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SUSAN B. ANTHONY

Miss Susan Brownell Anthony, the great Woman's Suffragist Leader, passed into the great beyond from the home of her sister at Rochester, N. Y., Tuesday morning, March 13th, at 12:40. She had been unconscious for more than twenty-four hours previous, and her death had been expected at almost any moment, the cause was valvular affection of the heart, the pneumonia condition having left her, but the heart was not able to withstand the weakening influence of the disease.

Her death removes one of the greatest lights in the movement she espoused. So popular had she become that her name was a household word in two hemispheres.

She was born at Adams, Mass., February 15, 1820, and was therefore in her 87th year. Altho born of Quaker parents, she had little of the Quaker nature in her, being of a more aggressive nature, and continually in the lead as regards what have been called reform movements. She adopted the "bloomer" costume in 1852, and clung to it for some time but dropped it stating that she found it a "physical comfort, but a mental crucifixion."

She attended a Quaker school, and taught in it for fifteen years, or until she was 30, after which she took up the work in behalf of temperance, anti-slavery, and woman's suffrage. She attended the first woman's suffrage convention called in July, 1848, at Seneca Falls, N. Y., in which she joined hands with Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Lucretia Mott. When Mrs. Stanton retired from the presidency of the association in 1893, Miss Anthony was elected to fill the position.

Her aggressiveness in the line of duty brought her into prominence many times and in some cases acted against the best interests of the cause she espoused, as was the case when the woman's suffrage question was before the legislature of New York State, but it is doubtful if as much could have been accomplished by a more modest effort, her very aggressiveness carrying her where a more retiring disposition could not have gone.

In personal appearance she was masculine, and had a very sharp tongue. When asked by a reporter why she had never married, she stated that she had been the recipient of a number of offers, but "what she wanted she could not get and what she could get the devil would not take."

She did not plead for recognition of "woman's rights," but demanded them in no uncertain tones. She has had a varied career. In her platform work she has been honored, reviled, burned in effigy, rotten-egg'd, and insulted both on the platform and in the streets, but she went her way in total oblivion of all these, pointing at a certain mark and seeking to attain it. It was a great disappointment not to have attained her mark, but she never lost faith, entering each campaign with the same energy as characterized the previous one.

She left all of her personal property to the cause she loved, appointing Rev. Anna Shaw and her niece, Miss Lucy Anthony, to see that her wishes were carried out.

Rev. Anna Shaw said: "On Sunday, about two hours before she became unconscious, I talked with Miss Anthony and she said: 'To think I have had more than sixty years of hard struggle for a little liberty and then to die without it seems so cruel.'

"I replied, 'your legacy will be freedom for all womankind after you are gone. Your splendid struggle has changed life for women everywhere.' She replied: 'If it has I have lived to some purpose.'

and she begged me to promise that I and her niece, Miss Lucy Anthony, would stand together until the end of our lives and work faithfully for the cause, as the and her sister Mary had. Miss Anthony said of all workers their faces pass before me one-by-one, I cannot even call their names, but they are a host of loyal splendid women and I love them every one. How good everybody has been to me. I wonder if we shall know in the hereafter. If we do I shall be with you when you win Oregon and in every campaign for victory."

"Then she added with a smile



SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

'perhaps I can do more over yonder than I did here.' Her work was her one that."

Miss Anthony, or "Susan B.," as she was more commonly called, was a frequent visitor at Lily Dale. She was the prominent speaker of many Woman's Days, and one of the most popular pictures of the grounds was the "woman's tent" with Mrs. Skidmore, Mrs. Pettengill and Miss Anthony in the foreground. For a number of years she was Mrs. Pettengill's guest during "woman's week" and took an active part in the day and the conference meetings of the week. In her social life she was gentle, kind and womanly. It was only when on the platform engaged in the defense of what she considered "woman's rights" that the masculine element in her nature predominated, and then her logic, satire and eloquence carried many a day for her, and she lived to see all but one of her great demands for which she fought her battles granted—that one being "Woman's Suffrage."

We do not know her religious convictions. She occasionally sat in seances while here, but only in private ones. She probably espoused the "Religion of Humanity," for it, and it alone could only appeal to such as she, who could give up her life to the interests of humanity, forgetting self. Whatever is the lot of humanity beyond the grave, a God of Justice must look with favor upon such a life.

No Chance of Escape.

It was only recently, according to a correspondent, that in St. Paul's Cathedral a London guide held forth to an American gentleman: That,

that is, the tomb of the greatest naval hero Europe or the 'old world' never knew."

"Yes?" "it is, sir, the tomb of Lord Nelson. This marble sarcophagus weighs 42 tons. Hinside that is a steel receptacle weighing 12 tons, and hinside that is a leaden casket hermetically sealed weighing two tons. Hinside that is a mahogany coffin 'olding the ashes of the great hero."

"Well," said the American after reflecting a moment, "If he ever gets out of that, telegraph me at my expense."

The man whose thought seem to be in heaven is never so far from earth as when the offering is being taken.

THE "COSMOTHETIC" IDEALISM OF TODAY.

J. P. COOKE.

Among those who for the last half century have kept apace with the unfolding of the spiritual philosophy this great awakening which is glowing in this Twentieth Century, even in its early years, is no surprise.

It is growing less and less difficult to realize that there is a master mind at the helm of the universe. Not a man but a great positive mind.

All true that is original, poetic, unworldly, universal, because that whose function it is, is a part and particle of the universal life-light of the one.

The divine reason, or "the way" or "Tao" desends to dwell in the heart.

The days of Anthropomorphic worship, the idolatry that can suppose a man to be the cause of time, space and the universe, is rapidly passing away with the thoughtful portion of mankind. If its work is done; let us bid it a kind and tender farewell.

Priestcraft of course, will die hard. It is their bread and butter and we must not expect them all to become heroes of Free Thought at a bound.

But alas! for those who believe but have not the courage to tell the truth to their deluded votaries.

The sad nemesis of remorse, the despair of an ill spent life, awaits them. The result of such erroneous conduct is sad enough for them, but they must meet their reward.

THE COSMOTHETIC IDEALISM.

But the glorious day is growing for those who have worked thru the heat of the day, and have not failed or weakened.

The new day is here! It is often affirmed by the erring ones of "Christian Science" that "the source and seat of evil is only the error of mortal mind."

But if the evil were but the error, the error would still be the evil and changing the mere name would not at all diminish the horror of the evil of this finite world.

Good idealism, which regards God as the inner life of all creation and of the universe may do well to regard all finite experience as an appearance, a hint of the deeper truth. It is good cosmotic idealism to admit that man can be mistaken about truth that lies beyond his finite range of perception.

All actual experience is truth of fact or the universal mind.

God's truth is inclusive, not exclusive. But God sees in related unity what we mortals only see in fragments. But let us be patient with our weaker brothers. Logic may indeed illumine, but love leads.

President Hall of Clark University says that chemistry and biology are unfolding facts which may as well be called love as by any other name.

Love is the most fitting motto for biological investigations for the arguments for this attraction are reinforced thru microscope and laboratory.

"Mind and purpose rid on matter to the last atom," said Emerson.

"A spirit exists in all things and no body is so small but it contains a part of the divine substance, within, by which it is animated" said Burns.

In the thot of the physicist, space is seen to be in very truth the medium of the actual presence of God, the inner life of all things.

Nature, says Dr. C. T. Stockwell, with its now all inclusive borders, is the manifestation, revelation, appeal of the infinite mind, the infinite will, to the finite mind. Of the father to his children, of spirit to spirit.

This fact, or if you please this conception once grasped in a measure commensurate to its own fullness and completion, lifts one into

an entirely new world. It is indeed, and in very truth, a new birth, a new life. One holding it lives consciously in the spiritual world.

God is seen to be no longer only the cause of things. Belief in spirit is thus no more anthropomorphic than belief in power, or force, or energy. All of these are nothing else than modes of spiritual being.

If we look out with only the physical eye, into the deep blue towards the stars, we actually see infinity, while with the inner eye of science we see ourselves amid a measureless infinite ocean of throbbing, pulsating, thrilling, vital energy, everywhere present, penetrating, pervading all things, even within our own bodies as the substance and source of our very being.

"Nearer is He than breathing, Closer than hands and feet."

Thus God is the inner life of all and all are held by the attraction of God.

Spiritual pantheism, or what I here call, "Cosmotic Idealism," is really an absolute monism, showing that the phenomenal universe is but the ever changing existence in form of the one universal substance or spirit.

Consciousness or reality, is from the interplay of spirit, (conscious substance) with nature or outward phenomena.

This consciousness and conscience is the very God in man. Divine love compels this conscience—nay, becomes a new and higher conscience. The two combine into one, and that one lays down laws of conduct very far indeed from the agreeable, self-satisfaction, ways of the olden times.

The sacrifice of self which love enforces is far indeed from the destruction of soul so often set down as the teaching of the doctrine of Firvanan.

No orthodox Hinduism or Buddhism teaches that. It teaches the absorption of all that is noblest and divinest in every man's self into the higher principle of universal self or spirit that pervades the universe.

The love of God recommends and enforces such acts, such motives thoughts and affections as all men—that is the best and holiest among them—will love, and the gradual forsaking of such as are purely peculiar to one's self. Not only what is immoral, but what is exclusive, is forbidden to the spiritual man.

"Not what we have but what we share," is the source of joy.

As P. C. Mazoomdar shows, the love of God lays down the basis of a more comprehensive life, to which humanity must return after its wanderings in "matter." It will repel men at first by reason of their animality, but will surely raise them and unite them in the long run.

Can there be any conceivable self renunciation deeper and more complete than that of the Supreme Spirit. Who blends his life with outer darkness, that forth from chaos shall spring the living worlds.

He, though ever-blessed and Holy One, places the forces and attributes of His being, His laws and orders, His beneficiaries, His providences, His sanctions and secesses at the disposal of man, who uses them so often for the wickedest and vilest purposes.

The hypocrites are not woe-begone, the Pharisees are not accursed.

The libertines and persecutors are not crushed. They use triumphantly the resources and orders of nature. They prosper, live and die, as if there was no Moral Governor of the world. It is those who have very little of the world that find what little they have taken away from them. The poor and the mourners go unconsoled, the friends and lovers of God are hounded to death. But all this only for a time, that in the end the Divine Goodness may shine all the more gloriously and wickedness may voluntarily return the price of blood, and fall dead headlong in self-reproach.

Our unrighteousness is all the more terrible because the righteous

God submits his world to be stained by the blood of the innocent.

All submission, all surrender, all sacrifice, renunciation, made in the name of God, will surely conquer in the end.

"Pride is never a power on the side of truth, but the loveliness of love is unconquerable."

Then do good! Do good! Even though you do good by stealth, and have to "Blush to find it fame."

SELF-KNOWLEDGE,

The Guardian of Truth.

ARTHUR F. MILTON.

Puerile, fleshly or selfish thoughts invite analogous controls.

Spirit communion cannot shape itself to the monetary desire of the solicitor of spiritual truths.

Inspiration passes through the channels most generally exercised. Morbid sensibilities are prejudices—if such be energetic factors in our curriculum of day-dreams—will bidden our spirit impressions accordingly, though they emanate from immortals with contrary feelings.

This is especially the case in automatic writing or direct physical control, where the communicating agency contacts with the flesh—and the spirit is blamed or regarded as an obsessor.

Obsession in Spiritualism is as great a superstition as the Devil-theory in orthodox Christianity. There may be cases of absolute obsession, but the cause may be readily ascertained out of the mouth of the obsessed or seen on the exterior. Otherwise the complainant may be considered self-obsessed—self-psychologized into this belief in consequence of the lack of self-knowledge. We might become love-sick by being in love with self as readily as by being carnally or morbidly in love with someone else. We need as healthful a state of mind and heart concerning ourself as we do concerning another. And any morbidity of feeling corrupts our communicating channels to the extent of being obsessed—so-called.

All control is obsession, but it is a harmonious one. An unharmonious control between a guide and his charge is often due to the aforementioned causes, and conclusion therefore drawn that are not only wrong, but injurious to the cause when given publicity.

Rushing into print at once, grievances are bad enough, but when statements are made that amount to self-denunciation, we must not blame the public for thinking itself wiser than Spiritualists. Ridicule is difficult to meet, and who can do so with eloquence has a most formidable weapon. With a right knowledge of the truth we are handling, we can enlist it in our own behalf.

FILL EVERY DAY.

Fill every day with gladsome work, And lightly touch each welcome task,

As sure that in its grayness lurks The soul of all the gifts you ask. The angel of content, who sings And; smiling, tints joy's rainbow wings And bids him forth each sunny morn

To show the world that light is born.

A tear might weigh down a sigh Might still her song till life goes by; A careless, sullen, vengeful clasp Might crush the angel in your grasp. Then lightly bear your share, my boy, Work out this glorious, lifelong play, And you shall feel the wings of joy And sing the song of every day.

ISABEL DARLING.

"As 'the thots of men are widened by the process of the sun,' Great thots are for great souls. Then make your life sublime."

Rise above the petty cares and follies of the world.



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W. H. BACH, Managing Editor.

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We have just sent out notices of expiration to April 15th, and we would appreciate prompt renewals, especially from those whose subscriptions are over-due. The post-office department is making very close rulings on what constitutes a "legitimate subscription" now, and as they exercise a supervision over all newspapers entered as second-class matter, we must conform very closely to them, or we are in danger of losing our privilege, several hundred papers having been ruled out in the past two years. As no news paper can exist without the second-class privilege, it is of the greatest importance. So we trust our readers will renew their subscriptions immediately.

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THE TOCSIN SOUNDED.

An Editorial by our former Associate Editor.

The N. Y. American and Journal of recent date says:

It is clear that the government of the nation, and especially of our State, is no longer a government of the people, organized for their own betterment. It has degenerated into a government of organized monopoly, operating through corrupt political bosses, for the enrichment of a small predatory class.

The voice of the corporation speaks with the authority that belongs to the people's voice.

Public officials in both of the great parties are chosen not by the citizenship but by organized monopoly. They serve the power that nominates them, and not the people, whose voting has become a mere travesty on popular government.

The people are weary of these conditions. They are weary of detecting the voice of the corporation manager in every official utterance, in the Legislature, the Governor's messages, the expressed opinions of the mayors of cities of the Senators whom the State sends to Washington, even of judges on the bench.

Citizens throughout the State realize that their interests are identical. Government of free men by money, bribery and corrupt corporations is alike intolerable to the inhabitant of the city and the dweller in the village or on the farm.

Upon the fundamental questions of honesty in government there is no division of opinion among American citizens.

They are determined to restore self-government, they are determined that the people of the United States, and not the corporations, or any small, selfish class, shall reap the benefit of the courage, wisdom and

self-sacrifice of the fathers of this country.

The Independence League seeks to give expression to the feeling of bitter protest which is in the hearts of citizens. It seeks to formulate policies and to establish a unity of action throughout the State that shall restore the government to the people.

The machines of both the old parties have become to an alarming extent the property and representatives of organized monopoly and its special interests. The voter demands an opportunity to register effectively their protest against the degradation of Democracy as Jefferson enunciated it, and of Republicanism as it was represented in Abraham Lincoln.

The people resent the criminal contempt of their rights, which openly nullifies the ballots of the electors when the results do not suit the corporations' plans.

Throughout the State, among all reputable citizens, there is determination to end the disgraceful rule of corporations, harmful to the citizen's material interest and shameful to his manhood.

The Independence League invites the cooperation of all citizens, irrespective of party.

When Rome was in its decay, the philosopher Seneca wrote:

"All things" are full of iniquity and vice. We struggle in a huge contest of criminality."

A little later during the same period, Epictetus, who also was combatting these same iniquities, wrote:

"As a rule of practice, proscribe for yourself an ideal, then act up to it. Do what is right irrespective of what people say or think."

We are, so far as some of our large cities are concerned, immersed in iniquity, with a huge contest of criminality on our hands.

Happily, cities do not absolutely rule the country as in the past, but their influence extends far and wide, and the country suffers in consequence. To prevent final corruption in general, an Independent League of citizens is a timely introduction.

We have an ideal: Our republican form of government! Let us act up to it in the spirit of its true meaning—irrespective of what POLITICIAN say or think, or what our own political beliefs prompt us to do. That is, stop winking at corruption simply because we cannot overcome our prejudices against other parties.

Partizanship may be all right in times of trouble, but partizanship is not true patriotism in times of peace; and permitting corruption to run riot is a condition whose final results is worse than conquest by a foreign power. A man be beaten and rise again, but not after suicide; and corruption in government is degeneracy—self-murder.

Comparisons may be odious, but there are not a few indications that we are running parallel (in some quarters) with old Rome. Let us not permit the comparison to become general.

A. F. MELCHERS.

A Ghost Story.

Two men in a southern town, getting into an argument, made a wager that one of them could not hire a darkey to stay all night in a well known haunted house, which no one would occupy. Hunting up a strapping negro, the man offered him \$5 to stay in the house during the night, keeping awake all of the time. The negro entered the place in the evening and kept walking back and forth to keep from going to sleep. Promptly on the stroke of midnight the ghost appeared. Unlike most ghosts, this one was pleasant and affable, and seeing the man, said: "Ah, good evening; it seems there will be two of us here tonight." With bulging eyes and drooping jaw the other managed to stammer: "Y-y-yes sah, b-b-but dey won't be long."

And suiting the action to the words he went out of the house and down the road as fast as he could run, with the ghost in close pursuit. When completely out of breath, the darkey sat down by the roadside to rest, and the ghost, coming up, blandly remarked: "That was a very pleasant run we had just now."

The darkey replied: "Yas, sah—but it ain't—nuffin—to do one—we're goin' ter hab."

The SUNFLOWER is not the largest but the best Spiritualist paper published.

PEOPLES' EDITORIAL COLUMN.

This column is conducted to permit all to express an opinion. Anything that will not expose THE SUNFLOWER to post office censors will be published, provided the author, who takes full responsibility for the utterance. We do not publish for or against any cause, nor is it likely for us to endorse one-tenth of them. Limit your communication to about 150 to 200 words.

ONE EXPLANATION.

A contributor asks what the Vegetarians are going to do with the family of three generations who eat pork three times a day.

Evolution of matter explains all. We naturally call for and are naturally sustained and healthy on the food corresponding to our bodies. As soon as evolution raises our vibrations above the pork level, that kind of food becomes poisonous to us—disorder and ill-health follow. We find all degrees and grades of evolution, people discarding this, and then that, always upward, seeking a finer, better substance for the expression of the soul-self. The finer the instrument, if kept in tune, the sweeter the melody of life.

JESSIE S. PETTIT FLINT.
Corvallis, Oregon.

A WARNING.

To get all the comfort possible out of Spiritualism and make no equivalent sacrifice for its Cause, promises very little for the individual as a future exigency—perhaps not as much as that of the ignorant materialist who thinks it his right to get all the pleasure out of life while it lasts. Knowledge is a dangerous thing if not rightly applied; and who possesses the light of truth and can still permit selfishness to govern him, will find it difficult to apologize for his shortcomings. If Spiritualism has a mission to mankind, it is to put selfishness under foot; and to employ that revelation perhaps to gratify vain or selfish desires is like making innocence subservient to the purpose of vice. Let those who are traveling this down-grade consider and put on brakes before it is too late.

A. F. MELCHERS.
Charleston, S. C.

CALIFORNIA FRUITS AND FLOWERS.

I am glad the question of diet is to be taken up in THE SUNFLOWER. Diet and liquor are two great questions of the day.

For my own part I cannot think it right to eat the flesh of animals. I believe in the Edenic diet—eating our food uncooked as far as we can.

I saw an item in the January number of your paper the 27th that Mrs. Van Buskirk in writing from

her home in California, she says that frost has killed their plants. Now I do not know what part of California this lady lives in but we have had nothing of the kind in this northern part of the state. We could go out and pick flowers in the open air any day thru the winter, geraniums blooming under the porch all the time without any protection more than the roof of the porch.

We raise the finest of citrus fruits and our oranges ripen a month earlier than they do in Los Angeles. Eastern people think they must go to Southern California for a mild climate, that is a mistake; but why it is so no one can explain.

MRS. B. F. OLINGER.
New Castle, Calif.

WHAT BECAME OF THE SPRING?

I want to give you a fact, call it a freak of nature or evolution or what not—it is a fact.

There was in the state of Vermont, in the year of 1853, a pond or spring, as clear as crystal about 25 feet long and 18 feet wide and full of trout. There was quite a brook running from this spring and that was full of trout also. I have caught many trout from this spring, and some of them beauties.

Well, to make the story short, I was there in 1887 and not a sign was there of any spring or pond, but trees from two to eight inches through were growing where the pond was. Not one drop of water to be found. It is a great wonderment to the people around there as well as to me.

Now what has caused such a change.

L. W. CLARK.

I am pleased with the idea of that Vegetarian edition, and if my time were more to myself, I would "east in my mite" and one thing I have learned this winter while cooking for a doctor, I will give.

A new way of cooking potatoes; wash, pare and cut into dice (or hinner) the quicker they will cook. Cook in milk in a double boiler, or sauce pan, set in water. Add just a little salt when about ready to serve. If the salt is put in too soon it will curdle the milk.

It only needs milk enough to barely cover the potatoes. The starch in the potatoes thickens it enough.

I have discarded meat from my diet for seven years and I feel better for it. Work more hours every day than when I was a girl.

MARY L. WADE.

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Some Potent Thoughts on the Subject.

MARIE HEAL.

The writer noticed an article in a recent paper, regarding the observance of Lent. This states that Lent is observed by more people each year. No doubt this is true. But how many people of denominations, "other than the catholic," do observe this season of prayer for what it really stands?

Our social duties are becoming more exacting, taxing the strength and vitality of the devotees of society to the utmost. This season of "rest and prayer" is absolutely necessary to recuperate the depleted system. Incidentally it is a fitting time for the women to replenish their wardrobes, to devise new creations for future conquests. The men to fortify their flagging energies for the arduous season of base-ball, foot-ball, and horse-racing.

Also the abstinence from certain kinds of food. Certainly after a season of banquets and consumption of "dainty refreshments," it is well to give some heed to our digestive organs, as well as our spiritual needs. As for praying for souls to be won for Christ, does it require so much self-sacrifice? To seclude ourselves in our comfortable homes, or perchance attend a few extra prayer meetings.

Nowhere in the scripture do I find a passage which tells us to pray for the "bishops." Are the bishops direct in their duty to God that they fear to pray for themselves? or do they wish to imply that God is not capable, or would not of himself give them the strength to do this work? I do find this; "Inasmuch as you do it unto the least of my children, ye do it unto me."

How many of our devout penitents would devote this season of rest and prayer, by going among God's poor, the sick and sinful, and endeavor to bring a little sunshine into their darkened lives? Teach them first of all, a little of the love of humanity, show them how to make the most of their narrow environment, see to it that there is less suffering from hunger and cold?

Do this and I will vouch that this will be the saving grace of more souls than all the vapid prayers of so-called Christianity.

Inspired Him.

He—The minister gave a stirring address on the extravagance of some women.

She—Yes; and there sat his wife, right in the front pew, with a new three-guineh hat on.—Cassell's.

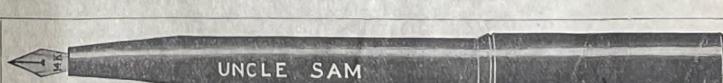
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LILY DALE NEWS.

WONDERS OF MIND-READING EXPLAINED.

Mrs. Fixen writes: One of the ablest and most interesting speakers in the great world of mind, is Dr. Stanley L. Krebs, who will deliver a physiological lecture at Lily Dale, on Wednesday, July 18th, on "Marvels and mysteries of the mind," embracing the mysteries of mind-reading, also fundamental laws of psychics, affinity and magnetism. On Friday, July 20th, the doctor will speak on "Wonders of the world within," elucidating the kingdom of mind, teleology of matter-soul and the relation and destiny of mind and soul. Dr. Krebs enters the vast realm of mental creation as a scholar as well as an orator. He has followed Bryant, Sam Jones, Father Vaughn, and other great orators, and interested his audiences more than the others. Probably no addresses delivered at the assembly this season will be more entertaining and instructive than the Krebs lectures. For programs, address, Laura G. Fixen, 1047 Carmen St., Chicago, Ill.

We are having our winter now. There is more snow on the ground at this writing than there has been at any time during the winter, but not enough yet to make it necessary to shovel off the roofs.

Letters from Mrs. Fixen indicate that arrangements for the summer are going on regularly so that there will be a first-class program presented. That being the case, we can look for a good attendance and a prosperous season. New features are being announced each week, and the prospects appear good for this season of the year. Letters are continually received, asking for information and rooms and cottages are being priced.

We are informed that J. S. Starr has been engaged as superintendent of the grounds and C. H. Paine as electrician.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. White have gone to Niagara Falls to visit Mrs. White's sister and family.

Mrs. Bird, of Dunkirk, was here looking up a cottage for the season, and it is understood will take the Swift cottage on Third street.

Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Lutgen spent Sunday with friends at Dunkirk.

Samuel Harper, of Charlotte Center is stopping at the Jackson Cottages. He is here to be treated for cancer by Dr. Hyde.

Mrs. Starr has returned from a visit to Warren, Pa.

Fay Johnson has been spending a week on the grounds.

S. J. Richardson has returned from a business trip to Rochester and other points.

CONFERENCE.

There was a good attendance at Mrs. Turner's Sunday evening. After a sweet hymn—sung by Mrs. Lucy Carroll—a very animated discussion ensued upon the subject, given by Mr. L. C. Hutchinson—"Physical phenomena will not redeem the world from error." We have recently adopted the plan of allowing the one who gives the evening. We meet at Mrs. Maggie Turner's next Sunday 8:30 P. M.—subject "Harmony."

ANNIVERSARY.

The anniversary meeting will be held on Sunday, April 1st, at 2:30 P. M. Lyman C. Howe has been engaged to deliver the address. There will also be a conference meeting in the evening.

On Friday night, 30th, anniversary dance will be held in Library Hall.

Many will be interested in reading the following letter from one of our Lyceum scholars who was a regular visitor here while Mrs. Bicksler was living in Buffalo:

Mr. W. H. Bach.

DEAR SIR:

Please find enclosed a P. O. money order for 50 cents for THE SUNFLOWER for six months. I have been away from Lily Dale about three years. I and my little sister, Helen Norcross, were both members of the Buffalo Lyceum and the summer Lyceum at Lily Dale. We attended the Lily Dale camp every summer with our grandmother who was Mrs. J. Bicksler. We are very lonesome here for a Lyceum. There

is no Lyceum here in Wichita. There is a small spiritual society here but nothing for the young at all. Next Sunday Mr. H. D. Barrett will be here and lecture. We shall be glad to hear him for there is no regular speaker here.

Your Friend,

Lee H. Norcross,

423 Sherman Ave., Wichita, Kan.

If all children were brought up to think of the Lyceum as these were, our movement would progress more rapidly and there would be less faultfinding with everything and less opportunity for fakes and fraud talk.

SPIRITS OF DEAD ATTEND THE LIVING

Declaration of Dr. Lyman Abbott,

Dr. Lyman Abbott made a profound impression upon those who were present at his prayer meeting in Plymouth Church one night by his views relative to possible communion with the spirits of those who have died. Dr. Abbott said: "I do not believe that those who have died have gone far away from us. They have passed beyond our ken, but we are not beyond theirs. If our eyes were open, who knows but that we could see those who have gone from us, and yet have not gone from us?"

"The more this faith comes to me, the less I believe in what men call Spiritualism, the less satisfied am I with rappings and physical demonstrations. I love to think my mother follows me with her eyes as she did when I was a boy. I love to believe that the strange, subtle, inexplicable and indefinite influence that sometimes comes into my life is from her. Men may ask me if I am not afraid I aid Spiritualism, but I think it is just the other way.

"All this may be the result of imagination. I am not certain. I do not know, but of one thing I am sure—there is a real presence in the Christ. He is not departed, although the world does not see him.

"Christ is present, certainly, as a wonderfully increasing memory. America is fuller of Christ today than Palestine ever was.

There is more of Christ's influence in the church and State and home than when he walked on earth and was cast out.

"Through all these 18 centuries Christ has been growing in the world. We are all branches dwelling in him. The one transcendent doctrine of Christianity is, Christ is in us."

In closing his talk Dr. Abbott spoke of the Protestant misconception of two doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. He denied any belief in the real bodily presence in the eucharist, but affirmed that in the mass Christ was really present in spirit.

Clear the Way.

The law that governs the association of spirits with each other is based upon the spiritual altitude one has attained and that which he is capable of realizing with his spiritual vision and consciousness.

The position in society that one occupied, or the possessions that he may have owned, while in the physical form, do not affect his position in the spirit realms. Hateful, unkind people, with desire to injure in their hearts, will find themselves at one with "criminals," of a similar stamp.

In spirit life you can only have consciousness of angels to the extent that your consciousness has been unfolded to the angelic state. You can know nothing further than you sought to know while in the physical form, neither can your associates. Your progress to reach higher spiritual planes will depend upon your aspirations to advance. In this better spiritual atmosphere, generated by your own spirit, angels can come near to help you, but not otherwise.

The Hell of the disincarnate spirit is in moaning wasted opportunities, but this is an fruitless as it was while in the body. The opportunities present for doing good can be taken up then and there and thus the life can be redeemed from its former ignorance, and burdens changed to blessings.—The World's Advance Thot.

A Roman Custom.

At the Saturnalia, the heathen prototype of Christians, it was the Roman custom to decorate the houses with evergreens. This was done to give the woodland spirits a refuge from the cold.

Buffalo Notes

N. H. EDDY, Correspondent.

The First Spiritual Church of Buffalo meets at the Sunday evening, 7:45 p. m.

Wednesday evening, 7:45 p. m.

Harmon Circle meets at 7:45 p. m.

Liberal Thought Exchange meets at 7:45 p. m.

EAST AURORA, N. Y.

SUDDEN TRANSITIONS.

BY EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

New York State Missionary, Mrs. T. U. Reynolds, rested temporarily in that field of labor to favor the Spiritualist society of East Aurora by conducting two meetings there Sunday, February 24th.

The advent of this gifted worker at this particular time seemed opportune, as the religious atmosphere of the town was being agitated by evangelist McLane, who was conducting a series of revival meetings in the Disciple Church, across the corner from the Roycroft Chapel.

Mr. McLane is a zealous worker for old-fashioned orthodoxy, and demonstrates (at least) to his own satisfaction, that the only road to heaven is via the "Disciple" branch of the orthodox church and under the beneficent effect of their form of baptism.

He illustrates his discourse with stereotyped views announcing with flaming advertisements, and the billboards announced some significant topics for instance: "A personal Devil," "Hell's whirlpool," etc.

After severely dubbing the other orthodox churches, he proceeded to explain "The handwriting on the wall," for the benefit of the Spiritualists.

His discourse savored of antiquated orthodoxy, and reminded one of the days of Jonathan Edwards and the witchcraft crusade of the Puritan Fathers.

The atmosphere was surcharged with hell-fire and brimstone, and over and over again by way of emphasis he vehemently asserted that Spiritualism was nothing more nor less than pure diabolism, and that 999 out of every thousand Spiritualists were frauds.

It was in reply to this disciple of extreme orthodoxy that Mrs. Reynolds spoke to a goodly number of people Sunday evening, from the same topic, "The handwriting on the wall," and the guides of this inspirational speaker fairly outdid themselves.

Her discourse was not only a comprehensive and complete reply to the evangelist, but also dealt in a masterly way with many of the most essential problems which are today perplexing investigators of Spiritualism and which were explained and elaborated in a clear, concise, and exhaustive manner.

And a most beautiful feature of it all was the kindly loving spirit in which the guides handled the erring brother and refuted his every argument.

As an inspirational speaker, Mrs. Reynolds is rarely gifted and has few peers in our ranks; and as a message bearer does excellent work. But on this occasion it was the unanimous verdict of her friends that she outdid herself.

From East Aurora she continues her round of missionary visits, first in Hornellsville, and through Allegheny county and on Sunday, March 18th, joins Mrs. Atcheson, pastor of the Niagara Falls society, in conducting a state association meeting in the city of Niagara Falls, N. Y.

She is prepared to answer calls for state work as missionary as fast as she can reach the places to which she may be invited, and can be addressed for the present at 180 North Division St., Buffalo, N. Y., or care of the writer, East Aurora, N. Y.

H. W. RICHARDSON.

WHAT NEXT?

The good, we hope and pray!
A new rare dispensation;
A beacon light, to gild anew the way;

Something to lift another corner of
the funeral pall,

And bring to light whatever truth
Will give the greatest good to all.

The good will come—we prophecy
the day,

Hear ye not the echo, of footsteps
on the way?

See, o'er the mountain height the
glimmer,

Of a fairer, brighter day?

A guest, will soon be knocking at
the door;

Prepare the feast and spread the
table o'er,

A stranger, toil-worn and weary,
Clad in garments old and thin,

Open wide the door, and bid him
enter in;

And lo! diviner truth, than ever
man could boast,

Will spread its eagle pinions o'er the
barren coast,

And ring from shore to shore;

In clarion tones—Excelsior!

MARY B. SHERMAN.

SUDDEN TRANSITIONS.

BURYING THE DEAD.

Some Potent Thoughts Thereon.

MOSES WHISTLER.

Our hearts feel like lead and our
eyes blur with tears,
We fear Father Time and his mur-
derous years;

Distrust Mother Nature, with all
her veiled laws,

Which can kill by effects from an
obscured cause.

So quick, and so sure, and so pit-
iless too;

We may reach for her roses and get
only rue;

But whatever it is, 'tis no use to cry
out;

For the laws of the elements change
not about.

Life rides in his chariot, looking
ahead,

If the wheels crush the living, or
mangle the dead,

He turns not his eyes, and he draws
not a rein,

Though the road runs with blood of
the innocents slain.

Half blind are we mortals; we cross
the live wires

In our haste to grasp quickly, our
cherished desires;

They burn, and we drop. We have
blundered—gone wrong;

But on goes the world, and there's
hope in its song.

A beautiful life may be swept from
our sight,

But a hope is swung out from heav-
en's windows of light;

"It is here! it is here! It will grow
and expand

To the height of your dreams, in
this radiant land!"

Soul Growth.

The soul, the individualized con-
sciousness of being, a sort of spirit-
ual body, grows, even as does body
or mind, but soul-growth is generally
much slower than that of its
body. Souls are fed by the ele-
ments of experiences, warmed by
the sunshine of bright, happy ones,
watered by the dews or the heavier
rainfalls of unpleasant ones, and
swayed by the winds of passion, the
vibrations of which makes the key-
note of our life, either a simple
minor or a grander chord in the
realms of celestial music.

It is the spiritual part of us, the
I, that digests and assimilates the
food thus offered, thereby affording
nutriment to the soul, or else rejects
it and so starves and finally loses
this soul altogether, and it is only
by developing this soul that we can
become consciously immortal, other-
wise we restrict ourselves to the
mortal, the ever changing material
body, which death can claim for its
own.

Wise are those who are content to
let the will of the great God-
father-mother, who, knowing the
end from the beginning, lovingly
gives to each of us those experiences
which best stimulate our soul-
growth and conduces to immortality;
so out of the poverty of material
life, let us extract the wealth
of loving sympathy for those who
are even poorer than ourselves.
Out of the non-attainment of honor
and fame let us derive the charity
which even thinketh no evil nor
vaunteth not itself, and from the
going out of our loved ones from
this physical life of ours, let us the
more eagerly follow the promptings
of the never dying spirit of love to
the realms where even the simplest
of earth's passions are glorified and
made pure in "the peace that pass-
eth understanding."

This world's the beginning
Of developing the soul;
Of God's purpose concerning it
This is the whole.

In the rounds of eternity
He hath full control,
And he helps us to strive for
And at last reach the goal.

Then, if youth's early promise
Is not fulfilled,
Our bright hopes are blasted,
And love's treasures spilled,

And if, in his knowledge,
He deemed it wise
To prune all ambitions
As each one arise.

In our finite wisdom
What right have we to say
That aught is a failure
Where God leads the way?

—Lillian.

The godly man is not likely to be
good unless he believes in the good-
ness of his God.

BURYING THE DEAD.

Some Potent Thoughts Thereon.

MOSES WHISTLER.

I wish to have my say regarding
a much needed reform from our
present method of burying the form
of people in the earth.

In the first place, it is my con-
viction that there is some truth
among the many statements that
relief to the sufferer has been realized
where an amputated limb that had
been carelessly disposed of was ex-
humed, carefully laid in a resting
position, and reburied, and I believe
every spirit freed from the body by
any of the long list of tragedies,
from train wreckage to heart-failure,
feels a decided interest for perhaps
many months regarding the dis-
position of their mortal remains, and as
a rule are well satisfied so far as our
method of procedure is concerned
until the last act is accomplished,
"filling the grave."

All experienced intelligences, both
incarnate and incarnate, know that
neither the wall nor the lid of the
plain outside case can for a single
moment withstand the ponderous
weight, consequently all that has
been so fittingly lowered into the
grave, in a very few moments is
transformed into a heterogeneous
mass. Now the better way is to
have the case made of two inch
lumber and cover with two inch
lumber, laying them at right angles.

As time is the great arbiter of all
events, even so will the spirit gradu-
ally, joyfully, and gloriously out-
grow only inclinations for the gar-
ment of clay. A reform in this
matter would also be appreciated by
the living. Of course, in cases
where a careful disposal is impos-
sible, results may not be serious.

Nor would I under any consider-
ation agree that my remains should
be cremated in less time than two
years after I pass out. Yes, this
old tabernacle of 68 years is some-
what of a mundane mother to me,
and when I shall have served my
time on earth I may continue dur-
ing the childhood of evolution in the
spirit sphere to sympathize more or
less with mundane experience. But
I must close or you will submerge
this article in the heterogeneous
mass of your waste basket, or pos-
sibly create it.

[Note: We think our good bro-
ther is needlessly alarmed. We do
not think caskets, or even "rough
boxes" are broken by the dirt
thrown on them. Cases where the
bodies have been moved years after
burial show the casket in a good
state of preservation when the body
has moldered to dust. Cremation
seems to us to offer a solution to the
whole problem, but "let each one be
persuaded in his own mind." ED.]

A Mother's Promise Fulfilled.

During the time of my mother's
sickness, sister Laura and mother
were talking of the future world
and my sister requested her, after
she had passed to the great beyond,
to return to earth if such could be
done, in any way that she could,
that we might know it was her and
mother promised that she would.
About three weeks after she passed
to spirit life, my sister was around
to work when some unknown power
requested her no still. She then
felt those same mother's loving
hands caress her forehead, and oh!
what joy it gave her! for then she
knew that dear mother had returned.

Since then we have had some
very loving messages from her,
and many other spirit friends, thru
Mary J. Scott. A while before
mother passed away she saw father,
(who had passed to spirit life many
years ago) stand at her bedside,
with outstretched hands to aid her
over the shining river, to join him
and other loved ones on the spirit
side of life.

There are some who take your
paper that would be glad to know
of dear mother's return and that
we receive such loving messages
from her and many other spirit
friends. My sister is becoming
very much interested in your paper
and Spiritualism and we wish you
every success.

LAURA DETHIE SEELY.

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GOTTLIEB, HIS LIFE; OR LOVE TRIUMPHANT.

BY S. P. PUTNAM.

He turned to go away.

"Gottlieb," said Peter, "I'm sorry you made such a dreadful mistake; you are really worthy of heaven. These dear ones would be more happy if you were with them. But God's plan is unchangeable. There is only one way to be saved. On the whole I suppose it's best, though some noble souls are occasionally lost. Why didn't you join the church? What a pity you didn't realize this before!"

"It would have made no difference," said Gottlieb; "I shouldn't have joined the church even then. I couldn't have been false to myself even to have dwelt in these happy mansions forever. God perhaps is right; but he shall not make me untrue to my nature, whoever made it. By my own reason I'll stand or fall, even as God himself must do."

Gottlieb walked away. St. Peter folded his hands and thought, a thing which he and his successors have very seldom done or allowed others to do. But sometimes the brain will get the upper hand, and the dead level of conformity rises and flashes to an interrogation point. It was generally all right according to St. Peter's standard. The good went in and the bad were kept out. It really delighted him at times to turn away the puffing hypocrites who expected to go in and occupy the highest seats. It is said that he sometimes gave them a kick that sent them with double speed to the nether regions. But the saint was quite pained to turn Gottlieb away, for he recognized his merits. On the whole, St. Peter was a good fellow in spite of his theology and church position. He had considerable of the milk of human kindness. If it had not been for the place he occupied in the plan of salvation his noble qualities would have triumphed. As it was, he had to be very careful and not let his sympathies run away with him. It would not do to admit a heretic, no matter how beautiful his spirit might be. He must confine his good wishes to God's machinery of grace; though he found it pretty hard to do so at times, it seemed so narrow—so much of the good and true and beautiful was left out. Yes, it must be confessed that now and then even the stern gate-keeper of heaven was an incipient heretic. But he kept his feelings grandly under. He could turn Gottlieb away and say: "It's all right. There must be some reason for keeping so good a man out of heaven. I don't understand it. It's an awful mystery; but the statutes of the Lord are strict and righteous altogether."

Gottlieb passed out of sight, and St. Peter's slightly perturbed spirit soon rolled back into the smooth and accredited ways of heavenly bigotry. To the next poor devil that came along he was doubly severe, and to the next baptized saint doubly complacent. The only way to get over these heretical scruples that bothered his good nature now and then was to fulfil his prescribed duties in either direction with greater vehemence—to be more pious toward God and more ugly toward the sinner.

III.

Gottlieb went on with irresistible attraction to the gates of hell. An infinite sadness crushed his spirit. One thing, however, sustained him, he had a clear conscience. So far as he knew, he had been true to himself, and had been kept out of heaven by foreign force, and not by any inward failing. He was not therefore utterly cast down. He passed through the horrible burning gates, and heard the thunderous roar within; hideous darkness rolled over him; he struggled through the mighty wilderness; he passed by the margins of tremendous molten seas; he stumbled into fearful abysses; he fate. He had not sinned against it and it would light his way forever; storm of ashes overwhelmed him; in his own soul he could find the and then he was bitterly cold. The eternal life. There was an im- clime of hell was variable and good; in the midst of suited to every disposition. There horrible outward darkness it shone was a vast multitude to be provided calmly and grandly. He walked for, and it took all sorts of con- ditions to make them miserable, far and the ingenuity of the Almighty was equal to the emergency. The was not comparable to the soft yet instruments of torture played to infinite luster of the heaven within. any tune. If one enjoyed a warm He sat down by a gloomy cave; a place he was sure to be put on the little cataract was dashing down by top of an iceberg; and if one liked a its side; on its margin were scraggy

cool breeze he had to take lodgings in the fire lake. After interminable travels Gottlieb came to Pandemonium, afar glittering in an awful radiance, whose very brightness seemed to suggest an infinite horror. Its grim magnificence was worse than all the turmoils and wild wastes through which he had passed. More terrific still were the innumerable crowds of devils. Every face was an immeasurable hell; war, despair, selfishness, a living death, were imprinted upon each. Every one was grasping after some flitting phantom of pleasure. Some were like spiders cunningly drawing to their lonely selves whatever passing good there might be. Others were banded in groups for temporary gain; yet when the gain was accomplished they immediately fell to quarreling. There was perpetual tumult; every devil was for himself, and was forever trying to cheat his neighbor, and a few exercised prodigious authority, but only by the possession of vast powers.

Gottlieb saw Satin, monarch of the gloomy realm. His brow was corrugated with the storms of incessant conflict; one could see that he held his empire only by immense determination. None dared dispute his sway; the fire of his eye, the sceptred glory of his arm kept millions of spirits in dark obedience. If for once the flash of his eye should fail; if his arm should quiver, he would be toppled from his lofty throne. Did he ever grow faint at heart? Did he ever feel that he was in a more horrible thralldom than any beneath that burning cope? None could know. His eye never flinched; it burned with steady lustre. His form was always erect, his arm firm. His giant will seemed to grow potent with the sweep of the ages. Others dared not dispute with him the supremacy of hell, or neglect his slightest mandate. Yet they hated him, and he hated them, and all hated one another. There was everlasting war. Order, where it did exist, was based on mere force. The weak went to the wall. Misery was in every soul, and that misery only made one more oppressive when he had a chance to be so; as if the only way to make himself less unhappy was to make others so.

Gottlieb covered his face to shut out the dismal sight; there was no companionship for him; he must dwell in utter loneliness in the midst of this motley crew; nobody seemed to notice him; he was an insignificant atom. He crept away, into the farthest darkness, and flung himself upon the ground. A horrible despair seized him; his serene faith was gone. Goodness seemed an evil, the universe to its very root a fearful wrong; heaven was the creation of an arbitrary will, and hell was the other pole of the same stern despotism; all was built upon authority. Was it worth while to be true to himself—to obey the law of his own being when it resulted in such utter misery? God did not respect his manhood any more than the devil; he would save him only by its sacrifice. Was "salvation" worth the price? Whence came his manhood? Out of the infinite reality; but that reality seemed to have no power; it left his manhood to be the sport of a capricious deity. An awful terror swept over Gottlieb when for a moment he lost faith in himself; when he seemed a mere sham, the reflection of a whim of deity instead of a living part of the eternal being.

He could endure anything so long as he trusted in his own soul and felt the pure light streaming into it. He cared not whether he were in heaven or hell; but when that pure light seemed a hideous falsity, and universal nature a floating rack on the bosom of an endless lie, the agony, the tortur, was like the crash of worlds. With a fearful cry he prayed for everlasting death. Only for a moment; his faith came back again like a sweet summer's wind in a cloudy dawn. His manhood was stronger than all the decrees of he stumbled into fearful abysses; he fate. He had not sinned against it fled from hissing monsters. Now and it would light his way forever; a it and it would light his way forever; storm of ashes overwhelmed him; in his own soul he could find the and then he was bitterly cold. The eternal life. There was an im- clime of hell was variable and good; in the midst of suited to every disposition. There horrible outward darkness it shone was a vast multitude to be provided calmly and grandly. He walked for, and it took all sorts of con- ditions to make them miserable, far and the ingenuity of the Almighty was equal to the emergency. The was not comparable to the soft yet instruments of torture played to infinite luster of the heaven within. any tune. If one enjoyed a warm He sat down by a gloomy cave; a place he was sure to be put on the little cataract was dashing down by top of an iceberg; and if one liked a its side; on its margin were scraggy

patches of moss decked here and there with bits of glittering green; here was the beginning and promise of something, and Gottlieb rejoiced

IV.

Gottlieb made his home in the cave. He followed up the course of the cataract and found some slimy grasses; these he carefully transplanted and they flourished in waving ranks. He discovered more mosses and in one of them a bursting flower, which he tenderly reared. Meanwhile, the atmosphere became more golden and mild; and an occasional gleam of sunshine flashed through the misty darkness. He began to think he must make a more comfortable dwelling-place. By a rearrangement of the rocks he constructed a sort of window so that a stray sunbeam came dancing in now and then. He managed to get the trunk of a blasted tree apart and build a straggling arbor and covered it with tendrils. He dug out the course of the stream and piled the stones and earth so as to form a tiny lake. Soon were seen the faint forms of fishes glancing in the sparkling waters. Always there was a gathering luster. The flowers multiplied and strange new leaves and petals fluttered in the air. Along the grassy borders tossed the beginning of a forest. By and by Gottlieb detected the alternations of day and night; sometimes he saw a star, and on a far-off cloud a dash of moonlight. Gradually the noon-day radiance came; then the pompous dawn and evening, and the spangled night; while evermore the flowers opened manifold in beauty; the grass swept green and far away; the waters rolled in more lustrous cascades, and pools and winding streams, and the bright scales of fishes, and insect-wings glistened like diamonds. Great trees stretched their arms upward; birds began to twitter and their gorgeous plumes to flame; deep blue skies hung over, and winds breathed in gentlest melody. Magnificence in a most wonderful variety of life and effort was bursting about the ever busy Gottlieb. The inner light was being expressed in outward glory.

(To be continued.)

Golf at Night.

This is a description of a game of golf which was played in the Shetland islands one night this summer: "The first ball was driven from the tee at five minutes to 12 (midnight), and a full double round of eighteen holes was played, the match terminating at 2:30. The light was so good that the balls could easily be seen where they lay after having been driven well from the tee, and there was never any difficulty in finding them. Shortly after 12 o'clock the lark was heard in full song, and it was broad daylight by the time the match was finished. The experiment was such a success that it was repeated on several subsequent occasions."

Ex-Presidents In France.

France will soon be face to face with the question familiar to this country, what to do with ex-presidents. M. Loubet, whose term will soon expire, is determined not to stand for re-election. Hope was expressed to him that he would not leave political life. He said: "I was formerly opposed to the appointment of life senators, and I helped to abolish the system. I was wrong. Were I a life senator I could be of service to my country; but, although my district would no doubt elect me to the chamber of deputies, the department would never send me to the senate. I am considered too conservative and not sufficiently representative."

City Conveniences In The Country.

The farmer has the rural free delivery of mails, although this was thought to be impossible a few years ago. Shall he not have a parcels post? Each year the good roads movement, originating at the cities, is extending itself farther into the real country. Trolley lines are extending countryward. Soon they will come actually to serve the farmer's needs. The telephone as a separate rural enterprise is extending itself. Extensional educational enterprises are reaching farther and farther into the open farming districts. Co-operation and organization movements are at the same time extending and concreting themselves.—Scientific American.

Free School For Nurses.

By the terms of a fund to be administered in connection with the Philadelphia School for Nurses, Witherspoon building, Philadelphia, a number of young women from country places will receive free training in nursing. The object is to disseminate the knowledge of the care of the sick to districts which have no hospitals. The course will be given in the Philadelphia School for Nurses, with royal step. The heaven that blazed far away with its innumerable mansions was equal to the emergency. The was not comparable to the soft yet instruments of torture played to infinite luster of the heaven within. any tune. If one enjoyed a warm He sat down by a gloomy cave; a place he was sure to be put on the little cataract was dashing down by top of an iceberg; and if one liked a its side; on its margin were scraggy

patches of moss decked here and there with bits of glittering green; here was the beginning and promise of something, and Gottlieb rejoiced

LETTERS FROM THE DEAD.

Englishwoman Believes she has Received Communication from Spirit World.

Story Won a prize.

The following story was written by the exchange editor of the Erie County Independent, Mr. George F. Kittredge, and published in the Sunday Buffalo Times. Mr. Kittredge secured first prize in the contest. He is one of the oldest compositors in the county, having been at the case for over fifty years, and is setting type without the use of glasses. He was curator of paleontology in the Buffalo Society of Natural Science years ago. Here is the prize story:

Away back in the early '80s, at a term of the Supreme Court held at Lockport, the late Hon. A. P. Lanning, of the firm of Lanning, Folome & Cleveland, was retained as counsel in an important case. One afternoon, on resuming the trial after the noon recess, one of the jury was tardy after all the rest were present, but his faithful dog was present and assumed the vacant chair of his master. The late Judge Daniels was on the bench and noticing the dog mounted in the chair called the court to order and said:

"Mr. Lanning, the jury box being fully occupied, we are now ready to proceed with the trial."

Mr. Lanning, glancing over the seats and seeing the canine joke being perpetrated on himself, replied wittily in a suave manner:

"May it please your honor, while I grant that the jurors' seats are all occupied I am forced to enter my protest against the twelfth occupant serving on this trial. While no doubt he would answer very well for a judge, I most emphatically object to his dogship serving as a juror and prefer to wait until the regular talesman arrives."

The laughter and applause which followed the brilliant repartee of the learned counsel was spontaneous and lasted for several minutes and was enjoyed apparently by none more than the honored judge himself.

OLD KITT."

He cannot find wisdom who will not worship.

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.

HEROES AND HERO WORSHIP. A series of lectures by Carlyle on this interesting topic, given in the inimitable style of the author, and it makes an interesting book, one that is calculated to throw light upon the myths of the present and past. No verbiage is necessary regarding any of Carlyle's works.

ROMANCE OF TWO WORLDS by Marie Corelli. One of the most interesting romances ever written and as it deals in a practical manner with many abstruse points in occultism, it becomes more than a story to the student of such.

SARTOR RESARTUS. This is Thomas Carlyle's greatest work on the Philosophy of Life. If you have not read it you have missed a treat that you now have an opportunity of enjoying for a very modest sum.

Summer Boarding Places Wanted

by hundreds of people, for which purpose 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. 2t.

N. H. EDDY,

ASTROLOGER,
And Character Reader,

56 Whitney Place, Buffalo, N. Y.

Life Readings by mail, \$1.00 and upwards. Trial readings, 25 cents and two-cent stamps. Send sex, place, and if possible hour of birth.

These readings are of great benefit to business men, and to parents in dealing with their children. Many mistakes are avoided by having a horoscope of a child, showing its natural tendencies.

Circulars, with full explanation of different price, or Detail Readings Sent Free Upon Application.

The Wonder Wheel. An Astrological Game. Anyone can give a perfect reading after a few hours practice. An instructive and amusing device for an evening party or to mystify your friends. You ask them the date of birth, and in a few minutes you tell them all about themselves. Price, with book for instructions, \$1.00. Postage, 10 cents.

Tabula Magus. A pocket chart that tells you the best hours of the day for the day, month, year, and future. You should try to collect money when the money plan rules. Look for pleasure when Venus rules. Avoid anything likely to be unpleasant when Mars rules. Price, complete work, \$1.00; abridged work, 50 cents.

Astrology in a Nut Shell. A book of 150 pages, filled to overflowing with plain, logical, instructions in Astrology. Tells how to read your own horoscope, and how to tell the favorable times in each year. 27 pages questions and answers. Price, postpaid, \$1.50.

LIGHT FROM EVERYWHERE



EAST

WEST

NORTH

SOUTH

This department is conducted to enable Spiritualists and Public Workers to keep in touch with other Spiritualists and other workers in their organizations or any other interests. Officers of Societies, send us reports of your meetings, entertainments, and other business meetings, in fact, everything you would like to know about other Societies.

Never use a pencil or write on both sides of the paper.

Make your full name and to the point. We will not accept any of your meetings written on a postal card would do.

Always give full name and address to every communication; not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. "correspondent" or "subscribers" can be signed that way if you wish it but we must have your name and address.

Postage will not be returned unless stamp are enclosed for return postage. If not used they will be retained thirty days and then destroyed. Return copies as we do not return them if we can not use them.

Suggestions for the improvement of the paper are invited.

THE SUNFLOWER PUB. CO., LILY DALE, N. Y.

We are in receipt of the first issue of the "Occult Science," published by J. C. F. Grumbine at Boston Mass. It is a neat four-page monthly devoted to Occult Science and the Order of the White Rose, at 50c a year, single copies 10 cents.

If the one who wrote us from East Liverpool, O., requesting sample copies of THE SUNFLOWER will send name, and the one who wrote us from "Phila." regarding Spiritual Songsters will send name and address, we will be pleased to comply with the request.

Miss Emma Bardoner of Allegheny City has been visiting with Mrs. A. T. Redinger of New York City for the past six weeks, and after her stay there, intends stopping at Philadelphia a few weeks on her way home.

W. D. Noyes writes: "Since sending my notice to the Spiritualists of Iowa, I learn that there is a controversy between the State Spiritualists Association of Iowa and the N. S. A. As we do not wish to take sides in the matter, we will work independently in Iowa until the matter is satisfactorily settled. We can be addressed at 1374 Main Street, Dubuque, Ia."

R. Herron writes from Hornellsville, N. Y.: Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds, N. Y. State missionary, has had three very interesting and most joyful meetings on Sunday evenings, March 4th and 11th. There was a large attendance and all were well pleased with the messages, which were all recognized. We had a beautiful solo each evening, by Rollo L. DeWilton, for which Mrs. Lee, of Canisteo, played the accompaniment. Our society is now harmonious, new members are being added and we are progressing. Our sister, Mrs. Coston, keeps the light burning in her home every Wednesday and Sunday evening.

Amanda Coffman, writes: "I greet you one and all. I am now in Wisconsin doing missionary work for the W. S. S. Association. We have sixty-one meetings planned, ending with a three days convention in Milwaukee the last week of April. I wish to say I will not accept any camp engagements for this year. We are having real old-fashioned winter weather here, the mercury hangs around zero most of the time, and several degrees below some of the time, good sleighing too. Found warm hearts and the glad hand of welcome has been given us. The people are hungry for spiritual food. We have held three meetings in Black River Falls, and had appreciative audiences. Friends wishing to address me may address Black River Falls, Wis., box 92 and their letters will be forwarded to me. With a god-speed to THE SUNFLOWER, and a kind thought for all friends and foes."

Moses Harman, editor of Lucifer, a paper devoted to reform in matters sexual, has been sent to the penitentiary at Joliet, Ills., for one year for "sending obscene matter thru the mails." Isn't it strange! We can write about crossing animals to improve the breed, hybridizing plants to get new varieties, but human beings hush it's "obscene!" So we must keep on breeding a large proportion of idiots and imbeciles or go to jail if we try to teach anything different.

Stealing sorrow is as much a sin as acquiring stolen joys.

What I Know of Pork Eating.

BY JAMES DOTY, M. D.

I am 61 years old, born in the town of Phelps, Ontario county, N. Y. I spent my early life on a farm at home. I can count at least 100 farmers in that section who raised pork for their daily meat, and were pork-eaters like myself. Many of those people are old like myself, and are good for many more years. There are many old soldiers of the rebellion, who lived in that section who are still living. They ate pork before they went to the war, and history says they were among the best of those who survived the hardships, and today live to meet and tell stories.

Take the country-at-large, (farmers) were all pork eaters. Unless my reader, you were a farmer, you could not know of the hardships, daily toil, clearing up the land our forefathers done, and they were nearly, if not all pork eaters.

The people who are today old, many of them are at the head of this Government, were pork eaters.

The young men, sons of these pork eaters are among the managers of this Government.

I am a physician of forty-eight years and I eat pork whenever it is served on the table.

All vegetables have their diseases, all fruits have their diseases, so have nuts. Wheat, oats, barley, corn, etc., all have their diseases, and if I had time and the courage to ask for space in your valuable SUNFLOWER I would speak of the stench of decaying vegetables, fruit, etc., which every family had to contend with and is found in the garbage can.

Fads of every conceivable nature have been running a race these few years past, and most of them have died and left the leader standing on the brink, alone, viewing the stream as it passes along laden with fragments, dashing against the shore, as though looking for some haven in which to lodge, out of sight of victims who have listened, but not heeded.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

The woman's friend, in woman's world, Designing freedom—thus unfurled To highest pinnacle, to mount, Where royal masters did not count.

To lift the fallen from the dust And labor, keeping time from rust, To help the sisters in their fare Was her especial life-work care.

To dare conventions ruled by men, And bridge reform o'er what's been.

Commencing now, this day and hour, In labor's active, motive power.

To further women's rights and find The wisdom helpful to mankind, Did poise the soul, unkept by age—O'erlooking faults of child and sage.

The seed her willing hand did sow, Is growing large, and fruit will grow From out the leaves that cover o'er, Today the grain she's sown no more.

With hand of flesh, in word or pen—A spirit now—the might have been Will grow from out this glorious birth, The babe of freedom on this earth.

A headlight to this golden age Her train behind will still engage To liberate the slaves of trust And trample bigotry to dust.

MARY J. SCOTT.

As Others See Us.

A man was complaining of his neighbors. "I never saw such a wretched set of people," he said, "as are in this village. They are mean, selfish, greedy of gain, and careless of the needs of others."

"Is it really so?" asked an angel who happened to be walking with him.

"It is, indeed!" said the man, "Why only look at the fellow coming toward us! I know his face I cannot tell you his name. See his little sharp, cruel eyes, darting here and there like a ferret's and the lines of covetousness on his mouth! The very droop of his shoulders is mean and cringing, and he slinks along instead of walking."

"It is very clever of you to see all this," said the angel, "but there is one thing which you have not perceived."

"What is it?" asked the man.

"Why, that it is a looking glass that we are approaching," said the angel.

No man climbs to the Father by treading on his brother.

SPIRITUALISM
IN PITTSBURG.

BURNING A MORTGAGE.

It is with great pleasure we write you concerning an important event that will occur on Tuesday evening March 27th in and for the benefit of the First Church of Spiritualists of Pittsburgh in particular, and the good of the cause in general, for we have certainly made wonderful progress since the purchase of the building and grounds we now occupy. Previous to the year 1903 we had no place to call home.

We were subject to the changes generally occurring to the tenants of halls. Our Society had felt for some time the necessity of securing a place for a permanent home, and finally in September 1903 the beautiful brick church we now occupy on Bouquet St. was purchased by the Board of Trustees of our church. After making some alterations to the building we held our first service on Sunday, November 1st 1903. Mr. C. L. Stevens, president, presiding, Harrison D. Barrett, president N. S. A. being with us on that auspicious occasion, also Rev. B. F. Austin of Toronto, Canada as a lecturer for the society at that time.

We will state that Mr. Austin had been a regular ordained minister in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and for many years had charge of a Ladies' Seminary in Canada. Because of a free expression of his opinion on "Revelation" and other subjects he was regularly tried and found guilty of heresy, and expelled from that organization. He then took an interest in Spiritualism, and today is found with all his talent, vigor and experience, an active and influential worker for the Spiritualist cause, and in his work embodies the best good for humanity.

Spiritualism has been well taken care of here this season of 1905-6. For many years our services have been opened in September by Mrs. Margaret Riedinger. Her psychic work is considered of the highest character by our people. She has made an impression on our minds and a place in our hearts that will outlast the records of time. With pleasant memories of the past we will look forward to her return next September.

In October Mr. and Mrs. George W. Kates were our speakers. Mrs. Kates is marvelous as an inspirational speaker, and has a manner and force of character that takes no second place on the Spiritual rostrum. Mrs. Kates in her private work gives satisfactory results whenever proper conditions are obtained, and many are consoled and made happy thereby. Mr. Kates as a lecturer has an experience in the work which gives him the mental qualities of systematically and tersely setting in order what he has to say to the people. Like his good wife he admits of no compromise with the foes of Spiritualism.

November brought with it the venerable sage, Lyman C. Howe of Fredonia, N. Y. Here we see a man of more than three score and ten years, most of which have been spent in successful efforts to hold the truth up above the prejudice, bigotry and superstition of his time. His eyes are not the best, his mental and spiritual sight shows added strength, enabling him to do work worthy of the consideration of the advanced thinkers and philosophers of our day. May he enjoy the remaining years of his life on this sphere, and when the change comes triumphantly enter the doorway into the spirit life. Brother Howe fills a niche in our memories that the erosions of time cannot efface.

In December Mr. and Mrs. Sprague, the well known missionaries of the N. S. A. were with us. Mrs. Sprague as a message bearer, and Mr. Sprague as speaker and message bearer. As they are well and generally known we will leave them with this record. They are able, faithful and devout workers for the cause. Their work was interesting and instructive, as well as fruitful, by the increase of ten persons to membership in our Society. During their pleasant and profitable ministrations here we feel that there was a mutual reciprocity.

January introduced Oscar A. Edgerly to our people; a quiet in-

spirational speaker. His brain powers being of a character to relate him to the thinkers in spirit realms, and also places him among the philosophers on this plain of for life. Brother Edgerly is an instructive speaker and educator to attentive audiences. We happily wait his return next season.

For February and March, the present person officiating is Mrs. Katie Ham of Haverhill, Mass.

Her work is confined to ballot reading. Her phase is most satisfactory and convincing. Her speech, her manner and her work wins favor to our cause. Deep interest is awakened, and the seating capacity of our church is taxed to the utmost. In her work as she journeys from place to place she makes special appeals for persons to become members of the organization, and is meeting with signal success. She has been reengaged to serve our society and her coming will be another happy greeting to all.

Now to us, comes the most interesting part of this article. We have been owing a balance of nearly \$6,000 on our property. Endeavors during the last three years had enabled us to reduce our debt to this amount. A surprise was in store for us. A member of our Board of Trustees, Mrs. Catherine Maul, had arranged to bequeath to the church a certain amount of money, but concluded to give while in the form—how sensible and wise to give for the benefit of Spiritualism before it is to late to prevent lawyers disputing your will.

She asked president Stevens one day about the church debt, and if she could raise \$1,000 if she would give them \$5,000. He said, "Why bless you yes, and do it quick." "Do you mean it?" "Yes" said she "I have it ready in the bank." In a few days enough was subscribed to meet the conditions, resulting in the announcement, that we shall celebrate the happy event by holding a special service to burn the mortgage in conjunction with Mrs. Ham's request to give us a benefit seance on the eve of her departure from Pittsburgh Tuesday evening, March 27th 1906.

Mrs. Ham is most unselfish and demonstrates that she has the cause of Spiritualism at heart. On this occasion Mrs. C. L. Stevens, well known in our midst as an inspirational speaker of more than ordinary intellectual and spiritual attainments will deliver a short congratulatory address. She was one of the first to address our society before it was chartered eighteen years ago. She has always been loyal, and a generous contributor to Spiritualism. We cannot close without referring to Mrs. Sophia Meyran to whom our organization owes undying gratitude. From her came the first proposition to buy the church we now own. It this and her munificent gift of \$5,000 that secured for us this monument to the great cause of truth in Pittsburgh.

Our board of trustees have passed resolutions to be neatly engrossed expressive of our gratitude to both Mrs. Meyran and Mrs. Maul the philosophers on this plain of for their handsome donations, for which words fail to express our hearty appreciation.

M. C. MATTHEWS.

The Happiness of Enthusiasm.

"Eager to labor" is one way to happiness; and to be really eager for happiness means being undaunted and ready to encounter baffling influences, the powers to persevere against the long odds of daily frustration and failure. Glad endeavor seems an enormous factor in building up a happy life. To cultivate an enthusiasm—blessed quality—which shall make uselessness the chief distress of life and cause active effort to be a dominant quality of each young mind is to give a hostage to happiness—New York Evening Post.

No man is brave until he has overcome the fear of being called a coward.

UNCLE SAM SPECIALTIES.

Uncle Sam Self-Filling Fountain Pen.

14¢ gold, 10¢ silver, 7¢ brass, rubber holder cheap in price only; fully warranted.

Uncle Sam Stamp Box.

Holds 25 postage stamps; one movement of the thumb delivers or receives a stamp without disturbing the rest; can't stick together or be destroyed, 25¢.

Uncle Sam Vest Pocket Tablet.

A small book to write on; tear a leaf out anywhere without disturbing the rest; put new paper in yourself, 1¢.

ALL THREE POSTPAID \$1.50.

AGENTS WANTED.

UNCLE SAM NOVELTY CO.,

Dr. Lily Dale, N. Y.



THE GREAT RESTORER OF DISEASE OF ANY KIND.

It matters not how long standing or how hopeless or how many doctors you have had.

This Great Remedy will Cure You.

ALEXANDER OME.

"Mr. EDITOR—Dear Sir: I wish to say to your readers that I have taken treatment from Dr. L. P. Fellows and am now in full health again. I have been told that he claims to do by way of healing the sick. Mine was a complicated disease, as each organ of my body was affected. I had no hope of recovery, and in sheer desperation applied to Dr. Fellows, and have been greatly benefited. I had no recovery of health, and in sheer desperation applied to Dr. Fellows, and have been greatly benefited. I am becoming strong and well. I heartily recommend him to all who are sick, and who are suffering from disease of any kind, to give him a fair trial and feel assured that the result will be satisfactory. Dr. L. P. Fellows, 111 W. 11th Street, New York, N. Y. \$1.00 PER BOX. It only requires a few boxes to cure in the worst form of disease. Address,

DR. FELLOWS,

Vineland, New Jersey.

As this Marvelous Remedy is a spirit prescription, the Spiritual Remedy for all who are sick, should be used for it. They will find no earthly remedy can compare with its great healing power.

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, which is almost limitless and in the middle of the greatest ledges of gold ore in the world. Such are the conditions under which we now offer at 20¢ a share for a short time, some treasury stock, to raise funds quickly to build our mill and add a cyanide plant to it and put our mine on a paving basis. The Gold Eagle Mine adjoins the Homestake, and THE GREAT LEDGES OF GOLD ORE that make the Homestake the most reliable mine in the world, RUN THROUGH THE GOLD EAGLE FROM THE HOMESTAKE. The Gold Eagle property has water, timber, railroad and the inestimable advantage of showing how to proceed without making any mistake, that is, to follow the methods of the greatest gold mine in the world, namely the Homestake. The mine adjoining the Gold Eagle on the east, is known as the Penobscot and is owned by Lieutenant Gov. Maitland of Michigan. The net profit of the Penobscot for the year 1905 will exceed \$500,000. No stock has a better future than the Gold Eagle and none is so free from uncertainty. It is not a case of making a thousand or losing one hundred. It is a case of having the one hundred safe and the one thousand sure, with dividends certain. Every essential of a great permanent gold mine exists, lacking now but some machinery. Stock sold upon the installation plan, but in no case less than 100 shares. Maps and expert's report on application.

Address all communications to the

GOLD EAGLE MINING COMPANY,

240-66 129 South 11th Street, Lincoln, Nebraska.

DEATH BED VISIONS PIERCE SPIRIT VEIL,

Declares Dr. H. S. Bee.

The greatest question before the world, one that should receive the most attention from men of science, is this—if a man die, shall he live again? Thus spake the great statesman, Gladstone.

After years of study and observation at the bedside of the dying, I think I know that a man never dies, in the sense that the spirit is no more. Notwithstanding that I have passed the Osler age, I cannot agree with him that the dying do not see thru the veil—do not feel comforted at what they see on the other side of the mortal sphere. For I have seen many go, and heard many tell me what they saw, and I have witnessed some phenomena.

I am not a believer in so-called Spiritualism, as to me it seems confounding truth with absolute silliness. To believe as Spiritualists do on has to become somewhat tangled up.

I have known men—truthful men, pure men and holy men—who had experienced the spiritual conditions wherein they could say positively that spirits live freed from the flesh. They were not insane or troubled with ailments to induce delusions.

SPIRITS IN OTHER WORLD.

As I have experienced the same, I am not conscious of delusion, Osler to the contrary notwithstanding. Dr. Osler would give one the impression that there is no future life.

Professor Huxley, one of the foremost scientists of the age, agrees with Fredrick Harrison, the most learned of men, that when one can give a reason for a belief which comes within the bounds of reason and common sense, it becomes scientific. There should be no quarrel between science and the higher manifestations of psychic phenomena.

To be a believer in the theory that we are living in a world within a world, one does not have to forsake the church, or become a disbeliever in the Christian religion. St. Paul claimed that there is a spiritual body, and from my observation and experience I fully agree with him.

One has to experience this phenomena before he can become convinced. No man living is free from delusions, and some may claim that I am deluded, so I will make no attempt to demonstrate the whys of my belief.

ABIDING PLACE OF DEPARTED.

I can only say I am a firm believer of the unseen world and in the theory that the luminous ether which scientists concede fills all space is the abiding place of those departed spirits who have thrown off the material body.

The people of the great Chinese nation are believers in this theory. There must be some reason for the belief outside of mere superstition and speculation. In the history of European nations in which the Greek and Roman blend we find that they did not believe that this short life was man's only inheritance.

Most scientists, while not accepting the doctrine of metempsychosis, looked upon death as a simple change of life. The Greco-Italians did not believe in the transmigration of souls. Nor did the Aryans of the East, since the hymns of the Vedas teach another doctrine. The belief in magic, the meaning of which is wisdom, was carried to such madness at one time in Rome that under the consulate of Lucius Paulus many magicians were expelled.

DEATH DOES NOT END ALL.

When the idea that the soul remained fixed at the place where the body was interred was prevalent, ood was carried to the tombs on festal occasions, which is described by Ovid and Virgil as being for the dead. The Chinese perform this ceremony to this day, so that the odors might be inhaled by the spirits of their ancestry. The Chinese civilization is the oldest upon the earth; not like ours, to be sure, but is ours any better in fact?

Even eliminate the Bible—the teachings of Christ and the apostles—and you will have enough evidence of the soul's immortality. So claims the great astronomer, Camille Flammarion.

THE SUNFLOWER is not the largest but the best Spiritualist paper prove that death ends all. Even published.

the great Herschel, after years of scientific research, is unable to give an opinion, and the great Darwin that it probable that there may be a hereafter even for monkeys, while Alfred Russel Wallace, the co-discovered with Darwin of the evolution theory, positively asserts that there is a spirit world.

A LITTLE LESSON IN ASTROLOGY.

BY MYRTLE HYDE DARLING.

The circle of the zodiac is said to measure 360°. For convenience, the zodiac has been divided into twelve equal parts of 30° each, the actual division by nature is not so exact. Each sign of thirty degrees is divided into three equal parts of ten degrees each, called a Decanate.

ARIES.

The first decan is ruled by Mars. The planets posited therein give the following tendencies; a warlike aggressive nature, with political and public aspirations. Some injuries to the head and face. Success in pioneer work or military service. The life is changeful and remarkable in many ways.

The second decan is ruled by the sun. The nature is haughty and proud, desiring to rule, ambitious and aspiring, loving practical arts, extravagant and generous, impulsive, critical, despising mean or underhanded actions, free, but courteous. There is success in governmental positions and military life, and the favor of men is assured.

The third decanate is ruled by Venus. The passions are strong, love of pleasure keen. The nature is bright and sparkling, loves art and poetry, is kind and loving, but too impulsive and overardent. The decan is not a very fortunate one, but confers a generous, warm position, which attracts friends.

TAURUS.

The first decan is ruled by Mercury. The mind is highly endowed, the fancy creative and poetical. The disposition is amiable, the affections steadfast. There is intuitive faculty, fondness of the artistic and beautiful in form and color. There is a sensuous love of life, desire for comfort, ease and luxury, but never-the-less, a capacity for sustained efforts of a mental nature. Success comes in drama, music, fine arts, and the patronage of women.

The second decan is ruled by the moon. The disposition is romantic, the imagination strong, the feelings fine, and the love of pleasure strong. There is fondness for dainty foods and good living. The person secures the favor of women of position, and is successful in travelling. There is a disposition to pursuits of an artistic and poetical nature. This position gives wealth and acquisition of property.

The third decan is ruled by Saturn. It gives dependence, servitude, poverty. There is difficulty in attaining wealth. The person is sensitive, languishing, and has love disappointments which overthrow ambitions. The domestic and married life is destroyed. Enemies render life unfortunate. There is much depth of feeling and fidelity in attachments.

GEMINI.

The first decan is ruled by Jupiter. The nature is humane and generous, but unfortunate, for a man is his own enemy. He is too self-confident, leading to self-hurt, but he is capable of rising by his own merit. The mind is generous, the intellect strong, but the judgment is perverted and misfortunes thru enemies are less than those he brings on himself. There is oratorical favor and a taste for judicial and legal pursuits and literature. The decan is not a fortunate one.

The second decan is ruled by Mars. It gives a quarrelsome, violent tendency. The nature is ungrateful and wanton, the life filled with useless strife, unprofitable discussion, misplaced interests, and misappropriated faculties. There are hurts and dangers in travelling; sickness and favors even through indiscretions. The individual will be favored by martial persons.

The third decan is ruled by the sun. There is success in the study of literature and science. The brilliancy of intellect brings fame, but the fortune is small. There are many journeys, and relatives are helpful. The life is anxious and restless. There is eventual success in artistic and literary pursuits.

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TILLIE U. REYNOLDS,

Her work for the N. Y. S. S. A.

A long time has passed since I have written of my work. But now, as missionary for New York State some few items may be acceptable.

The first Sunday of February was spent in Oneonta, N. Y. Through the untiring efforts of Brother and Sister Helm, the Universalist church was secured for an afternoon service. The church was not full, but a very good sized audience and an attentive one met us. The music was fine. A baritone solo by Mr. Helm, and a fine vocal selection by a prominent professor of music in Oneonta. There were three parlor meetings and it seemed as though the interest was considerable.

An opportunity offers for some meetings at Utica also. Last Sunday, at East Aurora, a morning service, and in the evening an answer to sermon preached by an evangelist a few nights previous on the text, "The handwriting on the wall." The guides took the same subject, but of course from a Spiritualistic standpoint.

This coming Sunday will be spent at Hornellsville, and a few other lectures there. Some meetings at Friendship, Inavale, Wellsville, and perhaps some more nearby towns. Collins also calls for meetings, etc.

The 18th, an all day's meeting will be held at the Maccabees Hall, 2207 Main street, Niagara Falls, North End. That society under the ministrations of Mrs. A. Atcheson has been steadily growing. I will unite with the officers of the late association in a mass meeting. We feel sure of success there.

The question is so often asked, is Spiritualism dying out, or growing less in interest? It seems as though so many are seeking now to know what Spiritualism really means, and the philosophy and science is taking firm hold. No—not dying, but growing and spreading. An answer to Pres. Richardson's New Year's appeal came from Brainard, Minn., as well as from our own state. Let the good work go on.

Mrs. TILLIE U. REYNOLDS,
New York State Missionary.

The Fruit of Thomas Jefferson's Statesmanship
Illustrated in the great Nation which aided
this Republic in the Revolution
—France.

"With the least and briefest ceremony possible, the inauguration of Mr. Fallières, as president of France, took place Sunday, 25th ult.

The countrymen of Lafayette and Victor Hugo, are illustrating the teachings of that great statesman, Thomas Jefferson, whose inauguration, more than 100 years ago, was a similar inexpensive act. The inauguration of the present executive cost \$149,491. It seems that the sane and commendable example of Jefferson has borne good fruit in a distant land. If the policy of the French president in other matters is as wise, the vast military establishments which now oppress the nations may be a thing of the past—Jefferson illustrated his policy—"Quakerism" in his management of a British battleship firing on an American vessel, killing three men and wounding others. Jefferson sent a frigate to England, demanding reparation; and introduced, to use his words, "Between nations another umpire than arms." Non-intercourse, was the peaceful remedy instead of official slaughter and war. Eminent statesmen endorsed Jefferson's policy as more effective than war.

A distinguished divine, the new Bishop of Michigan, Rev. Williams, in a recent address, "Feared that exponents of statesmanship, in the true sense of the word, are extinct." The learned Prof. Schmidt, of Cornell University, in a recent address said; "The Jew is opposed to every war." That dictum represents Jefferson and Franklin, two of the most thoroughly equipped scholars and statesmen in history. It also is in accord with what some term "Paganism"—Buddhism. Of that great faith which has a peerless record—has never persecuted although it outnumbers in adherents any other faith.

The learned author and lecturer, Jno. M. Stoddard writes: "On the plains of India was fought out the great contest between love and selfishness, and the old deep-rooted despotism proved the stronger, and Buddhism, the faith of the brotherhood of man, was driven into other lands." "Were half the wealth be-

stowed on camps and courts, given to redeem the human mind from error, there were no need of arsenals and forts."

QUAKER.

Oscar A. Edgerly at Washington, D. C.

It gives me great pleasure to report the successful engagement of Oscar A. Edgerly, with the First Association of Spiritualists of Washington, D. C. He served our society during the entire month of February in his capacity of trance speaker and message medium.

We found Mr. Edgerly's spirit guides to be of a high order of intelligence, the lectures given were eloquent, logical and convincing, and that our people appreciated his work is evidenced by the fact that we have re-engaged him for the month of March 1907.

Our society has been generally prosperous this season. We have had Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Kates and Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Sprague with us, tried and true workers whose labors ever abounding to the benefit of our cause. Next month Mrs. T. Longley, Secy. of the N. S. A., is to be our speaker. We call her our Mrs. Longley as we ever take pride in the fact that her name is enrolled in the membership of our Association. During the month of April Mrs. Baade, of Detroit, Mich., will occupy our rostrum. We look forward to her advent among us with pleasant anticipations.

With best wishes for THE SUNFLOWER,
H. D. MORGAN,
Secretary of the First Association of Spiritualists, Washington, D. C.

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