

# THE SUNFLOWER

AN EXPONENT OF THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY; ITS SCIENCE, AND ALLIED SUBJECTS.

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## SUBCONSCIOUS SELF AND TELEPATHY.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

We all know that manhood is a mystery, and none the less so when scientists begin to add a subliminal and a subconscious self to the everyday mortal of yesterday, to day and tomorrow. Of course all life, in every form, from unit to man, is a mystery, but we know more about that mystery than was known by our grandfathers. We know, for instance, that every unit is a blending of intelligence, energy and substance, and we cannot conceive of any form that does not combine the eternal three in one.

We have advanced into the knowledge of the perpetual manifestation of energy by motion, affecting both intelligence and substance, which means we now a days speak of as vibration. We know at least so much of man as to perceive he is intelligence manifesting through brain substance by this vibration. This brain manifestation we call mind, which is rigidly limited or affected by the rate of vibration. For instance, a certain rate of movement penetrates from his ear drum, to his brain and is interpreted as sound. His brain receptivity then ceases, and there is for him a huge gap of silence. But at last the vibrations once again compel his brain to a movement which he calls sight. Once again the limit is reached, just as was the case with sound, and the poor mortal finds himself once more in what is for him the eternal silence. We are speaking of course, of the mind with a brain in perpetual motion, which combination we call mortal man. So far all is plain sailing, not a rock in the way, we do not need even a chart.

We next note that if energy be eternal and infinite it is man's brain that is limited, for the vibrations are as busy as ever—outside its limit. Many an animal senses vibrations that cannot catch, and even the insect world has eyes that behind wonders to which man is blind. So much is again an everyday truth. Our object is to try and learn the lesson of these truths that so limit and otherwise affect mortal man.

We first recognise that the limit is in the brain and not in the intelligence. But there are certain men who sense these vibrations beyond the average limit. They are often marked as more intellectual than their fellows. But whether that be so they are to just that extent abnormal. But without much imagination we can easily conceive the effect of such an out-reach of vibratory sensation beyond the normal.

Here is a man whose natural start beginning with red and ending with violet—with just a perception of ultra red and ultra violet—finds himself as it were, moved forward a few octaves. Much that he used to see would be left behind, but when can conceive the glories in form and color that would open before him, glories to which we are blind. Let us remember that when he is so advanced he carries his intelligence with him, outside into that region whose vibration knows no limit. The trouble with that man is that though he now sees and hears amid new vibrations and experiences his mortal brain has its own rigid limits which it is very dangerous to attempt to pass, and in most cases even impossible. So that man may have a hold upon earth while experiencing this expanded life, but since than expansion is impossible to mortal brain he cannot connect his dual experiences. In other words, he has experiences which he cannot tell to us because our brains cannot receive them.

In process of time that man goes on advancing, and reaches still higher vibrations, necessarily at the

same time letting go at the other end, when suddenly, or gradually we recognise that the brain man cannot get back at all, or at least so imperfectly it is with the greatest difficulty we can force ourselves to remember it is really the man we knew. In other words, he has left the old vibrations behind, so entirely behind we call him dead, for his old body misses the old presiding will and goes to pieces. He has now moved forward into the gap between sound and sight, and out beyond our present limit of vision. His intelligence is now working so entirely beyond our limit that so far as he impresses himself at all on those he has left behind it is by stimulating mortal imagination.

So far that is simply Spiritualism, with perhaps a flavoring of theosophy. Now let us go back for a while and study the position of this mind, man while in earth life. Nature has no rigid dividing line in any direction, and no rule or law that we can discover prepared for the special welfare of man, either as a race or an individual. Man is man, but he is not run in a mold, and turned out by the million exact to pattern. No two are exactly alike, and once in a while appears one of these humans who outreaches the mortal brain boundary and thus leaves reason behind. But there is fierce attempt by himself or others to make the connection, or at least to find out what has happened to him. The fact that such a sensitive does overstep the boundary has been demonstrated a thousand times by hypnotism, and there has been a sort of fashionable man hunt recently where the fun consists in chasing that part of a man which is just outside the control of mortal brain. The scientists have given the chase a name. It is an effort to catch what they call subconscious man, and there is no doubt they now and then catch up to him.

Here is where the trouble begins. The man outside the line and the man inside are not chums. They cannot or won't do much talking to each other. As we have said the line which separates them is not a rigid boundary, with a fixed fence to climb over. So sometimes a common mortal, like the writer and reader, gets outside for a while. While thus outside he discovers he cannot use the mortal brain in the old manner, but there are some things he can do which are impossible to the brain man. He cannot reason inductively, but give him an asserted fact and he will follow it up into heaven, or down the other way without grumbling. He is as self-conscious as you are, but too near the line to be independent, yet, being across he can't work in the old way. He has really become what we have long called a psychometrical sensitive but it is now fashionable among scientists and the S. P. R. to call him the subconscious self. We remember he is what he is because he is amid different vibrations to those of the brain man who is the eminently respectable and normal citizen. We herein discover an interesting fact. We remember the brain man is as rigidly limited by vibration on his side of the line as is the subconscious self on the other. So we perceive that nearly every organ in the body vibrates outside the limit of brain man, and so near to the fence, that the outside self has more control over it than the inside self we call mortal. And the inside or brain man has a very imperfect hold on that portion of his brain which records memory. He often forgets, or even fails to remember at all. But the outside man is so near those vibrations that he could not forget if he wanted to. With him memory is perfect.

We now notice that—in spite of the proclaimed discovery of the S. P. R. and kindred scientists—there are not two men, but just one, living astride a fence. One side of him in the sunshine, the other in the shade. And all that we have so far learned of him is that at some

unknown point of vibration he loses control, or at least use of his mortal brain, and has to get a long without it. We know the scientists and our friends of the S. P. R. are moving heaven and earth to get both sides of him into such impossible harmony that the brain will tell the whole story for both.

We have so far dealt only with an acknowledged fact. We believe absolutely in an outside but we object to the term "subconscious," for we find it is actually precisely the same self as the everyday one, only working for the time amid different vibrations. But in consequence of that very difference it has some powers, that might be very useful to the mortal. The trouble is that the vibrations outside are not adapted to the brain self inside. All the same excursions outside the limit take back a lot of very interesting facts which etc. and must remain for the most part without rhyme or reason.

We have seen that man under certain conditions is privileged to reach out beyond his mortal limit into regions where telepathy and wireless telegraphy are of value because there is no brain at this end able to play the receiving part. And the further he outreaches the greater the difficulty. For this reason the real serviceable from the outside self will always be one-sided. Sometimes when it is for the moment at the very dividing line, perhaps at the exciting incident of accident or death, a message is received which is transmitted fully and even clearly transcribed.

So far we have not been discussing the question of telepathy, but we have seen by which means the word of the brain man to another man, and the reception and exchange of brain thought. Personally, I am not quite prepared to deny telepathy, but I do know it is very rare, if it occurs. I have made at least fifty attempts to demonstrate through different sensitives by telepathy clearly and distinctly of the name of a friend, without success. I know there are cases to be satisfactorily demonstrated but I claim that every such case is much more satisfactorily explained by assuming the message to have been carried by a spirit messenger. Let me illustrate this.

The recent experiment by Prof. Hyslop is the case in point. I was designed to send a telepathic message from America to England. The arrangements were carefully made, and the English sensitive was pointed, and with a committed overseas. The message was received—the very message as telepathy dispatched from America. So far it might be called a triumphant success, but alas! and alas! The message was dispatched in good English, and arrived in clear Latin. Neither sensitive is a scholar, so there was really no telepathy in that experiment.

Some outside intelligence, one with a classical frame of mind, just imposed the message into good Latin. We can imagine how the peal of heaven (or ...) was disturbed by uproarious laughter over the joke, which was evidently intended and actually did give the doctrine of "telepathy" a very black eye. In fact, I repeat, every asserted proof of telepathy might be more rationally explained by assuming that outside intelligence bore the message. The very word was coined by smooth feathers of those who have declared they would accept any explanation rather than knowledge of immortality and spirit return.

We must remember that such an intelligence must be right at the dividing line, with one foot across it he could not reach the mind of the brain man. He therefore belongs to what the S. P. R. would like us to call "subconscious

## DOCTOR HODGSON PSYCHIC PHENOMENA AND TELEPATHY.

### Can He Prove His Post-Mortem Existence.

The fundamental and radical difference between "Spiritism" and "Spiritualism" is not generally understood by the public. The two are often identified as one and the same. Nor is the difference understood between an occultist or occult science and a medium and the science of mediumship. Spiritism has to do with the manifestations or phenomena of incarnate spirits through the function called mediumship. Broadly speaking, it is necromancy. Spiritualists claim that without Spiritism they would have no revelation, no knowledge of immortality, no demonstration of a supernatural life or a life beyond the grave. Indeed, they establish a religion, philosophy and science upon Spiritism or phenomena, alleged to be produced by spirits, the deceased of earth. But Spiritualism, broadly speaking, is fundamentally any religion or philosophy which, from an a priori or a posteriori standpoint of evidence, affirms a spiritual basis of life and the spiritual (divine) not Spiritistic, hypothesis as the only working or workable one, occult science, corroborating the latter view, exploits phenomena as independent powers or functions of the soul potential and undeveloped in each one, but susceptible to expression independent of spirits; so that spirits incarnate are alleged to do through mediums and by mediumship, an occultist by understanding his science can perform without their aid. A medium must be obsessed to produce psychical phenomena, but an occultist is merely possessed, that is, he is an adept in no sense controlled by a force outside himself, nor is he entranced, nor is he unconscious. This is the radical difference between an occultist and a medium. Not a single Spiritistic phenomena can be produced through a medium, (granted of course that phenomena are produced) unless he is obsessed partially or fully; that is, unless he yielded as a subject his will, mind and body to the hypnotist or operating, controlling spirit intelligence. An occultist does the same thing independently, whether immortality is a factor or not, whether Spiritism is a fact at all. This is what I have been trying for fifteen years to hammer into the heads of Spiritualists and Spiritists, and not a few are awakening to the importance of the distinction.

Now as to doctor Hodgson and his particular test; any student with but a smattering of occult science knows that any specified code of signs or procedure by which Dr. Hodgson's spirit is to be identified, can be gotten at by an occultist who knows his business, in a perfectly natural way, as by telepathy for instance, or by psychometry (feeling it through super-normal sensitiveness) or by clairvoyance. This could have been done by the late Bishop or anyone skilled in legitimate mind reading.

All this sounds like romance to the Spiritualist who is credulous and who has been ignorantly made to believe that mediumship is the only gateway into the mysteries of necromantic and occult phenomena, is the only function by which man can know or do anything occult or supernatural. It is a common fact of ordinary human experience to get another's thought, either by choice or unconsciously. That law which makes thoughts so easily transferable from mind to mind is the same law which governs more complex telepathic phenomena. The fact that Dr. Funk knows the cipher code and the verbatim message which Dr. Hodgson is to use is a

natural, psychological basis for mind reading. Now it would not be a very clever trick of a superstitious person, certainly not an extraordinary feat of a mind reader, nor a unique stunt of an ordinary Indian medicine-man, or Tremont St., clairvoyant, to get that test message, spirits or no spirits, which of course does not prove Spiritism! It is not because I am a disbeliever in mediumistic phenomena nor an agnostic concerning Spiritism that I smile whenever I read of alleged messages purporting to come from Dr. Hodgson, now a citizen of the spirit world, but because while such messages may be sent and may be gotten, who can prove that they are his and genuine? He is an alibi and his proxy can never be him. It reminds me of a case before the jury. "Gentlemen of the jury," said the lawyer for the defense, "the argument of the prosecution is one of futility." "What is that," asked the foreman. "Take a sheet of paper and add up these figures," and he gave him a string of numbers which filled half the paper. "What is the sum?" "One thousand." "Good!" Now add them up backwards and subtract the amount from the previous sum and what have you?" "Why—nothing!" "That's what I mean, gentlemen, by an argument of futility. You cover a whole sheet of paper with figures which amount to nothing. All these words, this lengthy harangue amounts to nothing." So it is with most of these spirit messages. They purport to be personal yet they tell nothing in particular. You cannot make them strike the bull's-eye of a particular fact. They run off on a bias or tangent, and go crooked when you expect a straight line. Spiritism cannot be made an exact science. I am perfectly satisfied that spirits can communicate, that we really are immortal, that Spiritualism is the basis of universal religion, but while I admit this, I also must add that it is better to develop one's own powers, so as to realize one's own supernatural self, to see clairvoyantly, hear clair-sentiently, enter the spirit world as Swedenborg did consciously, and with the full possession of his faculties, than to become a tool of spirits, to be obsessed by outside intelligences by abrogating your freedom and abdication your sovereignty. It's easy to be a tool but it's godlike to be a Buddha or a Christ.

I challenge any medium, whatever his phase of mediumship, to prove that any test he may purport to get from Dr. Hodgson is from him. To get the test is one thing; to prove that it is from Dr. Hodgson in the spirit world is quite another.

J. C. F. GRUMBINE,  
Specialist in Occult Science, and  
lecturer for the First Society of Universal Religion.

### A Society to Prevent Premature Burial or Cremation.

We are glad to know that such a society has been formed, whose president is Prof. Alexander Wilder, M. D., of Newark, N. J.; vice-president, Dr. John Dixwell of Boston; secretary and treasurer, George W. Allen, East Bridgewater, Mass., and that the society had already over four hundred members, including many prominent physicians and others.

The report of the meeting, held December 30th, states that many cases of premature burial are known, and the only sure proof of death is the setting in of decomposition. Its object is to secure and record facts and secure a statute law, and otherwise such safeguards as will prevent premature burial or cremation.

As our readers know, we have long agitated this subject. Our own father came very near being buried alive, his physician having pronounced him dead, and we wish great success to this new society.—GEO. T. ANGELL.

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Continued on Page 8.



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W. H. BACH, Managing Editor.

VEGETARIANISM.

We have had our turn at Vegetarianism. It has been presented in every good style, and while the opponents of the ism have not had much to say, they have presented their advocates with some good questions that we would like to have answered.

Are vegetables free from disease? Do they have diseases and decay, and such things as would tend to induce disease in humanity? Is the fungus growth that commences on them perfectly healthy? Do they not begin to wither and decay as soon as they are taken out of the ground? Do we not cut all around a rotten spot in a potato, carrot, cabbage, or any other vegetable, and use it?

Again, what are we to use to take the place of some of the things we get from animals? Will we wear wooden shoes? What will we use in place of gloves made of leather? What can we find to take the place of leather for belts and other things used in mechanics and the arts? Cotton will not do it, as we have some of that class of belting in THE SUNFLOWER office, and a four inch leather belt does not slip as much as a six inch cotton belt, yet that is covered with a coating that is supposed to add to its adhesive qualities. Cotton and rubber have also proved unsuitable as they are so heavy; the coating of rubber pulling down a fine dust that settles over everything.

What are you going to do with the superfluity of animals? In all animal life the birth of the sexes is about equal. The female alone produces that which our Vegetarian friends wish us to eat. Butter, milk, eggs, are all the product of the female and for purposes of propagation but one male in fifty is required by the breeder. What are you going to do with the other forty-nine? The problem will become greater as time progresses and more Vegetarians are developed, as they will require more of these commodities. At present the supply of butter, eggs, milk and cream is one of the greatest conundrums of a city, while it flesh-eating was discontinued entirely it would be far greater. Even right here at Lily Dale it has been almost impossible to get good butter part of the time this winter, with a farming country all around us and butter seems to be absolutely essential to most vegetarian dishes.

You will have to breed animals to furnish eggs and dairy products, and you must provide for a supply and dispose of the undesired portion.

What are you going to do with the wild animals that will prey on the vegetables? Nothing keeps them down except the hunger of man. In Dakota the gopher is a terrible pest. They multiply like rats and mice, yet are not considered good to eat, and are overrunning the country. If they were good to eat there would not be a baker's dozen of them left in five years.

A few people eat woodchucks, but the majority do not, and in this section there is scarcely a field that is not marked with their holes. Skunks are a terrible pest, but their

hides are good and they are watched and kept within bounds. The fact of the matter is that man's stomach is all that keeps animals down to a point where we can live.

But says one, How about the wild animals that men do not eat, such as wolves, panthers, etc.? Easy enough. They live on other animals. We also live on them and we object to a wolf taking a meal off from a sheep we are fattening for ourselves. We clear the land, dispossess them of their lairs fix it so they can not get a living and they die off rapidly without our aid in other ways. But one of the objects of Vegetarianism is to do away with killing animals.

All things right themselves in time. This will, and the agitation of the question is good. One of the compositors in the THE SUNFLOWER Office says she does not relish beefsteak as well as she did before she set up this vegetarian matter. That is a step towards conversion, and one of the cats at our house that was ravenous for meat only a short time ago now approaches it carelessly and a few days ago actually turned away from a nice piece of liver and ate some vegetable hash without a particle of meat in it. Is it the vibrations of the non-meat-eating element that affected him? We believe this discussion has and will result in good. We will have more of it.

SERIES OF LETTERS FROM SPIRITLAND.

Written automatically thru the hand of his wife by Judge Ransom M. Payne.

The belief that man was created perfect and fell will not stand the test of reason. I believe from all that nature reveals to humanity that man is a monad, or in other words, a distinct entity, and the highest type of the God-head, that divine oneness from which all forms arise, that potent force in nature which begets life, call it by whatever name you may, and that thru generation, man has evolved the effect of that great cause, and that cause must be natural law. That law is universal, and everything animate or inanimate is governed and circumscribed by that law.

A personal deity, if there is one, is circumscribed by law. Two objects cannot occupy the same space at the same time. He could not place another earth in the same space this one occupies without first removing this one. We know this to be a fact that two things can not occupy the same space at the same time, from actual demonstration.

We can comprehend or understand the law only thru experience, which teaches us that physical pain is a penalty purchased by some violation of nature's law, intentional or otherwise, but the penalty is sure. Ignorance affords no apology, transmission of disease no excuse, the law is inevitable for "when the parents eat sour grapes, the children's teeth are set on edge."

I understood the laws of life fairly well, and but for hereditary causes, might still have been in the flesh, a dweller among mortals. I am satisfied with my condition and station in spirit life. I stood on the border line of the two worlds for weeks and noted the changes of letting down the physical, slowly merging into the spiritual. There was no dark valley to pass, thru—the shadows fell on the pathway of the dear ones left behind. I did not have to pass thru the murky phases of the first sphere, as you do not have to pass thru the slums of a great city—they have no attractions for you—when traveling therein. The inroads and by-ways are innumerable. "As a man soweth, so shall he reap" and thither will he come to know his destiny."

R. M. PAYNE.

It is an absolutely incontestable fact, demonstrated by history and science, that in all ages, among all peoples and under religious forms the most diverse, the idea of immortality remains fixed imperishably in the human conscience. Education has given it a thousand different forms, but it has not invented it. The ineradicable idea is self-existent. Every human being, on coming into the world, brings with him under a form more or less vague this inward sentiment, this desire, this hope.—Camille Flammarion.

Live and help live. Seek the truth and shine it out.—J. D. Mc Fedan.

CAMERA GETS SPIRITS.

William H. Andrews Sits for Photograph and Prints are Delivered Containing Portraits of Father, Brother, and Wife, who had Passed away—Sends Affidavits to Washington, D. C., Attesting the Truth.

Spirits gather before the camera and smile that their living relatives might see how they looked in the mysterious world. William H. Andrews and Joseph L. Williams, his cousin, have made affidavits to this effect.

Taking a solemn oath before a notary public, Andrews showed his confidence in the camera of W. M. Keeler, of 1343 Euclid street. "I never saw the photographer until a few months ago and he never asked me to make this affidavit, but he has certainly taken the picture of my dead father and brother and other relatives. My brother had never had a picture taken, and I know he could not have copied the pictures. My father had none taken since 1881. One of my father was just as he looked in 1901, when I saw him in Kansas just before he died. The pictures of other relatives were different from any they had taken during their lives, and for this reason I am convinced that they gathered and posed at the command of the photographer, and am sure they knew they were doing, and that they were eager that the pictures should be good."

Andrews lives at 40 Q street, northeast, Williams, his cousin, lives at Attica, Ohio. After seeing the group picture of his dead relatives, he sent it to Williams, and other relatives, and depositions were given by them to the effect that the resemblance were indisputable. The affidavits of the two men follow:

MR. ANDREWS' STATEMENT.

"District of Columbia. On this 16th day of February, A. D. 1906, personally appeared before me, a notary public in and for the District aforesaid, William H. Andrews, aged fifty-three years, whose post-office address is, 40 Q street, Washington D. C., who, being first duly sworn, does say as follows.

"November 12, 1905 I went to W. M. Keeler, 1343 Euclid street, Washington, D. C., and had a sitting for alleged spirit pictures, having a little faith in the truth of the phenomena. In a few days two pictures of myself, with faces thereon, arrived by mail, on one of which I instantly recognized an accurate picture of my father, Charles Andrews, as he appeared at eighty-five years of age, when I last saw him, the spring of 1901, at Con-

cordia, Kans. He died at Leavenworth, Kans., November 4th, 1901, and had no pictures taken prior to about 1881.

"I was quite confident I recognized the faces of two uncles, William and Hermon Andrews, whom I had seen many years before, and I guessed one to be that of my brother Marvin, because of his resemblance to mother.

"He was accidentally killed when I was four and a-half years old, and my parents informed me that he never had his picture taken.

"I had several pictures taken from the one above described and sent them to persons whom I thought might identify them. Of the seven persons who recognized father's picture I submit statements from two, Joseph L. Williams and H. H. Andrews. I showed father's picture that was taken about 1891, to twenty persons, and eighteen of whom, unaided, selected at once his spirit picture.

"In one of the pictures I recognized my first wife, unlike any picture she ever had taken.

"I had never seen said photographer prior to November 12, 1905."

"WILLIAM H. ANDREWS. "Sworn to and subscribed before me this 16th day of February, 1906, and I certify that the affiant is well known to me as a respectable and creditable person.

"(SEAL.) EDWIN D. TRACY. "Notary Public."

H. H. ANDREWS' LETTER.

"W. H. Andrews, Washington. "Dear Cousin: This photo of yours, with the spirit faces (I don't know any other name to call them,) grouped about, and some of which I certainly recognize, is a poser. Among the faces I recognize are Uncle Charles Andrews, your brother, Marvin—just as I last saw him; Uncle Josiah Andrews, Uncle William Andrews, and I think, Uncle Hermon Andrews.

H. H. ANDREWS. "Wichita, Kans."

AFFIDAVIT OF J. L. WILLIAMS.

"State of Ohio, Huron County, ss.: "On this 13th day of February, A. D. 1906, personally appeared before me, a notary public, within and for said county and state, Joseph L. Williams, aged sixty-three years, a resident of Reed Township, Seneca county, Ohio, and his post-office address is Attica, Ohio, whom I certify to be respectable and entitled to credit, and who, being by me first duly sworn, deposes and says as follows:

"I received a picture, recently, when I last believed to be from my cousin, W. H. Andrews,

wherein I recognized the face of Charles Andrews and his son Marvin Andrews, unlike any picture I ever saw, and I never before saw a picture of Marvin Andrews."

"And further deponent sayeth not.

JOSEPH L. WILLIAMS. "Subscribed and sworn to before me this 13th day of February. "(SEAL.) C. A. WILT, Notary Public."

The noblest workers of this world bequeath us nothing so great as the image of themselves. Their task, be it ever so glorious, is historical, and transient; but the majesty of their spirit is essential and eternal.—George Brown.

Difficulties are meant to rouse, not discourage.—Channing.

UNCLE SAM SPECIALTIES.

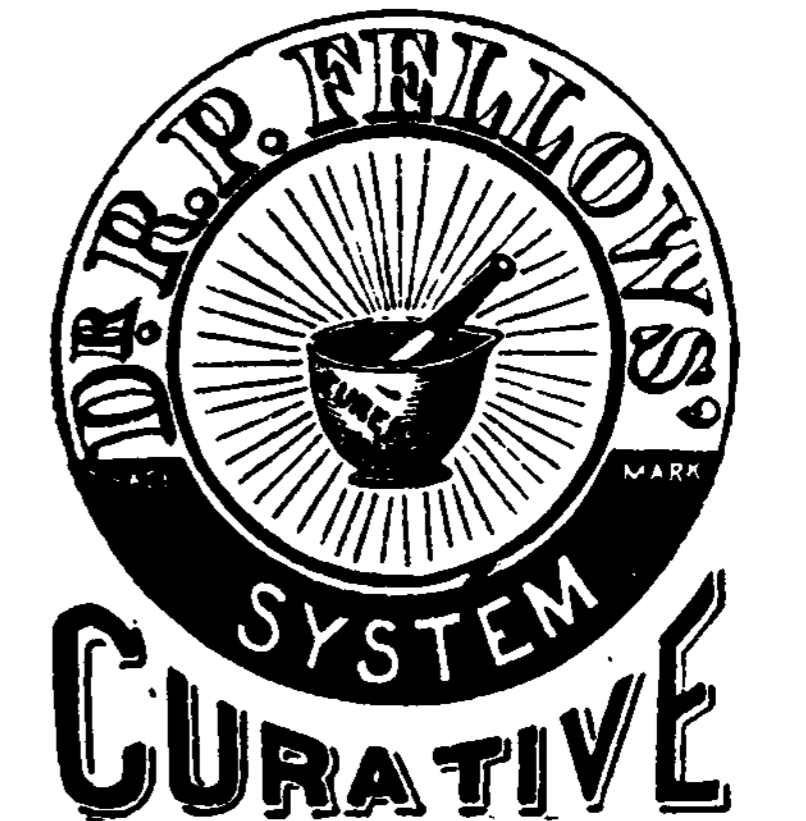
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How to take Impressions of the Hand.

HARRIET H. DANFORTH.

As there are several methods in taking hand prints, I will give a very simple one as the material is readily within the reach of all. Take camphor-gum, size of a small walnut, break into a few pieces on a plate, take bond, or any kind of writing paper. I like best such as typewriters' use. After lighting the camphor-gum, hold the paper far enough to the flame so that the smoke will leave a fine, black deposit without burning the paper; then the paper is evenly smoked, and is smoked side up on the table, then place the right hand, with the fingers spread, gently and firmly down on the blackened paper, first setting a small kerchief under the paper where the hollow of the hand rests. Without moving the hand take a pencil or sharp pointer and trace the outline of the hand and fingers, then gently raise the hand from the paper. Hold the paper by the edge, with the left hand, turn from a bottle of turpentine or alcohol evenly on the back of the paper, letting it run into a shallow baking pan—thus using the same several times. A little practice will soon enable you to take a perfect and indelible print that cannot be erased.

ANOTHER WAY

Place a small bit of printers' ink on a glass (should ink be too thick, it can be thinned with a drop of turpentine) and with a roller such as printers use, roll it on the glass until the roller is well covered with ink, then evenly cover the palm of the hand with ink by passing the roller over the palm of the hand several times. Place palm of hand with fingers spread, firmly down on the paper, first putting a small kerchief under the paper where the hollow of the hand rests—outline hand and fingers as previously directed with sharp pointer. Gently raise the hand and your print should be perfect.

Mrs. Klein in Ohio,—Gives Some Potent Shots.

In perusing your excellent issue of February 24th, I noticed your request for short articles on timely topics. J. P. Cooke's explanation in the Entangling Life, greatly interested me. It is certainly one of the timely topics inasmuch as deep and earnest breathing is now variously taught. I view this as going back to the first principles of life, to learn to breathe correctly the great value, and however light can be thrown upon the subject is certainly of great interest to the people. Your limit of space forbids that I quote from Mr. Cooke's article as I should like to do, but I will note his "If true, as mystics claim, that God may be known why may not it also be described? I for one do not parry this fair question, but I answer it," etc. The explanation afforded by Mr. Cooke corresponds in the main, with what has been taught me by the angels. The feeling is different, as he views things from a different standpoint from what I do. Then too, his mortal conception purely. I claim, however, and it has been explained to me by the angels. At one time two very bright angels took me in spirit up, up, up to the higher realms until we came to a place where heaven's brightness and grandeur are beyond power to describe. We stopped a moment to see a magnificent structure, that might be strengthened for what I was to see. Then we entered through an arch of such wonderful construction that dazzled and undone me, it seemed, but I was strengthened again. This great place surely had transparent machinery all around it, but my whole attention was drawn to a form upon an elevation at the seeming center of the vast space. It was the perfect form of a man, but transparent. It shined from every side, poured beams of light, of life, of force, of spirit and power. It came from what the angels called the Mountain of All Life, Love, Wisdom, Power, and which Fountain no being can approach. It is the spirit, the essence, the life, the intelligence, the all-good or God, which no man hath seen or can see, except in this manifestation from that source. All the light and force passed thru the form above described which the angels called the Supreme Model

after which man and nature are fashioned.

Out in space, all was opened up to my view. I beheld the vibratory or fibrous warp in space and that of form life as contained therein and supported virtually thru it. Then as I turned and saw that as this life and light was conveyed at this form, it constituted the form, for which it flowed out into all worlds to vivify all life, the form dissolved and again reformed by incoming life and power. It was a wonderful process of respirational and vibratory interactivity.

I saw much more, but space forbids, only to add that the angels then told me that I was permitted to see all this so I could attest its truth when the time came, which seems to have come, and I therefore affirm that God is Spirit, the Spirit and Over-Soul of the Universe. He is. His life and breath issue forth as said. Only as the spirit is breathed into souls is life started and form-building begun. The processes of unfolding the enfolded powers and possibilities, when once begun, continue and change in accordance with nature's laws and evolutionary processes.

We see that breath is the motive power of life, but we also see that high angels under God, govern all creative processes in accordance with the issued decrees and wisdom and nature's immutable laws.

MRS. M. KLIEN.

THE OTHER SIDE.

Vegetarianism has had its paper—a good issue spoiled—for what logical aim?

I eat vegetables but am not a Vegetarian. I eat meat, but am not a belly-god. A vegetarian in the accepted term is an epicurean—one who enjoys the material of things above all else—one who lives to eat.

I eat comparatively little, but I eat what my taste calls for; and will perhaps do so until my body changes its teeth and digestive apparatus. So far there are no signs of man having changed his animal nature to any marked extent from what it was thousands of years ago, and probably never will as long as he needs a material body to come into planetary life.

Eating, per se, will not evolve a change, however scientifically man conducts his kitchen arrangements. Logic never spoils a good appetite. Aesthetics sometimes becomes necessary, but is never adopted by those in good health or those who have to work hard for a living. The stomach always remains a dunning creditor.

A hard worker must eat well; and such does not make a philosophy of his diet. An impecunious laborer must eat what he can get at his price. A strictly Vegetarian menu is too costly for the 90 per cent of humanity, and is therefore not a proposition for the greatest good. Its study makes of man a materialist in the end, for the greatest good. Its study makes of man a materialist in the end, for it needs all his wit to take care of his bowels.

But, I do not oppose it. Let those who can, and those who prefer it, adopt the plan. I would, if I could afford it and found that it agreed with me as well as the old method—which I unfortunately inherited from Adam. But as there are two sides to every question and a minority report being justifiable (in this instance) I felt myself justified in "hitting back," though I be converted into mince-meat by the Vegetarian knights.

ARTHUR F. MILTON.

As regards vivisection, whatever dispute may arise as to the physical utility of this horrible practice, there may be none as to the moral injury inflicted on the conscience of mankind by those who indulge in it. Even admitting (which I do not for one minute admit) that benefits have been derived from it, they cost too much. Individual pain is transitory and personal, but individual moral deterioration is an infection, and cumulative in its effect upon the race. The responsibility for the folly and wickedness which are the cause of most human disease is our own, and it is a shameful moral wrong to visit it upon the innocent.

There are many dangers which might be escaped by sacrificing others to what we consider our necessities. But is this the spirit of true progress—the mental attitude to be fostered?—The Vegetarian Messenger.

Notes from San Jose, Cal.

The first Spiritualist Union and the Liberals, held a memorial service in memory of the birth of Thomas Paine, there being an instructive literary and musical program rendered throughout the day, making it a day long to be remembered.

February 11th we had the pleasure of having with us, Rev. Moses and Mattie Hull, our distinguished, veteran workers.

At 10 a. m., the Sunset Lyceum, of which we are still proud, gave recitations and memory games, taken from Moses and Mattie Hull's writings. The conference followed at 11 a. m., short talks were made by many present, some referring to their meeting with Rev. Hull and wife years ago, and of the good work he and she were doing at that time.

The banquet hall was beautifully decorated, and at 12:30 over one hundred were marched into the dining room and seated at well laden tables. The afternoon program was opened by music, after which Rev. Moses and Mattie Hull sang a song entitled "There are no times like the Old Times." There were many numbers following. Then came the discourse by Rev. Hull, for which the audience was waiting. Mr. Hull speaks fast and so many good things were said that the time passed away all too quickly.

In the evening at 7:30 was the treat of the day. Rev. Mr. Hull, president of the Morris Pratt Institute, addressed the audience, his subject being Materialism and spiritualism. Mrs. Hull followed and although the hour was late, all were attentive until the last word was said. The "Hull" day will be a pleasant memory in the minds of many.

At the Unitarian parlors Monday evening, Rev. Hull delivered a lecture, the subject, "The Birth of the Spirit, Death and Its Tomorrow." After which he spoke in the interest of the Morris Pratt Institute, awakening a great interest, and a goodly collection was given for the school.

The two departed from our city, Wednesday, on their way to Portland, Oregon. Our union is looking forward to another treat, February 18th, which will have taken place before this reaches your good paper, and that is the coming of Mrs. R. S. Cowell, of Oakland, who is famous from north to south in California as a message bearer from the departed.

PERFUMES OF THE EAST.

The Crusaders Brought Them from the Holy Land to Europe.

During the dark ages and in early mediæval times perfumes, with the exception of incense for ecclesiastical use, were almost unknown, and the rude Saxon thanes and Norman lords and their spouses were quite content with the smell of wood fires and huge masses of roast or seethed meat and were not at all solicitous to enjoy the pleasure of sweet odors. It has been the crusaders who brought from the Holy Land into western Europe the perfumes for which the East has from time immemorial been renowned. The original home of perfumes was either China or Egypt. In the last named century the priests of the temple of Heliopolis used to offer every day to their divinity three kinds of perfumes, one in the morning, one at noon and the third at night, the last being a scent composed of sixteen ingredients, forming an essence called kaphi. The universality of perfumes in ancient Greece is known to every one who remembers the delightful descriptions of the perfumed baths of Roman ladies in Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii," and from Hellas the perfume spread to Rome, where, under the empire, almost every object was scented.

Even the standards of the legions were perfumed, and the vestibule of the Coliseum when the emperor was present was dusted with aromatic powder. The successive invasions of the barbarians led to the shutting up of the perfumers' shops with which the Eternal City had abounded, and until the time of the Renaissance perfumery in Italy was only tended by a few apothecaries. Its use, however, had not died out in Constantinople, and at the fall of the Greek empire the Byzantine Greeks found that their Turkish conquerors were as passionate a fond of perfumery as they themselves were. Sweet essences for secular use were first made an article of trade in France by one Benzé or Rinaldo, a Florentine, who came to Paris in the suite of Catherine de Médicis, to whom the French people likewise owe the introduction of soap-detergents and if malevolent rumor be to be credited the concoction of at least half a dozen subtle poisons.

An ad in THE SUNFLOWER bring good returns.

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# GOTTLIEB, HIS LIFE; OR LOVE TRIUMPHANT.

BY S. P. PUTNAM.

His wife wanted him to join the church. She begged him sometimes with tears in her eyes to do so. But Gottlieb would not do it, he would not be a hypocrite to please anybody. He would not do anything in outward act that was not true to his inward thought. He could keep ideas to himself, but he would not be false to them. He believed in the divinity of silence, but not of lying. He could act the owl but not the fox. Nothing could bribe him to profess what he did not believe. He had no faith in a "shoddy" religion, whose virtue was simply in sleek appearance. If he wore "clothes" he meant to wear the honest "homespun," and not imported tawdris. The church might be of service to others, but to him it was a humbug, and tho he might consent to deal tenderly with it and help "paint it" he would not himself become a part of the "foundation stones." He might be a sleeper in it, but not a prop under it. He was willing to go to church and nod while the minister was prosily discoursing, but he would not go and be baptized. He was willing to "confess his sins" to himself, but not to the "brethren," especially when they did not ask him to repent of real sins, but only of artificial ones. Who ever heard of a "saint" becoming a real delinquency? admitting that he stole or lied or cheated? No, he always invents some nice comfortable "sins," that no one is ashamed of doing, like going to the opera, or playing cards, or kissing his wife on Sunday. He accuses himself of doing such as these, and asks forgiveness, and so gets rid of the trouble of repenting and asking forgiveness for real offences, which he has no notion of giving up, and which he would not confess to the "brethren" for all the world. The "saint" is ready enough to admit that he is a "sinner," but never that he is a rascal, tho he too often is one. The "sinner" is generally superior in all manly qualities to the "saint," and the "saint" is perfectly willing to put himself in the "sinner's" company. In his own heart he feels it an honor to be there, and hence the volubility with which he shouts, "I'm a sinner!" It is a round-about way of complimenting himself. It is simply saying, "Well, I'm a man after all and have a little good natured depravity and unbody common-sense; I'm not such a fool and nonentity as I profess to be. I have some heart and brain, and can't help committing a few amiable and righteous sins." But catch a saint confessing to a states-prison crime! Never! In such cases it is his business to cheat even the Almighty if he can.

Whatever else he might be, Gottlieb would not be a humbug. He would not call black white. He would not be a wax doll even one day in seven. He would not be a saint on Sunday for the sake of being a bigger devil on week days. He was the same on Sundays as on week days, except that he was more sleepy. He was always mighty glad and spry when Monday-morning came.

So his wife ceased to ask him to join the church, and consoled herself by praying for him and trying to be so good that her goodness should save him as well as herself. In fact, she became so good that she was a bore to the ministers, who only want a certain amount and kind of goodness, a sort of manufactured article. Too much sincerity troubles them. It is with only a few stereotyped "cases of conscience" that they can deal. Outside of these they have no panacea. They throw light only upon a routine of their own making. For the innumerable daily paths of human life, in and out of the mazes of this manifold universe, they have no guide and do not wish to be troubled by any questions about them. They are perfectly posted up in the Book of Chronicles and the genealogy of Jesus, but what one's duty is at this or that parting of the ways is utterly beyond their insight. They have never thought of it; no text applies to it; it does not come into the redemption scheme. It is an outside affair, and tho a mistake may make one miserable for a lifetime they

have not a word to say. They are at home with dogmas, but are almost strangers in the realm of duty; they have no idea of its boundlessness and intricacy. When, therefore, one gets beyond dogma into life they are "blind leaders." Gottlieb's wife was so anxious to do right every day that she really vexed these learned ignoramuses; and they would actually have turned her out of church if it had not been for her husband's money. Her husband's money, in their eyes, was a great deal more orthodox than her conscientious scruples. Who ever knew of the "almighty dollar" being excommunicated, tho it is the greatest of all devils? It pays for the minister's gown, and the bread, and wine, and rents the best pews, and puts a golden clasp upon the Bible. It would not do to put Mammon out of church, for how could the saints serve God to any advantage without his aid? How could they "show off" their self-sacrifice? how display their humility? Mammon might be a devil; but a devil of a saint one would be without a bank account. So while Gottlieb and his pious wife were looked upon with contempt by the priests, his money was cherished as a valuable aid to help decorate their "filthy rags" of righteousness. Gottlieb loved his wife the more for her sweet devotion, and was infinitely tender to her somewhat foolish piety. He revered it. Foolish tho it was, it had something in it of the divine wisdom; its form was emptiness, but its heart was truth. The blinded priesthood saw not that viewless jewel.

So Gottlieb died full of years. He shuffled off this mortal coil with very little effort. His identity was somewhat disturbed at first, but it came back to him by degrees; and, without terror, he knew that he was in the spirit-land. His wife had died before him, and one dear little girl whose name was Gertrude. He was anxious to see them, and pressed on with bright anticipations to the gateways of heaven. On his ears burst wondrous melodies. He began to realize the magnificence of the new sphere he was entering. The infinite loveliness flashed more and more upon his disembodied faculties.

He neared the far-flaming gateways. He was dazzled by the interminable and awful glory that stretched before him—the diamond walls, the golden roofs and towers, the glitterings of millions of spirits, the white immensity of the throne. He was filled with unutterable rapture. The grandeur of heaven seemed to reflect the sweetness of earth. He passed into the intense pearly radiance. He was stopped by St. Peter. St. Peter wanted his passport. He had none—no certificate of baptism or church-membership. St. Peter couldn't let him in.

"What," said Gottlieb, "can't I see my wife and child?"  
 "No," said the saint, gruffly.  
 "Can't I have one look at them?" urged Gottlieb.  
 "No," said Peter. "No one can enter here who has not joined the church."  
 "But," said Gottlieb, "I tried to do right." He hated to say this. It was the first time he had made any profession. But his desire to see his wife and child overcame his modesty. He was desperate.  
 "That makes no difference," St. Peter instantly retorted. "You must have faith."  
 "I did have faith," said Gottlieb. "I believed the truth as I understood it."  
 "That's not enough," said the rampant door-keeper. "You must believe the catechism and join the church."  
 "But I couldn't do that," said Gottlieb. "The catechism didn't seem to be reasonable, and I saw so much hypocrisy and nonsense in the church that I couldn't make up my mind to join it. I should have wronged my reason by so doing."  
 "No matter about that," said St. Peter. "You shouldn't put your reason against God. The church is his appointed way. You must take that or go to hell."  
 St. Peter uttered this last word with unctious. He rolled it as a sweet morsel under his tongue.  
 "I thot heaven was free," said Gottlieb.  
 "It is free," said St. Peter. "All this might have been yours, without money and without price if you had only joined the church. What more freedom could you ask?"

"But I couldn't join the church," said Gottlieb. "It was against my nature to do it. It would have made me a slave; I might as well have gone to prison."  
 "That's your fault," said St. Peter. "You shouldn't have such a nature."

"But didn't God make it?" persisted Gottlieb. "I thot I could please him no better than by obeying his law."

"Blasphemer," said the saint. "God did not make your nature. It's not a divine thing. It's the church that's divine. If your nature revolted against the church it was because the devil prompted it to."

"Well, its no use talking," said Gottlieb. "I can't help it. You have power to open and shut and common sense is out of the question. Can't my wife and child just come to the gate a minute and see me?"  
 "No," said Peter. "I don't allow such scenes here. I disturbs the harmony of heaven. They are perfectly happy."

"Have they forgotten me?" asked Gottlieb.

"Why, yes. They have so many other things to think about why should they remember a heretic?"

"Would it make them sad to see me?" inquired the "heretic."

"O, no; for they are perfectly subdued to God's will," replied the heavenly expounder.

"Still, it might trouble them a bit to know that you are going to be damned."

"You wouldn't want to give them any pain, would you?" asked Peter.

"O, no," cried the wicked sinner. "I would not disturb them in his sweet light for ever."

To be Continued

### Awakening.

Ere the dawn of peace, that shall encompass the world a great work is at work. Invisible vibrations are in tune with the hearts of heaven. Men must learn to know that to live aright is the mission of the human family and he who fails to live up to this standard of right or righteousness has failed miserably to fulfill his mission in the mortal experience. These lessons must be learned and war must cease to wrangle.

Enter the portals of the spirit-land and learn to know of the worth then will they grow in grace and righteousness a task worthy of our attention. Lift thyself by prayer or bright idealism attainment until it becomes natural to walk in the inner meditation. To do this properly does not entail any great sacrifice of time or attainment. Just a little study of self daily and a heart-felt desire to know and live aright. The heavy task of the material existence while the mind views the inner world and communes with the divine.

When all shall learn to take this spiritual uplift then will be developed that shall be more clearly discern duty and the road to heaven will communication with the loved ones gone before be undoubting cease to be, from the land of light and love, from our homes so far as the earthly realm in which you live, come we a message now to give, come to cheer and to uplift, all the truths which make us bold to herald wide so all may know, and doubting cease while ere below, sing, wide the portals of your soul; at the glad tidings to you roll; lift the crying, cheer the blind, give blessings and help to all mankind.

Thus made conditions all aright, we may bring you added light, knowledge of our presence near may bring to you an added cheer; and let us teach to you the way to bring to earth a brighter day.

MRS. F. A. ROSSER.

Summer Boarding Places wanted by hundreds of people, for which we propose the Lake Shore Michigan Southern R'y is compiling its 1906 list of summer boarding places. Places that are desirable for vacation purposes will be listed in this book and without cost to you. If you have such a place located along or in the vicinity of the Lake Shore R'y, give your name and address to nearest D. A. V. & P. agent or write to A. J. Smith, G. P. A. Cleveland, O.

### SPIRITUAL HEALING.

Experiences With Dr. A. B. Dobson and Mrs. Dr. Dobson-Barker and Mrs. Cora Ringlep.

The true worth of a person's character should be estimated by the amount of good they do in the world—the amount of pain and anguish (both physical and mental) they relieve—in fact the amount of blessings they bestow upon mankind. It is an admitted fact by a large majority of the civilized world that mind controls matter—yet it must be also admitted that in a sickly or diseased body matter more or less affects the spirit (mind) in its various manifestations, and whoever relieves pain or makes a cure of an ailing or diseased body should be termed both a mental and physical healer or doctor. With this short preamble I will briefly state my purpose in writing at this time.

Somewhere about 18 years ago my companion, Florence N. Jones, who had been ailing for a number of years with stomach troubles and general debility—after trying several noted and much-advertized "cure-all doctors" sent a lock of hair, full name and a leading symptom of her case to Dr. A. B. Dobson at that time located at Maquoketa, Iowa, and in a few days she received a letter in which her case was diagnosed as correctly as tho the Doctor had known her all of her life. The necessary money was sent—medicine promptly received, and after one month's trial she was greatly improved in health.

We had read in the different papers sent us by friends, of the many cures made by Dr. Dobson's remedies and treatments, and after his transition to spirit life, October, 1895, of the continued successful cures effected by Mrs. Dr. Dobson and her daughter, Mrs. Cora D. Ringlep. After Mrs. Dr. Dobson united her destiny to Dr. H. M. Barker, (also a person of grand healing powers) the good work continued. Dr. Barker passed to spirit life in the spring of 1905, and the mantle of healing of the too translated doctors combined with their former spirit advisors now rests on the mother and daughter, and the good work continues to be successfully carried on in every state in the Union and in many parts of the civilized world, as is attested by the large number of letters received by them daily.

For over a year it has been my good fortune to be quite closely connected with them both socially and in business transactions, therefore have had many opportunities of seeing, hearing and judging for myself. The ladies have always been forward in every liberal movement—strong advocates of sexual equality—opposed to that curse vaccination—have always given freely of their means to the deserving poor—and so far as I have been able to learn, they have moulded their lives to conform to the Golden Rule.

That some persons are endowed by nature with great vitality and magnetic force which can be imparted to others by contact and thru the agency of medicines they make, is a fact acknowledged by scientists everywhere. The use of the power in the cure of disease has gradually been taking the place of old meth-

ods. Old theories of medicines especially drugs, have been set aside by the success of modern systems of treatment.

The really marvelous cures made by Dr. Dobson and by those on whom his mantle rests, have removed from the minds of the most sceptical all doubts as to the efficiency of their system of treatment and the accuracy of their diagnosis.

Rheumatism, nervous diseases, female complaints, kidney and liver troubles, catarrh, and most, if not all the ailments that human nature is heir to yields to their treatment. Thousands of former sufferers are today living witnesses of the grand results of their treatments. Perfect health is the greatest blessing enjoyed by mankind, and when disease takes possession of the body it is worth something to have it removed.

Dr. Dobson resided in Maquoketa, Iowa, for sixteen years and in 1891 removed to San Jose, California, and had a very extensive practice, his patients residing in Hawaia and all parts of both hemispheres. He built a fine mansion at 230 North Sixth Street, San Jose, in which his wife and daughter now reside and prepare (under spirit directions) their wonderful magnetized herb remedies.

These ladies are engaged in an honest and a glorious work—and they deserve unlimited success. Thousands of testimonials now in their possession from former grateful patients attest to all that has been written of these ladies and their work.

SAMUEL M. JONES.

San Jose, Cal.

### PREMIUM BOOKS? YES.

We still have a few. They are well bound, most of them have gilt tops, and they are something everyone wants to read. They are yours for 25 cents each, one or all of them, when the order is sent with a year's subscription to THE SUNFLOWER.

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### The Fountain of Love.

'Tis better to sit at the water's birth: Than a sea of waves to win; To live in the love that floweth forth: Than the love that floweth in.

Be thy heart a fountain of love, my child, Flowing and free and sure; For a cistern of love, though under-filled, Keeps not the spirit pure.

—Geo. MacDonald.

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The Sunflower Publishing Co., has in press a little book that should be in every neighborhood. It is written by that veteran lecturer and healer, D. W. Hull and is "A Manual of Magnetic healing..."

MEDIUMISTIC EXPERIENCES.

BY EVA CASSELL. NUMBER VIII. (Continued)

Finally the day of my departure arrived. It was with me that Mr. C. accompanied me to the depot. That day I had cast away the last crutch although I limped painfully...

bones of all descriptions and size lying around. Before I knew what I was doing I had put pieces of bone in my mouth, masticated them and swallowed them.

was a pretty, lovable babe, and having great sympathy for my grief-stricken mother, these ladies went to the ship's carpenter, saying, "We can not bear to think of putting that dear little baby in the coarse sacking to throw overboard, now will you make a nice little coffin of wood for her and I will line it with some satin I have in my trunk, and it will please the sad mother to know that her babe will not have to be sown up in sacking."

Scar Edgerly has begun a two months engagement with the First Spiritual church of Baltimore, Md. Mrs. Mary A. Keeler has been very sick at her home in Washington, D. C., for the past two months.

The annual convention of the Ohio State Spiritualist Association will be held Friday, Saturday and Sunday, May 25th, 26th and 27th; 1906, at the First Spiritualists Temple, Fullerton St., Cleveland, Ohio.

And I did. You see, my higher self was cognizant of the good before me and rejoiced. The passengers were still weeping around me...

I remained all summer at Pacific Grove and then I went to San Francisco. But first I must mention a little incident. Now, I had several cousins and other relatives scattered through California but I had never seen them.

Train your memory. Now, reader, why could not some of the fine mediums I had come in contact with, have been controlled by the higher powers and given me this important revelation, instead of my having to wait 20 years for it to be given to me personally?

Mother Virtuzia, of the Circle of Light writes: Your issue of the 3d, just received is full of valuable information, and must needs be an instrument for great good to all who read it.

Mrs. Amy Sherman Stanton of Friendship, N. Y. Passed to spirit life on March 2, after an operation for the removal of a tumor weighing 75 pounds.

TRANSITION. Mrs. Amy Sherman Stanton of Friendship, N. Y. Passed to spirit life on March 2, after an operation for the removal of a tumor weighing 75 pounds.

Some Plain Facts Regarding the Gold Eagle Mining Company of the Black Hills, So. Dakota. THERE can be no uncertainty in buying treasury stock from a company for the purpose of installing a reduction plant on a body of free milling gold ore...

Miss B. E. R. Thompson writes: Your issue, devoted to Vegetarianism is very good indeed. It should convince anyone that it is barbarous to eat the flesh of animals or anything that has lived.

Andrew S. Clackner passed to the higher life after a brief illness, from his late home, 26 Smith St., Rochester N. Y., Tuesday, February 20th, Andrew S. Clackner in the 83rd year of his age.

Andrew S. Clackner was one of the veteran Spiritualists who investigated with the little Fox Sisters at the time of the Rochester raps, accepted the truth, as it appealed to him, and lived its higher teachings.

Miss H. Boyer writes: "I sent a letter for two copies of Vol. 2, of Bible Stories, but I will increase the number. I have the first volume of the Ten Commandments Analysis and I want some more."

A Much Needed Reform. What a mighty reformation we would witness through the land. If the masses and the classes could be made to understand that he wins at least one sinner from dishonesty and pelf...

Refuse to ride in any cab, hack or carriage drawn by a docked horse, and tell the driver why.

