

THE SUNFLOWER

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

Volume 16.

Published by
The Sunflower Publishing Company.

LILY DALE, N. Y., FEBRUARY 24, 1906.

Issued Every Saturday at
One Dollar a Year.

Number 256

PRINCIPLES OF MENTAL MOLECULAR INDUCTION

Versus "Hypnotism," "Obsession," "Demonism," Etc., as Expressive
of Mental Processes.

W. M. LOCKWOOD.

(Continued From January 6.)

Before we can disseminate between normal and abnormal mental states and functions, it is advisable that we have a concise and analytical understanding of the factors involved in mental processes, and the relation of these factors in divergent cerebral organisms. If, in our classification of the mental constitution, we do not follow the speculations of Samuel Bailey, Reid, Kant, Descartes, or Sir William Hamilton, it is because modern discovery in physiological and cerebral anatomy since the time of these distinguished writers, has enlarged and amplified our understanding of the human brain, and its functional properties, far beyond any known data in their time.

The discovery that function is expressed as an invisible mode of psychic motion, and that it is dependent upon organic structure, no less than upon the molecular or psychic co-relation of the parts involved, also, that all departments of the encephalon are united by millions of "connective," "commisural" and "association" fibers, extends our view of the almost unlimited capacity and sensitive functional attributes, qualifying the human brain. It is thus seen to be the great central station of consciousness, upon which the truths and errors of its social environment, and the harmonies and inharmonies of an objective world, are constantly being reflected by the psychic impression of incoming waves of sensory character, inciting mental action and arousing the varying degrees of conscious perception, by the subjective reactions occurring within the citadel of the intellect. The two thousand million cells and fibers that invest and comprise this complex mechanism of the mental laboratory, require a more concise classification than any of those referred to in a former paragraph. Therefore, agreeing with the modern physicist and physiologist that "the intellect is the name for the thinking portion of our mental constitution," we postulate as follows:

First.—The soul, as the formative or shaping life principle of the form to which it belongs and vivifies, as an invisible electro magnetic entity and energy.

Second.—Consciousness, as the sentient and perceptive attribute of the soul which must be impressed through the avenues of sensation, before we can have thought, mind, or conscious volition.

Third.—Mind, the result of impressions on consciousness.

Fourth.—Perception, the soul's sense of knowing, endowed by heredity, and enlarged by its own experiences and environments, and by its personal contact or association with others. The errors of heredity and of false instruction promote psychic blindness, the prevailing curse of civilization.

Fifth.—Volition or Will, the reflex action of consciousness through nerves and fibers of the motor system, aroused into action by subjective thought or objective stimulus.

Sixth.—Emotion or feeling, the result of special stimulus of the sympathetic nervous system.

Seventh.—Discrimination, the mental ability to judge between a consistent inductive or deductive fact or group of facts, and an inconsistent statement or assumption, that precludes all possibility of

demonstration or syllogistic reasoning.

With this classification of the conscious intellect before us, and the relation it holds to objective nature and subjective mental reactions, we deduce the growth of the soul's sense of perception through the development of its consciousness. And we furthermore deduce, that in proportion as the soul sense may be limited by the physical and mental weakness of its ancestry, also by the accidents, desires and supernormal appetites in its own environment during earth life; that its conscious perception is obscured by these incidents in its individual evolution, and its progress retarded. It seems impossible that any writer of modern time, who has any acquaintance with the data of transmitted mental vices, or associated evils, should desire to parade his psychic blindness before a reading and thinking public by classifying the very common misfortunes of the human as "Demonism," or "Demoniacal possession."

If a child is born which early in life manifests a tendency to inflict pain on the dog and cat, or upon its associates, or with large destructiveness makes havoc wherever it goes, it may be an easy way to quiet popular thought by writing and voicing "Demonism" as the particular cause of these vices, but such writing and teaching in no way explains the co-relation of causes incident to prenatal or self induced errors, but it does indicate the extreme carelessness and want of thot on the part of those who continuously and without qualification, employ these terms. A man whose nervous system is impregnated with nicotine from the constant use of tobacco, or from the poison in excessive alcoholic stimulation, becomes a father; and his son early in life, develops a mania for cigarettes and drink, and soon becomes a physical wreck, with weakened manhood and an imbecile's brain. At what time was he "hoodooed" into this habit? and in what way, let us ask, does the use of this term let the inquirer into the secret and real cause of his misfortunes?

A lady whose ancestry was afflicted with cancerous and scrofulous diseases, early in life developed a tumorous tendency, resulting in genital surgery. When did the evil spirits put a "spell" upon her for life?

A lady whose sensitive nervous system indicated refinement, and who was in that wonderful reciprocal mental and psycho-physiological condition induced by pregnancy, came unexpectedly in contact with a person having Chorea (St. Vitus dance). The child when born, early manifested the twitching of the muscles, the repulsive facial expression and contortion of the limbs, incident to this disease of the nervous system, and its mental characteristics took on the form of idiocy. At what time did this so-called "hoodoo" get possession of mother and child? When did this "devil" of pagan ignorance introducing Christianity, and which is said to have made Jesus so famous by his ability to cast them out, obsess this progeny. Did he lurk in the delicate organism of maternal refinement? or, did he linger around the umbilical plexus of the developing fetus, like a Theosophical spirit waiting to reincarnate?

What a deplorable spectacle of pagan superstition coming down to

us through the centuries, still confronts intellectual progress by the continuation of terms that nullify the data taught in universities and colleges regarding the transference of disease, and ignores the inductions of physiologists and physicists who have spent years of time in patient research to determine the pathological character of that psychic energy that can be transmitted to offspring through the electromagnetic co-relations of maternal and paternal association, or transferred from one person to another as an invisible mode of motion.

What a blight theological dogmas impose upon humanity, by the continuous indoctrination that any irregular and abnormal action of the nervous system, or any unrythmic expression of the intellect, is an infallible indication of the obsessing influence of semi "devil" or "demon," an Almighty God has made and let loose upon a weak, half-made, devitalized, super-sensitive human being. Instead of following the inductions of physiologists and pathologists, that disease of all types whether physical, disturbing the general organism or mental cerebral, affecting the intellect, is the result of an invisible electro-magnetic action upon the circulation of the blood and the central nerve structure, the popular mind continues to adhere to the mouthings of the pulpit and the story of the evangelists about the prevalence of "devils," and "evil spirits" indoctrinated in the ethical system introducing Christianity. According to the pathology of Jesus, disease is an "evil spirit," and he advised that "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out," "It is better for thee to enter into the Kingdom of God with one eye, than having two eyes to be cast into hell fire, where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched." "If thy hand offend thee, cut it off," "If thy foot offend thee, cut it off." What a magnificent surgical inspiration this is, coming from the last mentioned "only begotten son of God." His God-like intellect could see and cast out the devils causing deafness, dumbness, and blindness. He was able on one occasion, according to the text, to cast out of the God-arene lunatic two thousand of these devils who could talk and run, and they manifested all of the evil attributes of hypnotism, so graphically portrayed by the author of The Great Psychological Crime; for did not the "evil controls" in their "downward sweep" overcome the will power and sensory system of two thousand swine? Even Mary Magdalene had seven devils cast out of her, which is six more than is claimed by the average preacher for women of our time.

With this blight of ecclesiastical necromancy upon us, with this constant indoctrination of evil spirits, demons and obsessing influences voiced from the pulpit and reflected from the press, the general public and many popular writers, seem to be more inclined to the pathological system of ancient necromancy, than to the inductions of schools of science.

What is called disease is a combination of physio-chemical energy and forces, inciting in the human system abnormal physio-logical function, and mental action. The type or form of the disease depends upon the electro magnetic character of the chemical energies entering into combination and the physiological centers that are disturbed by its action. Hence it will follow that to call any of these physical or mental states and phenomena, "evil spirits" "devils" "demons" and "obsessing influences," is to be infidel to truth. The greatest infidels the world has ever known, are those who ignore a demonstrated natural truth. A schooled intellect will not claim that a prenatal shock to a developing fetus necessarily develops a "devil," however imbecile, mentally abnormal or idiotic the child may seem.

No sensible person can consistently affirm that a child which was developed while the mother was surrounded with constant mental and physical abuse and beastly usage, is a demon or is possessed of the "demonism of the ages," because early in life it manifests a tendency to inflict pain and suffering on those it comes in contact with. This mental reaction of its nervous system is the result of the abuse, physical and mental, that was transmitted to it by molecular induction thru the mother's sensitive and receptive organism. This mental character of the child, is an expression of one of the prominent factors instilled in its personality, during all the stages of its gestation. "Like transmits like." "Like promotes like." "What ye sow, that also shall ye reap."

This senseless custom of ignoring physiological and biological data that "the scriptures may be fulfilled," comprises one of the glaring inconsistencies of Christianity and modern popular thot.

An Almighty God must feel very proud of his earthly children, who thus directly infer that he has somewhere in his keeping a repository of devils, demons, evil spirits, lying spirits, and obsessing spirits, that he sends to inhabit the anatomy of some poorly born personality—some poor nubb of accidental generation. If a child is begotten in licentiousness and lust, and early in life manifests licentious habits resulting in some form of prostitution, it is not necessarily "obsessed," or "hypnotized" by an evil spirit. The fundamental functions of an abnormal sex organism was first transmitted to its nervous system as an impulse, and too frequently this super sensitive state is overwrought by its social environment, and while it is true that "like attracts like," and earth bound spirits of licentious incentive may be attracted, the riddle of such attraction will be fully understood in the conditions of parentage, that ignorantly and selfishly, transmit to offspring the electro magnetic functions inviting these licentious spiritual influences. It is an easy way to shirk all responsibility by affirming that the individual actor in a crime, was "obsessed" or under "hypnotic influence," but such statements in no way explain the facts.

There must first exist the conditions and natural functions to attract, before something is attracted. If "like attracts like," then it follows as a regular sequence that if the individual who had the misfortune to attract such influences, had been intelligently generated, this class of spirits would not have been attracted. Now whose fault is it. Is it the individual who has generated into his personlity these lusts? Is it the class of spirits who find lustful conditions here to be attracted to? Is it the parents who ignorantly transferred this abnormal function and tendency? or, is it God's? who is supposed by many people to be the author of all functional attractions and desires. If God is the author and creator of function, then he is the author of crime. And if he is the author of crime, then the terms Hypnotism, Demonism, Devils and Evil Spirits and all other forms of demoniacal possession are simply his agencies, thru and by which crime is committed. Poor God!

In our next we will see if we can save him the reputation given him by his loving prayerful children.

Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted or are laid,
By some great law unseen and still,
Unfathomed purpose to fulfil.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

Love everybody and everything.

THE ENFOLDING LIFE.

J. P. COOKE.

There is naught but life, go where we will. Whether soaring in the "ether blue" of God, or sinking in earth or sea, all is saturated with life, and like Shelley's "Cloud," it mocks the thot of death and sings its eternal survival:—

"I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass thru the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.

"I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and upbuild it again."

It may well be assumed that an Infinite Intelligence would act on the world in accord with its own everlasting laws. The law of the universe working from center to periphery involves everywhere the adaptation of means to ends and hence design is written on the whole brow of nature, on heaven and earth and the waters beneath.

If the doctrine of universal evolution be at last accepted, instead of destroying the Design argument, it will establish it on immutable foundations. Surely the entire physical life of nature proceeds by this method. Does it ever occur to those who saw God in the growth of trees, flowers, animals, that there was any less of the divine attraction because the whole vegetable kingdom is evolved by the law of insensible gradations from the seeds, and the entire animal kingdom by the same law, from eggs?

An all-pervading intelligence shows everywhere. "We see the foot prints—but he who made them we have not found."—say the savans.

The proof from Design show that the world has come from intelligent purpose. Our faith in a supreme, central, infinite attraction and intelligence, conscious and free, does not come to us from these methods of creation, but from the sight of the universal order. We know there must be one grand center, one Supreme Being, above all, in all, thru all, because we see in all nature all parts coöperating together into a unified whole. The innumerable varieties are all blended into a majestic unity in the consciousness of the inner life of the "All."

What does this supreme spiritual ego look like? What is its appearance?

It has been often held as a reproach to Theism that the God of Theism could not be described.

If true, as mystics claim, that God can be known, why may he not be described?

I, for one, will not try to parry this fair question, but will answer it. It is a double sphere of rays, one within the other.

In the necessary interior, magnetic state, it is perceived as an inner sphere of white light rays running to a center and this sphere is within the bosom of another sphere formed by the ends of the rays which run outward to "nature" thru the primal formations, becoming the inner life of all things.

These rays, in a breathing motion waft together and apart.

These are the facts of perception. What this function is, is but humble supposition on my part.

It may be that the outer life is continually refreshed, re-vivified and strengthened by the embrace of the central positive power.

The lines of the outer sphere of light may be like the string that holds the beads. The power of attraction acting instead of the string.

The wide application of attraction as a divine principle of light, will

(Continued on Page 6.)



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE SUNFLOWER PUBLISHING CO.,
Lily Dale, N. Y.

Entered at Lily Dale, N. Y. as second-class matter.

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1/2 inch, one insertion, 40c; three insertions, \$1.00.
1 " " " 75c; " " " 1.50.
2 " " " 1.25; " " " 2.50.
Reading notices, 15c a line; 20 lines, 10c a line. Discounts for Time and Space.

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W. H. BACH, Managing Editor.

SUNDAY CLOSING AGAIN.

The Chicago Sunday Closing League has been waging an aggressive campaign against allowing any business on Sunday, and as a part of their program, applied to the Supreme Court of Illinois for permission to file a petition to compel Mayor Dunne to enforce Sunday closing of the saloons. This permission was denied as the court claimed lack of jurisdiction. The league has charged the mayor with subordination in not carrying out his oath as Mayor of the City.

If it is permissible to have a saloon open on any day, we can see no good reason why it should not be open on Sunday. It seems to have been pretty thoroly accepted by the higher courts that Sunday is merely a rest day and they do not give it any great religious significance, so all such questions going before them are purely ethical and not religious. Such being the case it is difficult to understand why they should interfere and they evidently look at it in that way themselves.

That it is within the police power of a state, if it so desires, to legislate so that certain days can be set aside for rest days, the day in which business can not be legally conducted, we will admit. But even that has been questioned, and most banks do not insist upon payment of a note that falls due on a legal holiday, on the day previous, as they used to, but protest or claim payment on the day after. We have heard there were legal reasons for this, but we do not know it to be the case. Perhaps some reader can inform us.

We do not believe in a compulsory Sunday Closing Law. It is unjust to those of other religions than the Sunday Christians, and those of no religion. If the Jew or the Adventist or the Seventh Day Baptist observes Saturday as his Sabbath, it is the height of injustice to legally compel him to lose another day out of the week, or violate his conscience. If a person does not believe in a Sabbath, it is unjust to compel him to observe what he does not accept, every seven days. He can stand an occasional legal holiday, but even they are being ignored more and more by the general public.

But coming back to the original question, Does it do any good to close the saloons on Sunday? We say no. A movement of the kind in Columbus, O. recently resulted in opening a number of saloons just across the city line and the residents of that section were annoyed by the crowd of bums who loaded themselves with liquor out there when they would not have drunk themselves into a state of imbecility had they the opportunity to go in anywhere and get a glass of liquor.

A measure has been introduced into the State Legislature of New York to prevent ball games on Decoration Day. What for? No one is compelled to go to them if they do not desire to! Yet there are some people who are so afraid someone else will take a little pleasure in life that they want to legislate them out of it. Imagine stopping all sorts of sports on any legal holiday! The introducer of such a

measure should apologise to the Legislature for taking up its time with such a thing.

THE SUNFLOWER does not advocate indiscriminate drinking, nor does it believe that absolute prohibition, even on certain days, is now practicable. But it does believe that to handle these questions the greatest of caution should be used, and the subject should be entered into in its every phase and considered in its practical lights. As for Sunday, we are a good deal like the Dutchman: He had subscribed money to help build a church and then they wanted him to subscribe to put a lightning rod on it. He said, "No, that he had helped to build God a house, and now if he wanted to send his thunder to knock it down he could do it for all of him, and he would not help to build it up again." We have arranged a Sunday for those who so desire to worship God in, and if he cannot protect his day, we better not try. Maybe he does not want such a day. He does not show it in any way if he does. The sun shines, the winds blow, the grass grows, births, deaths, building up and tearing down, each continue regardless of holy days or Sabbaths. The God to whom the Sabbath is dedicated does not observe it himself. Is that not too much like a father telling his son not to smoke, then lighting his pipe and going out?

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We would like to receive some short articles from our numerous correspondents. We have a number of long ones that will see light as rapidly as possible, but what every paper needs and can always find space for is a line of short articles, of about 500 words, and especially short prose articles of from 100 to 300 words, on timely topics.

Keep copies of your poems. We have a large supply of them, and no telling when we can give space to them, if at all. If you want your poem to stand a chance of immediate publication, write it carefully, punctuate and capitalize it, for we have so many that if they require much editing we seldom publish them.

We thank all our contributors and assure them their interest is appreciated fully, and the articles will be published as fast as possible. We have only space for about one long article in each issue, and if an article is over about 1500 words it has to take its turn, no matter how good it is. We write this to explain some things and to reply to a number of letters.

MRS. SARAH WHITE,

widow of the late B. R. White, passed to spirit life from the home of her daughter, Mrs. Mary L. Roberts, at Manitowoc, Wis. Wednesday morning, February 7th, in the 87th year of her life. There was no disease, the old body had simply worn out and become an unfit habitation for the spirit.

She called her daughter at 5:50 a. m., saying she was short of breath, and forty minutes later breathed her last. She was my maternal grandmother. Grandfather passed away last August, in his 89th year, and in so short a time she has gone to join him and her other loved ones on the spirit side of life. How joyful must be that happy reunion. United for nearly seventy years on this side of life, to be separated but a few months by the angel of death, then united forever in the land which knows no parting.

In such cases death comes as a ministering angel—not as a grim terror. They were "only waiting" the summons of that angel, who was to waft them over the shining river, and soon we, too, will hear his call, and will answer it to join the loved ones who will reach across to help us to the other shore.

"This same way we, too, shall go,
Just a little farther, only,
And the water's ebb and flow
Will not seem one-half so lonely,
Since thy hand will reach across,
Taking ours to aid the landing,
Thou wilt teach the gain and loss
To our darkened understanding."

May our passing away be as free from pain, fear and regret as was that of my grandfather and grandmother. Grandfather asked me the last time I saw him, "Will, do you think the boys will meet me when the time comes to make the

great change?" "Yes," I replied, "I am certain they will meet you. That the first thing you will see when you regain consciousness in spirit life will be one of them." He was silent for a moment, then said, "If you think that, I would not care if the change came this minute." I believe grandmother endorsed his sentiments. She assisted me in my first experiments in Spiritualism twenty-six years ago this winter, she and I sitting at the table the first time one ever moved under my hands.

W. H. BACH.

PEOPLE'S EDITORIAL COLUMN.

How would our patrons like a "People's Editorial" column, in which each might express his views of things? If it would be appreciated we will open one. Let us hear from you on this topic, also on any other in which you think improvements might be made in the paper. We are not infallible and we want to give you the best possible. We think a "People's Editorial" column, where each might express his or her views in about 150 words could be made very interesting. If we get the articles we will open it in the March 10th issue.

Something New for the City of Light Assembly.

Visitors to the City of Light Assembly, Lily Dale, are to enjoy a rare treat this summer. Prof. E. B. Swift will give two grand scientific illustrated lectures on August 14th and 16th.

There will be fine spectacular displays of the Binocular Cosmoscope, Projecting Microscope and telescope. In place of the mirror and in all compound microscopes, a few drops of water burn upon a crayon of lime, giving an intense light, collected and concentrated by large lenses upon the objects, enlarged 5,000,000 times.

This is something entirely new and intensely interesting—showing drops of water, living insects, crystals, jasper, oak and many rare, instructive objects, illustrating botany, chemistry, physiology and geology.

There will be rare views of heliotypes from the world's great observatories, showing eclipses, hydrogen flames, milky-way, also views of huge fissures and vast plains in the moon, seemingly but a few miles away, concluding with lovely dissolving views of the world's greatest paintings, statuary and art treasures—mummies, and immense collections of curiosities never exhibited before.

LAURA G. FIXEN.

A SERIAL STORY.

Beginning with the issue of March 10th, we will begin the publication of a fine serial story, written by the late Samuel P. Putnam, entitled,

GOTTLIEB: HIS LIFE; OR LOVE TRIUMPHANT.

This is a most intensely interesting story, illustrating the power of love not only on earth, but the effects true love might even have in an orthodox heaven and hell.

Call the attention of your friends to this, and send in their subscriptions with your own. This story alone will be worth the price of a year's subscription.

That Vegetarian Edition.

We have arranged to have that Vegetarian Edition of THE SUNFLOWER under date of March 3, 1906. That will give plenty of time to get up a fine edition. We already have one article from England for it, and more are coming all the time. Mrs. Jessie Pettit Flint has sent us some recipes and tells us how to make our own peanut butter at a cost of from 12 to 15 cents a pound, right at home. Then we have many others.

Dr. Peebles will give us an article. We hope D. W. Hull will tell us in as few words as possible how he lived on 88 cents a week, and "there are others."

THE GREENBACKER

seems to have got converted to the idea if the Editor has not, and will have a word to say.

THE WHOLE PAPER

will be devoted to the Vegetarian Question, and we want its ADVOCATES and its OPPONENTS to have their say. These are a few of the questions:

Is a Vegetarian diet cheaper than a meat diet?

Is it more humanitarian to live on Vegetarian than a mixed diet?

Is it healthier to live on a Vegetarian diet than on a mixed diet?

Were we intended to live on a Vegetarian diet or a mixed diet?

Does diet affect our natures? If so, what evidence can be presented?

SEND US RECIPES FOR VEGETARIAN DISHES.

This ought to be the most popular edition of THE SUNFLOWER ever published, and we ought to circulate 100,000 copies. We will furnish them to you, ten or more copies, at the rate of ONE CENT A COPY, either mailing them to you or direct to the friends you wish to receive them.

Make your articles short and to the point, so we can get as many different ones as possible. If anyone thinks they can live cheaper on a mixed diet, tell us how to do so. Let us have a thorough exposition of the question and make the greatest paper on this important subject ever presented.

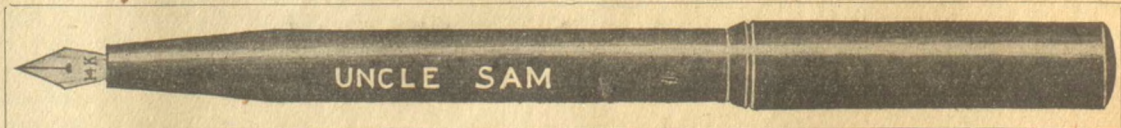
Remember the date, March 3, and have your articles here not later than February 20th.

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And conduct grand and true;
The full unfoldment of one's best
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Or e'en deny our right.

What is success? To shape our
course
Among our fellow-men
In paths which lead them to the
truth
That lies beyond their ken;
And reach a helping hand to those
Who falter in their zeal,
And pour the balm of sympathy
In wounds which slowly heal.

What is success? To stifle hate
And lust and selfish greed,
While with the fruits of hope and
love
The multitude we feed;
And spread our faith, our charities,
As heaven's bright sun shines forth
Till they vitalize man's brotherhood
And circumscribe the earth.

What is success? To strive each day
To make Love's kingdom come;
To exile dogma, creed and fear,
And teach that all is one;
That howe'er we drift apart
Thru cast, or class, or clan,
The laws of Nature draw us back
And bind us man to man.

What is success? The kindnesses
We scatter day by day
To those who need our offices
And press about our way;
To lift before our brother's eyes
The flag of peace and cheer,
Nor seek for heaven in far-off worlds,
But try and build it here.
—B. F. Slitter, in Character Building.

CURES FOR THE BLUES.

"Blues are soggy calms that come
To make our spirits mope,
And steal the breeze of promise
from
The shining sails of hope."
—Waterman.

There never was a woman who
didn't have the "blues." I can't
speak for the men. When we are
suffering from momentary depression—we don't mean that we are in
the midst of affliction. Our state
of feelings is well described by the
little verse by Waterman prefixed
to this chat. We mope.

As I said before, it is no large
affair that is troubling us, it is one
thing, or a series of small things
that have gone wrong.

Or else it is the "what's the use?"
wave sweeping over us.

Of all the waves this is the most
fatal—this "what's the use?" wave.
It ruins everything it comes near.

"I had a lovely time, but, what's
the use?"

Don't, oh, don't. Take every
"lovely time" that comes to you
and be thankful from your heart
for it. There is some use in it.
Every "lovely time" is a builder-up
of a joyous and cheerful nature and
the world needs joyousness and
cheerfulness.

There is no good to be found in
the "what's the use?" wave in our
"blue" moments. It only makes
our depression more firmly rooted
because, when it touches us, we
make no effort to find a remedy for
our condition.

And that leads us to the title of
this chat. "Cures for the Blues."
Are there cures? Let us see.

Of course, there are no set or
regulation cures that we may take
as we would a pellet or a teaspoon-
ful of medicine. But we may name
several suited to as many individu-
als and you may take your choice
of the one that appeals to you. As
the very smallest trifle in the world
—that is, absurdly small to talk
and write about—will make a
woman "blue" we will suppose one
in this state because her new hat or
gown is a disappointment. What
does she do? She sits right down
and cries, first of all, after she has
viewed herself about a hundred
times in the mirror. Then she puts
away the offending article and goes
around with a sorrowful mien for a

number of hours; nay, it may ex-
tend to days—and a revival, only
in a smaller degree, of the same
feeling come every time she takes
out that hat or frock.

Now, it would have been a great
deal better if she had said to herself
resolutely, "I do not like this hat, I
am terribly disappointed in it. I've
got to wear it all summer. Every
time I put it on I shall feel horrid
and queer. I've worked hard to
earn it. I deserve to be satisfied
and pleased. I will be satisfied
and pleased. My milliner is so
ungracious about changing a hat
I do not dare to return it. I would
rather go without something else I
intended to have and use the money
in making this hat satisfactory by
letting another milliner change it to
my liking. There is a lesson in it
for me that was bound to cure
sooner or later—that is, to change
milliners or never buy a hat that is
not trimmed so that I cannot tell
just how it will look and just how I
shall look in it."

This is a pretty long soliloquy,
but isn't there comfort in its com-
mon sense?

Sometimes something of more im-
portance than a dress or hat troubles
us, something not large enough to
be called a sorrow, but large enough
to weigh heavily on us and make
us conscious, sleeping or waking,
that we are carrying an extra burden.

To such I would advise, change
the current of your thots as often as
possible. Mingle with people who
will give you something fresh and
inspiring to think about. Read
some book that commands your
interest. Can you say to yourself:
"Last week (or last month) I wor-
ried over something about equal in
value to what is now troubling.
How foolish it all was. Everything
came out all right. I had my worry
for nothing. I will have more self-
control and conquer the depression."

Every time we conquer our
"blue" feeling the better able we
shall be to fight it off all together.
It is a repetition of habit that
makes us what we are. If you have
not got your mind in a condition
where it obeys you, let the body
sway the mind.

I know a woman, who, when she
feels depressed and unhappy, buys
herself something she fancies, some
little thing, of course, she does not
have a large income—a bunch of
flowers, a potted plant, some choice
perfume or a new veil.

I do not mind telling you how I
find a cure. I read "Thomas &
Kempis," a copy that I have marked
just for when I have the "blues."
Here are a few:

"True quietness of heart, there-
fore, is gotten by resisting passions,
not by obeying them."

"Oftentimes I could wish that I
had held my peace when I have
spoken; and that I had not been in
company."

"We might enjoy much peace if
we would not busy ourselves with
the words and deeds of other men,
and things which appertain with
nothing in our charge."

"How can he abide long in peace,
who thrusteth himself into the cares
of others, who seeketh occasions
abroad, who little or seldom cometh
to himself."

"Blessed are the single-hearted;
for they shall enjoy much peace."

"So long as we live in this world
we cannot be without tribulation or
temptation."

"Rightly, there might be much
more within than is perceived with-
out."

"Daily ought we to renew our
purposes, and to stir up ourselves
to greater fervor."

"If thou wilt withdraw thyself
from speaking vainly and from gad-
ding idly, as also from harkening
after novelties and rumors, thou
shalt find leisure enough and suit-
able for meditation of good things."

"If thou hadst not gone abroad
and harkened to idle rumors thou
wouldst the better have preserved
a happy peace of mind. But since
thou delightest to hear new things,
it is but fit thou suffer for it some
disquietude of heart."

"Why art thou troubled when
things succeed not as thou wouldst
or desirest? For who is he that
hath all things according to his

mind? Neither I nor thou, nor any
man upon earth."

"There is none in this world even
tho he be a king or bishop, without
tribulation or perplexity."

"Thou oughtest to call to mind
the more heavy sufferings of others,
that so thou mayest the more easily
bear thy own very small troubles."

This last story reminds me of the
story which we have all heard and
disapproved of about the mother
who, when her small son was com-
plaining of his lot said, "Just think
of how many little boys there are
in the world who don't begin to
have what you have. That ought
to make you happy."

However, it is one cure for the
"blues" to contemplate on how
much better off you are than some
one else, and that no one is without
trials, "even tho he be a king or
bishop."

Just a few more quotations.

"I resolve to act with courage,
but when even a small temptation
comes I am at once in a great strait."

"It is sometimes a very trifle
whence a great temptation arises."

"And whilst I think myself safe,
and when I least expect it, I some-
times find myself overcome by all
but a slight breath."

"Give me strength to resist, pati-
ence to endure, the constancy to
persevere."

"Where is thy faith? Stand
firmly and with perseverance; take
courage and be patient; comfort
will come to thee in due time."

"When thou judgest that almost
all is lost, then oftentimes the great-
est gain of reward is close at hand."

"All is not lost when a thing fall-
eth out against thee."

"Trust not to thy feelings, for
whatever they be now they will
quickly be changed toward some
other thing."—Grace B. Faxon.

—Magazine of Mysteries.

Disguised as a Tramp.

That a man moving amongst the
respectable classes should disguise
himself as a beggar, and go in
search of adventure, is not a new
idea. A young man with a taste
for such experiments, however, in-
troduced a novel feature, when
masquerading as a tramp, by visit-
ing, amongst others, some of his
friends.

He had a splendid opportunity of
testing their benevolence, for none
of them recognized him with his
seedy garments and general air of
wretchedness.

His pilgrimage lasted five days,
and during that period (he started
in an appropriate state of penniless-
ness) he begged or earned just about
sufficient to live in a rough fashion.

He received innumerable insults
(many from unsuspecting acquaint-
ances), and only one kind word,
from a stranger. Even when he
entered a shop or lodging house
with money to pay for his needs
his ragged garments procured him
much contemptuous treatment, and
he learned a severe lesson on the
importance of clothes.

Indeed, his cynical conclusion is
that a man who seeks charity should,
before all things, be well dressed!

Prejudice is the acid that curdles
the cream of human wisdom.

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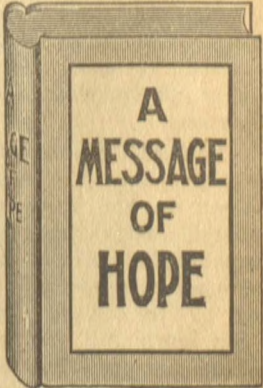
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WOMEN WHO HAVE WON FAME BY THEIR RECKLESS WAGERS.

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From time to time throughout the world gambling among women has flourished and declined. The pages of history tell over and over again the story of great women gamblers. France has furnished the greater number of these, but England has not been far behind, while America has put forth many whose fame has become international.

There seems to be something in the blood of French women that makes them gamblers of a high order. Mme. de Montespan won so much at basset, her favorite game, that Louis IV. was delighted and borrowed some of her winnings, but she lost a great deal at times, and her play grew so furious that in 1682 Louis abolished the game. It is recorded of madame that she, one night, while the king looked on at play, risked a sum equal to \$40,000 on a single card and that the king grumbled when no one could be found to cover the bet. But madame also lost, one New Year night, 700,000 crowns at hoca and on another night almost \$200,000 at the same game.

Mme. du Barry was the most famous woman gambler of the time of Louis XV., but with her it was only a pastime. But that other favorite, Mme. de Pompadour, went in with the sole object of winning, if she could. It is recorded that her winnings were enormous and that in a single night she eased the pockets of the king of 25,000 louis d'or.

Queen Marie Antoinette, according to history, was a gambler who liked to be surrounded by gamblers. Faro was the popular game, but the stakes got to be so great that many a nobleman had his entire estates wiped out in a single night. Scandal rose high, and the game was forbidden. Nevertheless, in a short time it was being carried on again not only in the apartments of the queen, but at the house of the Princess de Lamballe. At first the queen and those who desired to play with her went to the apartments of Mme. de Guemene, whose house is credited with having been the scene of the highest continued play of any in France. But matters got so bad before the end came that noblemen would no longer play with the queen, and she admitted to her table many common gamblers. Then the scandal broke in full force, for some were caught cheating, and one was even arrested for picking a pocket.

Possibly the most famous woman gambler of English history was Nell Gwynn, the actress who was so great a favorite with Charles II. In that reign the manners were much the same as they were at the French court. Nell Gwynn lost \$5,000 to her rival, the Duchess of Cleveland, and in one year lost upward of \$60,000, which the king paid. There had never been known so much gambling among women as was carried on in that reign. After the Duchess of Mazarin, niece of the cardinal, had lost \$1,000,000 she died in absolute want.

The acknowledged queen of American women gamblers was Lonna Paquita, who was born in Texas about 1850, but early went into Mexico to rule over outlaws and cowboys. The little Lonna was scarcely twelve years of age when she fell in with an old time gambler named Qualeto, who taught her every trick known to the gambler's art. She made her first appearance in Paso del Norte. She was only a child, and the rough gamblers laughed at her.

But they soon found that they were no match for her, and that even her teacher, Qualeto, was a tenderfoot compared with the child. With the passing years Lonna Paquita grew to be a beautiful woman. Her hair was as black as night, she had eyes that confounded those of the gamblers who played with her and a voice as sweet and silvery as a bell. She was as handsome a woman as one could wish to see, but with heart of ice and nerves of iron. Her small white hands could manipulate the cards with a skill that defied the watchfulness of the keenest gambler.

There were many people who thought it was merely luck that followed her, but the luck kept up too long, and the gamblers who knew a few tricks themselves understood that it was "art." Still, no one was ever known to catch her cheating. Before she was twenty Lonna Paquita was in New Mexico leading a gang of the worst characters of the southwest.

Her death occurred in 1875, and was tragic. Some lawless acts had been committed by a body of greasers, and search was made for them. Lonna Paquita was found to be their leader and was caught. She only laughed when she was taken, and proposed that a game of cards be played to see whether she should go free or kill herself. This was agreed to, and one of

the party, a gambler known the country around, was selected. The woman lost. Those who looked on had scarcely time to understand this when Lonna Paquita drew a knife from her belt and plunged it into her heart.

The women of today, although they doubtless gamble as heavily as in other times, incline more to speculation in stocks. The new woman will go on gambling, but appearances show that she cares a great deal more for the money there is in it than she does for the notoriety of being a gambler.—Liverpool Mercury.

What Is Religion?

O. L. HARVEY.

There seems to be two classes of Spiritualists, and two definitions of religion.

One class maintains that rites, ceremonies, forms, theological belief, comprises all there is of their narrow and contracted definition of religion. Their views are entirely material and of the earth, earthy. They lack spiritual power and spiritual discernment.

On the other side, we hear the definition: Religion is love of God and love of man. It is righteousness, purity, fidelity to truth and duty. It is love, reverence and adoration for the Supreme Ruler of the universe. It is, in fact, spirituality, the opposite of sensuality.

Real religion, pure and undefiled is from the heart, the source of all feeling and emotion. Mere intellect knows nothing of love, emotion or spirituality.

Science is pitiless, merciless, loveless, soulless. I have known men of profound education and great intellectual powers who had no conception of spirituality or a heavenly life. "The undevout astronomer is made." For the same reason we say, the undevout Spiritualist is made.

Nothing can succeed, permanently, that is not religious; that is, moral, reverential, prayerful. All that is good, beautiful and true in Christianity, as well as in all other religions, we uphold, defend and teach. The Higher Criticism is identical with higher Spiritualism.

"The fool hath said in his heart, 'there is no God.'" Evidently nobody but a fool would say such a thing. Notice, too, he says it "in his heart," not in his head. There is a great difference between saying a thing in the heart and saying it in the head. When I hear a man say there is no God, I doubt if he has any soul; certainly no conception of divinity or spirituality. I only pity him. I am glad there are not many such. We are just as conscious of the existence of God as we are conscious of our own existence and for the same reasons. He might as well say he don't believe that he, himself, exists.

Men are naturally religious. It is just as natural to worship, adore, and reverence a Supreme Power, as it is to breathe and to love. Without God, heaven and immortality, there would be no incentive to aspiration and progress.

I thank God there are but few atheists in the world and they don't have much influence.

A good many Spiritualists simply object to the name "God" while implicitly believing in the principle. It is the eternal. Infinite Intelligence which upholds, directs and controls all matter and all force, without which they would instantly revert to chaos.

What sublime foolishness to deny the existence of this eternal and infinite Presence, self-evident to most human beings, from the lowest to the highest, and known intuitively, if known at all. Of course, there can be no religion or worship, worthy of the name without this innate consciousness of God in the heart, and a man's place in the universe is determined by his conceptions of Deity.

Never, in all the bibles and histories in the world was there a more sublime truth uttered than this: "Man was made in the image of God." (Not bodily). Man is a part of God. He has all the attributes of Deity.

The writers who produced the different bibles of the world were men of genius. They perceived and received truth by intuition. They knew nothing about science or philosophy, especially those who composed the Christian Bible, but they knew a great deal about God, heaven, immortality, righteousness, purity, judgment—mighty truths, which science does not teach or philosophy reveal.

All evil is the result of the wrong

use of some good thing. The name of God, in any language, may be used as a blessing or a curse, either in the spirit of hatred or of love. The very best things may be used for the wrong purposes; thus, even prayer may be the expression of the highest, holiest aspiration of the heart, or of the lowest, most degrading and debasing.

Good prayers are the same as good shots; they bring our lives into harmony, union and concord with the Infinite.

FAILURE AND SUCCESS.

O. L. HARVEY.

Is it so, that we fail, when our cause was so just?

Is it so, that our banners are trailed in the dust?

Is it so, that the autocrat powers of earth

Have strangled young Freedom in the land of its birth?

How we worked, how we waited, how we strove, how we fought,

How we toiled, how we struggled; have we labored for naught?

Once more to the breach, O friends of the soul!

The God of all nature is still in control.

We are one in our purpose one in our work;

We are one in the spirit, no duty we'll shirk.

O friends of the soul, in all lands of the earth,

Who were born of the Spirit and of the new birth.

O'er ocean, o'er mountain, o'er river, o'er seas,

The weak, the downtrodden are calling to these;

Our throats and our voices are mingling today;

Oh, come, ye brave ones, and swell the array.

New thot, new life, new hope and new love

Are granted you daily from realms above;

Then give from your store to all who're in need

Of courage and hope, that they may succeed.

FREE THOUGHTS.

BY L. K. WASHBURN.

Almost the highest duty of man is to relieve government of the task of looking after his behavior.

The redemption of our cities will never be accomplished so long as the lowest classes have the most children.

There would be no need of laws were all men willing to do what is right and best and to allow others to do the same.

There certainly is no heaven on earth for any earthly creature. Whether there is anywhere else remains to be learned.

The heaven for the fly is where there is no spider; for the spider where there is no toad; for the toad where there is no snake; for the fish where there is no bigger one; for man where there is no suffering and sorrow.

A great many people who complain that they never have what they want, go through life disappointed, for the simple reason that they do not know what is good for them. The lot of thousands of human beings is far better than they have done to make it. If most men and women had only what they got for themselves they would not have their hands or arms full.

When the Birds Go North Again.

Oh, every year hath its winter, And every year hath its rain— But a day is always coming When the birds go north again.

When new leaves swell in the forest, And grass springs green on the plain, And the alder's veins turn crimson, And the birds go north again.

Oh, every heart hath its sorrow, And every heart hath its pain, But a day is always coming When the birds go north again.

'Tis the sweetest thing to remember If courage be on the wane When the cold, dark days are over, Why, the birds go north again. —Mrs. Ella Higginson, in Macmillan's.

Don't discard the whole because there is a certain part you can't accept.

D. A. V. & P. R. R.

(Central Standard Time.) One hour slower than Eastern Time.

No. 1 No. 3 IN EFFECT NOV. 5, 1905.			No. 2 No. 4		
a. m. p. m.			a. m. p. m.		
7.00	5.00	Lv. Dunkirk	Ar.	8.40	6.00
7.10	5.10	Lv. Fredonia		8.52	6.12
7.24	5.24	Lv. Lamoine		9.08	6.28
7.32	5.32	Lv. Lily Dale		9.11	6.31
7.37	5.37	Lv. Cassadaga		9.18	6.38
7.44	5.47	Lv. Moons		9.25	6.45
7.53	5.55	Lv. Sinclairville		9.33	6.53
8.03	6.03	Lv. Gerry		9.44	7.04
8.14	6.14	Lv. Falconer	Lv.	7.35	4.50
8.45	6.45	Lv. Jamestown	Lv.	7.00	4.15
7.45	5.45	Lv. Jamestown	Ar.	8.00	5.15
8.19	6.19	Lv. Falconer Junc.	Lv.	7.30	4.44
9.03	7.04	Lv. Warren	Lv.	6.50	4.02
10.25	8.20	Ar. Titusville	Lv.	5.30	2.40
a. m. p. m.				m. p. m.	

SUNDAY TRAINS.

Leave Titusville 7 a. m., Falconer, 9:05; Lily Dale, 9:45; arrive Dunkirk, 10:15. Leave Dunkirk 3:00 p. m., Lily Dale, 3:33, Falconer 4:11 p. m.; arrive Titusville 6:20 p. m.

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

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Mrs. Dr. Dobson-Barker, 230 N. 6 St. San Jose, Cal.

761 Golden Gate Ave., S. F., Jan. 19, 1905. My Dear Mrs. Dr. Dobson-Barker: I am very happy to write you this month that I am feeling very good. The last month's treatment did wonders for me, causing the pain in my side to disappear and my appetite to increase, which caused me to gain flesh most rapidly, and I look fine. I have never felt better. I am so thankful to you and band, and only wish the suffering women all over the land 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 band. BELLE TRAVERS, Watsonville, Cal.

Dear Friend: I must call you that, for you have been a friend indeed 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 anywhere 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, as I have never seen a testimonial from Mississippi, and besides I want people to know what you can do for sufferers. I wish 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. LANCASTER, Lauderdale, Miss.

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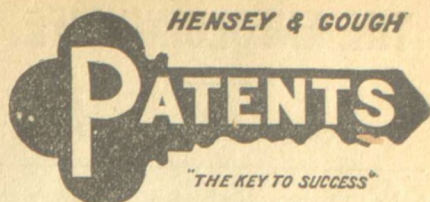
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THE ENFOLDING LIFE.

(Continued from Page 1.)

help to solve all the problems which a wide view of "nature" suggests.

As Jesus says, "All things are held by the Power of Attraction and the attraction is God."

It has been said, "The real question is, whether or no this supreme power—define it and speculate about it as we will—think of it and reason about it as we may—is or is not Living—a real power of intelligence and will, or nothing at all but a fiction of the mind," a mere notion with no more validity than many other speculations.

This fair question has been answered not only by the present writer, but by Andrew Jackson Davis, and there is a perfect agreement among those who have perceived it independently.

Some of the difficulties which we find in the actual constitution of things would be removed if we followed the law of attraction and repulsion to its results.

There is the view that while God as an independent soul of all souls, unaffected by created minds, is indeed the creator and preserver of the universe as a whole, he has yet permitted beings inferior to himself yet vastly superior to mere man, to carry on the work of creation in subordination to his universal laws.

It certainly looks at times, as Hamlet says, 'as if some of nature's journeymen had made men and yet not made them well, for they imitate nature so abominably.'

There certainly are creations under God. Surely man is such a creator. Man's inventions are creations. Man has created many things by observing the laws of nature. Look at Prof. Crook's Radiometer set in motion by a beam of light! But these are in truth only demonstrations of the ever-present life and intelligence of God as manifest by the inner life and light of man.

In the large sense, God creates, "By the blending of essences extracted from previous formations." Thus all things and creatures are renewed in life. He fills all in all. He holds the very universe in its every atom by the mysterious power of attraction or gravitation. He balances this power by the opposite or negative pole, by which all things are prevented from rushing together and going to ruin.

But within the operation of this law, he allows men to combine and to create.

Why may he not allow other beings, "Planetary gods," to create higher works than man can accomplish?

When we read in historic geology of the vast tribes of creatures, radiata, mollusks, reptiles, birds, fishes, mammals which have inhabited the earth during enormous periods, before man, we seem to see how spirit climbs to a soul and progresses.

Man in his higher nature, derives his intellectual being directly from God. Such as the ideas of right and wrong, cause and effect, and reason, one of the highest gifts to man.

Man is certainly here on earth the highest which has come forth from this cosmic process.

It tends to exalt our conception of God to imagine this great hierarchy of powers or beings ascending upward in long gradation, the highest still far below the ineffable majesty of the Supreme Being. The soul of all immensity.

If this notion is justly tenable, it would combine in one belief the essentials of evolution, emanation and creation. (Creation held in the sense of being brought into consciousness.)

All things would be from God, but would come by the mediation of his riper creations, those exalted beings, originally but men—who have progressed and graduated in His great school of life.

The cold mechanical theories of evolution would be superseded by a higher, spiritual doctrine of evolution which would still retain every fact of science and would yet fill the world with spiritual life and energy. We can still worship the changeless goodness, the perfect love, the Alpha and Omega, whose light and vibrations inspire all, the life that revives the grass and feeds the cattle on a million hills—whose life is the animating principle of all creatures.

Hear of this one life the poet's lines:

"I am the blush of the morning,
and I am the evening breeze;
I am the leaf's low murmur, the
swell of the terrible seas;
I am the mote in the sunbeam, and
I am the burning sun;
'Rest here,' I whisper the atom; I
call to the orb, 'Roll on!'
I am what was, is, shall be,—crea-
tion's ascent and fall;
The link, the chain of existence,—
beginning and end and all."

MR. SALISBURY EXPLAINS.

More About the Phenomena at Dunkirk.

Dunkirk, Feb. 16th, 1906.

Editor of THE SUNFLOWER,

DEAR SIR:

Regarding the piece in your paper relating to the spirit manifestations at our home the other night, I will take great pleasure in giving you the full particulars of the event.

There are eight persons living in my house, one of them is my son-in-law who does not believe in Spiritualism. His wife has always been our organist ever since we started our meetings but since she got married her husband does not want her to come in to the meetings as he claims it is us who do the things and he has said some very queer things about Spiritualism. The medium has given them different kinds of tests but it didn't make any difference to him.

The night that this occurred there were six of the family at home; my son-in-law had gone up stairs and lit a fire in his room and then went in the parlor where his wife and her sister were playing on the organ. At the same time another son-in-law came in and he sat down with us right before the stairs so we knew that there was no other person went up stairs, after he came down from his room. While the wife and I were talking to the son-in-law who came in we heard a noise like someone moving things. My wife went to the door to see if any person was there; then I asked my son-in-law to go up stairs and see if his fire was all right.

He came right down again and said there was an awful mess up there so we all went up. I was laughing as he was scared over it. Well, the bed clothes were all gathered up in a heap on the bed, the pillows were on the floor and every chair turned upside down. The flowers and plants were put under the bed and their clothes were scattered all over the floor. Even their trunks and drawers were emptied. There was nothing torn or destroyed but my son-in-law would not go to bed that night until five o'clock in the morning and he didn't get to work till noon the next day, so I think he had evidence enough.

Well, to give them more evidence the son-in-law who came to my house that night lives one block away from us and on the following afternoon, between four and six o'clock his wife went down town and when they came at six every room down stairs was turned upside down even large pictures were taken down from the wall and nothing was broken, but it seems that the evidence was not sufficient yet for the next afternoon while my wife and her two married daughters were doing their work they found my parlor turned upside down. They straightened it up and went out. After a while they came into the parlor again and found it upside down again.

This occurrence has been printed in five or six different papers and everyone had it wrong and different altho it came from a good, intelligent reporter, or one who that he was. Of course, you know that he was a good orthodox and that accounts for the mistake. He would not tell a lie or do his neighbor a wrong as that would be a sin according to their creed but not in their actions. It would be a pretty poor spirit of loved ones who would do me a wrong for a skeptic.

Hoping this will be satisfactory to you in regard to the evidence, and claiming the above to be true, I remain respectfully,

DAVID SALISBURY.

191 Railroad Ave, Dunkirk, N. Y.

The English authorities are so relentless toward the adulteration of food and drugs that recently a soda-water manufacturer was fined for putting too small a proportion of carbonate of soda in the water.

ANOTHER VOLUME OF

BIG BIBLE STORIES.

BY W. H. BACH.

I have received a number of letters asking for Volume II of Big Bible Stories. It appears that those who have the first volume want more.

I have the matter nearly ready for another volume about the same size as Volume I, but thru the expense we have been to on account of sickness and the fact that a Monotype type-casting machine I bought failed to do the work causing a loss of between \$1000 and \$1200, I have not felt that I could take the financial responsibility of getting out the new volume and taking the chances on its sales to pay the bills.

Recently I have had a number of letters asking for the volume. I will make this proposition: I have the matter ready so I can get the book out within the next two months. It will cost nearly if not quite, \$300 to publish it, as the bill for the first volume was \$302.50. If enough people want this volume to subscribe for sufficient copies at 50 cents a copy, or five copies for \$2, postpaid, to pay the bill I will get it out.

From present indications it will make a volume of about 150 pages. Now if it is wanted send on your pledges. Do not send any money, but merely say how many copies you will take, and I will get the book out if I get a sufficient number of subscriptions to warrant me against financial loss.

The stories are as good as in Volume I. Some of the titles are as follows: "David and Goliath," "The Impossible Duties of the Priests," showing that each priest must have attended 79 funerals each day, made sacrifices for 827 births, or kill 827 lambs and 827 pigeons, and eat certain portions of them and carry the rest out of the camp. To do this alone, which was only a small part of the work they had to do, they would have had to kill, dress and complete the sacrifice of one animal every 27 seconds, besides carrying the offal outside the camp of about five miles diameter. The total number of sacrifices daily for each priest was not less than 765.

"Gideon's Army and the Fleece" comes in for a consideration, "The Fall of Man," and a number of others, while the book will be concluded by an article written by my father, E. Bach, now in the spirit life, in which he pictured Adam and Eve inviting their descendants to a Thanksgiving dinner, showing what would have been the condition had not death entered into the world, showing the millions of tons of turkeys, barrels of cranberry sauce, etc., that would be required for the feast, the whole compelling Eve to give up the plan.

I present the matter to those who want the book. If you want it send in your pledge to take a certain number. I will not attempt it unless 600 copies are ordered.

Address, W. H. Bach, Lily Dale, N. Y.

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Suggestions for the improvement of the paper are invited.

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

Mrs. M. E. Clark writes that J. Clegg Wright was taken very sick in his class about a week ago, at Lake Helen—had to be carried home and has required watchers ever since. Mr. Alger is also on the sick list.

The Editor of THE SUNFLOWER would appreciate a lot of little sketches of from 100 to 300 words on timely topics, also experiences in Spiritualism and mediumship.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Noyes are now located at 105 South 6th St., LaCrosse, Wis., in their work for the Wisconsin State Spiritualist Association. They have been kept busy in that State, and their work has resulted to the advantage of the Association.

Mrs. S. H. Arkell sends in her renewal and two more and writes: You have my best wishes for success in your enterprise. It is the one thing that gives Lily Dale a name and a place fifty-two weeks in the year.

Mrs. Elise Stumpf writes from Lake Helen: I hope you are well, this I can say of myself, I enjoy the camp here very much. Please remember me to all the friends and give them all my best wishes. I hope to meet them all at Lily Dale this summer, where I will continue my German work and hope we will have many German visitors who will be glad to hear the truth in their own language.

J. Madison Allen, the indefatigable veteran worker, writes as follows: I have to report, briefly, my recent labors in the south as including Atlanta, Ga., Tampa, Fla., two months, Palmetto one month, two weeks in Punta Gorda and Solano. My next points will be Fort Myers, Sanibel Island; (not Cannibal as they are mostly socialists) and probably Teed's colony of "Koresians" where the earth and everything else mostly is turned inside out or outside in as you prefer. I shall then be at about the jumping off place, or as far south as civilization extends on the gulf side. Key West not far away, Havana not far from Key West. I shall soon return northward making a few more stops on the way and expect to be in Savannah, Ga. at the beginning of spring or April. Societies of camps south or north please address me at Fort Myers, Fla.

Mrs. Susanna Harris is filling the second month's engagement with the West Side Spiritualist society, of Columbus, O. She writes that they have a Temple of their own, have it all paid for, and the organization is but four years old, and always have harmony. The president is Harry Russtler, who is a good worker, a Christian Spiritualist, and Hattie Webster is vice-president. Both of these officers are worthy workers for the cause they espouse. I feel that the angel world are calling for more power. Miss Elizabeth Harlow lectures in the Sixth street Spiritualist church, and there are five parlor meetings, so you see the work is going on in Columbus.

E. W. Sprague writes from Fenton, Mich.: I just saw your notice of Big Bible Stories No. II and write you to tell you to put me down for a copy of it when it is published. Every Spiritualist should have a copy because every one should know just what the Bible contains, both its truths and its errors, etc., if he would meet those who believe the book infalli-

ble. There is much good and much truth in the Bible as there is also much that is not true, and much that is not fit to read. The latter should be expurgated and the former properly interpreted. I trust you may receive the orders and will publish the book. It is greatly needed, and when published will be doing its good work long after you and I have crossed the river. Your paper is taken in the home of Geo. W. Jenks, where we are stopping for a couple of days and is highly appreciated.

UNSOLVED.

BY HELEN O'SULLIVAN DIXON.

To-night across the vast solitudes of heaven the angels bear something, give it silently to God.

At this same instant, angels cross the vast solitudes of heaven, touch earth, leave something coming from God.

That, for which the gates of heaven have opened, does it suffer over there, far from all this that it loves? Who hath waited to take it in? With what doth it now bide? That which hath been left, that which hath slept in the breast of things invisible, that over whose velvet lips the soft breath of angels hath swept, what may it become among us? Are the flowers that bud over there more beautiful than those here below? Do diviner sunsets tremble along the line of scarlet and amber that divides us? Doth the white violet breathe out sweeter fragrance over the stream that flows by the great throne? Over there, doth one tremble on the strange threshold of things uncomprehended? Is the twilight as soft? And the dawn? The even-song the same? Is love faithful, and friendship fast? Doth that thread of gold which dreamers call Faith, get black and cold and broken? Thou hast not yet told me!

All this that I know—the white dew of the morning which sleeps in the bosom of the rose, first and last kiss of a mother, the benediction of all that is pure—are not more mysterious, more divine than that fragile thing left here by the angels, than that they have borne away.

British Society of Psychical Research.

THE NEW PRESIDENT.

On Friday, January 26th, Prof. W. F. Barrett, F. R. S., in the course of an address before the Society for Psychical Research, on "Some Objects and Methods of Work," said that some people thought that their object was to prove the existence of a future life, but he felt that they must attack the outskirts of the subject first, and there was much that needed proving with regard to that transference, the subliminal consciousness, and involuntary muscular action. In many respects the earliest work of the Society had never been surpassed, and more progress was needed. The subliminal self required training to transmit and perceive. We know nothing whatever of the forces of Nature in their essence, only in their manifestation; of life we know only that it tended to operate and to reveal itself by its effects. Mrs. Henry Sidgwick, who presided, announced that the Council had elected Mr. Gerald Balfour as the President of the Society for another year, and Prof. Barrett said that "few men possessed as profound a philosophical training, so wide a knowledge of, and deep interest in, the new society as their new President."—Light.

Spiritual Prayers.

From many shrines.

O Thou who art the God of patience and consolation, strengthen me in the inner man, that I may bear the yoke and burden of the Lord without any useless murmurs and ineffective unwillingness. Be pleased to fortify my spirit that I may be able to do and suffer everything that Thou pleaseth. May I pass thru the valley of tears and the valley of the shadow of death with safety and peace, with a meek spirit and a sense of Divine mercies. Look with pity upon my troubles and infirmities; strengthen my mind, compose my distraction, calm my inquietude and relieve my terrors, that if it please Thee I may run the race that is set before me with peace and patience, constancy and confidence; to the end. Amen.

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WHAT THE WORLD OWES TO POVERTY

BY KATE ALEXANDER.

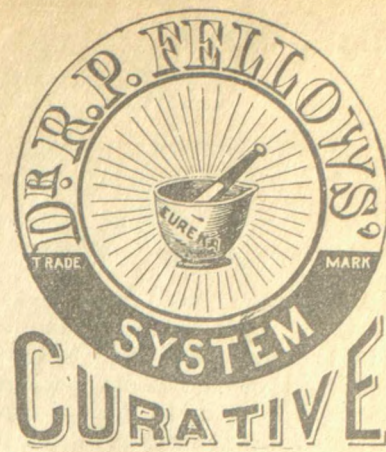
I think it was Senator Dolliver who said: "If I had a thousand dollars which I could give my boy, and expected him to become something in the world, I would start the boy in one direction and the thousand dollars in another." All of which shows that Senator Dolliver realizes that the men who have become useful and worthy to be called great have been poor boys, striving to get away from the poverty which stood between them and their ideal in life. And it might be said, in this quoting of the word "ideal" that it is doubtful if any of these sturdy, striving lads whose poverty became the source out of which grew their claim to fame, started out in life with their eyes fixed upon any certain goal. Lincoln did not see himself as the world's great emancipator, as he hewed and split the rails which toughened his muscles and hardened the bones in his sinewy body; he was striving to outdistance the wolf which continually prowled around the humble cabin on the Sangamon. The vigorous body naturally grew and developed vigorous brain and Lincoln the boy, vainly striving to quench his thirst for knowledge, with books borrowed from all the meager libraries for miles around, lying night after night before the open fire which furnished the only illumination of the small room, did not think or dream of the high pinnacle to which his dire poverty would push him. And yet, later on, he must have realized, in a crude way, perhaps, that the world had work for him to do, for we hear of the long, lank, awkward back-woods rail splitter murmuring half aloud as the fitful flames played over the pages of his book: "I will study and get ready, perhaps my time will come." But after all, it was the daily battle against poverty, the constant strength built up by overcoming that made Abraham Lincoln greater than all the sons of all the rich men of this time, yea greater than all the kings who ruled at all the foreign courts—poverty made a man.

Benjamin Franklin was as poor as Lincoln. He was often hungry. But by dint of hard work and constant endeavor he outdistanced poverty itself and became one of the greatest statesmen the world has seen. He never became a sycophant, never fawned at the feet of the eminent men of all nations who delighted to do him honor. He had been educated in the school of "hard knocks." He knew how to estimate men, he was keen in business, clever in diplomacy, versed in science, proficient in all the attainments of the scholar. His introduction to the French senate serves to show the stuff of which the man was made. It was the day of the most effete French court the world has known. Display and lavish expenditure ran rampant. Men and women vied with brilliancy of clothes and cleverness of brain. Thus the principal branch of the French government presented a glare and glitter of bravely garbed gentlemen and richly gowned women on its opening day when the diplomat from the new world was to present the greetings and demands of his country. Franklin appeared in the plainest of clothes, and without a wig. There was much staring, much lifting of delicately arched French eyebrows, much shrugging of nice French shoulders. Finally a lackey approached the new comer, and whispered that he had forgotten his wig, to which the doughty American quickly answered, "Perhaps I have, but I have not forgotten my head." Subsequent history proves the truth of this statement. None of the rich men's sons who lived on the fashionable streets of Philadelphia on that day when Benjamin Franklin tramped through the town in search of work, with his entire extra wardrobe in one pocket and his last mouthful of bread in the other, have written their names on the roll of honor besides that of Benjamin Franklin. Mosart wrote his divinest harmonies while his stomach clamored for food. The story of the great artist is one of continued endurance of want and neglect with the grand finale of a triumphant success. He

is still an irresistible genius. What charm, what subtle power he possessed, what simple beauty, what spontaneous idea, what perfect workmanship—all called forth and developed in that wonderful school of poverty whose curriculum is one long process of strife, and will, and determination and manhood and victory.

Read history, study character, learn the secret of true greatness, and you will almost invariably find that grim necessity is the stock in trade with which the great statesman, the great scientist, the great philosopher, the great musician, the great teacher has started.

We have no love for poverty, we hate its sordidness and deplore its abjectness. We detest those who force it upon their fellow men and earnestly pray for the welcome day when all its hideousness shall be wiped from the earth, and for that ideal state where men may not be compelled to grapple with purity until every vestige of strength is exhausted and every worthy ambition strangled, but with all its degradation, we would choose the boy born to its heritage, cradled in its misery, rather than the heir to millions, cradled in luxury—that is, if we were in the business of making real men.



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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,

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ADDRESS

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