

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. 19

THE DAWN.

So cold and drear and dark with hate
I saw the Night of Ages stand,
While Dawn broke through the western gate
O'er all the land.

Sir Dogma, stern, beneath his domes
With lifted palms cried out in vain,
And Ignorance in gilded homes
Joined his refrain.

Time-honored creed, with solemn air,
To open Truth gives back the lie,
And shouts, falsetto-like, "Beware!"
To passers by.

Gray-bearded Custom stands amazed
Before the daybreak bursting high—
The dull Conservative has gazed
With tear-dimmed eye.

Procrastination sits consumed
Within his father's mansions gray,
And o'er his skeletons entombed
Has naught to say.

Still faster wheels Progression's car,
Still nearer gleams the coming morn;
Slowly retires "grim-visaged war,"
His hope forlorn.

Up o'er the battlements of Strife
Love beckons in his kindest mood,
And proffers all the joys of life
To Brotherhood.

Anticipation fires the soul
With faith that folly casts aside;
And Wisdom lends his calm control
To safely guide.

Around old altars stained with blood
The flowers of mercy bud and bloom;
And Virtue breathes o'er Sisterhood
God's rare perfume.

Greed leaves his costly halls of stone
To join in Friendship's banquet free,
And Tyranny gives up his throne
To Liberty.

Enlightened Toil in earnest tones,
This proclamation sends afar,
That Manhood all earth's treasures owns,
Which none may bar.

That Justice, clothed with regal power,
So long restrained by crafty scheme,
Must soon receive her rightful dower
And reign supreme.

The judgment prophesied of old
The century, new born, will bring;
Its just decrees not be withheld
For priest or king.

Be cheered, oh man, the Dawn appears,
Upspringing in the western sky;
The East is calloused thick with years
And soon must die.

Be cheered, oh man! the Dawn is here—
The ashes of the past will make
A compost rich for brighter year
That soon must break.

—B. F. Sliter.

"Unite or Perish."

The following is a part of a lengthy editorial in The Light of Truth under the above heading: A crisis such as Spiritualists have never seen is upon us, and The Light of Truth once more calls a halt on the mad prance and flamboyant parade in which the Spiritualists of this nation are making themselves the laughing stock of the world. The insidious foes of our principles are at work the while we either parade or sit supinely by and watch it.

It is no longer a question of fighting legislation. It is no longer a question of this medium or that medium being taxed or fined or thrown into jail for giving the manna of heaven to a craven foe which stabs while being caressed. It is no longer a matter of injecting new life into a lot of bankrupt and decaying societies all over the country. It is no longer a matter of church absorption. It is no longer our business to bewail over past errors or gloat over past triumphs.

Our business now is to unite our forces for self preservation, or perish from the face of the earth as a distinctive movement.

These are no idle words, nor is this a time for swivel chair patriots, sunshine soldiers and titled martinets. It is a time of soul trial, a day for the most serious reflection by every lover of Spiritualism.

Let the fag ends go by the board. As the early colonists were beset by the machinations of Tories and other conservative opinionates, so are we who demand of men their allegiance to the cause of Spiritualism and its perpetuation beset by the frowns and guffaws of those who look upon the movement as a farmer looks upon a lot of eggs after the hen begins to set. But perchance the hen deserts her nest while the farmer is husking corn! What then?

The Light of Truth speaks because it has the authority to speak and its voice now is like unto a John the Baptist crying in the Wilderness to the Spiritualists of this nation and Canada to unite or perish. We say to you, Spiritualists, that your heads of departments, your captains of

forces, have been to this movement what McClellan was to the army of the Potomac. You have your Lincolns and your Grants, but they are either in the woods or in the tanneries. Your Bull Run is in full blast and you have nothing save the nucleus at Washington whose brave defenders are out shivering in the frigid aura you cast about them trying to maintain and perpetuate even that nucleus.

Do not, for the sake of heaven, any longer imagine that because a noble soul has given you a home for your organization that this is the end of the struggle before you. Do not hug the vain unction to your souls that because the president of your National Association is wearing his life away in the service, jumping from pillar to post to catch the pennies you throw at him, that your duty is done. You mistake the handwriting on the wall if you suppose a few missionaries junketing about the country pleading and wheedling people into a sense of the divinity and benignity of Spiritualism, are going to save you from the perils your own apathy has engendered and made almost certain.

What to do? Get together. Face the condition. View the field. Then act. Wherever there are two or three in a town ORGANIZE and get your forces into co-operation with others in neighboring towns with a view of strengthening the National Association. Are you enlisted in the cause for its sake or for what you can get out of it? If for the latter then your doom is sealed and you shall get out of it. Are you a Spiritualist for revenue only? If so your day is done. Do you love this cause unselfishly and are you willing to sacrifice something for it? Then your day is on the horizon line and there is a place for you in the ranks to defend your homes, your firesides, and your honor, all of which are as surely menaced as were your bleeding footed forefathers in the wilds and winds of 1776.

This is no call to arms. It is a call to brains, understanding, and a determination to save the wreck of a once fair ship from utter destruction.

Your local societies with rare exceptions are gone. Your rights as citizens to employ the physician of your choice have been taken from you in seventeen states. Your mediums are taxed by the congress of the United States right in the City of Washington and classed with vendors, pedlars and mountebanks. Your press is struggling for the most part in dire distress to keep you informed. Everywhere the petrification of fossilism has set in.

And yet you are the chosen people. To you hath been given a charge mightier than that which the Elder Brother gave to the fishermen. Are you going to hand it down unsullied to other hands, or shall your children's children look back on Spiritualism as a memory? Heaven puts its own price upon its goods. You can pay that price only by fealty to heaven's cause.

This is not shop talk. It is the result of practical observation and conclusions which any fourth grade school boy could arrive at were he to view the situation.

Our only hope is in organization for self preservation and the perpetuity of Spiritualism as a movement. Again we say UNITE OR PERISH.

* * *

Moral Self-Control.

A very great part of the unhappiness and disease in this world comes from the want of self-control. If all would earnestly strive to reach a condition of self-control, a very advanced state of society, as well as individual progress, would speedily follow. Peace and good will would immediately ensue as the legitimate result of such mental and moral transformation.

When the reins are given to morbid appetites, inordinate desires and the passions, there is an ignoble surrender of the higher self; that self which bears the image and presents the likeness of the Infinite Spirit.

When we have a true conception of the dignity of man, his extraordinary possibilities and exalted destiny, we are filled with admiration and hope; but, again, when we look around and see multitudes ignoring and suppressing the good in themselves, and even reducing the highest and best in them to servitude to the lowest and worst, in the unrestrained turbulence of passion, a feeling of regret and discouragement is ready to assail us.

It is true, the world, in a way, can see the evils of which we speak; and yet, anger, malice and greed with their hordes of undesirable progeny, in the religious, social and business world, run riot.

Instead of cultivating these vices and passions all who wish to rise to higher planes of true living and enjoyment should seek to gain self-control, and bring all the powers of the inner life under the sweet influence and sway of kindly forbearance. Cultivate gentleness and charity with all diligence; the sweet incense of heaven is in them. Malice is a monster of hideous mien!

Anger is outrageous, and has often resulted in discord in families, broils and litigations among neighbors, and it has precipitated whole nations into destructive wars.

The harvest resulting from the cultivation of anger, malice, greed and the spirit of retaliation is fearful to contemplate—as the past history and present state of the world abundantly testify.

How many thousands of hearts are at this very moment

bleeding in secret because of the poisoned arrows shot at them from the bow string of anger.

So long as anger reigns, you are a slave; freedom is impossible; therefore, cultivate that charity which thinketh no evil, and thereby will be developed within you that serene enjoyment, fellowship and communion with exalted influences, and the power which enables one to overlook all enemies of the flesh and spirit.

"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

Universal self-control would banish all selfishness, worry and anger and malice. It would repress evil desires, uproot all envy and jealousy, and establish the benign reign of the kingdom of heaven on earth. J. H. Lucas, in The World's Advance-Thought.

* * *

Ministering Spirits; Providential Interferences.

I believe that these friends of ours are ministering spirits; not that they stay always by our side—you will see in a moment that I believe very different from that—but many of them may be ministering spirits, watching around us, rendering us service of which we have little knowledge, which we cannot comprehend or explain today. They may interfere sometimes to render us a signal service. To illustrate what I mean, and to show what seems to me to be a more rational theory than that commonly held: Some people believe that there have been "providential" interferences in their lives—certain things have happened which seemed inexplicable to them, at any rate; and they wondered whether God had been caring for them in some special way. Now I cannot think of God as partial. I cannot think he hears the prayer of one person, and turns a deaf ear to the heart-rending cry of thousands. That does not seem to be worthy of our thought about God. And yet there do happen these strange coincidences. I have a friend (and her name is so well known to you that I am sure she would not mind my mentioning it), Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, famous for her devoted services during the war, and one of the greatest woman speakers that the world has ever known. She told me of her life being saved during her travels in the West on a certain occasion by her hearing and instantly obeying a voice. She did not know where it came from; but she leaped, as the voice ordered her to, from one side of a car to the other, and instantly the side where she had been sitting was crashed in and utterly demolished. This she told me. I know she is not a liar. I cannot believe that this was the interference of God; but it may have been the interference of some friend in the invisible. And this may account for interferences happening at some times and not at others....

And there may be a grain of truth in the Catholic doctrine of the saints. If I cry for help in my need, and a friend knows that I cry, and recognizes that need, and can help me and does help me, my prayer is answered though it may not have been by the interference of God in the ordinary sense of that expression. So, possibly, these heart-eries of ours, that go up into what to us is the silence, may reach the ears and touch the hearts of the friends who are not so far away as we ordinarily imagine; and out of that unseen there may frequently come to us help and comfort and strength.—Rev. Minot J. Savage.

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The Coming Christ.

Editor Psychic Century:—Long years have Christians looked and waited for the second coming of Christ. They are like the Jews of old who looked for his coming and when he actually came they knew him not, but slew him. At least, this is the story that has been handed down by the Church. Even in this day Christians are still expecting the coming of their Lord and Master, to cleanse and purify the earth once again as of old. He will not come as ye vainly look for him. You have shut the doors against the real Christ and set up an idol of your materialism, and do vainly worship it, knowing not that you are mere idolaters.

Now, if you are told that this is the day for the second coming of the Christ; that he is actually appearing and manifesting to thousands right now, and the world is being filled with his life-blood anew, you will cry blasphemous and fool. Christ sits on the right hand of God, the hand of power; Mary, the mother, on the left hand, the hand of love. God is spirit. Therefore, between love and truth God rules the world, and he that keeps the commandments and loves God with all his might and strength and his neighbor as himself, God, Christ and the Virgin Mary come and make their abode with him. The spirit of love and truth dwell with him, and the Christ is manifest to him. Hence, it was asked, "How manifest thyself to us and not to the world." He that "keepeth my commandments to him will I manifest."

You will look in vain for your idol to come, as did the Jews, who were looking for a material king, but when you turn within your own souls and purify them, and keep the commandments, and love one another, Christ will indeed manifest unto you as of old. Your idols of flesh and blood must be destroyed, and learn to worship God in spirit and truth ere you can be permitted to look upon the face of your spiritual lord and master. For he that assumed he is risen; he is again walking the earth, but you see him not because your eyes

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THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1901.

IMPROVE THE PRESENT.

The day is gliding swiftly by,
The night is coming on,
When all the good we might have done
To each and every one
Will lie like blighted flowers rare,
Killed by neglect and want of care.

Time, like an onward flowing stream,
Will never backward turn,
We cannot live again the past,
Though much our hearts may yearn
That we may clasp the friends of yore
Who oft with us our troubles bore.

Improve the present, 'tis the best
That we can hope to do.
The past is gone beyond recall,
The future, if we knew,
May hold full many cares in store
To hourly vex and try us sore.

The present is of all the best
In which to prove our love,
By kindly deeds and tender words
Which bear us out above
The low conditions of the mind
And truly tell we would be kind.

We may not deem it strong or brave
To now confess a wrong;
But laying all false pride aside,
We will I know, ere long,
Perceive our friends do love us more
Than they did ever love before.

The moment we the courage have
Our faults to bravely own,
And then proceed to mend our ways,
We for those faults atone.
The wisest ever seek this spell,
And claim it always worketh well.

'Tis hard, when angry passions wake,
To check the rising tide,
But they who can themselves control
Are wise whate'er betide,
And show more courage in the act
Than they who make a fierce attack.

The tongue a little member is,
But great the mischief wrought
When it is left to wag at will—
It seldom stops at aught,
While fiercely cutting right and left,
Of wisdom and all sense bereft.

Weigh well the thoughts thy tongue express.
Let not a word give pain.
When once they fall upon the ear,
Their impress we retain,
And all the love of future years
May not suffice to dry the tears.

My friends, all idle words should stop,
If here we would have peace.
Let love and charity hold sway,
Our hearts find sweet release.
From all this bickering talk refrain,
And highest harmony attain.

—EMMA CHALLAND.

Topeka, Kan.

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

It is very common to hear the remark when you present to people the doctrine of Spiritualism: I wish it were true, this doctrine of Spiritualism, but I can't believe it. It is too good to be true.

The idea of eternal progression and that those we call dead still live to love us and come to cheer us with their tender, comforting words, is something new under the sun to them, and the contrast between it and the theory of an angry God, a burning hell, a devil always upon the track of human souls, an interceding Jesus whose intercessions have failed to effect the millions and millions who had passed from earth without even so much as hearing of him, I say the difference is so great between these two systems, and that of Spiritualism is so much more natural, so much better adapted to the needs of humanity, that they who have been educated under this hideous doctrine of Orthodoxy, can not think it possible that it can be true. Their former notions of an angry, revengeful God will not allow them to believe that He would do things so well as it is claimed by Spiritualists He has done.

It is strange that man will claim a God who is allwise, loving and just, that He is infinite while man is finite, yet acknowledge that a religion which they think is instituted by man or perhaps by the devil is too good to be true. So much better than that of their own God, that it is too good to be true. If it be true that God made you, and that He has planted in your heart burning desires and anxious

longings to know more of life and enjoy to a fuller extent the beauties of life and all these yearnings pointing to a realization of your hopes, has not God been unjust, has He not given you a promise to pay upon a ruined bank?

Then if God did not make you and you are the result of evolution (growth) and this force has succeeded in placing you amid the fair fields of existence, where, if you live right, it is a perfect delight to live, and has brought you thus far upon the path of progression until you now stand on the green slopes of eternity with the sunlight of love falling upon your head and your heart swelling with gladness, is it not reasonable to suppose that your further progress is certain and that every longing for love, for life, joy and perfection welling up in your breast is but the beckoning hand leading you on to a blissful realization of the same. And as everything is at hand for your welfare and happiness here so will it be in any other plane of life you may occupy.

Spiritualism is the religion best adapted to man. It answers at present every longing of his soul, and in the most natural way connects this life with the one beyond, answers the question breathed out upon the evening air by many a sorrowing heart, Does my darling still live? It dries the mourner's tear, soothes the suffering, gives hope to the youthful and consolation and contentment to the aged. It is the "Galm in Gilead" for every ill of humanity, then why should it not be true? Man will yet learn that he is not the insignificant creature he has been led by the popular theology to believe himself to be, for it doth not yet appear what he shall be, neither hath it entered into his heart nor has he conceived of the beauties that await him in the summer land of life.

Spiritualism nor any other ism is too good to be true. Man deserves all the good things in store for him and it is but just that they should come. They will come and no power in heaven or earth can keep them from him.

OBJECTIONS TO SPIRITUALISM.

The objection of the Methodist is that is not Methodism, that of the Baptist that it is not Baptism, of the Catholic that it is not Catholicism, etc. Now the time was when each church was narrow enough to think that outside of its particular branch of Orthodoxy there was no salvation for the soul. By the glaring light of the present age, however, it is being discovered that the name has little to do with the real efficacy of the church to save. Yet there are many to be found, aye ministers, who instill into the minds of their flock the one central truth and that is that their church is the only true church of Christ. Such ministers will tell you that Spiritualism is opposed to the Bible. The Bible so far as he is concerned teaches nothing but the doctrine of his church; Spiritualism does not agree with his creed exactly, hence does not agree with the Bible. Ministers of the gospel have been known to assail the character of persons advocating Spiritualism as they do that of the woman of Endor, when they have failed in their argument from a Bible standpoint; in fact preachers are the most concerned about Spiritualism since it threatens the very foundation of their mansions on earth and interferes with their bread and butter proposition. In this way: Spiritualism is a lamp enlightening the world and just so long as ministers can prevent its enlightenment they are safe. Hence they fight Spiritualism. It is even more to be dreaded by them than materialism since it does not, as has been complained of materialism, take away their religion and hope and give them nothing in its stead, but for faith substitutes knowledge and demonstrates beyond a question or doubt that there is a land beyond, and that there is no death. It is the religion of reason and naturalism and appeals to man as that best adapted to his needs. Thus its rapid progress and consequent alarm of those two-by-four mouth pieces for God whose efforts have been to keep the people in ignorance instead of instructing them in the truth as their high calling would indicate that they were supposed to do. One minister said to me not long ago: "If you've got any ghosts trot them out now. I want to see them now. Show them and quit talking about them." Now this sounds like one inspired of God doesn't it? I told him he had better study chemistry. He could not understand why I said that; then I tried to explain that natural laws govern all spiritual manifestations and that it was as necessary to have right conditions for materialization of a spirit form as it was for the growing of a blade of grass, etc.

He said Christ did not require conditions for his miracles. I asked him what evidence he had that he did not. He could not give any. But I have not room here for all of that discussion. I give this to show how much these self constituted judges of Spiritualism and its phenomena know about it. They are totally ignorant of its principles yet they rant about its being the works of the devil and give the hungry souls of their congregation, instead of its wholesome, soul-satisfying truths, tenets of their faith. Their children ask for bread and they give them a stone; give them creeds and dogmas which have no more to do with the soul than the shell of the hermit crab has to do with the real crab as is expressed by Henry Drummond in his Natural Law in the Spirit World.

These little preachers' days are numbered, and with all their kicking, with all their endeavor to keep the people from thinking, the time is coming when they must seek other fields of pasture. There is but one hope for them and that is to abandon their little creeds and their pet theories about the creation, fall, immaculate conception and atonement and appropriate to their use the beautiful, natural doctrine of Spiritualism, and instead of the burning

hell, total depravity and angry god theory, preach from their pulpits the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man. The hope and joy and life and love are set forth in the scientific religion of Spiritualism.

AT AVA, MO.

Ava is a beautiful little town of about 1,000 inhabitants nestling among the green hills of the Ozarks like a beautiful gem among the moss-grown rocks of some wild ocean shore. Its people are warm hearted and generous, intelligent and progressive. Having spent many of my earlier years here and here having passed through some of the happiest as well as some of the saddest experiences of my life, I am naturally attached to this place and bear in my heart a tender feeling for and keen interest in its people, many of whom are bound to me by the strong ties of friendship and consanguinity.

There had never been a lecture or lesson on Spiritualism at this place, yet when it was whispered that I was returning to my home after a three years absence, which absence had been spent in the cause of Spiritualism, the people were anxious that I should lecture to them while here; accordingly it had been well advertised and Monday night after my arrival in the morning I was greeted by a large audience at the Court House. The next day the use of the Baptist Church was obtained for the lectures and since then I have been speaking to large crowds in the church. It may be supposed that because Ava is in the hills of Douglas County, Mo., the people are ignorant and narrow, but I want to say that in my travels I have not found a more liberal people taking them as a whole, nor a people more ready and willing to be enlightened than I find here. And their willingness to allow a Spiritualist to occupy their pulpit is a mark of unselfishness and broadness of mind not found everywhere. There is a very great interest already created here and the coming of a medium who will demonstrate the truths they have heard is all that is lacking now to convert many to Spiritualism.

I count it one of the greatest victories of my life to have been able to plant among these vine-clad hills and these intelligent people the pure white flag of Spiritualism. May its folds of peace and love ever wave over this people and shelter not only this little flock, but may it be carried by angel guidance to every spot of the habitable globe to brighten and make better the condition of mankind.—The Editor.

The Church Hinders Progress and Stirs up Strife.

If the Church had to answer for its sins of omission and commission, as it has preached the individual sinner must do before the judgment seat of God, it could never escape the eternal punishment to which it so complacently commits the individual. In any reform worthy of notice that has been effected in our country in the last fifty years—where has the Church stood in relation to it? Always obstructing and hindering its progress until, at last, outside opinion would become so pronounced that it could no longer resist it, and then it would give half-hearted assent.

Of slavery, civic reform, universal suffrage, the right of women to think and act for themselves, the righteous distribution of wealth, the ownership of economic utilities by the people—of anything and everything in the nature of progress the Church has been the open foe, or has acted as a clog upon public sentiment. True, it has dabbled in partisan politics, but without credit to itself or good to humanity. And the things that it would like to take credit for doing are without doubt the ones that have left the largest and blackest blot. It has sent its missionaries to Hawaii, India, and China, not to carry a gospel of peace and good-will, but to stir up and foment disturbances. In Hawaii, when the missionaries got through "civilizing" the country, it was found that they and their descendants had the largest part of its resources, and not content with this, they were ready to hand over its people and whatever was left to a government that the people neither needed or desired. In India, the inside history of the Sepoy rebellion would tend to show that missionary effort—the desire to proselyte, the means taken to do it, and the effort to suppress another people's religion—was largely responsible for that insurrection. The present trouble in China, which has lost thousands of lives and millions of dollars, is directly traceable to the influences of church organizations operating through missionary societies.

Last summer, Lord Salisbury, in addressing a missionary association, declared that within recent years the missionaries had brought about more turbulence and actual warfare than any other known cause; and the aged premier of England undoubtedly knew what he was talking about. Some people think that, through organized church effort reenforcing our governments, we are civilizing the nations of the earth. God help a civilization that is founded on legalized robbery and warfare! True, we are "expanding" our country; but how? Through honorable treaty or convention, in which equal rights are guaranteed to all? No, but by force of arms, or by buying one country from another that never had the right of sale, or by setting up a holy standard for the rights of humanity and freeing a people only to enslave them. Who is responsible for this condition? Some say the politicians; but how is it possible for them to obtain such power? Because the Church either openly indorses or looks upon their action with silent approval. Whatever power the Church has had it has not been used to promote peace, but rather to engender hatred and strife.—Charles Brodie Patterson, in Arena.

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A MORNING PRAYER.

Let me today do something that shall take
A little sadness from the world's vast store,
And may I be so favored as to make
Of joy's too scanty sum a little more.

Let me not hurt, by any selfish deed,
Or thoughtless word, the heart of foe or friend;
Nor would I pass unseeing, worthy need,
Or sin by silence where I should defend.

However meagre be my worldly wealth,
Let me give something that shall aid my kind—
A word of courage, or a thought of health,
Dropped as I pass, for troubled hearts to find.

Let me tonight look back across the span
'Twixt dark and dawn, and to my conscience say—
Because of some good act to beast or man—
"The world is better that I lived today."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

"He Comforteth Me."

Dear Editor Psychic Century:—Years ago a young man went from earth life under circumstances which made it very hard for his mother to bear, and, though trying to be brave, she grieved incessantly until words of comfort began to come to her from the other side. At first the messages were very brief, but, as time went on, and conditions became more favorable, they increased in length and importance, and the mother heart became glad and strong. That others who are mourning as she once mourned may be comforted, we give you a share in the precious communications, knowing what is true of one mother's boy is equally true of all.

"Mother, dear mother," he said, one beautiful summer's day as we waited in the holy place, "I greet you with joy and gladness. It has been long, as you count time, since you have had a word from me, but I have been many times with you. In fact I am never out of the atmosphere of your love, never really away; for spirit is everywhere and knows no separation from kindred spirit. You call me by the spirit, and in spirit I answer, and am with you. We stand in the truth, which is the light, the light of God, if you will, the light of LOVE, I say, since I know love is the highest manifestation of God, and the only true state of the soul in this or any sphere.

"We love, and because we love we live, we think, we grow. All life runs in parallel lines and is true to the great central life, to the God thought. We love, therefore we come together as naturally, as easily, as two drops of water meet in the mighty ocean. In the great ocean of truth we meet and are one. By this you may know we are never really separated. I do my work, you do yours, but it is all God's work, all for the upbuilding of humanity, all leading to ultimate happiness which is wholeness. Lift up your eyes, dear mother, come to the hill top, know the truth. This for today but I will come again."

So we waited in faith, and when another glad summer had come we heard again the loved voice speaking and knew he was mindful of his promise. After some personal words, which are too sacred to give to the public, he said: "Truly we need each other. You have only to remember that we all live under one influence, one God, or whatever you choose to call the power from which all life emanates, to know how perfectly natural it is that it should be so. We are no more apart in our own true life now than we used to be in the old home when you would be in one room at work and I in another. 'In my Father's house are many mansions,' and we each have our work; sometimes in separate rooms, sometimes in the same room, but always together in spirit and in love so long as we each are trying to know the right and to do it. I am only out of sight remember, because you have not yet learned to use your spirit eyes, and to see me; but I am your child, your own boy just the same, and rejoice to feel my oneness with you growing stronger, deeper and purer all the way as we grow out into the sunlight of all truth and love.

"The heavenly fields are very broad, very beautiful, mother; you would be surprised if you could see how thickly they are strewn with the blossoms of good deeds done on earth. There is so much goodness—Godness—even in those that seem weakest and most sinful. Every good deed, every good thought, every good impulse opens in beauty here. Everything here is as natural as anything you see there, more natural, for earth life is but the faint reflection of the real life here. Here is the substance—there the shadow; and, if the shadow seems so beautiful to you, think what the real thing must be! Think how good it must be to work in the joy of unwearied strength, the knowledge of sure attainment! To know that the right can never fail, that love shall win eternally and the great peace shall grow and spread until it enwraps all of life everywhere! O, I catch such glimpses of what is yet to be! Life rises before me in such grandeur and holiness that a! my soul uplifts in a great joy to feel myself a part of it all! I could tell you much but for the limitations of your earthly language.

"Life is the same everywhere. All is but God's expression of Himself—His effort to create in beauty and holiness. You are just as much a part of God as I am. It is such a false idea that one must wait until he slips out of the body to express God! Why, Mother, what is life any way? How can the place make any difference with the real thing? All the elements of the man are in the little boy—the body is only the little baby dress of the soul. We change it for larger garments as it is outgrown but the life is the same, unchanging, eternal. Life is love, beauty, joy, holiness, in fact everything you know of good or holiness is life, is God, and change of place or surroundings, can not

change the real thing. I keep all the old memories, all the old affections, all the old ambitions, and am working out every problem here with the same earnestness that you are using in working out your problems on your side. It all means love as I see it, and he who loves most lives most. The problem is eternal, but 'tis worth the solving. The answer is love, all love; every soul in its place doing the best it is capable of, working with the All Father to bring in the day of perfect peace and joy. Be glad every day that you may work at this problem and know that the result is sure and blessed. Good night for a time." And we sat alone, but in peace and gladness, "As one whom a mother comforteth, FLORENCE SHAW KELLOGG.

Fay, Kan.

Altruism.

The spirit of altruism is fast impressing upon the progressive Spiritualists of America. Indeed, it is the only logical platform upon which they stand. The spirit forces proclaimed their Golden Rule, when they set it forth fifty-three years ago, to be "Do All for Others." Altruism is the embodiment of that very rule. It means the living and doing for others, without regard to self. "Love thyself last" is the command of this angelic gospel of peace and progress. It teaches men that heaven is to be found here on earth, through noble means, wrought in kindness for the good of others. It tells mankind that peace is better than war—love better than hatred, and truth better than falsehood. It means a true life for both men and women, and deals with the real things in the lives of men. It is the gospel of civilization. Its motto is, "On earth peace, good will to men,"—a gospel that has long been preached but never practiced. It is the gospel of the sick, the needy and the afflicted. It sends men on errands of mercy, and seeks to level up social conditions in order that suffering may forever be eradicated.

It bridges the yawning chasm between the tramp and the billionaire with the archway of fraternity, and shows the latter that the former is his brother and proves to him that he is that brother's keeper. It makes men strong and tender in their dealings with those who have fallen, wounded grievously, in the great battle of life. It shows what ministering angels in the form can do when they labor unselfishly for the good of others. It puts love to the front as the guide, counsellor and teacher of humanity, and makes each mortal the caretaker of his fellow-man. It is the religion of the angels, lived out through the lives of angels in the form, and is daily seeking to make earth a place of peace and plenty.

The heaven-sent gospel has been placed in the hands of the Spiritualists to present to the world. Are they equal to the task? Are they really worthy of the high calling the angels have given them?

If they are, they can soon prove it by being altruistic in their treatment of one another. They will cease to scandalize their own brethren; they will eschew gossip, avoid censure, and turn aside the word of anger. They will look for the good that is within every human being, and seek to add a little to that good for love's sweet sake. They will rally for liberty and justice in one solid body, and will work with a will to defeat entrenched wrong, as well as organized injustice. The dollar will lose its attractions to them, and man will become of greater value than money. Life of all sorts will become sacred to them, and the words "Thou shalt not kill any living thing" will be a command that they will gladly obey for love's sake. They will seek for points of agreement, instead of disagreement, and will exemplify the religion of human brotherhood in thought, word and deed. Love, in its highest, truest and purest form, is altruism's most willing helper, by whom men are shown that passion, attraction, and selfish enjoyment are no parts whatever of the soul. Altruism sends men out in search of their souls, and through love places them face to face with the beings with whom they are to spend eternity. It teaches men that mediocrity will not do for the soul, but that they must push on, until attainment is reached. Altruism is Zertoulem's gospel when he cries out: "Rise O my Soul, to still loftier heights! Unfettered be all thy wings!"—Banner of Light.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

BY W. B. WAGNER.

The unreasonable will of the late Mrs. Sells reminds me that this is another subject upon which the spiritual philosophy throws some light. Spirits communicating through mediums frequently express sorrow that they made unjust wills or exacted unreasonable promises to be fulfilled after their demise.

An anti-vaccination society is being organized in Kansas under a charter from the state. It is a good move. The doctors should be made to produce evidence to back their assertion that vaccination is a good thing. That it has done harm in a great many cases, is known to every observer. That it insures immunity from smallpox, in any case, has not yet been proven. The people want something more than the mere assertions of the doctors that they are benefited by being poisoned.

Mrs. Nation, who was tried for malicious trespass in the District Court here Tuesday, was found guilty, but it took the jury three hours to reach a verdict. Her lawyers set up the plea of insanity, to her discomfort and against her will. That Mrs. Nation is a religious fanatic there is no doubt, but she is not insane—at least, not any more so than thousands of others who are out of the asylums. She resembles Sam Jones in some respects. Both are coarse notoriety seekers, who claim that the Lord has appointed them to rid the world of sin.

The other evening I attended a trumpet seance with Mrs. Inez Wagner as the medium. There was only one trumpet, but it was used almost continuously for about an hour and a half. Various were the characters that gave utterance to their thoughts in that way—spirits of both sexes, old and young, and of different nationalities. Several talked in German, and one in Dutch. All were glad to come, but not all gave evidence of being perfectly happy in their spirit homes. Some came to receive light and others to give it. The most happy one of all was a lady who had been a Spiritualist on earth, and had led an unselfish, harmonious life. Some simply expressed regret or sorrow that they could not make their earthly friends realize that they still lived. Several fine tests were given. In the seance-room no special privileges are given to those who were distinguished on earth. All must be willing to "meet on the level and part on the square."

The fact that another assault has been committed at Leavenworth similar to that for which the negro Alexander was burned, although the brute this time was white instead of black, should not create surprise. The lynching of such criminals, or burning them at the stake, does not deter others from committing similar crimes, but it does brutalize a community, and by arousing the worst passions of men, spreads crime instead of decreasing it. Such criminals should, of course, be prevented from doing further harm, but killing them does not accomplish that end, as Spiritualists well know; nor does it, in any sense, repair the wrongs they have done. It benefits no one. On the contrary, it injures all the parties concerned—the criminal, his victim and society. The forces of society should always be directed towards the prevention of crime. They are not so directed when men place themselves on a level with those whom they seek to punish. A criminal is the product of forces over which he had little or no control. It is the duty of society to make its members as happy and harmonious as possible; to provide such other conditions as will cause better specimens of humanity to be born; to direct the education of the young to the end that their moral and intellectual faculties may be developed; to carry that education even into the world of production and commerce where people are often made criminals through lack of employment; and to bring about better conditions in our prisons so that each one of the inmates thereof may receive the development and training he needs to make him a good citizen and useful member of society. But under no circumstances is society justified in taking the life of one of its members, or wreaking vengeance upon him.

It is unfortunate that such characters as Sam Jones are allowed to run at large, for they cause trouble wherever they go. Sam is now giving performances in Savannah, Ga., and has brought down the wrath of the community upon him. A dispatch, dated May 13, says: "A popular social organization has been singled out by him for assault, and he has succeeded in arousing a great deal of public indignation and excitement by the reckless manner in which he has been making charges. He has been comparing Savannah to Sodom and Gomorrah, and has declared that the Almighty has appointed him to conduct a crusade against it and 'remove the city farther than a half mile from hell,' the distance which he estimates is separating the two places. Jones was invited here by the ministerial association, an organization of city pastors who believed that he might excite a revival of religious sentiment, but they did not anticipate the brutal manner in which he has begun his work. The tabernacle was erected with funds which they collected, and located upon the public park by permission granted by the common council at their request. The attacks of Mr. Jones upon men and women of Savannah have aroused so much resentment that the members of the council are sorry that they granted the privilege and would revoke it if they dare do so. The men who donated the money are especially indignant because of Jones' insinuations concerning their wives and daughters, and some of the hot-headed young husbands and brothers are threatening personal punishment if he repeats his insulting remarks. Lutherans, Episcopafians and one of the Baptist churches have withdrawn from the movement, but the Methodists are still supporting Jones, although some of the most prominent members of that denomination are denouncing him as a mountebank. Jones has accomplished his object, however, which is advertising, and the madder the people of Savannah get the better pleased he will be."

Nothing is more certain than that today the atonement, the sure reward of heaven, and the certain penalties of hell are absolutely necessary to the moral order.—Ex.

Where are the facts to support this assertion? Go to the jails and penitentiaries, and you will find that, with very few exceptions, the inmates of those places believe in that doctrine. They believe that, through the atoning blood of Jesus, they can escape the consequences of their evil acts; that, by repenting, even with the last breath, their souls will enter a place of eternal bliss, but that, failing to repent, eternal punishment awaits them. Go to the countries where this doctrine is most thoroughly believed in—Italy and Spain, for instance—and you will find crime more prevalent than anywhere else. No, the "preservation of the moral order" is not dependent upon a belief of that kind. When people learn that they cannot escape the consequences of their thoughts and acts, be they good or ill, they will then see the necessity of performing moral acts that good results may follow. W.

W. F. Bellman has received many letters from parties saying they would attend the state Convention of Spiritualists on May 25, 26, 27, 28 and 29.

Continued from 1st page.

have been blinded by the false, materialistic Christ, the creations of man in darkness. When you see and are ready to follow the true Christ, even the spirit of divine truth, the highest light within your own souls, this is the light that puts out selfishness and teaches you to love for the spirit and not for the flesh and the gain of the world; teaches you to put away the love of riches and love of power and dominion over your brother man; teaches you to discard the false and deceptive things of life and accept the real and the true, the spiritual; teaches to discard the husks of life and accept the real, the spiritual life.

E. K. WALBRIDGE.

Pittsburg, Kan.

Heaven and Hell Localities as Well as Mental States.

It is a favorite theory, as you know, among a certain class of metaphysicians, that heaven and hell are merely conditions and not localities; that the spirit world is purely subjective and not an objective reality, and, therefore, it cannot be located—has no location. To my mind that conclusion is very unsatisfactory, for while I admit freely that, in a sense, heaven and hell are conditions, or states of consciousness of pleasure or pain, happiness or sorrow, yet, mark you, these conditions or states of consciousness must exist in space somewhere, and therefore, must have location. If the human soul is a real individualized entity then it must be an objective personality, and being an objective personality its environments, its relations must also be objective, and if they are objective they must have locality. It is impossible to avoid the conclusion.

We often hear people say that there is no such thing as time and space in the spirit world. Now it seems to me that when a person utters that statement he or she fails to comprehend the stupendous question involved; fails to comprehend the momentousness of that statement. Let us examine that point logically. "No time nor space in the spirit world?" What is time? What is space? Time is distance between events. Time of itself is nothing, but it is a measure of distance between events. What is space? Space of itself is nothing, but it is a measure of distance between objects. Now, if there are any objects in the spirit world, if there are any events taking place there, there must be both space and time. Get away from that logic if you can, I can't. If there is no time and no space in the spirit world then there is nothing, there are no events and no objects, and you can't get away from that logic to save you. Therefore, I say that the spirit world is a real world, a natural world, far more substantial than this world, that it has both time and space and also that it has location.—Prof. W. F. Peck, St. Louis, Mo.

It Must Be Done.

All are bound together in a spiritual web, and so organized that injury to one is injury to all. The world is one concrete whole, and has a soul as an individual has, and the soul of humanity cannot be fully emancipated until all are brought into the fold. While one is lost or in distress the happiness of the rest cannot be complete.

The only way to overcome evil is to make it good. Evil or imperfect people can only be gotten rid of by making them good. Dishonest people have to become honest; intemperate become temperate; impure become pure; the idle must become industrious; the filthy, clean. All evil must be outgrown, and good developed in its place.

This is the destiny of humanity.

An animal or any wicked, unfortunate person, is the result of a combination of circumstances and his guilt is his misfortune. It brings its own punishment in itself, and he needs help and assistance instead of punishment; though imperfect society feels it is necessary to protect itself by inflicting punishment, and this may be so while people are more or less criminal; but it is not necessary to exercise hatred or unkind or malevolent feelings toward the criminals caught in their guilt, for the exercise of such feelings is in itself criminal.

Crime or guilt or sin is always caused by inherent weakness—being exposed to stronger adverse influences than the moral nature is able to withstand.

It does not follow that we are to encourage people in their weakness. What we need to do is to cure them—make it possible for them to get control of themselves. The one who devotes his whole life to greed is as far from using his life properly as is the criminal.—The Universal Republic.

The Colonel's Apology.

Modern Society: A curate up north, having preached a very clever sermon on Sunday, called upon a certain colonel on Monday especially to ask his opinion.

"How did I like the sermon?" said the colonel. "Very much, indeed. It's one of my favorites."

"One of your favorites?" stammered the curate, slightly puzzled. "I do not understand."

The colonel regarded him with a twinkle at the back of his eyes. "Of course, I won't say a word," he said, "but I knew very well that you stole it, and also where you stole it from."

"Sir," said the curate, and he spoke from out the whirlwind of his righteous indignation. I am not in the habit, sir, of stealing my sermons. I fear you are laboring under a mistake, and—er—forgetting yourself, sir. I must ask you to apologize."

The colonel was silent a moment. Then he said: "It may be that I have made a mistake. Wait a moment. I will make sure."

Going to his bookcase, he took down a massive tome of sermons—a rare and almost forgotten work. He turned to

a certain page, and an apologetic, humble look came upon his face as he glanced at the curate. "I beg your pardon," he said. "I apologize. You did not steal it after all, for I find it still here.—My mistake, sir; my mistake."

There is a reason for the power of literature on the sick-bed in leading men to forget their pain and live in another world than that which seems to surround them. Medicine cannot effect this. We administer drugs faithfully, but the patient groans and tosses the night long. Even the most sympathetic nurse too often finds all power of soothing useless. Every conscious moment brings up images of misery and dread. What is needed is that the patient should be taken out of the actual into an ideal world where his imagination may be stirred and roused into a new relationship with his surroundings. The great writer is a really good physician, a physician of the body and the mind. Little did Shakespeare or Scott or Dickens dream of the diffused power that would radiate from their works and lighten up the minds of countless sufferers. A chapter from "Pickwick" is as good a tonic—better than most tonics, because we know and see all its constituent elements. A play of Shakespeare's is a deep draught of purifying and healing drink, of more value than that in the bottle by the bedside. The Nature-poetry of Wordsworth sinks insensibly into the soul with its rhythmic and blessing agency. And the hidden but sure sources of spiritual power dominate the body and reach out into all its ducts and veins, and if they do not cure they help us bear our bodily infirmity.—London Spectator.

All the money I make by my pen, all I get for lectures, all I make from my books, goes into the common fund of the Roycrofters—the benefit is for all. I want no better clothing, no better food, no more comforts and conveniences than my helpers and fellow-workers have. I would be ashamed to monopolize a luxury—to take a beautiful work of art, say a painting or a marble statue, and keep it for my own pleasure and for the select few I might invite to see my beautiful things. Art is for all—beauty is for all. Harmony in all of its manifold forms should be like a sunset—free to all who can absorb and drink it in. The Roycroft Shop is for the Roycrofters, and each is limited only by his capacity to absorb and assimilate.—The Philistine.

The American Anti-Vaccination League is to make an exhibit at the Pan-American Exposition. It is to consist of books, magazines, newspaper articles, pamphlets, charts, diagrams, engravings, etc., illustrative of the evils of vaccination, and showing, so far as practicable, the progress thus far made towards its elimination from medical practice. The free distribution of special literature is contemplated to show what vaccine virus is, its profits to the doctors, and the dangers of its use; also, to show the advantages over vaccination in sanitation and hygiene as a preservative of health and a preventive of contagion.

If the very law of life is a law of change; if every blossom of beauty has its root in fallen leaves; if love and thought and hope would faint beneath too constant light, and need for their freshening the darkness and dews; if it is in losing the transient that we gain the eternal,—then let us shrink no more sorrow, and sigh no more for rest, but have a genial welcome for vicissitude, and make quiet friends with loss and death.—James Martineau.

She: "What makes you nose so red?"
He: "It glows with pleasure from minding my own business, madam."

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

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We will give away a copy of Hudson Tuttle's instructive work, "Mediumship and Its Laws," with every paid up subscription to The Psychic Century. Now is the time to send in your dollar.

Appeal for Help.

The Jacksonville Spiritualist Aid Association implores the Spiritualists of the United States and elsewhere for help. We ask you to help us now while we are in need. The city of Jacksonville, Fla., on May 3, was three fourths destroyed by fire, and hundreds of Spiritualists are today without shelter and without something to eat. Contributions for this purpose should be addressed to August Buesing, 153 Riverside avenue, Jacksonville, Fla., or to the editor of the Advocate of Common Sense, Jacksonville, Fla. Newspapers are kindly requested to give this a wide circulation.

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Referring to "Mediumship and Its Laws," Hudson Tuttle, the author, writes us that "a new edition is now ready with 32 additional pages, with no additional price. I wish to have the book answer every question, and sold for the least possible price." This book and The Psychic Century for one year for \$1.00.

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.

O. L. Concannon, the great materializing medium, will be in the city to give seances May 17, 18, 19 and 20. Those desiring seats should apply at once to C. H. Goodwin, 235 Taylor St.

The World's Advance-Thought and The Universal Republic is a monthly magazine ably edited by Lucy A. Mallory and published by her at Portland, Ore.; 50 cents per year. Its mottos are: "Love is the Way, the Truth and the Life," "Each for All and All for Each."

Rev. T. W. Woodrow is building up a liberal congregation at Wichita, preaching his first sermon May 5. The Daily Eagle gave a synopsis of his sermon which was on "The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man," and pronounced it "a logical and pleasing discourse."

Sterling, Kan., May 12, 1901.—I herewith desire to express my thanks for the message to me from my sister Kate, and neighbor Otto, through the mediumship of Mrs. Inez Wagner, and your kindness to put it in print in The Psychic Century. May the spirit friends ever find such beautiful avenues to communicate with us, and prosper the advocate of spiritual truth, The Psychic Century, so that prosperity and longevity be its reward. Sincerely yours for truth,—John Byer.

The Spiritualist meeting at Lincoln Post Hall Sunday evening was well attended, quite a number of strangers being present. The lecture was by Miss Emma Challand. We wish we could reproduce it in The Psychic Century, but space forbids. The subject was "The Three Temples." On the editorial page we print the poem delivered by her before beginning her discourse. After the lecture, Mrs. Inez Wagner broke all her previous records here at giving tests. Both the lecture and the tests elicited many favorable comments. Rev. Searing was announced to lecture next Sunday evening.

I think I may say that no religion was ever promulgated whose ethics as embodied in the teachings of its greatest representatives have been more lofty or essentially just and rational than those of Modern Spiritualism. Few people dream of the extent of the influence of the new ideas of a future life over the thought of the age; yet one has only to compare the literature of the past, prior to the advent of Modern Spiritualism, with the prevailing religious conceptions of the present to realize how far-reaching has been the revolution accomplished. This is nowhere more apparent than in the writings of the prophets and poets of the age.—B. O. Flower, Editor of The Arena.

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