

# THE SUNFLOWER

AN EXPONENT OF THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY; ITS SCIENCE, AND A Library of Congress

Volume 16.

Published by  
The Sunflower Publishing Company.

LILY DALE, N. Y., APRIL 21, 1906.

Issued Every Saturday at  
One Dollar a Year.

Number 264

## STRAY THOUGHTS.

BY SAMUEL BLODGETT.

The experience of your readers, as I pointed out, indicate that in the matter of diet human beings have a wide range of adaptability. Still, it is likely that a majority of our people "dig their graves with their teeth." A very large majority after twenty-five suffer from indigestion in some form and in some degree. It is but reasonable to suppose that this trouble may not have the credit of carrying them away, it makes them susceptible to something that does, and that they die many years sooner than they otherwise would.

It is likely that physicians suffer about as much in this way as others; and not knowing enough to avoid it themselves it would be strange indeed, if they gave the proper instruction to others. When they find a person whose digestive organs are already past cure they sometimes give dietetic instructions. These instructions are superficial, and are supposed to apply to the debilitated only. This is all wrong. People should learn to so live as to avoid disease, and it should be the physician's business to teach it as a science. Of course, they cannot teach any science until they have learned it; and will not be taught in the medical schools as a science as long as doctors profit in proportion to the number of invalids, and the notion generally prevails that diseases must frequently come from unavoidable causes.

The custom of our associates go a long way in determining what we drink. There are fashionable changes in food and drink, as in clothing; but the changes in diet come more slowly, and a fad in eating generally lasts much longer. One hundred and fifty years ago potatoes were not a common article of diet in this country; but they have grown to be a leading staple. Sixty years ago oats cut no figure as an article of food, but there came to be vast quantities of rolled oats used. That article is now being largely supplanted by other breakfast foods.

Flesh eating will surely grow less and less as population increases and the price of the article goes up. The poor hard working people will slowly learn that they can be as well fed without its use, and at a much less expense. Necessity will count where sentiment is ignored. We shall also learn that vegetable nutrition is more perfect. The one who avoids flesh is not the one to be pitted.

There are three factors that count heavily for health; mental satisfaction, good digestion and full elimination of the waste matter. To have these functions continuously performed well, the food we eat and the liquid we drink must not be very bad, and the quantity must approach the proper amount. It is not only proper but necessary that all these organs should have a fair amount of work to do; for the reasonable exercise of every muscle and every nerve gives the best health and the most perfect life. Pre-digested food, if such a thing is possible, is not desirable. The work of digesting the food is one of the exercises necessary to health; but to keep any of them perpetually tired, sooner or later undermines the health. Any thing that impairs the organic or functional integrity of the heart, lungs, liver, stomach, intestines, kidneys or skin, affects the blood unfavorably and makes it impure, weakens the nervous organization, relaxes the vital tension, and opens the door to every conceivable disease. To just the proportion that this is done life loses its zest, and not infrequently makes it not worth living for years before the final departure. To destroy any of these functions is to end the physical life.

Any thing that enters the circulation, from the inside or the outside that cannot be used in replacing effete waste is obnoxious to life; and if it contaminates the blood permanently it must lead to disease and shorten it. Every physician would instantly understand that to infuse the pus of an ordinary sore into the circulation, taken from a calf or from another human being, would be to poison the blood and to injure; but if the rotten tissue carries within itself another poison, the germs of a distant disease, it is held to be harmless, that is, if the rot is pure diseased rot, and injected in a scientific way for the prevention of small-pox or some other disease. In this reason is defied and experience is discounted. This shows the perversity of human thought, how easy it is to delude mankind.

Humanity is the crown of creative effort, as much from a physical point of view as from the intellectual, moral or spiritual. When we contemplate this and think of our intellectual superiority, it looks as if we ought to be more healthy than any of the lower orders. Instead of this, we are the least healthy. With all our intelligence and the piled up learning of the centuries, which no brute has been able to store and teach its coming generations, human beings know less how they ought to live than any beast of the field or fowl of the air. Medical men have made, and are now making numberless experiments, but their findings are as often false and injurious as true and useful. The real advance among the regulars, if there is any, is very, very slow. They are groping in the dark now as much as ever, are experimenting along the same line, trying to find some way to thwart natural activities. Thus: a fever is a vital struggle to relieve the system of accumulated injurious substances, or to regain balance from an injury. Doctors have taken the excessive heat in the organism as the difficulty to be combated; and it is not so very long ago that they fought nature in her work by relieving the patient of a part of his vitality thru bleeding, and at the same time they refused to gratify the natural and proper craving for cool water. They now kill multitudes of such patients by feeding them. They should say to the nurses "Do not ask them to eat, or to take any kind of nourishment. Tell them they need not fear suffering for food; that nature knows her own business and when they need food they will feel hungry." Instead of this, it has become the fashion to stuff them with milk and eggs; to give them one or the other every few hours. As long as some of their patients live they take the credit of saving those; that do, and the friends of the sufferers accord it to them.

President Garfield would have survived the assassin's bullet if he had had a fair chance. Living more than two weeks showed this ability. His digestive powers were known to be weak, and the treatment taxed them until they broke down. Had he been put in bed in usual health and fed and stimulated just as he was in his wounded condition he would have run down under the treatment, and it would not have taken long to have sent him to his grave, especially, if he had been surrounded by an atmosphere of anxious friends.

What did nature indicate? Cleanliness, fresh air, quiet, rest. When an animal with unperverted instinct, is seriously wounded it seeks the quiet of solitude. It will drink when it is feverish and thirsty, but will not eat any thing until the acute stage has passed. Dr. Tanner demonstrated, and others have since, that coming thru a fast of forty days uninjured is no miracle. Going without food ten or fifteen days is frequently desirable, long

enough for any fever to pass its critical stage.

A celebrated physician said, "It is well known now that Washington did not die of quinsy, but of antimony and the lancet."

They have got over the bleeding practice now, a practice that was common for a long time in the treatment of many ailments, and they do not make the suffering of a fevered patient worse by denying a drop of water to cool the parched tongue, but they have not learned the wisdom of treating the vital forces of nature, and make themselves harmonious with them. They are always looking for some hocus-pocus plan to evade the consequences of violated physical law and so as fast as they climb out of one error they tumble into another. Aside from having learned that fresh air, pure water, cleanliness and sanitary surroundings are desirable, I doubt if the regulars have progressed one whit in the last hundred years, yes I will extend the time to two hundred years. To be continued.

### Maeterlinck on Immortality.

In this new era upon which we are entering and in which religions no longer reply to the great question of mankind one of the problems on which we cross-examine ourselves most anxiously is that of the life beyond the tomb. Do all things end at death? Is there an imaginable after-life? Whither do we go and what becomes of us? What awaits us on the other side of the frail illusion which we call existence? At the minute when our heart stops beating does matter triumph, or mind; does eternal light begin, or endless darkness? Like all that exists, we are imperishable. We cannot conceive that anything should be lost in the universe.

What keeps and will long still keep us from enjoying the treasures of the universe is the hereditary resignation with which we tarry in the gloomy prison of our sense. Our imagination, as we lead it out, accommodates itself too readily to that captivity. It is true that it is the slave of those senses which alone feed it. But it does not cultivate enough within itself the intuitions and presentiments which tell it that it is absurdly captive and that it must see outlets even beyond the most resplendent and most infinite circles which it pictures to itself. It is more important that our imagination should say to itself more and more seriously that the real world begins thousands of millions of leagues beyond its most ambitious and daring dreams. Never was it entitled—nay, bound—to be more mildly fool-hardy than now. All that it succeeds in building and multiplying in the most enormous space and time that it is capable of conceiving is nothing compared with that which is. Already the smallest revelations of science in our humble daily life teach it that, even in that modest environment, it cannot cope with reality, that it is constantly being overwhelmed, disconcerted, dazzled by all the unexpected that lies hidden in a stone, a salt, a glass of water, a plant, an insect. Let us, therefore, try whenever a new dream presents itself, to snatch from our eyes the bandage of our earthly life. Let us say to ourselves that, among the possibilities which the universe still hides from us, one of the easiest to realize, one of the most palpable, the least ambitious and the least disconcerting, is certainly the possibility of a means of enjoying an existence much more spacious, lofty, perfect, durable and secure than that which is offered to us by our actual consciences. Admitting possibility—and there are few as probable—the problem of our immortality is, in principle, solved.

It is better to be the fool soon parted from his money than the miser whose soul is buried with it.

## VEGETARIANISM.

An Interesting Article by E. W. Sprague.

I have been a Vegetarian in theory for nearly a quarter of a century, and all of that time I have been a Vegetarian in practice to some extent.

I have eaten no pork, veal or mutton in twenty-four years. Most of that time I have eaten no beef or other meat excepting chicken and fish, and at times not tasting them for months.

I am now more than a Vegetarian in theory. I am one in actual practice, not having tasted meat in any form for more than two years.

Some reasons why I am a Vegetarian.

1st—My health is better; I feel lighter hearted and more buoyant.

2nd—I could not deliberately kill an animal to satisfy my stomach.

3d—Habit and custom have a great influence over our lives. My stomach revolts at the thought of eating cats, dogs and horses. This is because we have been accustomed to eating them. I believe they would be just as good eating as hogs, rabbits and old cows and would be relished just as well if we had been accustomed to eating them.

I could no more eat a piece of hog meat today than I could eat a piece of dog meat. Neither would it be acceptable to my stomach if I knew what I was eating. After all, then, it is the mind that rules in this as in other matters.

This protest of my stomach never occurs never when I offer it vegetables, cereals or fruits of any kind. I therefore conclude that they were intended for me to eat.

Another reason why I do not eat meat is because cattle, sheep, hogs and fowls have diseases, many of them, like those that afflict the human beings.

A few years ago the physicians of New York were prescribing the drinking of warm bullock's blood as a cure for tuberculosis, consumption of the lungs, and thousands flocked to the slaughter houses every morning and drank freely thereof. Three years later the physicians of New York state presented a bill to the legislature creating an office to which a Veterinary surgeon was appointed whose duty it was to investigate the herds of cattle throughout the state and when one creature among a herd was found to have tuberculosis the whole herd was to be slaughtered by him.

A friend of mine from Moravia, N. Y., was appointed and filled the office. He came with me on the train one day from Moravia to some place near Buffalo, and he said he had inspected two herds of cattle and found in one a single consumptive cow and in the other two unfortunate ones, and he was going to kill the entire herds and the state must pay for the cattle.

If tuberculosis is so dangerous and so plentiful among cattle, I do not care to eat their meat. It is bad enough to use their milk.

It seems wrong to kill a pet sheep or a faithful old cow, and then eat their flesh.

When one has visited the slaughter houses of Chicago and Omaha, and witnessed the doings there, if he allows his reason to act and his conscience to dictate, he will not feel like eating flesh unless his stomach controls his reason and his conscience.

I suppose I am "chicken hearted." I have not killed a chicken in 26 years, nor any animal or fowl of any kind in that same time.

I have killed but two snakes since I was fifteen years of age. One a black snake seven feet long, the other a rattle snake, and I am never frightened at the sight of a snake. In fact, I am on pretty good terms with snakes, birds and animals of all kinds. I do not molest them and they do not trouble me.

I have a clear conscience in that

respect, since I have given up eating meat, for now nothing is slaughtered to satisfy my stomach.

I am not one who thinks everyone should adopt my notions. I think some people need meat, that their system demands it. It would indeed be strange if it were not so, since man has lived upon animal food for so many centuries. However, I am inclined to think that sometime in the great evolution of things man will outgrow his desire for meat and refrain from eating pig's noses, ears, and feet, calf's brains, beef tongues and livers, tripe, etc. I believe that if every meat eater was obliged to kill and dress the meat he or she eats, Vegetarianism would soon become popular.

If anyone is optimistic enough to think the day is not far off when men will cease to kill animals and eat their meat, let him take a run across the continent and note the herds of cattle, flocks of sheep, yards of hogs; visit the meat factories, slaughter houses and meat markets of this country and take note of the mighty industry, the amount of wealth invested in it, etc., and he will discover that the Vegetarian millennium is to be postponed indefinitely.

Tho that time when men shall refrain from eating meat, is a long, long way off, yet be it remembered the Vegetarian can enjoy his meatless diet, and be happy in the knowledge that nothing has to suffer death to satisfy his appetite.

Go on with the discussion. Both sides have plenty of argument and plenty facts to use in support of the two opposing theories.

E. W. SPRAGUE.

### Interesting Phenomenon in Cleveland, O.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Figuers of our city, conductors of the East End Society at No. 1749 Superior Ave. are too well known to need any introduction to the readers of your paper. I write to speak more particularly of a quite recent phenomenon coming thru the mediumship of Mrs. Figuers, who is known as one of our most successful materializing mediums.

For several years her little control, Pansy has frequently interested the audience for a half hour or more with clear cut messages. But for a few weeks past Mrs. Figuers has come to the front with something entirely new for her, namely giving messages from cards.

Blank cards are given to the audience on which they are requested to write questions to spirit friends the cards are then placed on the desk, written side down and Mrs. Figuers after being blindfolded by some one in the audience, takes the cards one by one in her hand and states what is given on the card, describes one or more spirit friends and gives their answer to the questions. Some of the cards are read and answered while laying on the desk without her handling them. Twenty-five are read during the time allotted her, to the entire satisfaction of all.

Mr. Figuers (on account of ill health) has gone South for a rest, hoping to regain his strength, but Mrs. Figuers (aided by friends) will continue the meetings at the hall and at home just the same. Her address is 1746 Superior Ave.

Dr. H. Wilcox.

12204 Euclid Ave.

Our lives are song; God writes the words.

And we set them to music at pleasure;

And the song grows glad or sweet or sad,

As we choose to fashion the measure.

We must write the music, whatever the song,

Whatever its rhyme or meter;

And if it is sad, we can make it glad;

Or sweet, we can make it sweeter.

Cultivate thoughtfulness.





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W. H. BACH, . . . . . Managing Editor.

#### THE TRUE CHURCH.

I belong to the great church that holds the world within its starlit aisles; that claims the great and good of every race and clime; that finds with joy the grain of gold in every creed, and floods with light and love the germs of good in every soul,—Ingersoll.

If a church is needed at all, who can ask for a better one than is outlined in the above few words? A church that "holds the world within its starlit aisles!" What a church that would be! What a difference between that and the churches of the past! With room for the world!

The churches of the past have been of a limited order. They have been for the few, not the many. They have been for the select, not for the common run of humanity. Do you question it? Then look up the record produced by one of the papers of New York City in their investigations of the fashionable churches of the city only a few years ago. The Nazarene of old may have been a "meek and lowly" man, but his modern followers, with their \$20,000 salaries, and appointments to match are far from it. Nor do their invitations say "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." But the modern variation is, "Come unto me all ye who have heavy laden pocket books and I will give you rest from carrying it."

Nor is this confined to the cities. Not many years ago the writer was lecturing on Spiritualism in Minnesota, and there came a call from a small town where there was but one church and no hall or suitable place of meeting. This church had been built by the united efforts of the people of no belief, and it was understood that it was to be a "Union Church" not to be delivered over to any denomination and was to be used for any purpose of meeting, such as lectures, etc. Before the building was completed the Methodists got it into their possession by some hocus pocus and the title was given over to the Methodist conference. The first time it was ever asked for outside of church was use when it was asked for this Spiritualist meeting. It was refused.

In vain the people protested that they had helped to build it and it was theirs to use by all the laws of justice; not a budge on the part of the trustees and preacher. But then a new element entered. The man at whose home I was entertained, altho a Spiritualist, helped to sustain the church. He said, "All right. You can refuse the use of it, but we will hold our meeting and I will pay this month's subscription and that will end it. I will never give another cent toward the support of the church in this town."

That was a blow below the belt. It struck deeper than religion or church regulations. Our people immediately went to the lumber yard and were arranging board seats when the minister backed down and we held our meeting in the church.

On another occasion I was filling an engagement in a town in the state of Nebraska. While there a baby died and its parents wished me to conduct the funeral service.

We were meeting in a hall up stairs and application was made to the Presbyterian church for permission to hold the services there. The president of the Spiritualist society had given \$100 to help build the church, the father of the baby had given \$20 and some labor, and other members of the society had given money and labor to help it, but we were refused. What a narrow religion and how small a class of people must be who would stoop to such a thing! There is not a Spiritualist or Freethinker in this country who would even consider refusing such a request for one of our buildings, even were it Satan himself who was dead and his head imp was to conduct the services.

I am glad I belong to the church that "holds the world between its starlit aisles." Altho it is unorganized, it has a greater membership than any other. It has no set ritual or form, but it "claims the great and good of every race," and "finds the grain of gold in every creed" and utilizes it.

Ingersoll has gone the way of all flesh, but such words will live forever, a mighty inheritance to the world.

#### LUCK AND RELIGION.

One of the luckiest things that has happened to the church, for many a day was the fact that it happened to be a Mormon preacher who was killed by lightning while preaching recently at Creston, Iowa. Had it been an orthodox, they would have had to explain. The explanation would have been the old one, "It was God's will," but that has had its day, and sooner or later its power, which has waned greatly, will entirely pass away. Most of the people of the world today have an idea that God has other and more important business than counting hairs of the head or watching falling sparrows. Even sending the lightning down senseless steeples to kill unoffending preachers, is too small a matter to take up the time and energy of that All-Controlling Power.

We are glad we have a greater idea of God than has ever been set forth by any church. We think that whatever it is, whether with or without form, there is too important matters to attend to so that there is little time left for such frivolities.

What a miracle happened at this time! "A ball of fire was seen and the man fell dead. An examination of the place showed that there was no damage to the building and no one in the audience was even shocked." It is evident that this "ball of fire" was intended expressly for the Mormon preacher. He was not even taken up with it, like one old, but just "knocked out in one round" without the services of a referee.

Lightning plays strange freaks occasionally. We know of one place where it played all around a horn of powder without exploding it, killed a woman, and impressed the image of a hop vine, (that was just outside the window where it entered) on her side and did not damage anything but one article in the house. Another where it entered a barn thru the roof, knocked off part of two or three shingles, played around the iron-work of a threshing-machine for a time and went out between the side of the barn and a sliding door, leaving several marks on the boards as it passed out but outside of the two places mentioned did not leave a mark of its presence. At another time it came in the telegraph office in our store, burned out the copper wire and left the cloth insulation without even charring it, as it passed to the ground, but I was burned on the back of my neck with hot tacks which held the wire in position and which were thrown a distance of six to eight feet to hit me.

Such are some of the freaks of lightning, and when a miraculous event is reported, it always calls to mind some of the "wonders" that are always happening.

They should use much caution and careful calculation in making plans for anything in which their God is to take a hand. We have all heard of the case where after a long drought they prayed for rain and got a flood, but a case of which we knew the facts took place in Dakota a few years ago. After a long dry spell they met and prayed for rain. A day or two later there came a sprinkle that did not wet the sidewalks. "Was not that a

wonderful answer to prayer we had the other day?" said a church member to my mother. "What was it?" was the answer, "I have not heard of it." "Why," was the response, "we prayed for rain and it rained!" "Where did you meet?" was the reply. "At the Methodist church." "Well," said my mother, "the next time you better meet at the Baptist church for they believe in more water."

Of course, that was a terrible sacrilege, according to the ideas of the church members, but most of us will agree with the old parson in Kansas who was asked to pray for rain and going out doors found the wind coming from the southwest, where it traveled for many miles over the so-called deserts of New Mexico and Arizona, without a particle of moisture in the air. Coming in he replied, "No use praying for rain while the wind holds in the southwest."

Lightning and prayers seem to play strange freaks—especially if we believe the stories about the prayers.

#### THE SALVATION ARMY PRISONER'S AID DEPARTMENT.

We have received the first copy of a unique publication, but what should be a most valuable one, a paper issued by the Salvation Army in the interest of prisoners; those who are there and those who are just out.

Of all the work for humanity ever taken up by any class of people, the work to aid those unfortunate who go to states prison is of the utmost importance. Imagine yourself either justly or unjustly placed in prison. Then when you come out, with your prison manners, the ways of a prisoner, and the fear of everyone—for so it appears every prisoner feels—and attempt to get a job that will give you bread and butter, imagine what you would have to face! Is it any wonder that they gravitate to the slums and those places where people of their own class meet, soon get out of money and are ready to start again in a career of crime?

It is here the Salvation Army has stepped in for many years and aided them to get a foothold, and this paper will be a help to attain this end.

No matter whether you endorse

what are termed the peculiarities of the Salvation Army or not, you endorse the good of humanity, and they reach a class that no other organization reaches. Lend a hand.

For particulars address Evangeline Booth, 122 W. 14th street, New York City.

#### Dress Reform.

A movement has been organized in Sweden for the suppression of extravagance in woman's dress.

Extravagance in this respect is a word of circumstantial meaning.

A millionaire can do no better service to a community than allowing his feminine court a generous dip into his bank account for the expenditure of wearing apparel. It would be an act of penury if he didn't.

On the other hand it is vain and foolish for those in restricted circumstances to imitate the aforementioned—and it is done and overdone. There extravagance comes in for a full share of its meaning.

But the word has also a comparative definition. A man, for example, can purchase an overcoat for \$30 which, with care, lasts him ten years. A woman, to be it style, must have a new one every winter, at \$15 in comparative material to the man's overcoat, which equals \$150 during the same time.

It is here where the extravagance exemplifies itself; for it is not only the cloak that needs renewing, but almost every article of woman's dress.

But whose fault is it? If women were to insist on a certain style, as men do concerning their overcoats they too, could wear their winter wraps at many years, and devote the money saved to worthier purposes—to home comforts, affording the far more pleasure than the one little charm of exhibiting the season's new cloak on the promenade or at church, where the devout are wont to mirror themselves in the eyes of those who haven't one—and largely to excite envy—vanity's delight.

However, this is no fault of our lady readers. They are sensitive and don't wish to be scorned by the vain and foolish. So we must fix the blame on these latter citizens of civilization—if they can be called such.

We know that it is custom among the uncivilized to decorate them-

selves; and fashion may be an inheritance from our ancestors—only a more artistic form of primitive decoration.

This movement referred to, of course, implies dress reform. The nearest approach to such was ushered in with the ladies' bicycle—when women generally wore a black or dark skirt, a shirt waist and a sailor hat. A universal winter wrap and suitable cap could have been added to this, and the women could have been as happy in their new sisterhood as the men are as fashion plates.

But some autocratic power ruled it out, and the dear ones surrendered as usual where it concerns dress.

Reformers in this line are rare. "Many are called but few are chosen." Women dislike to be exceptions; but the only true reformers in humanity are the exceptions. To "hold the fort" in such combats one must be original.

If woman's rights means anything it should also mean the right to wear what they please without being dictated to by a fashion god.

Might may be right in some instances, but the might of fashion is one of weakness, and could be overthrown by a little determined harmony on the part of an opponent.

Of course, the weak, vain and frivolous would not join such a common sense movement as dress reform. But what is a heap of nothing against a little of something? Mind always rules no mind. It only needs a beginning by women who have mind enough to know that they are themselves; and there are plenty and some over, among readers of this who are capable of organizing a movement in America for the same laudable purpose that the Swedish women have. Where are the brave?

ARTHUR F. MILTON

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# METAPHYSICAL.

Conducted by EVIE P. BACH.

## NEVER TROUBLE TROUBLE.

Look on the bright side always. It does not pay to mope; Don't say "I fear I'm dreaming," but just "I trust and hope." Don't look for storm and tempest while skies are bright and blue, Just never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you.

Some folks are always croaking, from sunrise till sunset; They rail against the weather, be it hot or cold or wet—"The frost will kill the peaches," "The drough will spoil the wheat," "The rain will drown the harvest, and we'll have no bread to eat." Don't dread conflagrations because the fire-flies glow; Or dream of wild tornadoes whenever zephyrs blow; Don't think the floods are coming when it rains a drop or two; Oh, never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you.

For half the evil dreaded will never come to pass; You will miss the present brightness while you sit and sigh "alas." Take a blossom bright and growing, tho a worm be at the root; Nor let one spot upon the rind spoil all the mellow fruit.

Make the best of what is given, without looking for the ill; So will your joys be doubled, and woes diminished still. Rejoice in all the sunshine of the world you journey thru, And never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you.

—Alice Williams Brotherton.

## AN ENRICHED PERSONALITY.

We often say of a woman, "How much she has improved!" Just what do we mean? Do we mean improved in her looks, her dress, her speech, her manners? Yes; we may mean all these, but if we stop to think about it we shall find we mean a far deeper improvement than we at our first perception realize.

What is an enrichment of the personality? Is it not the growth of the subtle power to see, recognize and enjoy? Is it not the discovery of the secret of courage and peace? And is it not the knowing of how to be rid of worry and fear?

Now, can this increase of soul culture have come to one without an outward evidence of it? Will not the face take on a new expression, the voice new tone, the manner new refinement?

Our mental attitude is the all in all. What you and I are thinking about is the lever that controls our lives.

One of the primary requisite to an enriched personality is the cultivation of a joyous heart. The Boston Herald recently had an editorial on "The Power of Joy," from which I quote two inspiring paragraphs:

"There is no sort or need, then, of any man or woman being ugly so long as command can be maintained over the sources of joy. The figure may be clumsy, the mouth large, the nose awry, the hair coarse, the eyes pea-green—not to specify other features open to like disparaging criticism—and yet the owner of all these combined be recognized at times as startlingly beautiful with the rarest and richest of all types of beauty, that of cordial, loving, spiritual expression. To see a homely face thus suddenly transfigured is like witnessing the gray, ashen clouds piled up in the West suddenly irradiated by a resplendent sunset. Indeed, on such blessed conditions as these one fairly prays to have a homely wife and be the father of three homely daughters. Proudly would the father take them one on each arm and the other close behind, to the evening dance, assured that none of the other girls, however 'faultily, faultless and splendidly null,' will so win their way into universal favor.

"Capacity of joy! Why, in its every slack, unkeyed string the whole world is pining for this, and the moment it beholds it manifest in anyone, crowds in to share its bright contagion, eager as the relaxed, white-corpused denizen of the

city in the August dog days to demand of the first robust and 'spoiling' friend he falls in with, 'On what breezy mountain heights or by what salt bracing seashore did you secure this glorious dower of zest in living and thanksgiving for simply being alive?' What wonder, then, that depressed, soul-weary Amiel should break out in that self-revealing journal of his, 'What doctor possesses such curative resources as those latent in a spark of happiness or a single ray of hope?' Joy is the vital air of the soul, and grief is a kind of asthma. To make anyone happy is strictly to augment his store of being, to double the intensity of his life, to reveal him to himself, to ennoble him and transfigure him. Happiness does away with ugliness, and even makes the beauty of beauty. The man who doubts it can never have watched the first gleam of tenderness dawning in the clear eyes of one who loves; sunrise itself is a lesser marvel. In Paradise, then, everybody will be beautiful."

The greatest hindrance to personal enrichment is that we allow ourselves to be chained down by circumstances instead of rising above them. What if you do live in the country, away from libraries, lectures, theatres, and cultivated people who could help you? Recognize the power in yourself. Unseal your eyes to the beauty and harmonies of nature lying all about you. Learn to look out on the world charitably, lovingly, joyously and hopefully. You must have a talent in some direction. Recognize it cultivate it, and you will be surprised to find where it will lead you.

Every one of us have had great mental upliftings at some time or other, but they have quickly been overshadowed by thots of weakness. They did not abide long with us, because of the controlling influence of habit. If we would cultivate the habit of thinking on lofty aspirations and ideals to the banishment of senseless, idle thots we could transform our personality and circumstances so quickly we would surprise ourselves.—Grace B. Faxon, in New York Magazine.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Housecleaning time is on—and this too, has its philosophy.

The good wife who can accomplish this without running everybody else out during that interesting period, has attained perfection in this art. The reverse is self-evident.

The artful wife who wishes to get rid of an over-timed visitor, may or may not have attained this perfection. It depends.

The blustering one who wishes to express her discontent in the performance, finds ample cause to create noisy effects—which, in connection with the discordant mental vibrations, suffice to undermine all the spirituality in the sensitive-minded, and excite fear and trembling in the good natured. And woe to the unfortunate (?) who possesses both these qualifications as a mortal being.

Besides the discomfort arranged for such during the day, there will be no sleep during the first half of the night—unless they are animal enough to be oblivious to such trifles (?), or spiritually positive enough to overcome these disturbances. But, certain it is, that the bed is the most sensitive piece of household furniture, and any harsh treatment in its make-up will affect its patrons during the night. She who knows how to soothe the pillows—impress them with a sweet or kindly influence—is laying the cause for a restful slumber and pleasant dreams of the recumbent.

In like manner food may be prepared. The magnetism injected into it culinarily, may aid or retard digestion. It is not always material poisoning that makes ill after a meal, but oftener magnetic poisoning—due to ill-humor or ill-feeling expressed during the preparation. Without sympathy in it, no kind of labor is well done.

ARTHUR F. MILTON.

Think right and you will do right.

## President Jefferson and Rev. Dr. Monierie in Accord.

When the great humanitarian, Stephen Girard bequeathed his many millions for educating the young he provided that no clergyman should be allowed to enter the college; he desired that the young should not be swayed by the advocate of any faith, altho he was in accord with the Hebrew prophets.

The fact that there are some belated theologians is to doubt, owing to teaching certain ideas to the young—the "vicarious atonement" is not only contrary to the laws of the Eternal Equity but to that of the great religion which is the foundation of the faiths of the Western world—Judaism.

The prophet Jesus repudiated sacrifice and said that he was sent to the "lost sheep of the house of Israel." Certain persons who try their minds "barbarized" "the twig bent" are still groping in the low swamp of traditionalism. The latter may properly be termed "Infidels" in the word of Luke they pass over judgment and love of God. These ought ye to have observed.

That broad minded scholar, Thomas Jefferson wrote "Had Jesus' teachings never been sophisticated by the subtleties of commentators nor paraphrased into meanings totally foreign to their character, they would have had a far greater number of followers."

Prayer to Deity is supposed by belated theologians to be of comparatively modern origin but research has demonstrated that the prayer of Rameses of Egypt, dates back more than 3,500 years—1600 years before Moses.

The aphorism: "He that cannot reason is a fool; he that dare not is a slave, and he that will not is a bigot," is illustrated by the traditionalist.

In his address when in this country Rev. Dr. Monierie of the Church of England, said: "It is the clergyman who are responsible mainly for the bigotry of the laity. We have been bigots partly from ignorance, partly from our supercilious pride."

Dr. Monierie, to define religion, quoted from a Hebrew prophet, "cease to do evil; learn to do well; seek judgment; relieve the oppressed; judge the fatherless; plead for the widow."

Zoroaster, preached that the one thing needful was to do right. "All good thots, words and works lead to Paradise. All evil words and works to hell."

Buddha taught, "To cease from sin, to get virtue, to cleanse the heart, to return good for evil."

The breadth of scholarship of Dr. Monierie indicates that he knew more than one religion. He also said: "There is a strange surprise awaiting some of us in the great hereafter. We shall discover that many so-called atheists are, after all, more religious than ourselves."

The ignorant and reckless scribe who wrote that Thomas Paine was "a filthy little atheist" will undoubtedly be called to account for his libel on that great man.

TRUTH SEEKER.

We form ideals and they react and form us.—Joseph LeConte.



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7:10 8:10	Fredonia	8:52 9:08
7:20 8:20	Laona	8:58 9:14
7:30 8:30	Lily Dale	9:04 9:20
7:40 8:40	Cassadaga	9:10 9:26
7:50 8:50	Neosho	9:16 9:32
8:00 9:00	Sinclairville	9:22 9:38
8:10 9:10	Gettysburg	9:28 9:44
8:20 9:20	Falconer	9:34 9:50
8:30 9:30	Hamlet	9:40 9:56
8:40 9:40	Hamlet	9:46 10:02
8:50 9:50	Falconer	9:52 10:08
9:00 10:00	Warren	9:58 10:14
9:10 10:10	Thurston	10:04 10:20
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My Dear Mrs. Dr. Dobson Barker: I am very happy to write you this month that I am feeling very good. The lastest treatment did wonders for me, causing the pain in my side to disappear and my appetite to increase, which I have never felt better. I am so thankful to you and band, and only wish to thank you all over the world. I could receive these rich blessings which you can give. Yours Most Sincerely, Addie Johnson.

Dearest Doctors: I am feeling fine now and don't think I will take any more medicine after my month is up. My dear, good doctors, your medicine has done me more good than any medicine I have ever taken, and I shall always praise it very much. My advice to anyone that is sick is to take your treatment. This is all at present except my very best love from me and also to the land. BELLE TRAVERS, Watsonville, Cal.

Dear Friend: I must call you that, for you, has been a great friend to me. I am sure if I had never received your help, I could not have lived much longer. I could not clean up my room, or do anything at all when I commenced taking your medicine, and now I can do most of my own work and walk where I please, something I never did before. I feel like a new woman entirely, and I know that you and your band have done it all. I can never tell how thankful I am, and you can publish this letter if you like, and I would be glad if you would send me some of your medicine. I am from Mississippi, and besides I want people to know what you can do for sufferers.

Wishing you and your band a greater success, and thanking you again for what you have done for me, I remain, a faithful worker for you and yours, Mrs. A. D. LAXTER, Lauderdale, Miss.

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## FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT

How Death Affected a Church Member.

(Continued from last week.)

As the weary days went by, agony and despair filled our hearts until the uncertainty almost drove us to madness. Never had we realized what it meant to lose by death those dear to us and in consequence of this ignorance no real understanding or particularly deep thought on the subject of life after death had troubled our serene repose in the belief that if we be Christians, so called, we should at death go to meet that all-suffering Savior who had given his life that we might have salvation.

All our lives we had been constant attendants at church and observed its forms and ceremonies most religiously, and endeavored to so train our child that he see the necessity of becoming a church adherent, but as he grew to manhood, and his education went forward, he began to look into these things with questioning eyes and still later as he entered college in final preparation for his chosen profession, doubt in the truth of this belief seemed to take deep root in his mind, and the deeper he delved into science the more uncertain became his mind on these vital questions. Hence our fear and anxiety for his welfare now that death had claimed him for its own.

The question may present itself to readers of this most imperfect sketch. How could any mother entertain such thoughts of her child? Will such questioners tell me how we can reconcile orthodox faith with a life, no matter how perfect morally, or how high a standard of living that person maintained, but withal did not indorse the one prime principle of that religion, namely, the belief that Christ died an ignominious death that mankind thru that atonement might have eternal life. Oh! the agony of that doubt. As time went on no respite came to a heart bowed with grief, no light to illumine that lonely resting place where lay buried all we held most dear. Hope and interest in life and its duties died and we cried out in anguish that we too might go to the great unknown that death might free us of the most unhappy existence. Of what avail now all our hope and trust in a wise and just God whence was to be found the balm to heal this most sore wound. In this morbid and unhappy state of mind death alone seemed the only release for

"Dying has grown dear  
Now you are dead who turned all  
things to grace."

No that that this most cruel dispensation could in any manner be of future benefit to us ever entered our calculations. All the better and higher energies of our lives were suppressed; peace had taken to itself wings and flown away, and we were stranded on a rock of doubt, uncertainty, fear and dismay.

But as there gleams from afar a faint light to illumine the coming day so there came to us one fair morning a tiny spark of hope, as we in a listless way had taken up a little book and glancing over its pages there came to us these words:

"The curtain between the two worlds is being rent asunder, the day is near at hand when death will no longer be feared as an event separating us from those we love, but rather a means of bringing us into closer and sweeter communion with our dear departed ones."

Wonderful words! could such a thing be? Is it possible that by any means we might learn of their destiny, until we too had passed beyond the vale? A great unrest seized us, a burning desire to test the truth of those words.

"The curtain between the two worlds is being rent asunder." But how? who shall be able to unveil the mystery of death? who tell us of the life beyond the grave which is to us so vague and unreal a thing.

In the stillness of the night there seemed to come to us the whispering of some unseen force. "Consult a psychic and you will hear strange things."

There is a gift that is almost a blow, and there is a kind word that is munificence; so much is there in the way of doing things.—Woman's Life.

## Is Spiritualism as a Movement Gaining Ground? If Not, Why Not?

I think it is. The camp meetings are not multiplying as they were twenty years ago, for the territory is mostly taken, and it now remains to develop and use those already organized.

There are probably four times as many organized societies as there were twenty years ago. But they are not all well sustained; and the platform talent does not average as well as it did thirty years ago. The demand has deteriorated.

Thirty and forty years ago large audiences greeted the speakers and the best, the highest ideals, clearest logic and most eloquent expression were sought after and appreciated by the great body of Spiritualists. Now a small minority crave the deepest and most finished oratory. Something sensational, some novelty, or platform phenomena, is required to "draw," and the catering to that demand, by societies has lowered the standard of platform work, and alienated thousands of the best minds, who seek the intellectual and spiritual supplies in the liberal churches, and independent societies; and many have gravitated to the speculative assumptions of Theosophy, Christian Science, Occultism, these cults being a sort of culture soil for certain minor branches of the spiritual tree.

But the following and support of spiritual meetings is not an index to the growth of Spiritualism. They are a vital part, but by no means the principal movement.

The Fakery that has played a mischievous part in confounding investigations, and creating doubt in honest minds, is balanced, or more than balanced, by the increasing interest among scientific people, who know how to discriminate and who vouch for a class of facts in the strongest terms. Intelligent, cultured, people are coming to realize that any army of fakes playing the credulity of the people and misleading many, in no way lessens the value of genuine mediums and the scientific evidence of a future life. They are beginning to realize there are genuine mediums and reliable phenomena, and that one positive demonstration is more than a million counterfeits. That a million negations do not invalidate the evidence of one scientifically demonstrated fact.

The present is a sifting time. It is not pleasant; but the truth cannot suffer by any amount of airing and all genuine mediums will be the better for the sifting. I think reliable mediumship is by far better established to day, and more striking and conclusive than twenty years ago.

The N. S. A. is a pretty good index to the progress of the cause. Three times attempts were made to organize a national society and failed. The success of the present one is proof of a large advance in the conditions obtaining among Spiritualists, and the interest that is wide spread. Besides this, many state organizations have arisen and are doing much good work. The courts have given decisions in contested will cases, which could not have been twenty years ago. They have decided that belief in Spiritualism is no evidence of insanity, and that spiritual societies have the same rights under the law as other religious bodies.

The Western rail roads as far east as Buffalo and Salamanca, recognize our speakers as ministers of the Gospel; but east of those points the officials are still regulated by the calibre of Cotten Mather and probably regard themselves as so much nearer the resurrection that a spiritual immortality is too thin for their capacity. They want the bones to rattle and the marble slabs to crack and crumble at the great and terrible day. Hence our spiritual ministers do not command their recognition.

But Spiritualism as a movement is gaining ground. There are more good mediums, more societies, more spiritual libraries, more camp meetings, more state associations, more great scientists vouching for the facts, more favorable notices in the secular press, more accounts of strange phenomena published without a scowl, and more general knowledge of the claims of Spiritualists and the endorsement of scholars, magicians, men of science, and clergymen, than there were twenty years ago.

But there is yet room for improvement. There are many opportunities for all who would help on the evolution of the greatest movement ever inaugurated on earth. Those who have not the breadth and comprehension to adjust themselves to Spiritualism as a whole may do good work under different names, and fancy they have found a "New Thot," but they all come into the movement as a whole, and their contributions are accepted.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

## Effect of Environment.

It has always been supposed that individual peculiarities of physiognomy were the results of heredity, but Mr. W. Fauconberg, in the London Strand, maintains that they are dependent principally upon environment—climate, and diet. The writer, of course, admits that heredity may at times transmit peculiarities, but declares that this is subordinated to the influence of habits of living. For example, he says: The children of dipsomaniacs or persons of intemperate habits whose features are of perfect shape, display most peculiar facial aberrations. In Dresden an intemperate couple who were distinguished on both sides of their respective families for their long chins, gave birth to six children, all of whom had absurdly short and retreating chins. But in no other respect was the vice or disease manifested. In another case, where strong hair and bushy eyebrows were the rule, sons and daughters grew up singularly deficient in hair and eyebrows. If nature's laws continued to be violated, the third generation would probably suffer very severely in face and physique. But on the whole, as might be expected, the burden of inebriety, so far as the features are concerned, falls chiefly on the nose. The gradual facial degeneration of a family has been observed by Dr. Foster, who shows how, by careful living, wholesome activity, and healthful environment a sickly stock finally succeeded in putting forth strong and vigorous offsprings of great featural beauty. Change of habits and habitat followed, and deterioration began. It is noticed that the poise of the head, owing to the weakening of the neck and muscles, was one of the most striking signs of the second generation, together with the greater concavity of the oral region and a more acute angle of the forehead. In the third generation these traits increased in a manner almost impossible to believe. Yet the formative impulse toward a purer type was probably only weakened, and with a renewal for a couple of generations of the old conditions of diet and habits it would revive in its full vigor.

The writer reports a German investigation relating to the use of tobacco, that out of 1,000 persons examined 760 were smokers and about 350, or half of these, were stated to have been the grandchildren of habitual smokers. Of this latter number, 300 were distinguished by an adjustment of the ear more or less at right angles from the head, a peculiarity observable in only seven percent of the offspring of non-smokers, and in 29 percent of the non-smokers. All this would seem to point to some action of nicotine upon the aural muscles, giving rise to the "smoker's ear."

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The great man does not lose his child heart.—Mencius.

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## GOTTLIEB, HIS LIFE; OR LOVE TRIUMPHANT.

BY S. P. PUTNAM.

"That law is love; not that shallow love taught us in the heavenly abode, which was love to God as a mere outward show, but love for the all-pervading being of which we are a living part; love for all others, the least as well as the greatest; honor to all, the least as well as the greatest. Deity cannot contain in himself the sum of all being; the largest personality cannot include it; so, all outside would be a shadow. But all are a part of this infinite energy; and the least glow of it is as supreme as the largest; for this infinite energy is one, and its flash in the worm is as adorable as its splendor in the god. We are to love all life, all being, and ourselves, not as separate, but as part of it. If we withdraw into ourselves, we become dead, and enormous power, if one have it, becomes the tomb of our best faculties. If we go out of ourselves, our least faculty becomes divine, and, thru the humblest service, we are sovereigns of the universe. There's not a glory but waits on us with blessed ministries. Deep, deep beneath the glooms of hell and grandeur of heaven is this law of love, the regnant principle of life; and if, by pure sympathy, we unlock its glittering springs, the blazonries of heaven are but a shadow to its flaming brightness. Love needs no outward pomp or authority; these are fatal to it; they cannot express it; they kill it. Its lights will not be crystallized into thrones or crowns. It is pure being forever and forever, whose commandment is within and without. It is what our own soul tells us out of its pristine beauty. Friends, I ask you to look within. Think not of heaven, or hell, or any outward show. Penetrate to the keen light of the eternities as they draw and glitter in the depths of your own consciousness; catch there the living truth. Do not bow down before God; adore me no longer; be yourselves in the amplitude of your noblest desire. Hereafter I am ready to help; I shall reverence the weakest, and this arm of mine shall be a blessing and not a curse; it shall wait upon the humblest of you all. I no longer claim this throne; it is dust in my eyes; a worthless bauble. I ask you to take hold with me in this vast experiment of love. Go out of yourselves in sweet ministries. You will then come into an empire of immeasurable loveliness. The hunger of your souls will be satisfied. You will be divinities, every one, helping to make each other more powerful and happy. Hell itself, with all its horror, is floating on the bosom of love; and if in pure sacrifice, we develop its profound beauty, how it will irradiate these shadowy realms for love is creative and out of the most barren spot it provokes divinest riches. By simple love we can make this Pandemonium a splendid paradise; we can make this wilderness blossom like a rose. These molten seas will roll in joyous floods; these yawning chasms kindle into cheerful lights; these awful hills be clothed with pomp such as heaven itself will envy. Come into this generous work—this transcendent empire. Be yourselves in your largest, noblest, fullest capacities. Be free in the freedom of all; be masters in the mastery of all; be servants to the least and ye shall be kings over the greatest. Forget yourselves in all-abounding service and every force in the universe shall thrill you to measureless possession.

What imagination can explain the deep change that sometimes takes place in immense multitudes! It is not the result of eloquence only, or of profound thought. Underneath all is the ever-flowing spirit of the universe waiting for its fit opportunity when, with sweet compulsion, it can move upon the imperious will without crushing it. The universal itself must act according to law. It cannot force things. It must be careful and patient and bide its time. But when the time does come, how grandly it pours its eager longing! how marvelously the revolution it achieves! what millions it hurries along its sparkling tide! Dull law flames to wondrous resurrection, the dead indeed arise, the walls of

selfishness are broken down, and the immeasurable light streams in. Such was the strange, beautiful, and abysmal change that now took place in the hosts of hell. With glad allegiance they bowed to Almighty Love; the God within triumphed, and from their own selves flowed the fountain of a new determination. It was not authority that moved them, but brightest, grandest selfhood; and when they thus felt the thrill of love's immensity there was no turning back. It was like coming forth from a tomb: Who would return to its hideous embrace?

Can one picture the outward change? How the sea did roll in joyous floods; how the hills beamed with verdure; and the valleys and the light flowed in variant luster, and Pandemonium shone with new adornments, and its old fierce magnificence became as softly beautiful as an infant's smile. Can one paint the happiness of those freed spirits, so busy, so bright, so helpful? Even from the far-off towers of heaven the once horrid blaze of hell changed to a beautiful glow; no star in the firmament seemed so radiant. There were subtle questionings in the throng about the Great White Throne as to the cause of this; and strange, new hopes fluttered in many a bosom. Indeed so intense was the curiosity of some, that occasionally, in the course of years, daring spirits winged their way to this once awful abode. Some never returned, and ever grew the whisper of this new paradise and the sweet law by which it was governed. More and more the angels of heaven departed from the glittering ranks and reveled in this fresh, strange bliss of uncommanded love. It did seem after a few ages that the uncounted millions of heaven were in many a way once more. In many a seraph's face I could be seen a sort of bewildering dissatisfaction; a desire for something they knew not what; a dim regret that could not be explained; a feeling that somehow heaven was not so beautiful as the soul desired; that there was a deeper, sweeter happiness that it did not contain. In fact, heresy was making inroads among the seraphim and cherubim. Their only remedy was to stop thinking. They clipped the wings of their imagination and bent in more lowly adoration. Yet even in their highest songs there was a faint, trembling melancholy that jarred with the magnificent harmonies.

It must be acknowledged that on earth the heresy became triumphant. There was something wonderfully attractive about hell. It was not avoided. Its gates no longer grated harsh thunder. They gleamed with a softer beauty than the jeweled portals of its loftier rival. St. Peter did not exercise his accustomed severity; in fact, he did not have to turn anybody away; and he did not half like it, for he enjoyed the luxury of condemning once in awhile. It gave an interest to his official routine which was really getting to be monotonous. Only a few dried up specimens came along; those eminently respectable souls who wouldn't go to hell on any account; who would be orthodox even if they were damned for it; who would not play and have a good time even tho' the Almighty told them to; for even more sacred than Deity, in their eyes, is dullness, stupidity, and formality; and to be better, nobler, freer, fresher, would be a torment. The only heaven they can conceive of is to continue to be as narrow, as selfish, as bigoted, as mean, as they already are. These were the only kind of "saints" that St. Peter had the pleasure of admitting, and they were few and far between; and the doorkeeper himself tho' it hardly worth while to open the golden gates to such insignificant atoms; but they had their certificates of church membership, and, of course, he had to wait upon them, for, no matter how contemptible a man was, if he belongs to the church he must be welcomed with hallelujah. So seldom, indeed, did these little souls happen along that St. Peter began to think his occupation gone, and he almost made up his mind to apply for the position of doorkeeper to the gates of hell. He was thoroly disgusted when he found that no doorkeeper was needed there; that any poor devil or saint might go in or out as he pleased. This seemed to him worse than all the rest. Surely there ought to be a "creed" in hell or it would go to wrack and ruin.

Perfect freedom was something that St. Peter could not comprehend. He was a born churchman. He believed in institutions and authorities and that the will, to a certain extent must be subjugated. One could not choose to do right of his own accord; there must be an outside paraphernalia to keep him straight. Even if one made up his mind to go to hell he ought to enter into a "covenant" to that effect. He ought to have his "Thirty-nine Articles" all the same, for if he didn't the first thing he would be turning around and going to heaven and then where is his consistency, which above all things, St. Peter believed in. Choose your way and stick to it, was his motto. Even if you see a way infinitely better, avoid it for it is not the way that you have agreed to believe in and follow. He had taken it to begin with that it would be a glorious way; but now it is heresy; it is contrary to the creed; it is inconsistent; therefore it must be shunned. It did disturb St. Peter dreadfully to see the "good old way" to paradise so simply patronized. He tho't the times were wonderfully out of joint. But he comforted himself with the belief that the Lord of Hosts would soon bestir himself, and then hell would be nowhere, and the tide of emigration would turn towards heaven, and he would have a chance to exercise his priestly power to lock and unlock. Shall we say it? "Tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis true," that St. Peter had got so that he would rather turn away some poor devil of a sinner than to let in the grandest saint of them all; and when he saw there was no one to turn away he felt like swearing, tho' of course, he didn't, for that would not have been proper. But he bided his time. The Almighty's vengeance would soon be aroused. It only needed a little "fear" to make heaven as popular as ever. Of course, if it was just as comfortable to go to hell as heaven, the former would win the day every time. Almost every one would rather go there and do as he had a mind to than to heaven, with its staid delights, where, every duty, every song, every motion of the wing, every glance of the eye, was elaborately prescribed. One might enjoy singing psalms forever but he would rather do it of his own free will. No one wishes to be obliged to do even what he wants to do; if he is obliged, then he doesn't want to do it. Heaven was a place of fixed rules and regulations; everything was marked out beforehand. All very nice but very stupid; and the only way to keep folks in its rut was to whip them in; otherwise hell with its free and easy kindness, would carry the day. No doubt the Almighty was preparing some notable punishment; there would be another war; Lucifer would fall again, and the church regain its former prestige, and the gates of heaven be thronged by a frightened multitude. This tho't was quite consoling to St. Peter, and he hoped that the crash would soon come.

(To be Continued.)

### Why the Devil Has Cloven Hoofs.

Legends of the devil are quite common in Ireland, but the one which is most interesting and least known perhaps is that which tells why the prince of the infernal regions has split hoofs, like those of a cow beast. Moore alludes to the legend in his story of St. Kevin and Kathleen at Glendalough. In that story Moore makes St. Kevin throw his former ladylove over the cliff in order to be rid of her importunities, but the peasants of the Glendalough district give the story a more poetical touch. They insist that it was not Kathleen that was thrown over the cliff, but it was Satan, who had assumed the form of the lady in order to tempt the saint. The moment the prince of evil toppled over the edge of yawning abyss he spread his bat-like wings and sailed away in safety, much to the surprise of the holy saint. Later on the devil again attempted to lay a snare for St. Kevin, but the saint managed to get the arch fiend on holy ground, where, of course, he was helpless. While the devil was in this helpless condition Kevin sawed off his legs and attached cows' hoofs to the stumps. Since that day Satan has been cloven footed and will be until the end of time.

The past, the present and the future are forever united and forever separated.

### PEOPLES' EDITORIAL COLUMN.

This column is conducted to permit all to express an opinion. Anything that will not expose *The Sunflower* to post office censorship, will be published over the name of the author, who takes full responsibility for the utterance. We are not responsible for the views expressed, nor is it likely we will endorse one-tenth of them. Limit your communication to about 150 to 200 words.

#### THE EAGLE SCREAMS.

Some of the latest news scintillations intimate that an American ambassador has been coquetting with Catholicism down in Austria—creating a discordant vibration on Uncle Sam's harp strings. The eagle of Liberty, soaring on high, immediately gave a screech that struck terror to the heart of our nation and little time was lost in discovering the cause of the alarm. Decapitation followed in due order, to avoid a hybrid union between a Roman oligarchy and an American democracy—an opportune warning against future attempts of this quality. The Star Spangled Banner is not to be improved upon by such mournful sounds, tho' they come from the most accomplished musicians.

—A. F. M.

#### AN EXPERIENCE WITH JESUIT SPIRITS.

I read an article in the issue of March 24th of the *SUNFLOWER* headed "Self-Knowledge, the Guardian of Truth," by A. F. Milton. In this article the writer says that puerile, fleshly or selfish thots invite analogous controls.

Perhaps so, but I will here relate an experience thru which I passed in my earliest investigation of spirit communion and the higher truths. I will first state that I was born and reared by Catholic parents, but I lost confidence in that faith at the age of about twenty years. After that I drifted along like a straw before the wind, that is, from a religious standpoint. I went to the different denominational churches, but I could not satisfy my soul hunger in any of them. I drifted along for a time until I met that grand and noble soul, Eulalia Gleason Johnson, who gave me an undeniable test clairvoyantly.

From that day I became an earnest investigator. Every night, just as regular as the nights would come, I would sit at the table from an hour to an hour and a half. I continued this for a little over eight months before I had any manifestations and I might say, that my inward soul longing, was from the beginning, to find the highest, the best and noblest in life and that only the true ones might come and teach me the true way.

During all of this time I awaited patiently the first manifestation, and, oh! what tidings of great joy came to me on that memorial Thanksgiving night in 1892, when the following beautiful poetical lines were spelled out for me by the use of the alphabet:

"Gentle as the dewdrops falling,  
In the silent evening hour,  
Comes to longing, waiting hearts,  
The spirits' holly uplying power."

From then on I had some of the grandest teachings that could ever be given from spirit, to mortal until in the winter of 1893, when Jesuitical influences came in on to me and tried to break up my further investigations, and I can state right here that they came with a great power and tried repeatedly to break every piece of furniture in the house, but somehow, I could always prevent them by placing my hand upon whatever article they might take hold of, but I could not drive them away, and they would even interfere with other influences, so much so, that I was unable, for a long time, to get anything intelligently.

I tried most every way to get rid of them, but could not. Finally my guide, Emma, came in and told me not to speak harsh to them as that would only infuriate them the more, but try kindness, and for me to try and show them by reasoning that they were doing themselves more harm than me. So I tried to show them to the best of my ability that they were in the wrong. But they would ever argue that I was a heretic and was practicing heresy, and said that they were sworn by the bishop to destroy heretics and heresy or their souls would be damned, as the bishop had power from the pope to damn them.

Finally I entered into the agreement that if they would lay down all prejudice and investigate for a week to find if I was in the right or not, and that if at the expiration of one week they would come back and tell me that I was wrong, that I would then give up to them.

Well, at the end of the week all came back, and to my utter surprise and joy they asked me to forgive them and said they would trouble me no more. That I was right, and from that day to this they have never troubled me any more.

Now, I am sure I had no desire to go back to Catholicism, and equally sure that I had no desire for their disturbing influence. Then what brought them to me? Can brother Milton answer that question? I will not call this obsession, yet it seemed very much like obsession.

I believe I can answer the above question. All of my people were strict Catholics and all tried hard in every way to bring me back into the fold, and no doubt they prayed for all the aid that could be rendered them. Naturally these earth-bound spirits of the Jesuits received their prayers and felt it their duty to respond. But instead of them bringing me back into their fold, I brought those Jesuitical influences into my fold and started them on life's progressive road.

I could produce a number of testimonials to the above experience.

R. T. HENDRICKS.  
Greensboro, N. C.

## 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 20c 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 paying 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 installment plan, but in no case less than 100 shares. Maps and expert's report on application.

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Suggestions for the improvement of the paper are invited.

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

The consolidation of "The Cultivist" with "To-Morrow Magazine" of Chicago, will be of interest to our readers.

"The Cultivist" was an unusually bright, progressive Journal, edited and published by Walter Hurt in Cincinnati, Ohio. In the consolidation "To-Morrow" takes the entire business of "The Cultivist," including subscriptions, contracts, advertising, etc., and the Mr. Hurt's health will not for the present permit him to be actively engaged in the work of publishing, he becomes one of the editors associated with Parker H. Sercombe of the "To-morrow Magazine" and will contribute his quota of effective articles and graceful poetry each month.

J. L. Treadway writes: "Enclosed find one dollar to renew my subscription. I have been a reader of the SUNFLOWER so long that I am almost a citizen of Lily Dale and hope some time to meet the people there and give them a good handshake." (Try it this summer, good brother, Ed.)

Mrs. M. C. Rynex writes from Toronto, Ont.: "The SUNFLOWER is a welcome visitor in our home, where it has been coming the last year, and we would not do without it. I have been holding Spiritualist meetings for the past four years in Toronto, at the corner of Queen and Bathurst street. When I came here there was only one meeting while now we have six, and I had to take a larger hall. My hall now holds 250 people. We had Miss Victoria C. Moore of Dryden, N. Y., with us in November and December. She is a gifted lady and made many friends while here. We hope to have her again."

Moses and Mattie Hull are at Seattle, Washington, where they are meeting with good success. They go to Tacoma April 30th, then back to the East, stopping at points on their way.

J. M. White writes from Oklahoma City: "Sunday, April 8th, a successful meeting was held in Red Men's Hall, corner First and Broadway, the subject of the lecture being, 'The Second Coming of Christ.' The greatest trouble here is the hostile attitude of the press and the difficulty of getting our notices into the papers where they can be read. The local society has intermittent spells of activity at irregular intervals, so that the interest is lost. The plan on which our directors work is to hold independent meetings and circulate literature freely. Copies of Spiritualists papers or pamphlets can be readily used here, there being but few subscribers to any Spiritualist papers in the city. For engagements at camp meetings address me at 401 1-2 W. Main St. 'Quaker,' who is the editor of an Ohio paper, writes: 'The many excellent articles in your paper are doing the cause great good.' Thanks, Brother, we appreciate the kind words of Brother Editors in other fields, as we think they are in a position to judge the true merit of a paper."

John C. Browne writes from Bradford, Pa.: "Since my last writing to you, we have changed the word Progressive for Spiritual, and are now known as the First Spiritualist Sun Flower Society of Bradford. A charter from the N. S. A. applied for. On April 6th came two distinguished persons: from the West, Harrison D. Barrett, president of the National Spiritualist

sociation, from the East Rev. R. W. Barton, who was introduced to the good people of Bradford, at the Universalist Church by the Rev. Houghton. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, a large house greeted them. H. D. Barrett, gave an excellent address. A treat which the people of Bradford will long remember, and all look forward for his return. Mrs. Barton followed the lecture with messages and tests, in most every instance full names were given. Something never heard by the writer before. On April 8th, Grand Army Hall was filled to overflowing with anxious people, to hear Mrs. Barton lecture and give tests, subject, given from the audience for her discourse, was, "Uses and Abuses of Spiritualism." For Sixty-five minutes she held the vast throng spell bound. The audience was composed of cultured people who say they never heard a better or more instructive lecture than the one given thru her. If all of our Spiritualist were workers like Mrs. Barton, for the causes we would soon grow in great numbers. May her success for the coming years be still greater and her path during life be strewn with roses, is the wish of her co-workers. The First Spiritual Sun Flower Society has rented the Universalist church for Sunday and Thursday evenings during April and May. Thursday evening Mrs. Barton will give messages and tests. Sunday eve, lecture and tests. All true Spiritualists are always welcome to our meetings. Bradford Spiritualists have just awoke from a state of lethargy and from this on you will hear of something doing in this city, the Metropolis of Oildom.

**N. S. A. Missionaries' Quarterly Report.**

We began the work of the year 1906 with the little society that we organized in Lancaster, Pa., four years ago, holding three meetings there. Large audiences greeted us even though the weather was very unfavorable.

This society is one of which we are proud. Mr. Geo. A. Kiehl is the efficient president and is well supported in the work by the other officers and members of the society. A great work has been accomplished by them.

When it was organized the people of Lancaster, outside a few who had investigated Spiritualism privately—were in a condition of the densest ignorance regarding the teachings or truth of our philosophy.

The newspapers treated the Spiritualists shabbily, and published an article written by someone who was ignorant as he was vicious, advocating a coat of tar and feathers for the missionaries.

After four years of work in which some of the best speakers, among whom I recall the names of Harrison D. Barrett, Dr. B. Austin and W. J. Colville, and such mediums as Mrs. Weir of Detroit and Mrs. Bartholomew of Florida, have visited this orthodox city under the auspices of this society, their labors, together with the good private work of its own mediums and the distribution of Spiritualist literature consisting of the N. S. A. leaflets, books, pamphlets and the splendid Spiritualist newspapers and magazines, all of which are great factors in dissemination of the new gospel, has transformed the condition of the aggressive opposition to one of toleration and with many, to the acceptance of the truths of Spiritualism.

There are many investigators now and the society is loudly for the proposed N. S. A. Reading Course. We trust the committee appointed at the Minneapolis convention, is making progress, and that this much needed Reading Course may be forthcoming soon.

The work of the Lancaster society shows what may be done by even a few persons who will work earnestly and harmoniously together.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

We served the First Association of Spiritualist of Washington, D. C. during the month of January. Missionary work is needed in the capitol city as it is nearly everywhere else. Our work was successful. Large audiences were in attendance. The old workers seemed to imbibe new enthusiasm and constantly increasing interest was shown, clearly shown, and twenty five names were added to the membership roll.

This society is presided over by

that veteran worker and true Spiritualist Mr. F. A. Wood, and Mrs. H. W. Morgan is its very efficient Secretary. It counts among its members a number of workers of national reputation. Among them three officers of the N. S. A. viz: Theodore J. Mayer, Treasurer, Mrs. Mary T. Longley, secretary, Mr. I. C. I. Evans, trustee, also Mr. C. Payson Longley, author of "Longley's Beautiful Songs," Mrs. M. J. Stevens, Mr. P. L. O. A. Keeler and other well known mediums and workers.

We enjoyed the work with this society very much and it was with regret that we were obliged to leave it just as we had the work well in hand, but those good workers Oscar A. Edgerly and Mrs. Mary T. Longley took up the labor where we left it, which insures the continuance of the spirit of enthusiasm that our labors created.

PARKERSBURG, WEST VA.

We visited Parkersburg, West Va. where we held six meetings. These were the first public Spiritual meetings ever held in that city. Our audiences were fine and were composed of representative people, many of whom listened to a lecture on the subject of Spiritualism and witnessed the message work of a medium for the first time.

We were royally entertained in the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Rathbone. We organized a fine society here composed of thirty members. Dr. C. M. Boger an ardent Spiritualist and leading physician of the city is its president. The other officers are leading men and women of the place and with the splendid membership composed as it is of honest, earnest and enthusiastic Spiritualists and investigators we feel that the cause in Parkersburg is in good hands. We feel that the missionaries should have remained in this place six months at least. The time will come when Spiritualists like Unitarians and other denominations will be able to keep their missionaries with their new societies until they are fully established and their permanency assured.

We trust that the Parkersburg society may be carried on as successfully and become as permanently established as the society that we organized in Wheeling, W. Va. four years ago. It starts out under similar conditions.

ASHLEY, OHIO.

We stopped at Ashley, Ohio and held two meetings in the Opera House under the auspices of the society that we organized there about three years ago. The weather was against us, but we had fair sized audiences. There was a number of orthodox people present some of whom had previously opposed Spiritualism and had never before attended the meetings altho the camp meeting, almost within the village had been active for years. Verily "the world do move."

DETROIT, MICH.

We next visited Detroit, Mich. where we took part in the three days mid-winter meeting of the Michigan State Spiritualists Association. A report of meeting having already been given to the public through the Spiritualist press we will only say that it was a success in every way and did much good for the cause in Michigan. We are certain that more mass meetings are needed in that state as well as in other parts of the country. They are great teachers of the public, and give encouragement to the workers, creating enthusiasm, generating activity and demonstrating to the Spiritualists the benefit of organized, united effort in the work for the advancement of our great cause. At this meeting we raised about seventy dollars to be used in defense of the Goff Will. This case is to be tried in the Supreme Court of the State of Michigan. Every Spiritualist in this State and in the United States should feel that this is his or her case and send at least a little money to help the cause of justice. This case has almost resolved itself into the question whether a person can be sane and believe in Spiritualism. Spiritualists of this country, are you going to sit idly by and let brother John F. Goff's will be set aside on the grounds of his being insane because he believed in Spiritualism? or will you stand up for your own rights and those of our arisen brother who can no more defend himself and his rights in our earthly courts. It will require several hundred dollars to carry this suit through the courts and get a decision. Let every Spiritualist who reads this sit

right down and send something, whether a small or large amount, to Miss Rena Chapman, Sec'y. Michigan State Spiritualists Association, Marcellus, Mich. and she will send you a receipt for your remittance. Don't delay.

PONTIAC, MICH.

We visited Pontiac, Mich. where we held two meetings. Zero weather and too short notice of the meetings caused the audiences to be small.

Mr. R. Barlett, who arranged for our coming, said we must return when opportunity offered and he would advertise it thoroughly which would insure a large attendance.

FENTON, MICH.

We went from here to Fenton, Mich. where we organized a small society some four years ago. There has been a remarkable change in the attitude of the people of this place toward Spiritualism since this society was organized. At the first meetings we held there four years ago people preferred to stand in the back of the hall rather than be comfortably seated in the front seats. This time the hall was filled. Every available spot was utilized; the hallway entrance was packed and the stairs leading to the upper story was covered while many went away. The hall was not large though it was larger than the one we occupied four years ago. We should have had one that was at least twice as large.

This little society has been ministered to by Mrs. Lou Abbey for the last two years or more, and though its membership is small, it has been able to have some of the best mediums and speakers from abroad who have been of great assistance in

the work of enlightening the people upon the all-important subject of Spiritualism.

On Sunday morning Feb. 18th we attended the Methodist Church of Fenton, and listened to a sermon on the subject of "Modern Spiritualism and True Spirit Communion" by the Rev. J. B. Whitford the pastor which would have been a credit to any Spiritualist speaker. It was a fine, logical and spiritual sermon and was replete with the truths of the phenomena, philosophy and religion of Spiritualism. The Christian Church is slowly progressing, and right here the question may be asked is it going to absorb and monopolize Spiritualism? We will answer: The Church is absorbing it rapidly and teaching its truths more or less, but it can never monopolize it as long as Spiritualists hold together as an organized body, for when it comes to the last analysis, to the fundamental principles upon which the whole philosophy rests all must come to Spiritualism pure and simple, nothing more, nothing less. Everything rests upon the fact of Spirit Communion and none can come to it without coming to Spiritualism.

All we need is to hold firmly to our organization together and the work of others, even those who seek to appropriate it to use in the patching up of a decaying theology, will help to build up the cause of true Spiritualism and our organization which alone stands for it.

(To be continued.)

Religion is simply the way home to the Father.—George MacDonald.

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### TESTIMONIAL.

The original unpublished complete Grammar was submitted to the Superintendent of Public Schools at Charleston, S. C., for criticism. He returned the same with following letter:

OFFICE OF  
SUPERINTENDENT  
CITY PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

CHARLESTON, S. C., June 21, 1906.

A. F. MELCHERS:  
I herewith return your English Grammar, with thanks for privilege of examining it. I am proud of my former pupil, and commend him for his labor of love. Hoping it may appear in book form and receive a large patronage,  
I am very truly,  
HENRY P. ARCHER,  
Supt. City Public Schools.

ADDRESS  
A. F. MELCHERS,  
Lily Dale, N. Y.



## ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION.

## First Spiritualist Association of New York City.

The 58th Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism was fittingly celebrated by the First Association of Spiritualists of New York City in two services at Lyric Hall on Sunday April 1st. The attendance was large, and all seemed interested, while the greater number were evidently eager for spiritual food.

Mrs. Henry J. Newton, president of the association, occupied the chair, and from time to time in introducing the speakers, mediums and musicians, and in supplementing their service, spoke words forcible, pertinent and comforting; thereby impressing upon the audience the dignity and value of Spiritualism. Especially welcome were her references to the host of notables, who have been promoted to that other life of which we yearn to learn, that we may intelligently anticipate our own promotion to spirit realms. Altho we had a fine musical program, congregational singing was an inspiring feature of the occasion.

Mrs. Helen Temple Brigham, at the afternoon service offered an uplifting invocation and improvised several poems upon subjects offered by the audience. These were listened to with rapt attention, and loud applause followed their recital. Mrs. Brigham is a wonderful instrument in the hands of her guides and is widely known, not only in America, but in other countries. There need be no description of her versatile gifts.

She is justly welcomed with heartiness wherever she appears, and wears her honors with charming depreciation void of affectation.

Mrs. Helen L. Palmer-Russegue of Hartford, Conn., delivered two masterly addresses. Her language, pure English and grammatical, was logical, convincing—in fact unanswerable, altho the most sweeping claims were made for Spiritualism. Arguments, sustained statements, and skeptics, the hitherto indifferent and Spiritualists, alike, were held spell-bound under the magic influence of her powerful oratory.

She, also, is too well known to require introduction or comment. The strangers to Spiritualism, however, asked: "Who is that marvelous woman?" "Where does she hail from?" The request was made so generally, and so resistently, Mrs. Russegue was prevailed upon to serve our association again on Sunday the 8th inst., afternoon and evening at the Tuxedo, our usual place of meeting.

An able and carefully prepared lecture upon "The Dawn of Man's Infancy" was delivered by Mr. Floyd B. Wilson, the popular author and lecturer. He was closely followed by his hearers who manifested their enthusiasm by applause.

Mr. Jon. Templeton, an editor, and of newspaper fame, favored us with an instructive and versatile address; one moment provoking merriment by some witty recital or conclusion, which would be banished by the serious propositions put forth so earnestly, and so lucidly by this honest, earnest advocate of Spiritualism. The ring of courage in his clear voice, without doubt brought strength to many. Would that there were more of his kind.

Miss Margaret Gaule our regular ministrant, prefaced her wonderful spirit messages at both service with earnest appeals on behalf of our cause in its well being. She was, as always, received with hearty applause, and commanded the complete attention of the audience, while she gave, in clear, concise language, tests to the friends whose arisen beloved could control conditions sufficiently to manifest. Her descriptions were gratefully and in numerous instances tearfully recognized.

Miss Gaule is known so widely as a wonderful psychic, it is unnecessary to take time or space to recount her work. It perhaps, is not so widely known that she and her good husband, Mr. August T. Reidinger, devote most of their time and energy to the cause, opening the doors of their spacious and beautiful home so often for the benefit of the cause, one sometimes wonders if their doors are ever closed. Much of the prosperity of our association and of the Ladies' Aid Society, auxiliary to it, is due to their continuous disinterested effort.

Messages from spirit life were also given afternoon and evening by Mrs. Robert Roughsedge of Brooklyn, N. Y., and were favorably received. Mrs. Roughsedge is a new worker in the field. One unique feature of her mediumship is that her messages are given in rhyme, she has been largely instrumental in making the Ladies' Aid of great interest as well as helping so much in increasing its treasury.

Mme. J. Kuehnert, who arranged and conducted the musical program, deserves much commendation for the delightful music so carefully rendered.

Miss Cora DeAnguera favored us most pleasingly with a soprano solo, Song "Berceuse from Jocelyn" by Godeard. She was accompanied by Mrs. Kuehnert, piano, and Miss Jessen, violin. Great applause testified to the appreciation of the audience.

Mr. A. Soennichren, in a rich, deep, bass voice sang "My God, my Father," by Marston, so acceptably all hearts were captivated. We venture to predict that his name will ever prove a "drawing card."

Miss Anna H. Jessen besides the obligate already mentioned, favored us with the violin solos in the order named, "Legende" by Bohm, "Romance" by Wieniawski, "Adoration" by Borowski. Each selection was much appreciated as was evidenced by the audience.

Mr. Robert Roughsedge of Brooklyn, N. Y. rendered most acceptably the tenor solo "The Pilgrim" by Adams. He has become a favorite with our people, and we appreciate his willing spirit which responds readily to our every call.

Near the close of the evening session the president called upon Mrs. Milton Rathbun to represent the Ladies' Aid Society. Mrs. Rathbun occupied a few moments in setting forth the claims, objects, efforts and aims of said organization.

We were proud and happy to have with us upon the platform in the afternoon Miss Victoria C. Moore, Secretary of the Freeville (N. Y.) Spiritualist Camp Association, who, besides being a lecturer, is a talented elocutionist. She was pressed into service for the evening and charmed the audience with a reading most impressively rendered.

When we had sung the doxology and received the benediction of peace pronounced by Mrs. Russegue we agree one with the other, in happy assertion that our meetings were a success from all view points.

Mrs. MILTON RATHBUN.

## WISCONSIN STATE SPIRIT-

## UALISTS CONVENTION.

Your attention is hereby called to the Sixth Annual Convention of the Wisconsin State Spiritualists' Association, to be held in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, April 23, 24 and 25, 1906. Lincoln Hall, 149 Sixth Street, has been secured for all sessions of the Convention. This hall is commodious and well adapted for large gatherings, and admirably located, being within walking distance from the Union Depot and leading hotels. A first-class array of talent has been secured for the Convention, thus assuring all comers a most interesting and profitable sojourn in the beautiful city on the lake.

Among those who will participate in the exercises are Cora L. V. Richmond, of Chicago, who is without a peer as an Orator and Logician. Mr. B. R. Richmond will also take part in the work of the Convention. Mr. Richmond is one of Chicago's most able lawyers and speakers.

Prof. A. J. Weaver of Whitewater, Wis., the able Principal of the "Morris Pratt Institute," for many years a foremost worker in the cause of Spiritualism.

Rev. Geo. H. Brooks of Wheaton Ill. A speaker of marked ability, a man well and favorably known throughout the United States.

Mrs. Amanda Coffman, of Michigan will be the message bearer, bringing greetings from the loved ones who have gone before. The ballot reading by Mrs. Coffman, and her work in many ways, is of that class that carries conviction of the capability of demonstrating the truths of spirit return.

Able workers and visitors from Minnesota and Illinois are expected to be in attendance, and will add much to the interest of the Convention. Important matter will be considered at all sessions, and it is imperative that all Spiritualists who have the good of the cause at heart, be in attendance. Come and aid in the de-

liberations and the general work of the Convention. It will give you an opportunity to listen to the most able speakers and workers in the land, as they present the Philosophical, Ethical and Phenomenal side of our progressive religion.

Headquarters will be at the St. Charles Hotel. The management have granted us special rates—a flat rate of \$2.00 per day, American plan, giving first-class accommodations in every respect. The regular rates are \$2.00 to \$3.50 per day, American plan. Where members will double in, the highest priced rooms will be given at the above rates. This is a fine hotel, and within easy reach of the hall and we feel positive that all will be perfectly satisfied with the headquarters. Write early and secure your rooms.

Your attention is again called to the date of opening of the Convention, it being called on Monday, instead of Tuesday, as usual. It was found impossible to secure the hall for Thursday, so the Convention had to be called one day earlier. A meeting will be held in some public hall on Sunday previous to the Convention. It is hoped that all who can possibly do so, will arrive early so as to attend these Sunday meetings. These meetings are intended to be arranged by the Milwaukee people, and they never do anything by halves, we may look forward to a grand time.

Don't fail to attend the Convention. It needs you and you need what you will receive there.

REV. WILL J. ERWOOD,  
President W. S. S. A.  
REV. NELLIE K. BAKER,  
Secretary W. S. S. A.

## Our Creed Bids Them Depart.

Oh! times the living and the dead  
Are walking side by side,  
Though one be silent in his tread,  
Presence is not denied.

Though not a word the one may speak,  
There is a subtle spell  
Thrown o'er the spirit, though not weak,  
That more than words may tell.

We can't dispute this inner sense  
Of presence and of power,  
Nor need we wait, in dread suspense,  
For death's revealing hour.

It is a fact that consciousness  
Needs no attesting speech,  
If with our souls we but confess,  
The higher proof we reach.

'Tis creed that keeps us wide apart  
When death's deep shadows fall,  
Why should the instincts of the heart  
Be smothered by the pall?

Oh let us teach a sweeter faith  
Than erstwhile men have known,  
Nor let departing of the breath  
Beget the sigh and moan.

Departed friends cannot forget  
The dear ones loved before,  
And they'll be with us if we'll let  
The heart swing wide the door.

But if we bolt with iron bar  
The gateway to the heart,  
We see no bright Bethlehem star—  
Our creed bids them depart.

—Starr L. Barber.

Buffalo.

**Some Invisible Certainties.**  
The change of personality; that is classic now. The evidence for telepathy is indubitable. That may seem a bold statement; it is a commonplace for those who are in touch with the latest experiments of the metaphysicians. Only a few years ago—before Pasteur came—it would have been deemed sheer idiocy to talk of studying typhoid fever or cholera or erysipelas in a laboratory. Telepathy is an acquired certainty—as much as Harvey's theory of the circulation of the blood, which three academies of physicians declared impossible.

And the explanation of the strange phenomena; are they hints and instigations from another word—the intervention of spirits of the dead, of angels or demons? This is the opinion held by almost all the sects of the occult, those who worship in the hundred and one little religions of mysticism. Science does not go quite so far. It declares:

First. There exist in nature certain unknown forces capable of acting on matter. (This covers all the objective phenomena of metaphysics, such as the transport of bodies from one place to another, luminosity, etc.)

Second. We possess other means of knowing than those of reason of the senses. (This applies to the subjective phenomena of metaphysics, including telepathy, second sight, clairvoyance.)

## DOES NOT NEED A WATCH

## Maine Man Able to Tell Time Looking at His Palm.

Walter Nason, living in Newport, Me., has the mysterious ability of being able to tell the accurate time of day by simply looking in the palm of his hand as another would look at his watch. No one has been able to learn his method and, in fact, he himself can not explain the source of his power.

This uncanny knowledge is not of recent origin, he having used it for many years. When he first began to use this gift, as he considers it, he purchased a watch, then looking at his hand to ascertain the time he would compare his figures with those of the watch, finding his own always correct. Many of the people about the village who doubted his power and who looked upon it as a "fairy story" have by their own observation and experiments become convinced of its truth.

Walter Nason was born in the town of Palmyra forty years ago and came to Newport when he was about 15 years of age. He attended the district school in Gilman, after which he found employment in different mills, at one of which he is working at the present time.

The above clipping from the Thurston, Me., Journal, was forwarded to us by Mr. Melchers. He probably did not know that Mr. Nason was a subscriber to the SUNFLOWER, and that fact would explain the power possessed, not that being a subscriber to the SUNFLOWER would give him such a power, but it shows that he is interested in Spiritualism and it is doubtless Spirit power that enables him to tell the time in the manner described.

The fact that a man is puffed up with pride will not mitigate the jar when he takes his fall.

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