was a tempest of applause. In 1879 his E-string broke, and he substituted harmonics. He said: 'If you have the audience under your spell, never break it by a change of instruments, even for a broken string.' He married in 1836 the lady before mentioned.

"Late in June of 1880, Ole Bull sailed the last time for

, for Europe. He had not been well. The first days out revived him. Later, what seemed a violent attack of sea-sickness, the first he ever had, reduced his strength, but he reached home in Sweden, where he had a royal reception, and a few days later a royal funeral ending in a tribute from the peasants.

"After the coffin had been put in the ground and the relatives gone away, there was paid a last tribute to Ole Bull—more touching and of more worth than a king's message, the gold crown, all the orders, and the flags of the worlds at half-mast, a tribute from poor peasants, who had come in from the country far and near, men who knew Ole Bull's music by heart—who, in their lonely, poverty-stricken huts had been proud of the man who had played their 'Gamle Norge' before the kings of the earth. These men were there by hundreds, each bringing a green bough, or a fern, or a flower; they waited humbly till all others had left the grave, then crowded up and threw in each man the only token he had been rich enough to bring. The grave was filled to the brim, and it is not irreverent to say that to Ole Bull in heaven there could come no gladder memory of earth than that the last honors paid him there were wild leaves and flowers of Norway laid on his body by the loving hands of Norwegian peasants.

"Ole Bull, though he had no dogmas to offer, fully accredited the being of God, the immortality of the soul, and the immense superiority of unseen supernal forces to the seen. He lived an ideal life, free from mercenary aims, so charming and enchanting men that his name has now become a household word through all Norway."—The Two Worlds.

I Am a Spiritualist.

Under this caption, that veteran worker for our beloved cause, Dr. J. M. Peebles, utters some very truthful words in the last number of his excellent Journal, "The Temple of Health." As a matter of fact, whatever Dr. Peebles has to say, is always worth reading, because he speaks to the point, and never leaves any one in doubt as to his meaning. He shows the after-dark-Spiritualists, the camp-meeting-Spiritualists, and the church-supporting-Spiritualists, just how cowardly and small they really are in their actions, and places them in a position to see themselves as others see them. The doctor claims that it is a mark of honor to be known as a Spiritualist, and has no respect for any person who offers an apology for believing in Spiritualism. His vigorous remarks were called forth by the religious census of Philadelphia, through which it was found that only one hundred and three persons had the courage to say they were Spiritualists. Just why a person should find it difficult to admit that he is a Spiritualist in public, as well as in private, is and always has been a mystery to us. A Spiritualist is a spiritual man or woman, honest, sober, truthful and industrious. "A person must be all of these things in order to claim to be a Spiritualist." Very true; but if a man or woman is a true Spiritualist at heart, all of these virtues will be their soul-jewels without any ostentatious display of them on their own parts. When Spiritualists live their Spiritualism, they will never be ashamed to say they are Spiritualists, nor will they be one thing by profession and its opposite by action. Let us have more courage, devotion and frankness on the part of Spiritualists, and our cause will prosper as never before.—Banner of Light.

Prof. Stephen A. Weltmer and Joseph H. Kelly, former president and secretary of the Weltmer Institute of Magnetic Healing, pleaded guilty to the charge of using the mails to defraud and were each fined \$1,500, April 26, by Judge Phillips of the United States District Court. They gave "absent treatments" and did such a great mail order business that the Nevada postoffice was raised from a fourth to a first-class office.

*

Spirit messages may be given in the light through a trumpet! This manifestation has occurred several times through the mediumship of Mrs. Inez Wagner. The trumpet is held by the medium and sitter, the latter holding the small end of it to his ear.

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TROUBLES THAT DO NOT COME.

Of the hard and weary loads
'Neath which we bend and fall,
The troubles that do not come
Are the heaviest ones of all.

For grief that cuts like a knife
There's oil of comfort and cure,
And the hand that binds up the wound
Brings strength and grace to endure.

But to phantoms of pain and woe
The lips of Pity are dumb,
And there's never oil or wine
For troubles that do not come.

There's a song to lighten the toil,
And a staff for climbing the height,
But never an Alpine stock
For the hills that are out of sight.

There are bitter herbs enough
In the brimming cup today,
Without the sprig of rue
From tomorrow's unknown way.

Then take the meal that is spread,
And go with a song on thy way,
And let not the morrow shade
The sunshine and joy of today.

—Zion's Herald.

When the shadows of the evening
Fall around us, you and I,
Then we will with full believing
Turn our thoughts up to the sky.

Little dreaming of the morrow
Or when life shall pass away,
And not thinking of the sorrow
It may cause this very day.

Let us then be up and ready
For whatever comes or goes.
Life is strange, but yet unsteady
God will comfort all our woes.

W. F. BELLMAN.

Topeka, Kan.

Telepathy.

(Cleveland, O., April 27.—Mrs. M. A. Langdon was singing in the choir of Trinity Congregational Church in this city. Suddenly, as she relates, something like a shadow passed over her. She became depressed. Then she was unable to restrain her tears. She quit her place and went into the dressing room. Her husband's efforts to compose her were futile. "I know something has happened," she said. She was taken home in a carriage and on her arrival she found a message announcing the death of her sister in Asheville, N. C. It was learned later that the death occurred at the exact moment Mrs. Langdon realized that she was depressed. There had been no intimation previously of the sister's illness. On the contrary, her last letter represented her as quite well.—Post-Dispatch.

"Mind" for May.

The May issue of Mind, "the leading exponent of the New Thought," is replete with articles of interest to students of the advanced spiritual development of our era. It opens with an essay on "Mysticism and Science," by Frank Burr Marsh, which should attract the attention of both mystics and scientists. The Rev. R. Heber Newton continues his "Training of Thought as a Life Force," a distinctively metaphysical series of papers, and Charles Brodie Patterson discusses "The Unity of Life." Other articles are: "Influence of Sex on Development," by Eliza Burt Gamble; "The Unreality of Sin," by Henrietta S. McNea; "The Word of God," by Wm. Horatio Clarke; "Life in the Abstract," by Emily W. Hood, and a beautiful contribution in blank verse by Elizabeth Frye Page, entitled "My Theme." In the Editorial Department, John Emery McLean makes some suggestive comments on the abortive attempt to grant a monopoly of the healing art to the licensed physicians of New York State. (The Alliance Publishing Co., New York. \$2.00 a year; 20 cents a copy, at news-stands.)

*

State Convention, at Crawford's Opera House.

The Spiritualist State Convention will be held at Crawford's opera house, this city, May 25, 26, 27, 28 and 29. A good program is being arranged.

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