

THE SUNFLOWER

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

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SUSAN B. ANTHONY

Miss Susan Brownwell 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. Her parents were Quaker parents, and she inherited the Quaker motto in her, being of a more conservative nature, and continually in the lead as regards what have been called reform movements. She adopted the "bluener" costume in 1852, and clung to it for some time before she slipped 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 1848, 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 nose. 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 had a varied career. In her platform work she has been honored, never burned in effigy, rotten-egged 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 she 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 she 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 thought."

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, sir, is the tomb of the greatest naval hero Europe or the 'ole 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 'ero." "Well," said the American after reflecting a moment, "If he ever gets out of that, telegraph me at my expense."

The man whose thought seems 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 pace 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" descends 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 error, 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 cosmthetic idealism to admit that man can be mistaken about truth that is 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 its unity what we mortals only see in fragments. But let us be true 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 well be called love as by any 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. Stoddard, with its now all inclusive borders, is the manifestation, revelation, appeal of the infinite mind, the finite will, to the finite mind. Of the father to his children, of spirit to spirits.

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 "Cosmthetic 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 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 secretaries 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 accused. 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 unconsolated, 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 bedizen 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 therefrom drawn that are not only wrong, but injurious to the cause when given publicity.

Rushing into print to air one's grievances is 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.

REGARDING SUBSCRIPTIONS.

To save explanations individually we wish to state that our subscription list is changed about every three weeks.

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.

Can you not get your neighbor to take a subscription when you renew yours and in that way get a Self-Filling Fountain Pen FREE? Try it.

THE TOUSIN 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 benefit.

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.

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.

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. Lowered to post office censorship, will take full responsibility for the views expressed, nor is it likely to endure one month of them.

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.

JESSE S. PETTIT, Corvallis, Oregon.

WARNING.

Do not get all the comfort possible out of your position and make a sacrifice for its cause. A future agency—perhaps as much as that of the ignorant who thinks it his get all the pleasure out of life.

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

DIETARY FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

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.

I saw an item in the number of your paper the 2nd that Mrs. Vas 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 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.

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.

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 "cast 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 (of hianer) the quicker they will cook. Cook in milk in a double boiler, or sauce pan, set in water.

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. THE SUNFLOWER \$1.00 a year.

LENT,

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 devotee of society to the utmost. This season of "rest and prayer" is absolutely necessary to recuperate the depleted system.

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.

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?

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?

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-guineah hat on.—Cassell's.

Self-Filling Fountain Pen Free.

We want to give our patrons some more Fountain Pens during March. Everybody who has had one is well pleased with it, and this month we will give you a chance to get one.

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TERMS: Extend our subscription to THE SUNFLOWER for one year, and send in one new subscriber, in addition to your own, with Two Dollars to pay for the two subscriptions, and state whether you prefer a fine, medium, coarse, or stub point, and we will mail you one of the

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Elias Richards, Willsville, N. Y., writes: "The two Uncle Sam Fountain Pens arrived and they are beauties."

It is of the latest pattern, does not drop ink all over everything, and we can furnish you with a fine, medium, coarse or stub point as desired. If the pen does not fit your hand, we will exchange it for you.

It makes no difference whether you are an old or a new subscriber or if your subscription has expired or not. It will be extended one year from the time it does expire.

If you wish it sent by registered mail, send 8 cents extra for registered fee.

Send your order today, then you will be sure of it.

The Sunflower Publishing Co., Lily Dale, N. Y.

METAPHYSICAL.

Conducted by EVIE P. BACH.

AS BY FIRE.

Sometimes I feel so passionate a yearning
For spiritual perfection here below
This vigorous frame with healthful
fever burning.

Seems my determined foe.
So actively it makes a stern resist-
ance,
So cruelly sometimes it wages war
Against a wholly spiritual existence
Which I am striving for.

It interrupts my soul's intense de-
votions,
Some hope it strangles of divin-
est birth,
With a swift rush of violent emo-
tions

Which link me to the earth.
It is as if two mortal foes contended
Within my bosom in a deadly
strife,
One for the loftier aims for souls
intended,
One for the earthly life.

And yet I know this very war with-
in me,
Which brings out all my will-
power and control;
This very conflict at the last shall
win me

The loved and longed-for goal.
The very fire which seems some-
times so cruel,
Is the white light which shows
me my own strength.

A furnace fed by the divinest fuel
It may become at length.
Ah! when in the immortal ranks
enlisted,
I sometimes wonder if we shall
not find
That not by deeds, but what we
have resisted,
Our places are assigned.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

LIGHT OR DARKNESS.

Thoughts generate feeling; actions
power. Both are subject to rise
and fall. Feelings exalted by reason
or sympathy leads to inspira-
tion. Power exercised for good
leads to happiness. Either one
dominated by self-love or egotism
leads to misery.

The man who is in love with him-
self is peering into a cavern for sun-
light and whose deeds are all based
on benefiting himself is driving
headlong into it. His life-forces
are inverted; they are negative, not
positive.

Inspiration is the effect of reason-
ing or loving spiritually—directing
one's feelings toward the light.
Happiness is the effect of unselfish
deeds—exercising one's power
beyond mere acquisitiveness.

The first gives the spirit consci-
ousness; the second enables it to
know that consciousness experientially.

Right thinking thus makes the
spirit known to itself; right doing
inherits that which each one is aim-
ing for—happiness.

The choice between light and
darkness for the future is therefore
intelligible enough to the unbiased.
ARTHUR F. MILTON.

BE CHEERFUL.

Cheerfulness is a contagious ele-
ment in human nature. The cheer-
ful person walks in a sheen of sun-
shine that casts its rays upon all
things about him or her. Smiles
are "catching"—smiles make smiles,
while gloom casts shadows all about.
Cheerfulness is seen not only in the
eyes and mouth and all the features
of the face are caused to beam by
its presence, but the cordial hand-
grip with its electric current of
sincerity and good-will send a thrill
of pleasure into the whole being of
the recipient, causing the heart to
pulsate the faster and the pulsations
to quicken.

"Laugh and the world laughs
with you," the cheery, hearty laugh-
ter—sends the electric current of
friendship athwart the space by
wireless telegraphy and truly meets
the poetical receptive of all in cur-
rent-time therewith; while the
shadow of misanthropy and gloom
is borne to earth by its own heaviness.

Sunshine paints the flower in

glorious hues and makes glad the
earth—sadden opens the grave for
the burial of joy. As "iron sharp-
eneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the
countenance of his friend, but
where gloom pervades "the face is
not satisfied with seeing," as it car-
ries the shadow to the heart and
deadens the senses.

Therefore, be careful, be
courageous, felicitous at all times
and in all places, and especially in
the lodge-room, where the spirit of
fraternity and pleasure should the
more prevail at all times and sea-
sons.

—Magazine of Mysteries.

WHAT THOTS CAN'T DO.

Not yet have men and women
learned that a negative proves nothing
and has no effect, because it is
nothing.

Emerson says: "Omit negative
propositions. The good mind
chooses what is positive and what
is advancing * * embrace the
affirmatives!" This is scientific.
It is saying: Choose that which is,
and never try to do your work with
that which is not.

But patent as this is, nevertheless
it is with nothings that the masses
largely deal. For this reason their
lives amount to so little, and we
hear of disease, failures, sorrows
and death—all nothings to the real
life.

No more common objection to
Mental Science, New Thought, Soul
Culture or Christian Science than
something like this: "Well, it
won't set a broken leg!" "New
Thought won't keep you from dying!"
"Mental Science won't make you a
millionaire!" Christian Science
never will cure all humanity!" And
next to this comes reports of failures.
"My brother was treated by Chris-
tian Science and died!" I had a
friend who took absent treatments
of So-and-So and it did him no
good!" "My wife believes in Men-
tal Science, but don't get well!"
and so on for a thousand times. All
these failures are facts, but what of
it? What does your "don't's" and
your "can't's prove? Only that we
have not yet done it.

Does any failure ever prove that
a thing cannot be done? The his-
tory of every human achievement
is a history of what has not been
done, being done now. All progress
is but extending the realm of the
actual to the realm of the possible.
What is impossible? Who dares say
that any dream is? In the Divine
possibilities of the soul all dreams
are not only possibilities, but are
present realities. Who dares say
they never shall be realized in the
objective life?

One of the greatest lessons the
St. Louis Fair had for me was the
exhibition of locomotives from time
of Newton's invention was exhibited.
He knew steam was a force of
force. He knew it could be applied
to locomotion. He placed a huge
tea kettle on wheels, put a fire
under it, and had the steam come
out against a plate before a nozzle.
The cart did not move. As well
may a man lit himself by his boot-
straps. No doubt many then said:
"Fool! He might know that steam
will never draw carts!" But the
idea was infinite. Newton's ideal
did not work; but Newton's hot
has moved millions of engines. It
is recorded that after Fulton's ap-
plication of steam to a boat, a scien-
tist in England wrote a book proving
conclusively that steam could
never propel a boat across the
Atlantic. The first copies of the
book were bought by the first
steamer that crossed from Liverpool
to New York City.

Impossible is but the word of
ignorance, unbelief and failure.
The world cares nothing for him
who can't, and cares as little for the
opinion of the unbeliever. "What
can you do?" "What can I do?"
The answer can only be based on what
we have done.
It is no matter whether Mental
Science can grow a leg where one
has been amputated or not. That
question is not up for discussion.
That all cults of New Thought
is a fact. From these facts, learn
to extend the horizon of your
The patent office shows a thousand

failures to one success, but the
successes only help on the ulti-
mate. Every case of mental
helps on the time when there
will be no amputated limbs
broken bones.

Wisdom places no limit
to the power of any principle, but
it also follows every principle
of Nature. Consider the
They do not
ground to be
of an idea
means that
within the
endeavor
that you
who
you cannot
cannot do
that has
what is
Tell me
think upon
nothing
negative
Think
is a
in and
which you
has
done
can live
can
ideal in
Ye who
live,
happy,
Nerve us
with
Do not
stimu-
we can
happiness
flourish—I
Now.

Central Standard Time is one hour
slower than Eastern Standard which is
used by the towns along this line.

Victors to Lily Dale from the east
and west can make connections with
D. V. & P. R. trains at Dunkirk, Fal-
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Warren	Ar.	4:45	6:15
Irvineton	Ar.	4:50	6:20
Dunkirk	Ar.	4:55	6:25
Falconer	Ar.	5:00	6:30
Lily Dale	Ar.	5:05	6:35
Warren	Ar.	5:10	6:40
Irvineton	Ar.	5:15	6:45
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EAST AURORA, N. Y.

New York State Missionary, Mrs. F. Reynolds, rested temporarily in the 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 street from the Roycroft Chapel.

Mr. McLane is a zealous worker of old-fashioned orthodoxy, and illustrates (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 glaring advertisements, and the billboards announced some significant points, for instance: "A personal visit to Hell's whirlpool," etc.

After severely drubbing 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 sermons of Jonathan Edwards and the procraft crusade of the Puritan Fathers.

The atmosphere was surcharged with fire and brimstone, and he spoke over again by way of emphasis, he vehemently asserted that spiritualism was nothing more nor less than pure diabolism, and that the vast majority of every thousand Spiritualist were frauds.

In reply to this disciple of orthodoxy that Mrs. Reynolds spoke to a goodly number of people Sunday evening, from the pulpit, "The handwriting on the wall," and the guides of this insomniac 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 perplexing investigators of Spiritualism and which were explained in an exhaustive manner.

Another beautiful feature of it was the kindly loving spirit in which the guides handled the erring speaker and refuted his every argument.

As an inspirational speaker, Mrs. Reynolds is rarely gifted and has few equals in our ranks; and as a message worker, she is an excellent worker. But on Sunday it was the unanimous opinion of her friends that she outdid herself.

Next Aurora she continues her missionary visits, first to Buffalo, and through Allegheny and on Sunday, March 1st, Mrs. Atcheson, of the Niagara Falls society, is organizing a state association in the city of Niagara Falls.

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

H. W. RICHARDSON.

WHAT NEXT?

I we hope and pray!
In this dispensation;
In the light, to gild anew the way,
To lift another corner of the funeral pall,
To light whatever truth the greatest good to all,
And will come—we prophecy
To-day,
To meet the echo, of footsteps on the way?
On the mountain height the chamber,
For brighter day?
It will soon be knocking at the door;
To the feast and spread the table o'er,
For weary, toil-worn and weary,
For garments old and thin,
To bid him enter in;
For a diviner truth, than ever man could boast,
To spread its eagle pinions o'er the barren coast,
And ring from shore to shore,
In exultation tones—Excelsior!
MARY B. SHERMAN.

SUDDEN TRANSITIONS.

BY EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

Our hearts feel like lead and our eyes blur with tears,
We fear Father Time and his murderous 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 pitiless 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 heaven's windows of light;
'Tis 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 consciousness of being, a sort of spiritual 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 elements of experiences, warmed by the sunshine of bright, happy ones, watered by the dew or the heavier rainfalls of unpleasant ones, and swayed by the winds of passion, the vibrations of which makes the keynote 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, otherwise 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 do 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 passeth 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 goodness 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 conviction that there is some ruth among the many statements that relief to the sufferer has been realized where an amputated limb that had been carelessly disposed of was exhumed, 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 disposition 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 decarnate, 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 spiritually, joyfully, and gloriously grow into inclinations for the ment of clay. A reform in this matter would also be appreciated by the living. Of course, in cases where a careful disposal is impossible, results may not be serious.

Nor would I under any consideration 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 somewhat of a mundane mother to me, and when I shall have served my time on earth I may continue during 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 possibly cremate it.

[NOTE: We think our good brother 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 mouldered to dust. Cremation seems to us to offer a solution to the whole problem, but "let each one be persuaded in his own mind." —D.]

A Mother's Promise Fulfilled

During the time of my mother's sickness, sister Laura and I 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 found to work when some unknown power requested her to be 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 said to me, (who had passed to spirit life many years ago) stand at her bedside, with out stretched 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 see of dear mothers return and 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 every success.

Laura Dette See Y.

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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. 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 true 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 a 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 mighty wilderness; he passed by the margins of tremendous molten seas; he stumbled into fearful abysses; he fled from hissing monsters. Now a storm of ashes overwhelmed him; and then he was bitterly cold. The climate of hell was variable and suited to every disposition. There was a vast multitude to be provided for, and it took all sorts of conditions to make them miserable, and the ingenuity of the Almighty was equal to the emergency. The instruments of torture played to any tune. If one enjoyed a warm place he was sure to be put on the top of an iceberg; and if one liked a

cool breeze he had to take lodgings here and 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 terrors and wild wastes through which he had passed. More terrific still were the innumerable crowds of devils. Every face was an impenetrable bell; war, despair, selfishness, and every one was grasping after some flitting phantom of pleasure. Some were like spiders cunningly crawling to their lonely selves, others passing good there might be in a temporary gain; yet when the gain was accomplished they immediately fell to quarreling. There was a perpetual tumult; every devil was cheating his neighbor, and a few exercised prodigious authority, but only by the possession of vast quantities of stones and shells. Gottlieb saw Satan, 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, and the sceptred glory of his arm kept the legions of spirits in dark obedience. If for once the flash of his lightning should fail; if his arm should quit its throne. Did he ever grow faint of heart? Did he ever feel that he was any beneath that burning coronet? None could know. His eye never flinched; it burned with steady fire. His form was always erect and firm. His giant will seemed to grow potent with the sweep of the ages. Others dared not dispute with him the supremacy of hell; he neglect his slightest mandate. They hated him, and he hated them; all hated one another. There was everlasting war. Order, which 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. If the only way to make himself less unhappy was to make others more so.

Gottlieb covered his face to shut out the dismal sight; there was no companionship for him; he dwelt 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 be 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? He did not respect his manhood more than the devil; he would save him only by its sacrifice. "salvation" worth the price? Whence came his manhood? of the infinite reality; but that reality seemed to have no power 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 shant, a 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; he felt the pure light streaming into him. He cared not whether he went to heaven or hell; but when that light seemed a hideous falsity, the universal nature a floating rack, the bosom of an endless lie, agony, the tortur, was like the agony of worlds. With a fearful cry he prayed for everlasting death. For a moment; his faith came again like a sweet summer's dawn in a cloudy dawn. His manhood was stronger than all the decrees of fate. He had not since again, and it would light his way to eternal life. There was an imminent goodness; in the midst of the horrible outward darkness it shone calmly and grandly. He walked over the burning marl with golden step. The heaven that blazed away with its innumerable mansions was not comparable to the soft yet infinite luster of the heaven within. He sat down by a gloomy cave; a little cataract was dashing down by its side; on its margin were scraggy

branches 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.

Englishman Believes she has Received Communication from Spirit World. The editor of the monthly periodical entitled Broad Views, prints a series of letters which are asserted to have been communicated after death from Lord Carlingford, the late Clifchester Fortescue of the aristocratic administration. It is seriously asserted that these communications were made to Mrs. M. M. M., a cousin of Lord Carlingford, through a medium of the name of M. M. M. Here are some of the extracts from the letters, which are certainly remarkable in more ways than one: "Before becoming fit to dwell forever in the spiritual world, man must have passed through, on earth, and every phase of existence which tends to develop each and every characteristic faculty that earth life gives to man. He must first the rock, then the vegetable, the unthinking, inanimate but living organism; then the instinctive but unreasoning animal; next the savage but reasoning, instinctive and responsible man; and from that period onward through generation after generation the gradually cultured and refined being which from the first beginning of the scheme of creation it was intended he should become."

"I know that it was death which came to me." I slept and awakened to find myself in the presence of many friends I had supposed long since lost, who held me in their arms and soothed me with tender words. But for long I thought that I was dreaming and should awake with all my old doubts, fears and sufferings upon me. How long or by what means it was at last made clear to me I can not state, but certainly there came a time when I fully realized the change and that I was dead."

"We have no need here for the butcher," says another letter, "still he comes and his spiritual career must be that suited to his condition. His mortal occupation being gone, his real self, the man, is drawn towards what he is capable of assimilating or is in affinity with. There has never been a time when between spirit and mortal communication ceased. It is always going on, although the mortal may never know or even dream that such is the case."

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, Folson & 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 wittingly 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.

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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.

Life Readings by mail, \$1.00 and upwards. Trial readings, 25 cents and 2 two-cent stamps. Send sex, time, 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 prices, 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 to begin any venture. You should try to collect money when the money planet 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.

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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 one 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 Greeks and 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, food 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 on this day, so that the odors might be inhaled by the spirits of their ancestry.

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.

No one as yet has been able to prove that death ends all. Even

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

A LITTLE LESSON IN ASTROLOGY

BY MYRTLE HYDE DARTING. The circle of the zodiac is said to measure 360°. For convenience, the zodiac has been divided into twelve equal parts of 30° each, though 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 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. Success is attained to the head and face. Success is a pioneer work or military service. The life is changeable 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 art, 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, the love of pleasure keen. The nature is bright and sparkling, loves art and poetry, is kind and loving, but too impulsive and overbearing. The decan is not a very fortunate one, but confers a generous, warm disposition, 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 an 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 least incapacity 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 food and good living. The person secures the favor of women of position, and is successful in travelling. There is a disposition to pursue 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 long disappointments which overthrow his 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-conscious, leading to self-hurt, but is capable of rising by his own merit. The mind is generous, the intellect strong, but the judgment is perverted and misfortunes are more numerous than those of other decans. Enemies are less than those which brings on himself. There is an equal 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, irascible tendency. The nature is grateful and wanton, the life is full with useless strife, unprofitable discussion, misplaced interests, and misapplied faculties. There are hurts and dangers in traveling, sickness and favors even though indiscreet. The individual is favored by martial persons.

The third decan is ruled by the sun. There is success in the acquisition of literature and science. The boldness of intellect brings fame. The fortune is small. There are many journeys, and relatives are helpful. The life is anxious and restless. There is eventfulness in artistic and literary matters.

THE SUNFLOWER is the best but the best Spiritualist published.

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 held in Ontario, N. Y. Through the untiring efforts of the Universalist Church for an afternoon service. It was not full, but a very attentive audience and was fine. The solo by Mrs. Elm, and a prominent collection by a Oneonta. The music in three parts and was as good as any I have seen.

The second Sunday will be spent in Utica also. A morning service and an afternoon sermon presented in a few nights. The handwriting of the guides, too, is of course from a Spiritualist standpoint.

The third Sunday will be held at some other place. Some meetings at Inavale, W. V. and some more meetings, etc. There will be an all day service at Niagara Falls, N. Y. under the auspices of Mrs. Atcheson. I will attend the late meeting. We

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QUAKER.

Oscar A. Ederly at Washington, D. C.

It gives me great pleasure to report the successful engagement of Oscar A. Ederly 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. Ederly'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 abound to the benefit of our cause. Next month Mrs. Mary 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 entrolled 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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