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ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS AND THE HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY.

BY E. WAKE COOK.

An address to the Members and Associates of the London Spiritualist Alliance, on Thursday evening, December 5th, in the Salon of the Royal Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall, Mr. H. Withall, Vice-President, in the chair.

Mr. Wake Cook said: Spiritualism has one great advantage, and a disadvantage which follows like its shadow. Spiritualists are essentially truth-seekers, and they have no hampering creeds, or ecclesiastical establishments whose interests have to be put before the interests of truth. We have been satisfied to let our glorious truths permeate and elevate the thought of the world; the world getting the benefit while we get the "kicks" which are the reward of all light-bringers.

On the other hand, we labor under the disadvantage of having no general center, or recognized head to give some sort of focus, or unity, to the great body of our teachings. The personal element in all religions, and religious philosophies, has hitherto been their main-spring; it has focussed the thought, and furnished an object for the love and affection which tend to unite all in fraternal relationships. The fraternal relationship has been a great driving force and a shield of defence against the malignity of the forces fighting for the vested interests in error; but this personal affection for a head or leader is apt to degenerate into idolatry. The leader's teachings are elevated as the standard to which all must bow down, and thus the fountain of truth is choked. The once fluid teachings crystallize into rigid dogmas, and the followers are placed in the paralyzing fetters of a soul-deadening orthodoxy. Here we are faced by one of those paradoxes which indicate the limitations of our insight. The questions for us Spiritualists are whether we can get some of the advantages of the personal element without its drawbacks; whether we can focus and give unity to our teachings without departing one jot from our character of truth-seekers, or involving ourselves in the schisms and party strife which are apt to follow the passing of one revered leader and the appointing of another. These questions I present for your consideration, and shall make no attempt to answer them.

While we have no head or leader by election or appointment, historically we have an exalted one by the indisputable right of priority, and by the importance of his work. Andrew Jackson Davis is in every sense the father of Modern Spiritualism; he gave us the first great work, he predicted the outbreak of the physical manifestations, and he is the only one who has given us a complete system of philosophy. It is to be regretted that when he was lecturing he did not do as the eloquent Dr. Peebles and others have done, travel abroad and come into personal contact with Spiritualists all over the English-speaking world. As it is, he is not nearly so well known in England as many of the lesser lights of the movement. But the thing which arouses my indignation is the easy-going lack of alertness of our psychologists and our physical researchers in allowing a golden opportunity to escape them. The Davis case is the most interesting and instructive one in the whole range of psychology. When I saw him three years ago he was straight as an arrow, and, despite his great age, he was as bright and as mentally alert as a young man; but he will be allowed to pass on, and then our sleepy psychologists will awake to the opportunities they have lost. Although Davis has given us much information about his psychological experiences, his soul-adventures, there are sure to be points that a scientist would like cleared up

by personal interrogation, and it will be a great blot on their record if the Society for Psychical Research does not throw off its lethargy and investigate this case ere it is too late.

Davis was a pioneer, and while much of his work was adapted to the time in which it was given, in its profounder aspects it was a full century ahead of its time. I began the study of his works forty years ago, and while I was always fascinated by them, they have grown in meaning with my growth. Much which I took to be flowery rhetoric or vague theorizing, I now see to be full of profound truth and of measureless significance. While Davis brought a flood of new light, he always shrank from the position of leader of a new religion, and he persistently extricated himself from every attempt to place him in that position. He wanted fellow workers, fellow investigators, not sheep-like followers. He shrank from sapping self-reliance, or reliance on the innate powers which it is the highest glory of a man to develop. Throughout his long career he has been phenomenally disinterested and self-effacing; the consequence is that Spiritualism is without a recognized head and is comparatively unorganized; and Davis himself has lived and will die a poor man in worldly wealth, although he is a multi-millionaire in that soul-wealth which carries compound interest to all eternity!

The life of Andrew Jackson Davis, the Poughkeepsie Seer, is of profound psychological interest; we can but glance at one or two of the milestones on the path of his interior development. He was born in 1826, in Blooming Grove, Orange County, New York State. His father, half weaver and half shoemaker, was honest, industrious, and courageous, but he was for many years a victim of the drink fiend, and it speaks well for the true grit of the man that in after years he had the strength to renounce drink utterly, although living in the shadow of a grog shanty. Young Davis was fortunate as regards his mother, who, although uneducated, was gentle and dowered with all the finer instincts. She was gifted with the questionable boon of second-sight, which at times rose to real clairvoyance. Their life was a weary struggle against grinding poverty. The father, always restless and anxious to better his hard lot, frequently tore up the home by the roots, so to speak, and moved on into still more forbidding surroundings. The mother, whose tendency was, always, to take root and cling to their dismal apology for a home, had her tenderest feelings badly lacerated by these domestic earthquakes. Amid all these trials the sensitive woman was continually getting premonitions of coming trouble—either by means of bad dreams, mysterious shadows, or more direct omens—which had the unhappiest knack of coming true.

"Jackson," as Davis was always called, was delicate and sensitive; being the youngest in a family of six, he was essentially "his mother's boy," and as his father contemptuously sneered, was "tied to her apron-strings." Between these dissimilar parents, whose natures were roughly complementary to each other, young Davis got a very fair moral training. Example is the best of precepts; and as the quaint old philosopher says: "To bring up a child in the way he should go—go that way yourself!" In the rough and tumble of this primitive existence "Jackson" got only about five months' schooling; and in a class of twelve, as he whimsically says, he sometimes came within nine or ten of being at the top of that class. Living amid slang, local idioms, and dislocated grammar, having no gift for learning and constitutionally averse to books, he was generally at the bottom

of his class. But while his outer education was so unpromising, there was an inner development going forward which was more important. His reasoning and skeptical faculties were early stimulated.

One Christmas he was curious about Santa Claus, and speculating on the sooty state he must be in after descending the chimney, he kept one eye open, while pretending sleep, and he saw his dear mother fill his stocking. Thus one myth was exploded. On another occasion a young farmer who was paying his addresses to "Jackson's" elder sister, and who had been warned against late hours, after leaving at the very witching hour of night came rushing back to say that at the corner of a lonely wood he had seen a "thundering spook," which he dared not pass alone, and he begged the elder Davis to see him past the dreaded wood. Davis got a lantern and started with his young friend, but the family were too frightened to stay alone, so they followed, with chattering teeth. Sure enough, at a turn of the wood the emerging moon revealed a gaunt and ghostly form. The farmer started back so violently as to knock over some of those following, and the dismal shrieks of the younger ones added to the terrors of a precipitate retreat. Regaining their courage the men turned and challenged the grisly form, and on getting no reply, Davis caught up a stone and threatened to knock out its brains if it did not say what it wanted. Still no reply; nothing but the howling wind and the moaning of the woods, and everything made uncanny and ghostly in the flickering moonlight. But with a well-directed volley of stones the men brought the terrifying figure to the ground, and it proved to be a man of straw, wrapped in a sheet and crowned with the farmer's old hat! These two lessons, coming so early to young Davis, helped to forward the development of that rational skepticism which is a necessary safeguard in all investigations of the occult.

There were two other events which greatly influenced the career of Jackson Davis. During the halt of a timber-wagon the boy, unseen by the driver, mounted the pole for a ride. The jerk of starting the horses unseated him and threw him under the wheel; the scared driver in trying to save him made matters worse, and the wheel rested for a terrible second on the boy's stomach. From this accident he suffered in impaired digestive powers all his life; and the small eating thus enforced helped the development of his soul powers. It also prevented him from becoming a good shoemaker, as the bending over his work caused him intolerable pain. On another occasion he fell into a flooded stream and was so nearly drowned that he was restored to life with great difficulty. I attach great importance to this event in the child's life. This violent and almost total divorce of the spiritual body from the physical frame must have made it easier for the soul, with its spiritual faculties, to partially release itself from the body for the exercise of the higher faculties of clairvoyance in which Jackson Davis became so distinguished later on.

Davis began to earn his living when eleven years old; he engaged in various occupations, but with so small success that he drifted to his father's bench after each effort; until, at the age of sixteen, he fell into more sympathetic hands and began to make some real headway as a store-keeper's assistant. Soon after, in 1843, an itinerant lecturer on Animal Magnetism excited the whole population of Poughkeepsie, the village in which Davis was then living, and numerous unsuccessful attempts were made to mesmerize or hypnotize him. At last Mr. Livingston, a tailor, succeeded, and the boy displayed remarkable powers as a clairvoyant. He became the talk of the town, and people flocked from far and near to test his powers. After a time young Davis, when in trance, protested against this frivolous use of his gifts, which, he said, were bestowed for the benefit of mankind, and he stated that he should examine

and prescribe for the sick. This he did for some time with astonishing success. "By progressive stages," says Mr. Fishbough, "his scientific powers became immensely unfolded, and there was no science, the general principles and much of the minutiae of which he did not comprehend when in the abnormal state." When diagnosing disease he seemed to see by something analogous to the X-rays. The outer integuments disappeared, and he saw the whole network of nerves, not—the material nerves, but the magnetism or vital electricity by which they were covered, or of which they were the conductors; this covering showing as light or flame, as if the nerves were raised to incandescence. This is curiously suggestive in view of later knowledge, and not without poetic significance.

During all this time there was an interior development going on, which Davis records in his Autobiography, called The Magic Staff, a fascinating book which should be read by all. After about eighteen months of practice as a healer, he announced, when in trance, that he was to go to New York, place himself under the mesmeric control of a Dr. Lyon, and that a work important for humanity would be given through him. The Rev. William Fishbough, of New Haven, was appointed in the same way as scribe to take down the lectures, and prepare them for the press; and witnesses were nominated to watch over the production of the work, and to testify that it was given through Davis. All this was done and the lectures were given before the witnesses and the occasional visitors who were admitted. Each lecture was written out as dictated, and was revised by the clairvoyant next day when in trance, before beginning the next discourse. They occupied thirteen months in delivery. On their completion, "immediately after giving general directions as to the correction and publication of the work, voluntarily, in the presence of a witness, and contrary to the expectation of everyone, Davis renounced all claim, direct and indirect, to any portion of the copyright and the proceeds of the work, simply claiming a reasonable compensation for the time he had employed in its delivery." The absence of mercenary motives and personal ambition is characteristic of this wonderful seer.

The work thus produced through an uneducated young man was called The Principles of Nature, Her Divine Revelations, and a Voice to Mankind, and it is, perhaps, the most remarkable work in our language, or, indeed, in any language. The fact that such a work, thus produced, and with such high claims, is almost unknown in England is equally remarkable!

Before this work was given Davis had some striking psychological experiences, quite apart from his hypnotic trance. He had visions in which he saw Galen, and was instructed by him in his medical practice, and Swedenborg directed his interior development. Now it is a curious fact that the work, Nature's Divine Revelations, might be described as the apotheosis of Swedenborgianism. It is something like the system of the great Swedish seer, shorn of its narrowness, its theological twist, and elevated to a higher plane; but it is vaster. It is a history and a philosophy of the universe, of material and spiritual existence. This work, however, was given through an uneducated youth, while Swedenborg, apart from his religious seership, was a most distinguished scholar and scientific man. It may be considered as the first volume of the Harmonial Philosophy, and will be considered with the later volumes.

Before passing on I may state that I take up no position in connection with Modern Spiritualism in which I cannot present the horns of a dilemma to any opponent who charges me with credulity. If this work was not produced in the manner claimed, and is a fraudulent concoction, then it is a great deal more wonderful, it is a still greater literary marvel, and Andrew Jackson Davis must be a most amazing genius!

After the production of Nature's

Divine Revelations Davis was enabled to throw himself into a luminous trance and to dispense with the aid of an operator. His spiritual faculties had become more unfolded, and he was able to pass into what he calls the "superior condition" almost at will. The preparation necessary was to get into the best of health by taking exercise, abstaining from meat, and taking very little food of any kind. Then he could pass into the higher state, his spiritual perceptions were opened, and he was free to explore the whole range of existence in search of the desired knowledge. He was on the plane of being on which we shall all emerge when we quit this mortal frame. The faculties are somewhat analogous to those of the "calculating boys" who solve abstruse mathematical problems almost as fast as they can be stated. They work as by a higher form of instinct; can go to the causes of things and instantly trace the effects. Davis was able to place himself in a sort of wireless mental telegraphic connection with the best scientific minds of the time, and summarize their knowledge. Where the best knowledge then discovered did not help him he brought his penetrating faculties to bear directly on the problems; he solved them in his own way, and corrected current errors. Frequently he discusses the rival theories, selects the good from each, and with original contributions of his own puts the great questions in a new light, and anticipates later scientific investigations in a remarkable way.

We are frequently asked what new truths Spiritualism has brought into the world—as if truths were done up in separate parcels like sugar-plums! The Tree of Knowledge is a tree; ever driving its roots deeper and deeper into the Infinite, ~~there are~~ ^{it throws out} corresponding branches glorified with leaves, blossom, and fruit. Nothing is isolated, and new truth comes by synthesizing the old, putting it in a new light, and re-interpreting the ever-growing mass of crude "facts."

But we may turn on our taunting questioners and ask whether they are not of the same class as the people who have crucified, stoned, defamed, and socially ostracized everyone who has brought new truth into the world? Have they not denied, ridiculed, and denounced every new truth, or new phase of truth, and only accepted them after they have become orthodox, respectable, and—out-of-date?

The works produced by Davis himself while in the "superior condition" differ considerably from the first great work; they go more into practical details; open up many new fields of knowledge, and are treated with more literary distinction. The first one dictated in trance and written down by the scribe, the Rev. W. Fishbough, had a distinct charm of its own, and at times rose to heights of splendor, but it contained many vain repetitions. The later works avoid these faults, and are written with great clearness, power and with picturesque diction, that is striking, and at times the eloquence rises into true, if not metrical, poetry.

The whole thirty volumes produced by Davis may be regarded as the full expression of the Harmonial Philosophy, but there are five volumes, which followed the Divine Revelations at varying intervals, which bear the distinctive title of The Great Harmonia; the sub-titles being: (1) The Physician, (2) The Teacher, (3) The Seer, (4) The Reformer, (5) The Thinker. The range of subjects is so enormous that I cannot even catalogue them; they touch human interests at all points.

Davis taught with voice and pen, and suffered the usual penalties of the great teachers; he was vilified, abused, misrepresented in every way, and had he lived a century or two earlier would undoubtedly have been burnt at the stake. His life was full of vicissitudes; he practiced as a healer and took a medical degree, and now practices as a physical and spiritual physician in Boston.

In attempting to give the barest

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BY E. WAKE COOK.

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outline of the great Harmonial Philosophy, I am appalled at the magnitude of the task I have so rashly undertaken. I am like a man called upon to condense an encyclopedia of universal history, philosophy, science and psychology into something less than a pamphlet. Still, if I can say enough to interest you, and set you studying it for yourselves, I shall have done all that you in your great charity will expect of me, and I shall be more than rewarded.

The key-note of this system is given in this sentence:—
 "There is no division between science, philosophy, metaphysics, and religion. For the first is the rudiment and basis of the second. The second illustrates the first, and typifies the third. The third unites with the second, and flows spontaneously into the fourth. The fourth pervades and comprehends them all, and flows as spontaneously to a still higher degree of knowledge and perfection."

This sense of the unity of all knowledge inspires the whole. Everything is seen in orderly series and degrees, in a comprehensive system of correspondences the higher comprehending the lower, and prophesying still higher stages. The whole universe is unfolding in a vast system of evolution; throughout the abysmal star depths the same great law rules as in the smallest particle. Davis distinctly states that the smallest particle is a microcosm, an image of the whole cosmos. Fifty years later Frederic Myers said the same thing, and it was regarded as a brilliant flash of genius, and sixty years later science discovers that the atom of matter with its whirling electrons is more like a solar system than a solid particle. Thus this uneducated youth anticipated the brilliant genius, Myers, and the most startling scientific discoveries by more than fifty years. But Davis goes further, and says that the atom itself passes through a complete system of evolution, or cycle of change. Thrown off by the great central sun, of which our whole solar system is a mere petty satellite, matter goes through innumerable changes until by condensing and cooling it becomes mineral. Then it starts on its return journey, passing through the vegetable and the animal kingdoms, and ultimately becomes part of the physical vesture of man. Still ascending it passes beyond the range of our five senses, and starts on a new cycle as the "matter" of the next plane of being, the first spiritual sphere; and it also forms the matter of our "soul," or spiritual body. This spiritual body, the sublimated counterpart of our physical organization, partially leaves the earthly body in trance; and leaves it completely in the greater but analogous change called "death." In this way the young seer completely reconciles all that is sound in Materialism with Spiritualism. To reconcile two such doughty and apparently irreconcilable opponents is a high philosophical achievement, and the best test of the truth of his statements.

In his great work, *Nature's Divine Revelations*, Davis makes an advance on all previous scientific and philosophic conceptions. The duality of Cause and Effect is there turned into a trinity of Cause, Effect and Ultimate, as in the great generalization: Cause, the Great Positive Mind; Nature the Effect; and Spirit the Ultimate; the whole cycle of operations being to produce Individualized Spirit. Davis says: "It is the object that spirit should be individualized. The object of such individualization is to establish a communion and sympathy between the Creator and the thing created; for the spirit progresses to its Source whence it came, and then only becomes fitted for new spheres of its eternal existence."

In the whole range of speculation I have met with no system which exhibits such essential unity amid diversity; that so orders the multiplicity of effects into "series, degrees, and representations," making each fact the index to a larger fact, and every fact a symbol of measureless significance.

Time will not permit me to give the barest outline of the wonderful conception of the Cosmos as a whole, or the Univercœlum, as Davis calls it; that must be studied at first hand. But the following quotation from Nature's Divine Revelations gives some hint of the lines on which it is conceived:—

"I am desirous of enforcing the great spiritual and eternal truth which it is necessary for man to know and appreciate before he can know himself and be happy; and that is, that all manifest substances, forms, compositions—indeed, that all things visible are expressions of an interior productive cause, which is the spiritual essence; that the mineral kingdom is an expression of motion; the vegetable an expression of life; and the animal an expression of sensation; and that man is an expression of intelligence; that the planets in our solar system are a perfect expression of the sun from which they sprang; that the various combined bodies and planetary systems in the universe are a perfect expression of the Great Sun of the Univerſœlum; that the Great Sun is a perfect expression of the Spiritual Sun within it; and that the Spiritual Sun is a perfect expression of the Divine Mind, Love or Essence. The Spiritual Sun is thus the centre and cause of all material things. It is a diverging or radiating sphere, or atmosphere, of the Great Eternal Cause. It is an aroma—a garment and a perfect radiation of the more interior essence, the Divine, Creative Soul."

Thus the sublime central spiritual sun has its corresponding material sun which has thrown off, somewhat on the lines conceived by Kant, Laplace, and Herschel, circle upon circle of suns of unimaginable splendor; which in turn have thrown off planets with attendant satellites. These blazing suns have not only the "promise and potency of all terrestrial life," they have the promise and potency of spiritual worlds, or spheres, grand beyond poet's dreaming.

Our stupendo stellar system is but a part of the fifth circle of these suns. Davis says:—

"The vast ocean of materials in ceaseless motion and activity, from whose bosom these systems were born into existence, and each inconceivably extended system and system of systems involved together, with all their accompanying excellences and beauties, are everlasting indices of future, inevitable, and corresponding emanations from the great exhaustless fountain from which these all have successively flowed. All these productions—all these suns and systems of suns with all their accompanying worlds—are but as one particle, are but one breathing forth of internal qualities from the great eternal fount, in comparison to the glorious developments that are to be extended throughout the height, and depth, and length and breadth of the whole Univerſeculum!"

The center of the universe is always spoken of as the Great Positive Mind, the whole system being conceived on electrical principles, the higher being positive to all below. Electricity is described as immanent and all-pervading, and it is the means of connecting all bodies throughout the immensities, and their means of mutual communication; and much that we call matter is electricity. Gravitation receives a new and significant interpretation. It is conceived somewhat on chemical lines, all things attracting or repelling each other according to their inherent affinities, as they are fitted to associate with each other. The principle of marriage is thus incipient in the minutest particles; Davis says that all the celestial bodies are reciprocally exchanging, "almost intellectually," particles and influences as they become fitted for the new associations. Affinity, or attraction, thus becomes a rudimentary form of love. This conception of the Cosmos, as a whole, is the grandest and most united that ever got through the mind of man, and the description of it is a perfect mine of scientific, philosophic, and poetic suggestion.

Leaving the immensities which are apt to set us gasping for breath, we now come to humanity. Man is regarded as king of all below him. All animals are sections, or parts, that are developed and are synthesized in him. So we are related to our dumb friends, the animals, on one hand, and to the angels on the other; it is the conflict between these two parts of our dual nature which forms the drama of life. In accord with the marvellous unity of conception which characterizes the Harmonical Philosophy, man's outer form is the exact expression of the inner principle; his outer faculties are the index to the more splendid

faculties of the spirit, the organs of the soul, or the spiritual body. The existence of these inner and higher faculties proves, to the logical mind, the existence of a spiritual world in which they function.

As the whole purpose of this philosophy is educational, the training of the young is fully considered. Davis would begin at the beginning, and commence with the conditions affecting birth into this rudimental sphere—marriage is therefore fully dealt with. He would emancipate woman from sexual thralldom, and would promote true conjugal unions, the resulting harmony producing harmonious offspring,

Davis says that the principle of marriage is universal: the union of the positive and negative principle. God is the Great Positive Principle, typified by wisdom; and Nature is the negative principle, typified by love. This union of complementary principle, is traced throughout every department of being, down to the smallest atom which seeks its counterpart by a rudimentary love which the scientist calls "chemical affinity." It is further stated that:—

"Every individual is born married; every male and female has a true and eternal companion. This marriage is solemnized by supreme sanction, and is sanctified by angelic harmony. It depends not upon personal beauty or education; neither upon wealth, position, situation, time age or circumstance; it is the spontaneous and inseparable conjunction of affinity with affinity, principle with principle, and spirit with spirit. . . . That spirit which is still seeking and praying for conjugal companionship should rest perfectly assured that it has somewhere a mate—somewhere an eternal associate! Life will not be always incomplete."

Every soul shall meet its true mate, here or hereafter; and whatever obstacles time and chance may throw in their way, the meeting is inevitable, and will be joyous in proportion to the length of the delay.

All this is very consoling when we think of the piteous procession of the unloved; the starved half-lives to which so many sensitive souls are condemned by the cross-purposes of love, the tragedy of adverse circumstances, or by the chilling hand of "death."

Next in importance to being brought into the world under favoring conditions, is the preservation of health; indeed Davis puts it foremost, and the first volume of *The Great Harmonia*, entitled *The Physician*, is devoted to the philosophy of health and disease.

Davis would combine the functions of the clergyman with those of the physician; he would heal through teaching. The mind or spirit is the predominant partner; when that is right, all is right. The mind, the will, has enormous power over the body; every atom is moved by the spiritual principle, and obeys its behest. Health is harmony, and disease is discord. The human brain is a spiritual or vital galvanic battery, and thought is powerfully dynamic. The positive and negative forces prevail throughout; when they are evenly balanced you have the harmony of health, when the positive is in excess you have the feverish diseases; when the system is negative you get chills and all the ague-like diseases; hence the primary address must be to the mind, for its spiritual forces are the most potent in restoring the balance.

Disbelieving in all scientific medicines, Davis says: "The only true medicines in Nature for existing diseases, and the only true divine element which, by operating magnetically upon the body through the spiritual principle, unfold and advance individual health and happiness, are the following: Dress, food, water, air, light, electricity, and magnetism." He insists on the greatest moderation in eating and drinking, and the thorough mastication of every particle of food, the avoidance of worry, and the necessity of plenty of fresh air and exercise, and the taking of very little meat.

In the first volume of *The Great Harmonia* Davis gave all that is new in Christian Science sixteen years before Mrs. Eddy made her "discovery." The whole volume is fascinating in its manifold suggestiveness, and the light it throws on the problems of health, and the way it anticipates later discoveries.

In dealing with social matters Davis makes a profound and searching analysis of the conditions then existing, pointing out the causes and the remedies with rare instinct. Free thought, unrestricted inquiry, the use of reason, and the investigation of the principles of Nature, are essential. He says that the world is existing on

wrong foundations; that interests conflict where they should harmonize; that interests conflict not only with each other, but with conscience and duty. The pecuniary interest of the physician is that disease should abound; the undertaker's that deaths should multiply; the lawyer's interest is to set people at loggerheads, and promote litigation and strife. David would remodel institutions so as to make men's interest agree with their duties, and thus take away all inducements to dishonesty. To this end he proposes various co-operative schemes of great ingenuity, which are sounder, and better adapted to human nature, than the so called "scientific" schemes of some Socialists. This part of the Harmonial Philosophy is very interesting and suggestive, but it is far too large to be even outlined here.

We will now glance at the more distinctive and purely spiritualistic parts of the philosophy.

Having given the history and the philosophy of the universe, and dealt with all man's physical, mental, spiritual, social, and industrial needs in this world, he deals in an inspired and inspiring way with the glorious portal of so-called "death," and gives glimpses of what follows that inevitable promotion.

From the moment that we attain physical maturity the process of death begins, as the body is less and less fitted to meet the needs of the ever-expanding spirit. When the physical organism is no longer able to respond to the calls of the spirit it is sloughed — is cast off like a worn-out garment. This final stage of the process, which has been pictured with such revolting terrors, is described as very beautiful; when the body seems struggling in agony the spirit is panting in nascent ecstasy. "Death, or the transition so termed, is of all things the most to be admired, and its prospect is the first thing to be cherished and appreciated."

As the spirit sinks into its last sleep on this earth, it awakens in the second sphere of existence. This sphere is the first of the "many mansions." It bears the same relation to this world that our ideals do to the realities of life. Davis says:—

"I behold the spiritual sphere as containing all the beauties of the natural sphere combined and perfected. And in every natural sphere these beauties are represented, though in the first and rudimental degree, so that every earth is of itself an index and an introduction to the beauty and grandeur that are existing in the second sphere. For from the natural the spiritual is unfolded or made manifest."

This conception of the first stage of the after-life carries the stamp of truth, and is of profound import and significance, differing as it does from the old orthodox notions. The first thing to note is that it is a step upward; there is no descent into any sort of hell or purgatory. There are sorrow and suffering enough in this world to form the only hell that is needed, or is compatible with a God of love. "Sin" is but another name for error, for ignorance, and there seems more than enough of pain and misery here to serve as the punishment, or corrective, and to stimulate to higher endeavor. As a man's status in the next sphere is determined by the life he has lived here and his stage of development, all good will receive its just and appropriate reward in the degree of his promotion; and as we carry memory with us the remorse and the regrets which it will bring us for ill-doing here will satisfy all the demands of Divine justice.

The second point to be noted is that there is no break of continuity. If, as formerly supposed, a man at death were suddenly changed into an angel it would almost destroy individuality. He would be somebody else; there would be a break of continuity, and the lessons of life would be wasted. Another point is that the next stage is not some unimaginable "heaven," but the things we are accustomed to raised to a higher stage of beauty so that they will delight us never before. They will not be strange or foreign to us, we shall feel at home more sweetly than ever we do here.

As the scenery, or our environment on the next plane, will be but the glorification of this, so will there be no stagnating idleness, no paradise for the Weary Willies; there will be a continuation of the activities which interest us here, and we shall pursue them with a higher range of faculties and in vaster fields.

When those who leave this world prematurely, those who die young, cut off before their time, arrive in the next sphere they are received into educational establishments, and the knowledge they failed to obtain here

We have received several inquiries and orders for Sunflower jewelry. When Mr. Bach went out of business he had no stock of jewelry on hand, so that we have none to fill orders.

Later on we may have a quantity manufactured, if the demand warrants it. When that is done due notice of it will be published and advertised in the Sunflower.

Dr. N. H. Eddy, aged 63 years, the widely-known astrologist of this city, passed to spirit life at 2 o'clock Tuesday morning, December 31st, at the home of Mrs. M. E. Lane, 723 Prospect avenue. Brother Eddy has been a great sufferer from a weak and cancerous stomach for a number of years, which culminated in his death. He leaves a very wide circle of friends and acquaintances, who will regret to hear of his transition. He was a great favorite with the young people and took an active part in their socials and dances. He was a prominent figure at Lily Dale during the camping season, and a strong advocate of the spiritual philosophy wherever he went.

Very little is being said about the Temple Fund Society but it is at work and accomplishing something for its welfare, and toward the good objects for which its officers labored so strenuously last year. Our president is working actively for the N. S. A., and does not urge this association like he did, but he is yet in high hopes to see a Temple fund accumulated. There is need of it. The National Association reposes in us to strive for such a fund, which will become a part of the N. S. A. care and protection.

I write to urge all members of last year to renew their memberships, and also trust they will seek for the receipt of new members. Donors will find in this fund a perpetual place for usefulness to the cause of Spiritualism. If a few thousands of Spiritualists will give to this fund one dollar per year, it will be a mighty force for the progress and protection of their cause. I send to each Spiritualist a New Year greeting, and trust they will each and all join with us in cooperation for the ownership of edifices for meeting places of Spiritualists, and where your spirit friends will find the magnetic forces for yet greater phenomena in behalf of the demonstration of the continuity of life, and thus the destruction of error, and the great consolation of all who sorrow for loved ones gone into the land beautiful.

Address communications to George W. Kates, president, 600 Pennsylvania avenue S. E., Washington, D. C., or to Yours, fraternally,

CARRIE H. MONG, Secretary.
415 S. Franklin St., Muncie, Ind.

The Rev. G. Tabor Thompson, formerly a Baptist clergyman, officiates at the Temple of the First Association of Spiritualists, founded 1852. Lyceum founded 1864. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

Lyceum, 2:30 p. m.
Capt. Francis J. Peffer, President.
F. H. Morrell, Secretary.

There is nothing but a man's life worn out by grief that can not be regained. One day of tears consumes more force than a year of work.—Lamartine.

is imparted to them and they are thus developed and fitted to associate with the higher ranks of society. Those who are tied to earth by unexhausted interests may have their progress retarded; they may try to get into communication with those left behind on earth. In the higher circles of society in the second sphere inhabitants from other planets mingle with those of the earth; thus a vast range of new interests is opened up in the exchange of experiences. I can give only one more quotation from Davis who, speaking of a peculiarity of the second plane of existence, says:—

"They have a sense of music; but it proceeds not from hearing, for they perceive harmony, and the soul of harmony, which is music. Such floats along the strata of the atmosphere, and is wafted into the soul as the fragrance of a flower into the senses. I do not hear but see music. I see it in the united voices of flowers, that speak, yet make no sound—in the shrubbery and foliage that proclaim truths, yet speak not—and in the harmony of each heavenly society; for that harmony is heavenly music. Music is perceived by the unfolded senses, and appreciated by the wisdom. It is the soul of order, the creator of all celestial harmony and melody. The music thus perceived sinks into the depths of the soul, and unfolds sentiments of which the spirit-home alone is worthy."

From the second sphere Davis ascended to the higher stages, each one the glorification of the one below it; the third sphere being the glorious fulfillment of the promise and prophecies of the second, and so on in ascending series, until he reached the seventh, or Celestial Sphere. From this the seer returned blinded and overwhelmed, his language beggared by the ineffable splendors awaiting us.

Here I must abandon my futile attempts to give an account of the contents of this wonderful philosophy; but I will conclude with a few words giving the general impression it has made on my mind, and I hope you will all study it for yourselves.

As I have said, it is a philosophy and a history of the whole scheme; it examines all the great problems and illumines all. Human interests are touched at all points: beginning with pre-natal influences, then the educational influences, and the whole conduct of life is laid down with masterly insight. The works of no one man have ever approached the vastness of the range of the system revealed by this uneducated boy, and the self, or spiritually, educated man. The scientific unity of the whole, and the loyalty to the great underlying principles are its most striking characteristics. It is essentially an all-reconciling system; the truth on both sides of the great controversies is discerned and reconciled in higher synthesis. All the legitimate claims of the Materialist are met and reconciled with Spiritualism; while the essential unity of science, philosophy, and religion is insisted on, and all are seen to be indices, or prophecies, of more glorious developments to come. The central conception is something between what Tennyson calls The Higher Pantheism and a glorified Christianity. Its ethics might be described as scientific eclecticism, for the good of all systems is taken and harmonized. Its sanctions come from the conception of the Fatherhood of God, the Motherhood of Nature, and the Brotherhood of Man.

The conception of the after-life is the most logical, consistent, and scientific known to me. A vast amount of progressive evolution; each successive stage the logical outgrowth of the preceding stage, with no break of continuity and no attainment of a sudden perfection that would mean stagnation to all eternity. There will be an ever-increasing clearness of perception, ever-growing powers and ever-widening fields for their activities. Happiness, felicity will steadily increase without cloying; each attained stage of beatitude, of knowledge, of scientific or artistic achievement will be but a platform from which to view the still more glorious heights beyond.

Now this Harmonial Philosophy is a double revelation; it is a marvelous revelation of the wonders of this stupendous Cosmos, and its glorious revelation of the spiritual faculties and powers within each of us; latent in many, developed in the few. Davis was aided in his spiritual development by spirit guides and friends; but the greater part of his knowledge was obtained by the exercise of the spiritual faculties of his spiritual body, unhampered by the "muddy vesture of decay," the earthly body. His was a case of the "open vision" spoken of

in the Bible. But these glorious faculties, this boundless wealth of knowledge, are our inalienable birth-right. So there is resident within each of us the powers of a Shakespeare, a Newton, a Beethoven, or a Michael Angelo. These powers are always knocking at the door of our consciousness, seeking recognition and use; they prompt our thoughts, and when a clearer gleam can get through it is the inspiration of genius. The more we can refine our organism the more clearly this light will shine through, until the lightning flash of genius may be an abiding splendor with us, and the highest teaching for the attainment of such God-like powers in a not distant future is given with lavish prodigality in the Great Harmonial Philosophy.—London Light.

"WHEN THE WAR FLEET PUTS TO SEA."

WHEN the war fleet puts to sea
And the great guns thunder,
Our hearts leap up in glee
And awe and wonder—
When the war fleet puts to sea.

Let it be peace, not war,
The strong ships carry;
Two coasts that stretch afar
Shall meet and marry—
Let it be peace, not war.

And let no ill befall;
Be kind, ye fates!
Stern skies preserve them all
In the stormy straits—
Oh, let no ill befall.

And if dread war shall loom
In far-off days,
Let the shotted cannon boom
In prayer and praise—
If dreadful war shall loom.

Behind the bellowing guns
That do their part
Let stand the nation's sons,
All pure in heart—
Behind the bellowing guns.

Then not in pride or hate
Let one shot speed;
Be righteous souls elate
To do the deed—
Oh, not in pride or hate.

And thou, eternal power,
Bring swift the day
When right shall rule the hour
And peace have sway—
Oh, high eternal power!

—Richard Watson Gilder.

FOREVER.

THOSE who love truly never die,
Though year by year the sad memorial wreath,
A ring and flowers, types of life and death,
Are laid upon their graves.

FOR death the pure life saves,
And life all pure is love, and love can reach
From heaven to earth and nobler lessons teach
Than those by mortal read.

WELL blest is he who has a dear one dead;
A friend he has whose face will never change—
A dear companion that will not grow strange;
The anchor of love is death.

THE blessed sweetness of a loving breath
Will reach our cheek all fresh through weary years;
For her who died long since, ah, waste not tears;
She's thine unto the end.

THANK God for one dear friend,
With face still radiant with the light of truth,
Whose love comes laden with the scent of youth
Through twenty years of death.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

AN OUTPOST.

LAST night in a dream I heard the song
Of a lark that rose from a field of rye,
And I sighed in sleep, for the days are long,
And no birds sing 'neath a brazen sky.

There was never a breeze; the sun dipped down
Into a barren stretch of sand,
And night reached up for her starry crown
And set her foot on the wasted land.

'Twas just the time when the thrush sings best,
And just the hour when the blackbird trills,
When shadows steal from the purple west
And a rose light lies on the lonely hills.

I slept again, and in sleep I heard—
Deep in a wooded, moonlit vale—
The liquid notes of the nightingale,
And my heart went out to the blithe brown bird.

I woke to the beat of passing feet,
To the blinding smile of the risen day,
And over the desert danced the heat,
And half in shadow the white town lay.

And all the glamour of eastern skies—
A charm as old as the world is old—
Wakes when the wings of the night unfold,
And, lo, when the day is born it dies.

—Lawrence B. Jupp.

POINTS OF VIEW.

I WOULD not have trusted the bee with a sting,
Nor the gnat with a taste for meat;
I would not have hidden in brake and ling
The adder that haunts my feet;

I would not have bristled the hedge with thorns,
Nor poisoned the berries red;
I would not have fashioned the bullock's horns,
Nor riddled the night with dread.

I would not have burdened the sun with spots,
Nor put out the moon so quickly,
I would not set snails in the garden plots,
Nor scatter the weeds so thickly.

But, knowing the world is God's, not mine,
I fancy the gnat and the bee,
The adder, the bush and the horned kine,
Must wonder why God made me.

LILY DALE NEWS.

Mrs. Todd is sick.

The Saturday night dance was not a financial success.

Mrs. Schaffer spent Christmas with her children in Buffalo.

Mary Todd is quite sick with the grip. Friends are caring for her.

Grayson Green and Fred Wenge entertained friends over New Year's.

Mrs. Carroll's brother, of Pennsylvania, is spending some time at the Dale.

A letter was received today from Miss Danforth. She may return before the spring.

Mr. and Mrs. Wenge of Dunkirk have been visiting their son, Fred Wenge, and Senor Green.

The young people enjoyed the fine skating Sunday, the ice being about four inches thick.

Mrs. Wilkinson and Mrs. Cooper have gone to Laona. Miss Wilkinson will go to Buffalo.

Mr. and Mrs. Maxham spent New Year's day with their daughter, Mrs. H. Bennett of Falconer.

Miss Ella Richardson has returned to her school in Nunda, after spending her vacation with her parents.

Harold Maxham had a Christmas tree at his home, and invited in his school friends to share it with him.

Mr. and Mrs. I. G. Turner entertained the Turner family New Year's day. Twenty members were present.

Mr. and Mrs. Shultz, and others enjoyed a fish dinner, and all made merry while the New Year came in.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Turner of Buffalo spent last week with Mr. Turner's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Graham Turner.

White Caps at Lily Dale will be something new, yet the unexpected may arrive; that was the decision at the last conference.

The whist people met with Mrs. Seymour Thursday evening. Mr. Shafer of Dunkirk and Lucy Green were among the players.

Mr. C. H. Piersons left this morning (Thursday) for Jamestown, where he has gone on business for the Fire Relief Association.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Woodcock and little son, also Mrs. Joseph Woodcock, of Fredonia, spent New Year's day with Mrs. Nellie Warren.

We regret that in our list of cottagers we accidentally left out some names, for which we hope no offense was taken as it was not done intentionally.

The good people of Lily Dale regret to learn of the passing out of Dr. Eddy. The old ladies will miss him in the dance hall and other festive places.

Riley Johnson is still sick. He consulted a Fredonia doctor last week. If Riley gets his passport first, we know he will be waiting for us at the gate.

Lucy Green, our librarian, returned to the Dale Saturday, December 28th. Everybody was glad to welcome her. She is stopping with Miss Maud Gates.

Mr. Thatcher of Jamestown is reported to be very sick at Lake Helen. He and his family have been regular summer residents of Lily Dale for years.

The boys are having a good time skating. The snow is too thin for sleighing. The weather is fine. Everybody is happy. Frank Fuller is improving.

We are not going to Pittsburg this winter. It is wise and safe to remain in Lily Dale. Bear and mink are not the only victims that are caught in Pittsburg traps.

The Ladies' Home Aid met with Mrs. Seymour on Cleveland avenue, January 2d. There was a good attendance. Among the donors were Frank Fuller, Mrs. Horton, Mrs. Shafer, May Huntington, Mrs. Knothe, Mrs. Minnie Henderson and Lucy Green were present.

The Sunday Circle met with the Richardson family December 29th. Mrs. Seymour played several pieces, which were applauded. Mr. S. J. Richardson gave an inspirational lecture, which was well received. Several tests were given to investigators that were recognized. These circles are among the good things of Lily Dale.

We all live on the street where our door bell rings on Cleveland avenue. At the present time the residents of Cleveland avenue are Mina Seymour, Carroll family, Grayson Green, Fred Wenge, George Gens and family, Mary Jones, Freeman Jones, Mary Todd, Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. Wilkinson, Mr. and Mrs. Shultz. As a prominent medium prophesies that Cleveland avenue is to be the

boulevard of the place the people like to be located right.

On my return to Lily Dale I was asked as a favor to the girls who represented the Scribblers Union and the people, to write up the Lily Dale news. I quietly and gently and with fear and trembling approached everybody and said: Can somebody or anybody tell me where I will find the general news office of Lily Dale, the intelligence office? With a gasp and a Chinese smile they turned the corner. One old settler said: "Wal, I reckon those shops were all shut up, and signs hauled down, and the agents have gone away south or to Pittsburg. When the birds nest again and the roses bloom they will return."

The Ladies' Home Aid met with Mary Todd Thursday, December 26th, Mina Seymour resigned as treasurer, for the reason that the president, secretary and treasurer have their own individual work, and in order to hold the confidence of the people each one must attend to their own business, and all books. Mrs. Harriett Hutchinson was elected treasurer. A large bundle of pieces was received from Mrs. Pressing, secretary of the Ladies' Auxiliary. Mrs. E. B. York, Mrs. M. A. Horth and Miss Emma York of Salamanca sent to the society a package of silks, satins and velvets, all of which were gratefully received.

Mrs. Dowd opened her home New Year's eve and an auld time watch meeting was held. Everybody was cordially invited. Forty people were present. Mina Seymour, pianist, and Mr. Maxham, with a new, home made violin, played a number of pieces. Miss Ella Richardson played two piano solos. Mr. S. J. Richardson was the speaker of the evening. His remarks were well received, and were appropriate for the occasion. Several musical selections from the piano and violin closed the divine part of the program. Tables and cards were brought in, as a final act. A more harmonious and happy lot of people never met in the Skidmore house in ye auld time. Mrs. Dowd, as hostess, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith, made all at home and happy, and many went back in memory's hall to the good old days when Mr. and Mrs. Skidmore received guests in that same hall on a New Year's eve, to watch the old year out and the new year in. Mr. and Mrs. Forbes of Fredonia, guests of Mrs. Emma Scott, were present, also Mr. and Mrs. Roy Turner from Buffalo. The people of Lily Dale return thanks to Mrs. Dowd for her kindness and hope for more of the same in the sweet by and by.

GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON.

SOLDIER and statesman, rarest union;
High poised example of great duties done
Simply as breathing, a world's honors worn

As life's indifferent gifts to all men born;
Dumb for himself, unless it were to God.
But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent,
Tramping the snow to coral where they trod,
Held by his awe in hollow eyed content;
Modest, yet firm as nature's self; unblamed
Save by the men his nobler temper shamed;
Not honored then or now because he wooed
The popular voice, but that he still withheld;
Broad minded, higher souled, there is but one
Who was all this and ours and all men's—
Washington.

Minds strong by fits, irregularly great,
That flash and darken like revolving lights,
Catch more the vulgar eye unschooled to wait
On the long curve of patient days and nights,
Rounding a whole life to the circle fair
Of orb completeness, and this balanced soul,

So simple in its grandeur, coldly bare
Of draperies theatric, standing there
In perfect symmetry of self control,
Seems not so great at first, but greater grows
Still as we look and by experience learn
How grand this quiet is, how nobly stern
The discipline that wrought through life-long throes

This energetic passion of repose.
A nature too decorous and severe,
Too self respectful in its griefs and joys
For ardent girls and boys,
Who find no genius in a mind so clear
That its grave depths seem obvious and near.

Nor a soul great that made so little noise.
They feel no force in that calm, cadenced phrase,
The habitual full dress of his well bred mind,
That seems to pace the minuet's courtly maze

And tell of ampler leisure, roomier length of days,
His broad built brain, to self so little kind
That no tumultuary blood could blind,
Formed to control men, not amaze,
Looms not like those that borrow height of haze;

It was a world of statelier movement than
Than this we fret in, he a denizen
Of that ideal Rome that made a man for men.

Placid completeness, life without a fall
From faith or highest aims, truth's
breathless wall,
Surely if any fame can bear the touch
His will say "Here!" at the last trumpet's call,

The unexpressed man whose life expressed so much.
—James Russell Lowell.

The Fruitage of Years.

A lesson of great importance is before us, but in this brief article we can touch but lightly on the subject. We see a tendency in the minds of men toward pessimistic opinions concerning the truths embodied in the word Spiritualism. Many fail to see the great refining influence the teachings of Spiritualism have brought into the world, and many more refuse to see or acknowledge that, through its enlightening influence, much of the baser teachings concerning immortal life have been eliminated from even the crudest rostrum or pulpit, and into the sermons of nearly all, who hold the attention of their audience, is some word of cheer given, where once the condemnatory epithet was hurled. We care not whether this good work goes on under the old banner, or is taught in every family circle and religious service, but to have the good work go on with increasing velocity is the prayer of every arisen soul who seeks for light and knowledge of how to bear the messages of love to the dear ones left behind. Can you, friends of earth, who know the truth, cease your endeavor to let in the light of understanding whenever the way is open to proclaim a truth, and do not, I pray, let your interest lag in teaching the young that right-living is the highway to the realms of bliss. Not one is lost, but oh! the pity of the soul is stirred at the sight of the woe of those who see themselves self-judged, and shunning the outstretched arms of pity and love.

Oh, hasten the time when all shall listen to the voice within, and walk according to the Divine light, given to all if the way is kept free from brambles. Do not shut yourselves in outer darkness, but ever see the Divine guidance. Friends, we see all about you many erring ones, some who profess to know of the inexorable truth, that all must reap that which they sow, and we desire to help you to turn from all entrapping influences, and pray for the good and true to lead you to the pearly gates which are ever ajar to welcome loved ones to their homes on high.

Do you know that home is made and furnished by your daily efforts. In a way, this is allegorical, for the loved ones gone before are ever glad to throw wide their doors to the new born spirit. Still, each must learn that to walk alone, or by his or her own effort, is the way to fit ourselves for all that may be yours, if you work for it. No sluggard has developed his spiritual nature, hence for a time his vision is limited.

To know thyself and be true is the greatest command possible to give to mortals, and no day should slip into eternity that does not record some mutual and spiritual development for each mortal. True, there are some so far down in the scale of development that a charge of that kind would be faintly understood, if at all, but you who are further up the heights, take heart concerning even these, for the trend of years reveals the fact that there has been progression with even these.

In the far distant past the brightest minds were yet enthralled by the baser passions. The animal propensities predominated. In the present time, all is not as could be desired, but very many lead the blameless life, and in the gleaming future love shall reign triumphant, and man no longer war with man. This glad forecast will come to mankind much more rapidly than the history of the past would prognosticate, because of the open doors between the seen and the unseen worlds. In other words, the world will soon acknowledge with one accord, that to know of the next experience of life is a living reality, and those gone into this brighter experience may clasp hands across the great divide, and give and receive of all that makes life a joy, and adds to knowledge concerning how to live the mortal experience of life, in true accord with the spiritual.

We have been taught for many years that God knows our every thought. Have we been able to accept and understand and make use of that message? Hardly, but when we know that our loved and lost take note of us, who would not blush to do an unworthy act? Once we thought that another stood between us and a revengeful God. Now we know that loving hearts strive to influence us to attend to the still, small voice which ever points the way to better things, when not stilled by disuse. Fling wide the banner of truth, and may its folds envelope all in its beneficent embrace.

Inspirationally received by

Mrs. F. A. PROSSER.

126 N. First St., Olean, N. Y.

Send us the addresses of friends who are interested in Spiritualism.

DR. HYSLOP'S EXPERIMENTS

Gets Messages from Friends on the Other Side.

As evidence that the American Society of Psychical Research is alive and active it has issued another volume of Proceedings. This is the society which scientifically studies ghosts and ghostly things. Now that Dr. Hodgson is dead this work is largely done by Professor James H. Hyslop, who is learned in logic and many things besides ghostly lore.

The French Government has endowed a similar institution with a fund of \$800,000, while the American society has succeeded in obtaining only a few thousand dollars from friends interested in the work. The work of the last year, although conducted with limited means, has yielded remarkable results and shows how much more might be accomplished if sufficient funds were at the service of Dr. Hyslop. In this connection it should be emphasized that neither Dr. Hyslop nor any of his associates are receiving one cent compensation for their services.

Professor Hyslop tells of experiments wherein both Mrs. Piper and his latest find, Mrs. Smead, were employed in an effort to transmit a message from New York to Boston and return. The results were not up to expectations from a scientific point. Dr. Hyslop calls particular attention to the fact that Mrs. Smead has never been a public or professional psychic. She is the wife of a respectable orthodox clergyman now serving in the active ministry and no professional interest has ever been indulged in the work. She receives no pecuniary reward for her sittings, and has never profited a cent for her work.

Mrs. Smead was called to New York for the interesting experiment while Mrs. Piper was in Boston. Dr. Hyslop says:

"When I began the experiment on Monday morning with Mrs. Smead, she soon went into a deep trance. Chesterfield, who had apparently now become the regular control, as the representative presumably of the imperator group, was on hand, and I explained to him what I wanted, namely, the taking of a message to another light, but not mentioning Mrs. Piper by name. I named the third day, Wednesday, as the date when I wanted the message taken. I did not intimate that I wanted any brought to me in return. In response to my request, Chesterfield at once replied, through the automatic writing, that Martin Luther would take it for me. When Wednesday came, after the usual preliminaries with Chesterfield, Luther reported ready for his mission, and I sent a message to Dr. Hodgson, (who was then alive), but without naming him, saying simply that I wanted it delivered to the other light, the term used by the trance personalities in the Piper case for mediums. In a few minutes my father purported to return from Dr. Hodgson, naming him, with a message, and I sent another through him to Dr. Hodgson. Then Mr. Myers purported to be present ready for a message on the same mission, and I sent one to Dr. Hodgson through him. He soon returned with a communication again from Dr. Hodgson, but as Mrs. Smead was coming out of the trance it was not delivered, and after the experiment she lay down on the sofa and had a short sleep. In it she dreamed of the presence of Mr. Myers. The next day at the experiment, Mr. Myers purported to be present and apparently tried to deliver his message. But the experiment was a failure, the writing being so difficult and confused that nothing intelligible was written. The experiment on Tuesday had also been a similar failure. We must remember, however, in all this that Mrs. Smead's normal consciousness had not been informed of what I had planned or was doing, but the adjustment of the automatic writing to my design was perfect. Now for the sequel.

"When Dr. Hodgson was interrogated for what had transpired at his end of the line it was found that he had received no messages from me, had sent none to me, and that the trance personalities in the Piper case had been in complete ignorance of what I was doing, so far as the record shows."

Further experiments with Mrs. Smead as the medium apprised Dr. Hyslop of the approaching death of his father-in-law, then living in a distant city. But it was not Mrs. Smead alone who brought about the intelligence. His

secretary and his servants, who possessed psychic powers, aided in the work. He says:

"The next sitting was held on the fifteenth. My wife, who died in 1900, and who has been a frequent communicator, apparently, through Mrs. Smead and other psychics, purported to communicate on this day. Almost the first thing that she announced was the early death of her father, who had been in ill health for some years. This fact was wholly unknown to the Smeads. I myself knew nothing about the critical condition of my father-in-law at the time of the sitting. He had incurable difficulties for years, but was able to continue business, and I did not know at this time that he was especially ill or that he was, in fact, on his death-bed, which events proved it to be. The message which I have mentioned was received apparently from my wife, at about 11 a. m. The next morning I received a letter from Mrs. H., wife of my father-in-law, written at noon and telling of his condition, which was clearly dangerous. The letter was locked up in my iron box and no one told of the information.

"I tried a second sitting in the evening of the same date, but nothing evidential came of it. On the next morning Mrs. Smead reported a vision in the night, which was a fair description of my wife when I met her on her return from Germany, before we were married, and which also contained a very clear description of her home when I visited it a few weeks later."

"In the sitting of October 22d my wife again alluded to her father and asked me if I thought he was coming soon. On my affirmative reply, for I now knew his illness, she went on to say that she and her mother were watching him carefully and said that he would come to me as soon as he passed out and admit his mistake in not believing in the communications.

"On November 27, 1906, I held a sitting which was one of a series with a private person, wife of a physician in a large city 100 miles from where my father-in-law lived. She had never heard of him, and her husband had been brought into communication with me in the summer by the discovery of his wife's mediumistic powers. At this sitting, which was the last of the series, I deliberately asked the communicator, who purported to be my father, how my wife's father was, and the answer, in automatic writing, was that he was not well and was old and feeble and would not last long. In a tone of voice expressing surprise, I asked further what the matter was and received the reply: 'He has rheumatism, his lungs are diseased, and all the vital organs affected.' I then asked if he had been ill recently and received the reply: 'Yes, about six weeks ago he was dangerously ill,' and after a prediction of six months for his life it was spontaneously stated that his mother, Gretchen, would be glad to see him. All this, I repeat, came in automatic writing.

"The facts are these. He had been seized with the critical attack just six weeks before, and no one thought he would survive at the time. The physicians expected him to live at least six months. He was suffering at the time of these communications with cardiac asthma, oedema of the lungs, and the intestinal canal refused to do its work, while he had for years suffered from rheumatic gout. His mother's name was Margaret, of which the German diminutive is Gretchen. I had never known her name and learned from him on my way home when I called to see him.

"When I returned to New York I found that my secretary had put on record the fact that my servant with her companion had, the night previous, seen me walk up the steps into the house carrying my bag. Both signed the record to this effect. This report was made because, in the morning, finding the storm doors open, which I am always in the habit of closing, the servant asked if I had returned and on finding that I had not, felt frightened and told her story. It was about 10 p. m. they saw me. It was just about this time that I was entering the residence of my father-in-law in Philadelphia.

"On the night before his death this

Where is God?

It takes all kinds of people to make
A modern world,
And many kinds of creeds to-day
Have got their flags unfurled.
Each creed believes that it's the thing
To meet the want of all,
And therefore men of all degree
Believe they have a call
To tell a wondrous story,
The fallen to redeem.
The best of all is honesty—let us
Be what we seem.
Pretence and sham—hypocrisy—
Let us put far away,
And with the righteous and the true
May we have sense to stay.
The Sunday sanctimonious saint
May we be wise to shun,
And by the right, seven days a week
Forever may we run.
A burning zeal doth manifest
In this material age,
To persecute a modern cult
That now seems all the rage.
Men need not fear attacks on truth—
Thus gold is purified.
The good and true must aye endure—
Truth is with God allied.
And where is God? Why, everywhere.
And where is spirit-power?
Why, just around us in the air,
Vibrating every hour.
Where goes the spirit of that friend,
Released from burdens here?
The Scripture sayeth it goes to God—
Have you not ears to hear?
Then who the angel guarding near
That infant child asleep?
The spirit of its mother dear,
For love a watch doth keep.
'Tis God that makes the bird to sing—
The rose to bloom so fair.
God works through every instrument,
He thus is everywhere.

Wm. Strong.

Hamilton, Can., Oct. 22, 1907.

same servant was awakened between midnight and 1 a. m., having looked at the time, hearing my father-in-law coming upstairs and calling my little boy by name. This was put on record in the morning before we received any word of his death. He died at 9.30 a. m., and I received a telegram at 12.30 p. m., telling me of the fact. I was at lunch when the telegram came. I mentioned the nature of the telegram at the lunch table immediately, and we came upstairs in a few moments. As soon as my secretary stepped into the room where our work is done she started back frightened and said she saw a man (apparition) there. I asked her to describe him and I took notes of her statements, and recognized a description of my father-in-law. I told her to go into the parlor and look at his photograph on the wall, which she did, recognizing the facsimile of the apparition. She had said in her account, however, that he was frightened.

"I ascertained from the nurse in Philadelphia that about 1 p. m. the night before he died he was delirious and frequently called for my little boy by name, of whom he was very fond. I ascertained also from his niece that about half an hour before the crisis he was conscious of dying and showed signs of fright. As my secretary had seen his picture before and knew of his death a few minutes before, I can attach no evidential value to the apparition and its description. Only the reference to his fright seems to have coincidental pertinence beyond normal knowledge.

"I withheld all information of the death from Mr. and Mrs. Smead, who lived in the wilds of another state, more than 500 miles distant, where no information of even public matters in Philadelphia can be easily secured. Casual information about my father-in-law was practically impossible without access to Philadelphia papers, and this the Smeads do not have. On the second of January, a little more than two weeks after my father-in-law's death, at a sitting which was held by Mr. Smead in pursuance of the regular arrangement, my wife purported to communicate and asked when I was coming.

On January 5th I had a sitting with a medium whom I have called Mrs. Smith in the Journal, and my father-in-law purported to communicate, giving a number of things in proof of his identity, among them an allusion to my

having told him that, if he would not believe in a future life in this one, he would have to believe it after death, and spontaneously mentioned that he had met his mother. On January 7th, Mr. Smead had another sitting, still not knowing the facts, and my father-in-law purported to communicate, giving his name as 'Geo. W. H.,' refusing to give more of it, and alluded again spontaneously to his having met his mother. He also alluded to a negro servant and correctly described her dress. This fact even I knew nothing about and had to verify by inquiry of the surviving widow. I wrote to ask Mr. Smead if he and Mrs. Smead understood the meaning of the sitting, appearing myself not to understand it. He replied that it was 'all Dutch' to them, and expressing surprise that I did not understand it, as the automatic writing had referred him to me when he wanted to know who was meant by the incomplete name.

Do They Believe So Now?

Creighton's History of the Papacy, in describing the attempt made to unite the Latin and Greek Churches in the year 1438 A. D., during the Papacy of Eugenius IV., has a passage on the meeting of the Conference held at Ferrara, which may be of interest to some of our readers, as showing what strange beliefs have been held by the Christian churches. It is as follows:—

"The Conference began on June 14th. The first question discussed was that of Purgatory, on which the real difference of opinion was not important.

"The Latins held that sins, not repented of during life, are purged away by purgatorial fire, which at the Day of Judgment is succeeded by everlasting fire for the reprobate.

"The Greeks admitted a Purgatory, but of pain and grief, not of fire, which they reserved as the means only of eternal punishment. Also the Greeks maintained that neither the punishment of the wicked nor the joy of the blessed was complete till the general resurrection, seeing that before that time neither could receive their bodies.

"The Latins admitted that the punishment of the wicked could not be perfect till they had received their bodies, but held that the blessed, as souls, enjoy at present perfect happi-

ness in heaven, though on receiving their bodies their happiness would come eternal."

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Socrates, Sage of Greece

This was the topic of Dr. Austin's Sunday evening lecture recently in Plymouth Spiritual Church. He said in part: In the most illustrious age of Grecian history, the age of Pericles, of artists, poets, sophists and brilliant men and women, with Athens full of noble monuments and works of art, Socrates, born in obscurity and living in voluntarily poverty was the noblest possession of this gifted people.

Unprepossessing in appearance, by nature coarse and passionate, through his soul-hunger for truth and his quenchless desire to find and follow what was good and true, he rose to almost perfect self-mastery and the possession of such practical wisdom that his immortal words and ideas have become the heritage of all succeeding generations. He believed himself called of God to his work and constantly asserted that Heaven, by a great variety of methods, had laid the mandate on his soul to go everywhere, seeking wisdom, exposing the conceits and the follies of others, inspiring them with love of truth and clear conceptions of right and duty.

Through his two beloved pupils, Zenophon and Plato, the world has two slightly different yet reconcilable pictures of this great teacher and sage worthy of the study of all ages. Socrates emphasized the fact that men ought to study the art of right living even as a carpenter studies his trade and should know the correct principles underlying a virtuous life. He held that the greatest of all studies was that of good conduct and good conduct was that which built up good character and led to happiness. He found the cause of human wrong-doing to consist largely in ignorance, held that men do not do wrong knowingly and of set purpose, but because they are mistaken as to the paths that lead to happiness. He emphasized what Jesus afterwards taught, that the truth will make men free.

If it be said that he made virtue to depend solely on knowledge, the answer is found in his own life, in which he recognized fully the need of self-government and the right condition of brain and heart.

He believed in a supreme power and in subordinate gods, in immortality, in prayer, and his whole life exhibits a sense of duty and a conscientiousness in conduct and a devotion to principle—even to the sacrifice of life itself—that may well shame multitudes of professing Christians.

Between him and the Nazarene sage and prophet there are many points of similarity and some few of contrast. He was the intellectual savior of Greece and the first great ethical teacher—the first to emphasize the fact that man is a spirit and that "the proper study of mankind is man." Jesus became a spiritual emancipator of his nation and of all ages—making his appeal through his teachings and life, not solely to man's reason, but to the soul itself.

Both derived much of their teaching from others—yet both passed all borrowed truth through the alembic of their own natures and from it distilled a purer nectar of wisdom for humanity. Each of these great souls caught the rays of direct inspiration from heaven and reflected their white light upon humanity. Each had a method all his own—that of Socrates being more strikingly original. Both were teachers of the common people, carrying their lessons to high and low, saint and sinner, respectable and disreputable alike, realizing the needs and the claims of all. Neither committed any of their teachings to writing, depending on the love and loyalty of their disciples for perpetuating and disseminating their lessons. Each held himself divinely commissioned and became in effect a religious missionary. Each claimed to be in communication with the spirit realms of life. Each gave up his worldly interests entirely and devoted himself solely to his special mission. Neither of them was an ascetic, while both were temperate and frugal in life, they could and did enjoy feasts and festivals and social life. Each asserted and illustrated his determination to obey God rather than man. Each of these great sages illustrated in his own life his teachings so as to become a living gospel of it to men.

Both taught the doctrine of doing no wrong to others, although Zenophon ascribes this statement to Socrates, that we are "to do good to friends and harm to enemies." Yet Plato declares Socrates taught we were "to harm no one, not even those who have injured us, since injury of others and wrong-doing are one and the same

The Voice of My Heart

It must be thirty years ago since I first met William Brunton. He had recently come from England to engage in Spiritual work in America. He was an inspirational speaker and gifted as a poet. His improvisations were sometimes beautiful. He lectured in Troy, N. Y., and in other cities, very acceptably. But with a family on his hands his financial receipts were insufficient to support and educate them.

Accordingly, he retired from the Spiritualist lecture-field and became a student in Harvard University. Graduating he entered the Unitarian ministry and was a very successful preacher. He never denied or renounced Spiritualism. Its principles ran like golden threads through his sermons, and he lived the principles that he taught. Few better or more spiritually minded men ever lived than William Brunton. His poems appeared frequently in Unitarian and Spiritualist journals. They should have been gathered and booked while he was in the body.

When I was gathering poems from Spiritualist writers, a few years ago, I asked him by letter to send me one of his that had never been published, and he sent me the following. It is at your disposal.

J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.

O what says my heart,
In its sorrow and smart,
In the day of its trouble and pain?
In its trial severe,
When the world seems drear,
And out in the darkness is falling of rain—
Then what says my heart?

My heart has a voice,
And it bids me rejoice,
In the day of my weakness and loss:
It bids me arise
From sorrow's surprise,
And carry with courage my cross:
"Be brave," says my heart!

O what says my heart
When the song birds depart
That came with the beauty of spring?
When the leaves from the tree
Are falling so free
And dirges of autumn through the woodlands ring—
Then what says my heart?

My heart has a voice,
And it bids me rejoice,
For nature runs on in her own sweet way;
And the loss of the hour,
In bird, leaf and flower,
We'll find as a blessing in coming of May:
"Have hope," says my heart!

O what says my heart
When 't is all torn apart
With the dark questions of life and of time;
When problems perplex,
And neighbors will vex,
And we are at loss for reason or rhyme—
Then what says my heart?

My heart has a voice,
And it bids me rejoice,
That over and under the whirl of the years
Is a Spirit Supreme,
That dreams in our dream,
Till the summer of kindness in splendor appears:
"Have love," says my heart!

O what says my heart
When fears of the future upstart,
And we waken with dread as a child in the night;
When the earth lies in gloom
Of the depth of the tomb,
And the moving of shadows the soul can affright—
Then what says my heart?

My heart has a voice,
And it bids me rejoice,
And trust in the good the ages have seen;
It whispers of Love
Below and above,
And feels that dark changes a blessing must mean:
"Have faith," says my heart!

—William Brunton.

thing." There is no doubt that Jesus' positive instruction to love your enemies is clearer and more impressive than any recorded teaching of Socrates.

One more point—there is a strong contrast—Jesus was a healer, a miracle-worker, a psychic knowing how to control and utilize the soul forces—a work to which Socrates laid no claim.

Lastly, both Jesus and Socrates gave up voluntarily their lives for truth, principle and humanity. Socrates, had he been less unyielding in his trial, had he consented to supplication of his judges, had he descended to art and flattery, might easily have avoided death. Even after his condemnation

had he refrained from demanding public support for his valuable services, he might have avoided the death sentence. After that was passed he refused to escape from prison, preferring death to staining his white soul with dishonor. Grand old Socrates!

Seize the Opportunity.

What a noble opportunity of improvement do you run away from! For what are all the revolutions of nature, and the accidents of life, but trials of skill and exercises of reason that has looked through the causes of things carefully and philosophically? Go on then till you have digested all this and conquered the difficulty. —Marcus Aurelius.

IN MEMORIAM.

The Rouse family, consisting of Leroy, his wife Lucinda, and Levoisier, have been known and highly esteemed for many years by a large number of people in this portion of the country. The Rouse brothers have been identified with the industrial progress and with the many changes that have occurred in the town of Triangle ever since it was a town. They have witnessed the wilderness give place to cultivated fields and peaceful homes. They have demonstrated the truth of David's recipe for long life: "Keep thy tongue from evil and thy lips from speaking guile. Depart from evil and do good; seek peace and pursue it." In all their financial affairs, reaching through many years and frequently perplexing, they never had a law suit; ever living in harmony with each other and at peace with all men.

Levoisier D. Rouse was born at Upper Lisle, May 21, 1822, and he departed this life August 25, 1907, and for the eighty-five years he has lived where he was born. When he was eighteen years of age he suffered a severe illness. His parents at times despaired of his life, but at length he regained sufficient health and strength to do light work but has never been as vigorous and strong as his older brother.

In Trumbull's history of Connecticut is found the interesting record of the Rouse family, from whom these brothers are descendants.

Their grandfather, Simeon Rouse, was a soldier under Washington during the whole Revolutionary War. He participated in the battles of Long Island, King's Bridge, Trenton and Monmouth. He was one of the guards at the execution of Major Andre, the British spy. One cold winter night at Valley Forge, when about to start out after some provisions for the starving army, George Washington gave him his overcoat, and one stormy night when returning to camp he found a poor soldier overcome with the cold and he rescued him and brought him to headquarters, and the rescued man proved to be Gen. Nathaniel Greene. When the war closed Simeon Rouse was honorably discharged and then came to Ballston, N. Y., where Joel Rouse, the father of Leroy and Levoisier was born.

When Joel was nineteen years of age he went to Canada, and when the second war with England began he was defeated with the English army. But as soon as opportunity offered he came back to this state and settled first at Cortland. In the year 1816, he came to Upper Lake and purchased a half interest in a saw mill about a mile south of the village, but he gradually sought to possess real estate and finally held the title of 300 acres free of debt.

In the year 1817 he married Miss Fanny Perkins, of Upper Lisle, to whom were born these two sons, Leroy and Levoisier, the latter being named after a dear friend of the father, a Frenchman, of Canada.

The father, like his sons, was a man of honor and peace; he never had a law suit—a true neighbor in every sense. He departed this life at the ripe age of 91, and the mother at the age of 84.

For many years the Rouse brothers have been firm believers in Spiritualism, rooted and grounded in that faith, and to-day, the aged couple who are left yet in this life, are comforted in the assurance they feel that the dear brother is not far away from them and that very soon they will be reunited where no tears are shed.

The following stanza is the tribute of Mrs. Lucinda Rouse:

Only a thin veil between us,
He is just across the way
Resting now with other loved ones;
And some fairer, brighter day
Will come again with a message
Of love from the other shore,
And we will be joined together
Where suffering comes no more.

—Whitney's Point Reporter.

The gods cannot help a man who loses opportunity.—Chinese.

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Spirit Identity.

A writer in Light in answer to a request that Spiritualists should place on record particularly convincing proofs that they have been in communication with incarnate human beings says:

"I conclude that the evidence which is required must be of such a nature that it cannot be explained except by recognizing spirit agency. Besides the many such incidents which I have experienced, the following instance may be of interest to others, because I had afterwards to verify the statement made by the spirit.

"When I was last in England I visited several well-known mediums, of course as a perfect stranger to them. Amongst the many spirits who were described to me, whom I recognized as being very near relations of mine, there was one spirit who seemed to have followed me to one medium after another, for the same description was given by each medium—the same name, manner of death, etc. Each time he claimed me as a relation, but each time I repudiated him, and most emphatically said that I never had a relation of that name. This spirit was so very persistent that I thought I would make inquiries amongst my family; the result was that my brother, who was several years older than myself, told me that we had a cousin of that name, and that when I was a very small child he was drowned—the manner of death which the spirit described through the mediums. I have not the faintest remembrance of this cousin's name ever having been mentioned to me. When I went to the mediums referred to my mind was full of thoughts of those who were far dearer to me. Unfortunately I am unable to give the name of the brother who could corroborate my statement, as he is quite out of sympathy with me in my belief in Spiritualism. I can only give my solemn word that what I have related is absolutely true. To me, one most convincing proof that the people communicating with us through mediums are really what they purport to be is that very often the people who are described are not the ones who are most strongly in our thoughts at the time; so I do not see how telepathy or thought-reading can possibly explain the perfectly wonderful proofs which almost everyone can get who will conduct the investigations in the proper way, namely, seriously and religiously, keeping an open mind, and yet using sound common-sense. This knowledge is not reserved for a few favored ones. It is open to all who earnestly desire to pierce the mystery of death and the hereafter."

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THE N. S. A. AND BROTHER HODGE

In the Progressive Thinker of this date appear two articles about the National Association. The iconoclast, Will C. Hodge, presents his views and is answered by President Warne of the N. S. A. We publish these views with thanks to the Progressive Thinker.

THE N. S. A.

Is It a Necessity, and Is It Doing Any Practical Work for the Betterment of Humanity?

After reading all reports of the last annual meeting of the N. S. A. one is led to ask the question which stands as caption to this article. We look in vain for any ringing resolutions against the social and economic injustice of the present time. Nothing is said of the crime of child labor and the destruction of youthful human lives to satisfy the greed and cupidity of the dollar-hunter, whose only aim in life seems to be how many dollars can be piled up, regardless of the manner in which they are acquired.

When Modern Spiritualism was introduced to the world it was with a definite aim and object in view, and that object was not only to demonstrate the continuity of life (which in itself was of vast import), but to effect such change in existing conditions that every child of God would have equal opportunity in the battle of life, and to unfold the possibilities of their nature, which is divine.

It seems to the writer that we have been sadly deficient in carrying out the program which wise and beneficent spirits launched upon the world, and are fast degenerating into another sect to still widen the breach between our common humanity, and while ostensibly standing for the brotherhood of man, the inevitable outcome of all religious organizations has befallen us and we have become a decidedly sectarian institution. We have not only our rules and regulations, but our articles of faith and rituals; we read the Bible and offer invocations and are requested to stand during prayers; we christen little babies and we continue to sing the old church tunes whose attendant spiritual vibrations are perfectly deadening to the aspirations of the free and enfranchised souls who see in modern Spiritualism a release from the bondage of the past, and who need no church nor churchly ceremonies to, stand between the soul and that incomprehensible power, force or energy, which we denominate God.

Our platforms and speakers have degenerated into pulpits and ministers; we excommunicate and withhold just rights because of honest differences of opinion, and our freedom to think and to express our honest thought is many times denied.

That the N. S. A. has done some good in furthering the interests of the ism, no one will deny; but that they have lamentably failed in many important respects is equally patent, and it is an open question whether we still need such an organization with its immense attendant expense in order to further the interests of Spiritualism.

There is a growing sentiment, which was freely expressed on the floor of the last California State convention, in favor of California seceding from the National body and managing their affairs in their own way without let or hindrance, and without dictation from any source whatever. It was the fortune of the writer to be placed on the committee of resolutions, and the committee was confronted with several requests to set apart sums of money for various purposes, these resolutions being promptly consigned to the waste basket, for the reason that there was no money to appropriate. This raised the question whether it would not be desirable in the future to keep the funds usually donated to the N. S. A. in our own hands, and establish a strong, permanent State organization, with local auxiliaries. In this way we would be able to meet all legitimate demands for assistance made by worthy workers in our own state, without calling upon any one outside, and still have money left in our treasury. Certainly the financial assistance asked and afforded by the N. S. A. in California trouble is nowhere near commensurate with the amount with which the Spiritualists of the state have been taxed for the last fourteen years to support the National organization, and the pertinent question was asked, why should this state of affairs continue?

This may be, to those who do not know, one reason why motion was made not to send delegates to the late convention held in Washington. The mo-

tion, however, did not carry, but a compromise was made to send only two delegates and at their own expense, but as there were seven nominations, it was finally decided to send the seven, whereas we were entitled to forty-six.

Seriously, why should not each State manage its own affairs, without reference to any other body, emulating each other in their work and attainments, and not more than once in five years (if even this be thought necessary) all convene at some central point and compare their various methods?

Why be burdened by a yearly convocation, with its enormous expense of railroad fares, hotel bills, rent of halls and various other expenses, especially when such conventions are not accessible to one-tenth of Spiritualists at large? Does the amount of good accomplished even begin to compensate for the expense incurred?

As a mutual admiration society, or considered as a white elephant which we exhibit once each year, and mainly for show purposes, it may fairly be considered as a success; but are the results of such practical nature as to desire a continuance? Is there anything which the N. S. A. can possibly do for any State association which they cannot equally do for themselves? And is it not a fact that a large percent of the money raised for the N. S. A., so far as any practical results are concerned, might as well have been fed to the fishes or thrown to the birds? No organization, either national or local, has ever demonstrated the proposition of the continuity of life or made a Spiritualist of any human being. This important work (and it is important) has in the past been delegated to our faithful mediums, and they will continue to be the only avenues through which truth from supernal realms can ever be revealed to mankind.

It is the opinion of the writer that a great mistake has been made in trying to make a religion of Modern Spiritualism. There is no more religion in the fact of intercommunion between the visible and invisible realms than in wireless telegraphy or the action of the principle of gravitation, all and either of which are simply facts in Nature and in no sense a religion.

As to the establishment of ethical principles, we cannot, as a philosophical or religious body, establish our claim to originality or claim the right of discovery. These ethical principles underlie the teachings of every religion upon the face of the globe, but have been so buried beneath the debris of theology and ecclesiasticism that the vast amount of chaff has almost entirely hidden the golden grain. True religion seems to the writer to be such a simple affair that we lose all sight of it in the complexities of creeds, rituals, theologies and the various inventions of ecclesiastical dignitaries who in all ages have sought to so cover the simple truth that it has been as hard for the average human to comprehend as a problem in modern finance.

Now, what is true religion? Jesus summed the whole matter up when he said: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." Saint James declared that pure and undefiled religion was "to visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction and to keep ourselves unspotted from the world."

Thomas Paine said: "The world is my country, and to do good is my religion."

Robert G. Ingersoll declared that "the only good is happiness; the place to be happy is here, the time to be happy is now, and the way to be happy is by making other people happy."

And what greater sentiment was ever enunciated by the now immortal Lincoln: "With malice toward none, with charity for all."

Religion consists in cherishing kindly thoughts toward our brother man and sister woman, in speaking kindly words under all circumstances and in doing kindly acts to one another.

There are men who go to church three times on Sunday and regularly attend the stated weekly prayer meeting, who are careful to observe all the ordinances of the church, and yet who have no real love and sympathy for their erring, suffering and unfortunate fellow man; who are destitute of true religion as a fact of intellectuality; and there are men who make claims to no religion, who never see the inside of a church, and who sometimes utter cuss-words and go fishing on Sunday, but they possess a large share of the "milk of human kindness," having charity, love and sympathy for their fellow men, and such men are truly religious, though

considered wicked and infidel by the established authorities.

I impugn the motives of no one and disclaim any animosity toward any officer or member of the N. S. A., and cheerfully concede that all have striven faithfully to perform their various duties, but the ism, in my judgment, has served its purpose and must go its way with all other isms, isms and ologies, and give place to that broader concept of life which is now dominating the minds of many noble men and women who realize that the time has arrived when every energy should be employed in establishing a "square deal" and the reign of justice right here on earth, ceasing to pray "thy kingdom come," and do something to hasten its arrival.

There are many practical reforms which need our attention and assistance, one of the most notable of which is the freedom and enfranchisement of woman. The old-new movement now designated as Eugenics, is certainly a movement in the right direction, but can never succeed until woman is economically free and independent. We worry about our souls, seeking to save that precious commodity, but are prone to forget that souls cannot properly thrive in diseased or degraded environments. Give every child a foothold and title deed to his or her legitimate and rightful share of mother earth, properly feed, house and clothe it, then with proper opportunity to develop and unfold their intellectual faculties, souls will take care of themselves.

The tendency of the times on the part of all so-called religious organizations is to gradually drop the old theological and ecclesiastical machinery (sorry to say, Spiritualists are fast taking it on) and get together on those essential, ethical principles which belong to no particular church, sect or ism, but are more or less the inheritance of all mankind. We are beginning to comprehend that man is the biggest thing in this universe, and that there is something far grander than being a Methodist, Baptist, Christian Scientist, Theosophist or Spiritualist, and that sooner or later these various cults, sects and isms must converge into a broad and comprehensive humanitarianism—the only true religion. Shall we, as intended by the higher intelligences, lead the procession, or will we continue to degenerate into another sectarian movement? WILLIAM C. HODGE.

San Diego, Cal.

The President of the N. S. A. Replies to Will C. Hodge, Presenting Cogent Facts in Reference to the Great Work Accomplished by that Body.

Shall Spiritualists themselves kill the National Spiritualists' Association? They alone can do it. Our enemies never can.

It is pleasant to note that the balmy atmosphere of southern California has in no way crippled the mental vigor and forceful diction of our old Mississippi Valley leader, William C. Hodge. Let us hope that time has dealt kindly with his physical powers, and that a glad good will from his friends of the past and present will be his conscious blessing for the current holiday season.

It is an occasion for thankfulness that he chooses to come before the Spiritualists of the country, seemingly in search of evidence. Rumors for months from the golden shores had led more than one of our eastern workers to believe that he had long ago closed the case and rendered his verdict that the N. S. A. should die. Indeed, it looked as though he was anxious to hasten its dissolution in return for its failure to hold its 1907 convention in Los Angeles; the latter step perhaps taken under a guidance farther-seeing than the eyes of mortals. At any rate we will rejoice in his willingness to re-open the case and earnestly hope that he and all who are at the same angle of vision as himself will reverse their present conclusions.

Goethe once said: "An individual helps not, only he who unites with many at the proper time."

The great weakness of Spiritualism since its American Bethlehem, has been the intense individualism of its upholders; the old idea of "every fellow for himself"—and no devil to capture the hindmost. Personal selfishness still vigorously propagates the "go-as-you-please plan." A majority of our meetings in many large cities are primarily to advertise a single medium, and to promote the finances of one or two persons. Therefore, meetings are often built about about individuals instead of around principles; they pass into nothingness with the departure of the special medium of every such center. Some of

us have had to try to answer more than once on witness stands, before committees of city councils, in legislative halls, and to the inquisitors of the press, such questions as, "How many of you Spiritualists are there?" "What is the membership of your National and State Associations?"

Numbers definitely given command respect and enhance our prestige and power in pivotal moments.

Only through fraternal co-operation in a central organization can we in a crisis avail ourselves of our real numerical and other strength. The great Chicago Sunday congregations that used to listen to Professor David Swing and Dr. Hiram Thomas are scattered to the four winds and their magnificent work of former years is ended.

In the same city the question is already whispered, "Does a similar fate await the independent work of the indefatigable Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones?"

Success in political, business, fraternal, social and religious associations is largely contingent upon thorough organization. The fake mediums of the Pacific coast are in solid phalanx with their secret obligations, counter-signs and grips, and stand ready to join Brother Hodge in a dance of delight when he renders his professional diagnosis that the National Spiritual Association is dead!

Why not keep the per capita tax paid the N. S. A. annually to aid in building up a strong State Association with local auxiliaries? In other words, selfishness, pure and simple. What are we getting for ourselves, not what are we helping to do for others; get all you can and keep all you get.

Why does not California refuse to pay to support the president and congress at Washington, even indirectly? Does not Christmastide emphasize that it is more blessed to give than to receive? I fear my brother ex-Baptist Hodge may be drifting from the basic principles of Thomas Paine and of all religions. The world, not California, was the great freethinker's country. But why should local societies pay tribute to state bodies? Let them also keep it for home use. Finally, why have local societies at all? Just depend upon the circles and private sittings mediums give to individuals, which are many times a source of strength to truth. Come to think of it, organization may be necessary to prevent legislative bodies from fining and imprisoning mediums for working at all.

Never until human nature is made over will the idea of nothing above State Associations prove a panacea for our ills. Build them better and more strongly through fraternal rivalry as you may, they will still have to contend with the same spirit of disintegration which Brother Hodge champions against the N. S. A. Each one of them will have to face individual indifference, personal bickerings and jealousies, dislike of those in responsibility, misunderstanding and willful misrepresentation; too small returns for the money contributed; inaccessibility of conventions to one-tenth of the Spiritualists of each state; railroad fares, hotel bills, rent of halls and other expenses; inevitable differences as to methods, forms and beliefs. Thus our brother from Dreamer's Castle will find that his plan has only manifolded his "society for mutual admiration" into more of the same kind and multiplied his single white elephant into a whole menagerie of ears and trunks and an invincible band of trumpeters.

I imagine I already see Brother Hodge with the California faction welded into one and the same state body—but not until he has first stupefied them one by one with a club, or some other powerful hypnotic. Restless longings to smash the existing order of things does not necessarily mean real reform.

California has not been wholly slighted by the N. S. A., and there is a prospect for more aid ahead if matters under consideration crystalize. I recall at this moment three residents mediums of that state upon the N. S. A. pension rolls, and I venture the guess that their monthly allowances aggregate far more than similar disbursements in six months of ordinary activity by the Golden Gate State Association. I also remember the N. S. A. appropriated one hundred and fifty dollars at one time to pay fines of California mediums after their conviction. Brother Barrett has visited that state as N. S. A. missionary several times, and Brother and Sister Sprague have labored there as evangelists of our National body, and probably others. The present officers of the N. S. A. are by no means for-

getful of, nor indifferent to, the needs of the entire Pacific coast.

The last N. S. A. convention was a working body of practical men and women. Brother Hodge cannot point to a single backward step taken by it on any social or humanitarian question. The delegates confined themselves to laborious work on vital legislation, instead of trying to reconstruct the universe and fly in theoretical ether. True, some of the stereotyped "boiler-plate" resolutions were not introduced; but is our position so uncertain upon the brotherhood of man, municipal regeneration, hanging for murder, woman suffrage, and reform in medical laws, that we must constantly shout it to ourselves and to the public, on the principle of the fellow who has to be ducked every winter to be sure his soul is saved? It should be borne in mind that it was only after several N. S. A. conventions passed anti-vaccination resolutions that the germ of smallpox revenged itself on Brother and Sister Sprague, up in Montana.

Let us agree with James Freeman Clark, that "religion is life, philosophy is thought. We need that the two shall be in harmony." St. James, Ingersoll, Lincoln, nor Paine ever rose above the sixth of the N. S. A. principles—"We believe that the highest morality is contained in the Golden Rule: 'Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you, do ye also unto them.'" Spiritualism is a religion to the majority of Spiritualists with whom I come in contact. Brother Hodge himself is not as irreligious as he would have others think from the vigorous way in which he pommels his straw man of Forms and Usages.

Only as a religion does Spiritualism command a hearing in city and capitol legislative halls and courts of justice.

The Crumbaugh will case was won in the Illinois Supreme Court because it was shown to be the testator's religion. The John Goff will case is being fought on the same line in Michigan, for it is absolutely the only vantage ground from which we can withstand assault. Statutes often delegate special function to ministers. The courts ask Spiritualists, "Who are your ministers?"

We answer, "Our selected mediums."

"How are they chosen?" "By regular methods of procedure, known as forms of Ordination."

"Was the Spiritualist minister who performed that wedding appointed under the usages of his denomination?" Court asks.

We can now answer "Yes," and show what they are, and the statute is satisfied.

Prescribed ceremonials comply with state laws, conciliate courts, and need not conflict with conscience. There are certain of them vital for legality; others are optional. Uniformity in matter is sometimes essential. Forms may be spiritualized. When that is done they are valuable helps along the highway of Truth. It is "the spirit that maketh alive."

"Is there anything which the N. S. A. can possibly do for any State Association which they cannot equally do for themselves?"

Yes, sir; the Michigan State Spiritualists' Association was and is absolutely unable to prosecute to an end the John Goff will case; the N. S. A. had to assume the burden. The appropriation by the N. S. A. of money to defend the Seattle mediums was not supplemented by one dollar of State or local aid.

N. S. A. headquarters at Washington are visited by congressmen, jurists, scholars and newspaper people for information. Thither come inquiries from all over the United States and from foreign lands. That center creates widespread recognition of our existence and commands respect for Spiritualism. The leaflets sent out from there go broadcast over the world the year round.

The N. S. A. is maintaining a pension bureau for superannuated worthy workers anywhere in the country. The yearly outgo is about \$2,000.

It has paid out more money for general missionary work than had ever been expended in that way in a long series of years before its existence.

It sustains an editor-at-large and historian, whose work reaches to all corners of every State, and will be the educator of our coming generations.

It is fostering, by financial aid, revival of interest in lyceum work.

Now, Brother Hodge, concede practical virtues to the N. S. A. and join in remedying present defects. Come with us, and while you are helping us, we may also do you good. "Faults are thick when love is thin."

GEORGE B. WARNE.

LIGHT FROM EVERYWHERE



This department is conducted to enable Spiritualists and Public Workers to keep in touch with each other and with the world. Send us notices of your engagements or any other items of interest. Officers of societies, send us reports of your meetings, entertainments, what speakers you have, your elections, reports of annual and other business meetings. In fact, everything you would like to know about other societies.

Write reports with typewriter or plainly with pen and ink. Never use a pencil or write on both sides of the paper.

Make items short and to the point. We will adjust them to suit the space we have to use. A weekly notice of your meetings written on a postcard would look well in this column.

Always sign your full name and address to every communication; not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. "Correspondent" or "subscriber" gives no clue to the author. The printed article can be signed that way if you wish it but we must have your name for our own information.

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

Suggestions for the improvement of the paper are invited.

All who send matter for publication should take more care in writing, so that the manuscript can be read easily. Write plainly, do not abbreviate words, be careful of the punctuation and use of capitals, avoiding all marks and dashes not needed. And do not write on both sides of the paper; it is inexcusable.

The Titusville, Pa., Society holds meetings every Sunday evening, depending on home talent.

To all our readers we wish a happy New Year. May every day be as full of happiness as we all try to make New Year's day.

We have received a number of orders for various books, which we have been obliged to lay to one side for want of time to order them. They will all be attended to soon, however.

Psychic Healing.

Editor Sunflower:

It has been demonstrated beyond all shadow of doubt that there are those endowed with wonderful healing power. It is a perfectly natural and true method of healing, and in the hands of a strongly magnetic person is a power that is productive of a vast amount of good. Jesus Christ gave to the world demonstrations of psychic healing. At all times and in all ages there have been demonstrations of this power, but it has been confined to a very limited number, compared with the world at large. There is a slow but sure change in the minds of the people towards all subjects of a psychic character, and much that in the past was confined to a limited few will be accepted and enjoyed by many. To those more advanced minds the subject of psychic healing is one of considerable interest and the day is not far distant when it will be a generally accepted truth. It has been an upward climb for those gifted with this healing power but at last the minds of the people are receptive to the fact and this God-given gift will be given its full measure of appreciation and reward.

ARLETA.

Pittsburg, Pa.

First Church of Spiritualists, Bouquet street, Oakland. Sunday—Lyceum, 9:45 a. m.; Services, 10:45 a. m.; Thought exchange, 6 p. m.; Services, 7:45 p. m. Ladies' Aid, Thursdays, 2:45 p. m.; Thursday services, 7:45 p. m. Visitors welcome.

December 30, 1907.

On yesterday afternoon a union service was held by the three societies in Greater Pittsburg. The meeting was large and representative, all expressed a deep interest in the present legal persecution of Bro. G. H. Brooks in which he is being classed with the charlatan in black robes and the gaudy female of the gipsy camp.

All Spiritualists may well feel thankful that in Pennsylvania the test is to be made with such an ideal medium as Bro. G. H. Brooks as the subject. His character is clean as the driven snow. He is a man of intellect, culture and refinement, and the friends about Pittsburg are enthusiastic in their hope that this case will settle the rights of mediums to utilize their development for the good of humanity.

Following an address by Mr. O. O. Wiard, in which he strongly urged the importance of organizing for the common good, a motion was made by Rev. G. A. Day and most heartily carried, that the three societies here gathered ask the societies of the State to join in

effecting at once a State association in Pennsylvania and a committee appointed to act in effecting the organization. This committee desires that all Spiritualist societies in Pennsylvania communicate to them immediately their desire to cooperate; and also, that they hear from every individual Spiritualist in the State, that they may mail them programs of the first State convention which this committee desires to call during January, 1908.

Let all societies and individuals interested write today, giving addresses of all others they know in Pennsylvania.

MRS. LA VIDA WIARD,
Springboro, Pa.

Plymouth Church Notes.

The trustees, in addition to payment of interest on the debt and many lines of new expenditure during the summer and fall, will make \$1,000 reduction on mortgage January 1st.

Mrs. M. E. Clarke, who has served the society with great efficiency as message medium most of the past year, will seek rest and recuperation during the winter months. She has been re-engaged for May and June.

Christmas day was celebrated in the church auditorium by the pastor and people with organ voluntaries, congregational singing of old favorite songs, brief addresses by Dr. Austin and Miss Anita Trueman and readings by Mrs. M. E. Clarke. The service was a very enjoyable one.

A watch night service will be held New Year's eve. There will be addresses, organ voluntaries, congregational singing, readings by Mrs. Clarke and refreshments.

Miss Anita Trueman, of New York City, has taken one of the services for Dr. Austin on each of the last two Sundays and greatly pleased and instructed the people.

The Rochester papers are dealing very fairly, and even generously, by Plymouth church—two of the five papers giving reports weekly and others occasionally of Dr. Austin's lectures.

The Lyceum is growing in numbers and interest and a Young People's Society is planning to present a drama soon in the school room.

Among the improvements of recent date is a new electric motor for the organ and a better system of heating the auditorium.

SONG OF THE PLAINS.

N O harp have I for the singing, nor fingers fashioned for skill,
Nor ever shall words express it,
The song that is in my heart.
A saga, swept from the distance,
Horizons beyond the hill,
Singing of life and endurance and bidding me bear my part.

For this is song, as I sing it, the song that I love the best,
The steady tramp in the furrow, the grind of the gleaming steel,
An anthem sung to the noonday, a chant of the open west,
Echoing deep, in my spirit, to gladden and help and heal.

And this is life, as I read it, and life in its fairest form,
To breathe the wind on the ranges, the scent of the upturned sod,
To strive and strive and be thankful, to weather the shine and storm,
Penning over the prairies the destiny planned by God.

And no reward do I ask for, save only to work and wait,
To praise the God of my fathers, to labor beneath his sky,
To dwell alone in his greatness, to strike and to follow straight,
Silent and strong and contented—the limitless plains and I.

—London Spectator.

How to Find a Gas Leak.

It is unfortunately very usual to seek for a gas leakage with a lighted candle, a proceeding which is responsible for many explosions. Instead open the windows of the room to let out the obnoxious gas and admit the fresh air, and mix a pound of soap, cut in shavings, with three and a half pints of water and apply this sticky fluid to the gas pipe with a brush. The leak in the pipe will be indicated by bubbles in the soapy application, and the damage may be temporarily rectified by rubbing the spot with a cake of soap, softened by being used, which will stop the leakage of gas till the plumber can arrive to execute a permanent repair.

How to Loosen a Glass Stopper.

There are several ways of loosening the glass stoppers of bottles or decanters. One is to stand the bottle in hot water; another is to drop a little oil between the stopper and the decanter with a feather and set near the fire. After a time strike the stopper gently on all sides with a piece of wood and if it does not move repeat the process. A strip of flannel around the neck of the bottle, pulled backward and forward to produce friction, will sometimes loosen stoppers.

MAKE PEACE.

HE who has a thousand friends has not a friend to spare,
And he who has one enemy will meet him everywhere.

Would Santa Claus Strike?

Could you blame, if, on a sudden,
Santa Claus should say, "I'll strike!"
That he'd ceased his years of labor
Was the dream I had last night.

"I am tired," the old man murmured.
"I have worked both night and day,
Scarcely ever hearing thank you,
Such long hours and such poor pay."

Vowed he'd never fill a stocking,
Let the size be great or small.
Vowed he'd never make a play toy,
Nor take reindeer from their stall.

Midnight came without his calling.
Fathers glued the broken toys.
For their hearts went out in pity
To their eager, waiting boys.

Hearing not the sleigh-bells jingle
Mother brushed the dollie's curls,
Making them new hats and dresses,
Shedding tears for little girls.

What was that came down the chimney?
Santa, packed for Christmas morn.
And he said it was a scandal—
Striking was a thing he'd scorn.

Little children, try to please him,
Friend so faithful and so true.
Though complainings sorely grieve him,
He comes back the day he's due.

MORAL.

Men, do trifles call for striking?
Here's example for you all.
Works a year for simply thank you.
He respects his country's call.

Uncle Sam, from early childhood,
Would plan work from sun to sun.
Some feel righteous indignation
That their work can ne'er be done.

Give this man a world of Santas,
Each free horse he'd ride to death.
As I turn the question over
Strikes, I guess, are sometimes best.

—Delia H. Horn.

REINCARNATION.

I N lonely ways of dim forgotten lands,
Ah, do you not recall how once we went?
Did we not gaze and hold each other's hands?

In utter ecstasy of sheer content?
As for what we said—we said but nothing;
The naked truth was ours, that needs no clothing.

Strange flowers were near us—nameless to me now—
And strange old cities—were they quick or dead?
We met—we two—the when or why or how

Matters no more. That golden hour is fled,
But ineffaceable its glory lingers
As melodies survive their primal singers.

And you? The moment eyes encountered eyes
Yours were alight with memories and with dreams.
You are mine, all mine; you know it. Oh,
Be wise

Ere over all our past and present streams
And snaps our secret chains of joy and wonder
And whelms and whirls us, impotent, asunder.

Listen. In visions I will come tonight
And seek with you those old mysterious lands.
And we shall see in the gray, uncertain light—
Do you remember?—where the temple stands.

The desolate temple of some faith unknown,
The sunset fading on its solemn stone.

And we shall never leave those lands again,
But all that should have been for us shall be;

Reality forgone, dreams shall remain,
And sweet oblivion cover you and me.
Dare all, renounce all—come! * * * I do not doubt you—
I who have waited centuries without you.

—Pall Mall Gazette.

Tennyson's Queer Ways.

It was with great difficulty that Professor Hubert Herkomer, the portrait painter, obtained Tennyson's consent for a sitting, but at last he was successful and called at the poet's house. After some little delay the door of the room where the artist was waiting slowly opened, and Tennyson entered with drooping head. He looked most dejected and murmured: "I hate your coming. I can't abide sitting." However, Mr. Herkomer was allowed to remain. Soon after he had retired to his room for the night there came a knock at the door. A head was thrust in and the voice of the poet remarked: "I believe you are honest. Good night."

SOAP IS ANCIENT.

It Was Used by the Gauls as a Dressing For the Hair.

Who invented soap? That it is not a modern convenience is well known, but just when it came into general use is a mystery.

In Biblical times cleansing agents were used. The books of Job and Jeremiah contain the word "soap." But this is merely a convenient use of the word in translation. The Hebrew word "borth," for which it was substituted, is a general term for cleansing substances. What those substances were is unknown, but they were probably little like the modern soap.

Pliny speaks of the invention of soap by the Gauls, who, however, used it only as a sort of pomade or hair dressing. He also refers to the use of both hard soap and soft soap by the Germans. The use of fuller's earth, which has saponaceous qualities, for cleansing purposes was known to the Romans.

The French word for soap, savon, comes from Savona, France, where it was manufactured. The first manufacture of soap in London is said to have been in 1524, and previously Bristol had supplied it for use in the English cities.

According to the historian Sismondi, a soapmaker was included in the retinue of Charlemagne, king of the Franks, at the end of the eighth century.

In the excavation of the ruins of Pompeii a soap boiler's shop was uncovered, with soap in it, showing that the making of it was known in the first Christian century.

Pliny, who wrote of the eruption of Vesuvius, which destroyed the two Roman cities in 79 A. D., stated that soap was made from tallow and ashes and that the German soap was the best. Galen also referred to the use of soap.

The way to stand well with people is not to make them feel your consequence, but their own.

Mrs. A. A. Cawcroft,
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Why Not Spiritualist Christians?

Editor Sunflower:

For some time I have hoped to find in your educational columns some logical issue concerning the impropriety and impossibility of affiliating Spiritualism with Christianity, and Mr. Coleman has struck a responsive cord in my soul that inspires a few more questions, unanswerable, I think, in the affirmative.

First. Can modern science and theology agree, and is not Spiritualism based on natural or scientific principle, accepting facts wherever found? If they are so closely allied, so harmonious, why do we never hear of Spiritualist Christians, as well as Christian Spiritualists? Why do our life-long workers frequently have so little respect shown their views by their children (brought up in the "sabbath schools"), generally giving them a Christian burial, when the silent lips can no longer dictate?

On the other hand, how many orthodox would there be today had all been educated in our spiritual lyceums, and how many Christians are now sending their children to them? Have any of your readers ever known an intelligent person being convinced of the truths of Spiritualism, wishing to prefix, or annex, any Christian ornament to the proper name, unless brought up under church influence, or yet clinging to it, for policy or popularity? That has been my observation. Many grow out of the cruelties of the creeds, but bring into our fold many ideas and expressions very foreign to true reform. They seem determined to twist and turn the same old cloth to fit the new pattern, but it is too narrow and skew-hawed. I recall a time at Haslett Park, when our beloved Moses Hull rose to address us. He raised his hands and said, "O! would that my better half were here to give the invocation. Her's are so much more spiritual. I was for years a preacher, you know."

Well, we all wished so, too. However, he gave us a grand discourse, and closed by enthusiastically clasping the Bible to his breast and exclaiming: "This is the Spiritualist's Bible. It belongs to us." Personally, I could not prize it so highly, and meeting him afterwards, asked, "What are we Spiritualists going to do with the parts of that blessed book that are so obscene that our brother men have been imprisoned for their publication?" He paused a second and smilingly said, "We will give them to the Christians." Now, my Spiritualism teaches me that it would be selfish, indeed, to extract all the honey and leave only the bitter bee bread, and my experience has taught me that as a class they will bear improvement and spiritual unfoldment as well as we, and, like us, need the best instructions obtainable. I feel that our God-giving science and religion contains as good as any, and better than many, of their highest teachings. I love and work for the Spiritualism that wears no masque, caters to no human fashions, and worships at the shrine of truth.

Yours, for more knowledge,
BESSIE F. OSBORNE
Maple Rapids, Mich.

Whether you work for fame, for love, for money, or for anything else, work with your hands, heart and brain. Say "I will," and some day you will conquer.—Anon.

Dr. Agnes V. Kelley A graduate physician of 20 years' experience in treating all manner of disease, will take the sick in her own home to treat, where they will be comfortably situated and receive every care. If you are not able to come to me, and desire it, I will visit you in your own home. I diagnose disease either according to the old pathology or clairvoyantly. My method of practice is the Biochemic (life chemistry). I can cure you. Write to me by my spiritual name.

RONALD ROMYEN,
331 East Second St.,
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Prof. George Plummer

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GOOD WORK IN BUFFALO.

During the month of December we served the Spiritualist Temple Society of Buffalo, N. Y. Prof. W. H. Lockwood, the philosopher and scientist, is their settled speaker, and is doing a good work. Together with his other work he holds classes in which he claims to demonstrate the truths of Spiritualism and a future life. We were delighted to attend these classes while we were in Buffalo and regret not being able to listen to his scientific teachings longer. His work is for thinkers. It creates thought.

Prof. Lockwood has the manuscript for several books along the line of the science of Spiritualism, and would gladly publish them if he was financially able to do so. I believe there are philanthropic Spiritualists who would gladly assist him in their publication, if they knew the great importance of the works and that he needed the assistance to get them published. These works are the result of his long life of deep research and scientific investigation and should be preserved. There is but one Lockwood and he will not be with us in the body always. I hope and believe that the way will be made to give his message to the world.

The officers and members of the Temple Society of Buffalo are doing a grand work. We met a number of the good mediums of Buffalo, among whom may be mentioned Mrs. J. H. R. Matteson, Mrs. Dr. M. E. Lane, Mrs. Atcheson, Mrs. Chase and others whose names I do not now recall, each one doing the good work in her own way, to the benefit of mankind and our cause.

Mrs. Matteson is devoting her life to the work of healing the sick. Her home and place of business is at 248 North Division street, and is a Mecca of healing to which diseased pilgrims in large numbers journey in search of health, and where many find it. Her house is crowded with patients day after day, and year after year. She gives more than fifty sittings per day for every working day in the year, and she gives each sitter a test, a proof of the truth of Spiritualism and the power of clairvoyance. In listening to the conversation of patients in waiting, one will hear of wonderful cures which Mrs. Matteson has performed, some of which in the past would have been counted as miraculous. If one is a novice in Spiritualism, to sit with Mrs. Matteson and have her dear old Indian doctor, "Mohagan," diagnose his disease, giving every symptom, as he does, converts one to the knowledge of the fact that there is something in it. Mrs. Matteson's daughter, Nellie Whitcomb, who is also gifted with clairvoyance, is her faithful helper and attends to the large correspondence, waits upon customers who come for medicine, makes up the lists of medicine to be shipped, oversees the care of the house, etc. She has been her mother's constant companion and helper through all the thirty-five years of her Spiritual work. They are doing a great work for humanity and for the cause of Spiritualism. Mrs. Matteson diagnoses the diseases of persons at a distance and has patients in every state of the Union and in foreign countries whom she has never seen otherwise than clairvoyantly. We were entertained in Mrs. Matteson's hospitable home for three weeks, thus having a good opportunity to meet her patients and hear their words of praise for this good work. She has thousands of staunch friends among members of the different churches, as well as among Spiritualists.

Another active Spiritual healer is Mrs. Dr. M. E. Lane, of 723 Prospect avenue, where she has what she calls the Spiritualists' Retreat, a sort of home for transient Spiritualists. Her rooms are neat and clean, and her prices reasonable. We spent one week in this Spiritual home and can recommend it to Spiritualists visiting Buffalo who wish to mingle with fraternal souls and be at home with friends.

Mrs. Dr. Lane is a magnetic and Spiritual healer and clairvoyant. She has many friends in Buffalo as well as patients in other parts of the country. She diagnoses disease at a distance, and by contact with the patient. At present she has under her care Prof. N. H. Eddy, the astrologer, a popular writer for the Sunflower and the Progressive Thinker, and well known to Spiritualists. He has been very sick and very near the other side.

[As noticed elsewhere, Mr. Eddy passed to spirit life December 31st.—EDITOR SUNFLOWER.]

Mr. Lundquist, the efficient and genial president of the Temple Society, took charge of the Spiritual papers at the Temple for Prof. Eddy, and was seen at each meeting with the Sunflower and

Progressive Thinker on his arm moving around among the people of the congregation, dispensing Spiritual truth and pleasing words of welcome to all.

Our work in Buffalo was well received. Mrs. Sprague did a splendid message work from the rostrum, as well as in her private readings. Our Sunday morning audiences were invariably small, but each Sunday evening, regardless of the weather, the Temple was well filled. Much interest was manifested among skeptics, as well as Spiritualists, and several investigators were led to the light. A grand work is being accomplished by the Temple Society of Spiritualists at Buffalo.

We met several old friends whose dear faces we had not seen for years, and greatly enjoyed every day of our stay among the saints of that city.

We visited our sister, niece and nephew at Hamburg at Christmas time, and while there called on Mr. Frank Walker, in the new sanctum sanctorum of the Sunflower. We were glad to learn that Brother Walker and his good sister have the facilities for carrying on the publication of the Sunflower. They are doing the work in the same building where they publish the Erie County Independent, the local weekly paper of that vicinity, where they have every facility for its publication at hand, thus saving much expense that would become necessary in establishing a separate plant. They have no rent to pay, as they own the building and the entire outfit. We were assured that if the Spiritualists continued to patronize it, the Sunflower would continue to live and keep its face constantly toward the sun.

To those Spiritualists who have subscribed for the New Thought magazines and neglected the Spiritualist papers—and there are many—I would ask, Are you doing right by yourselves, by the cause that has brought you all the knowledge you possess regarding a future life, or by the dear souls who are laboring through every avenue, including these Spiritualist periodicals, which you have discarded (thoughtlessly, no doubt,) and are allowing to die for want of your support? The Spiritualist papers need your support, the cause needs the papers, and you need them. Without them you know nothing of the great Spiritualist movement. Spiritualism is seldom if ever mentioned or alluded to by the New Thought publications. Come back to the cause you love and help to make the movement what you and every true Spiritualist wishes it to be. Subscribe for the Spiritualist papers and support the outspoken and honest workers. Subscribe now. E. W. SPRAGUE, 1082 Trumbull Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Haunted Houses Wanted.

London, Dec. 31.—Haunted houses are in great demand just now. "Spending Christmas in an old house which is haunted is the beau ideal of many Americans and a few Englishmen," said a prominent West End estate agent yesterday.

"In response to the demand we keep on hand a list of ancient houses which are claimed to be visited with apparitions.

"There is a haunted house near Guildford which I can especially recommend to ghost-loving Americans. Its reputation is sinister in the extreme.

"Some time ago a family moved into the house and on the second day the servants left in a body. They flatly refused to come back; the house they said, was haunted by a fearful specter.

"This country mansion is now tenantless, and I can guarantee it as at least having a ghostly reputation.

"Some Americans are particular in their tastes regarding ghosts. They like one that is an original kind, particularly one that has any historical association.

"I believe that if you could convince one of these Americans that a certain house was haunted by the shade of Queen Elizabeth, he would pay any price for it.

"English people, on the whole, however, dislike ghosts, and English ladies have a horror of them.

"On two or three occasions we have arranged to let a house on long lease, and at the last moment the offer has been thrown up because—the lady heard the house was haunted!

"As it is, there are several haunted houses in England, which can be supplied to clients at reasonable terms."

Happy is he who learns to bear what he cannot change. Real misfortune does not always choose its time opportunely. Let evil destiny show its face; our safety is not in blindness, but in facing our dangers.—Schiller.

The Sunflower, \$1.00 a year.

Thoughts for the New Year

All that is gone into history is not to be forgotten, but to be brought back to memory, that the temptations and difficulties arising out of the duties of today may be the better understood, and the full realization of past consequences will help us more and more to steer our barks from shoals and rocks.

We are too prone to live in the past, or to reach out into the seeming glory of the future, leaving the now to take care of itself, while the "now" is the accepted time.

The full meaning of this is just beginning to dawn upon the minds of all thinking humanity. Today the world is stirred from its slumbers, and people are reaching out to grasp the idea that All is Good—God. Surely, when we gaze at the visions of the good that are presented to us through the many different ways and means of the people, we know that the world is growing better, that step by step it is rising from out the dark ages, and the dawn of better days is before us, as well as the dawn of a New Year.

From the pen of poet we read:

Build on resolve, and not upon regret,
The structure of thy future.
Do not grope
Among the shadows of old sins, but let
Thine own soul's light shine on the path of hope
And dissipate the darkness.
Waste no tears
Upon the blotted record of lost years
But turn the leaf, and smile, oh, smile to see
The fair, white pages that remain for thee.

Let us bear in mind the beauty of thought given in these lines, and on the dawn of this New Year try and build upon our resolves, and not upon our regrets. The page lies before us, its purity of color unsullied by word or deed. Then let us smile upon its fairness, and feel grateful that we are living in the age when we can make of ourselves living examples of truth, purity and honesty, and when to be a Spiritualist does not cost us the price of long suffering that it cost the promulgators of half a century ago. The ground was well ploughed and harrowed for the crops, and many a good harvest is recorded, that shows the work of these earnest seekers after the deeper thought, and an insight into the betterment of all human kind.

Let us as Spiritualists take heed where we stand, and as the knowledge is revealed to us, showing the brighter and surer way of advancement to ourselves, let us take up the fight for the cause we love and are presenting to the world, that its standard may be raised higher, and yet higher. We, as true believers and workers in the field, cannot afford to be idle, or in the least respect indifferent, but should be ever ready to stand for truth, and push forward, looking toward the light that is ever shining on our pathway, but so often obstructed from our view by the never-ceasing cares that fill our minds with their perplexities. The brighter aspect today is revealing to mankind that to be evenly poised is the pathway to true harmony; and when harmony reigns within, we shall see the harmony in all the universe.

At one time, after waiting over an hour for Dr. A. J. Davis to reach my number, realizing my nervous state, he directed my attention, in his genial, fatherly way to a motto hung over his desk:

"Under all circumstances keep an even mind."

One is accomplishing a great stride toward success when he can become so evenly poised, to not only hear that in mind but to practice it in every instance. I often compare one who is so externally nervous that he makes the very aura of every one he comes in contact with to vibrate with his own state of feelings, with another who is as internally nervous, but holds it so within his own being as to be judged by others as being cold, lacking in feeling; but how misjudged. It is the very tension of their sensitiveness that keeps hidden beneath their armor of strength the thought of making others unhappy and uncomfortable, that keeps them from being understood.

It seems to me that this very misunderstanding is the means of growth that will reveal itself in later years. The school of experience to many is a bitter one, but if through these we are sure of a brighter progress, that will help us to be able to take a higher stand in the life on the spiritual plane. We ought to try to be more and more willing to persevere and overcome our hard experiences, that we meet in our daily lives, and banish all thought of failure or regret, but keep on resolving and pursuing in the path of righteousness, until we hear from the gateway of progression:

"Well done, faithful servant, you have learned your place among the

SURE DEATH TO GRIPPE.

The Reliance Guaranteed Grippe Cure.

Home Treatment. Sure Relief. This remedy is the result of years of practical and successful experience, where hundreds of patients have been cured, and not a single failure on record. It is a "SURE SHOT" for the grippe and saves the patient from the HORRIBLE AFTER EFFECTS. It cures by killing the germs. It contains no injurious ingredients, and is MARVELOUS IN CURATIVE EFFECTS. This remedy should be in every home, for no one knows when the dread disease will be experienced in some form.

The Terms For Treatment Are Extremely Low.

The Reliance Grippe Cure will be forwarded to any part of the United States, charges prepaid for ONE DOLLAR. It is worth TEN TIMES that amount to anyone who is afflicted.

Some of the symptoms of grippe in its varied forms:

Respiratory Form. Sore throat, bronchitis, aching all over the body, sneezing and cough, chills up and down the back.

Nervous Form. Slight fever, severe headache, pain in back and limbs, with marked weakness. Extreme nervousness, poor heart action, despondency, insomnia.

Gastro Intestinal Form Nausea, vomiting, diarrhoea, abdominal chills, prostration amounting to collapse, despondency.

Typhoid Form. Continued fever, delirium, general typhoid symptoms.

Any two or all of these forms of grippe can be had at once. DO NOT LET THIS DREADED DISEASE DESTROY YOUR HEALTH AND SAPI YOUR VITALITY.

Send in your order by return mail. Not found in any stores.

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ELLA A. WHEELER.

South Lincoln, Mass.

Hamilton, Ont., August 27, 1907.

WM. STRONG.

Heaven's Bells.

As we pick up the paper that drops from the modern printing press we are touched with a vibration such as comes to those who sit in a great theater where a marvelous, monster tragedy is being presented, observe.

Every time the curtain lifts there is the scene of a carnival of crime.

What does it mean? Those whose thoughts have been devoted to pleasure, pelf and power will only see a drama calculated to confuse and awe, but the one who has given close concentration of thought to universal law and to the secret working of those principles that regulate life, will see "method in the madness."

To such the conditions presented in daily life will appear not only reasonable, but very natural. To be brief, let me say, The night of dense ignorance is past. The morning is just dawning upon the human race.

Light—intelligence—must, of necessity, come before moral rectitude. Why?

The conscience must be educated and character formed through intelligence, which is more fully expressed by the word, knowledge. Exercise along selfish lines has cultivated low cunning.

Business practices have not been balanced by ethical training.

Popularity has usurped the place of principle. Truth has been crucified in the house of its friends. The thief has been met at the prison gate and, pointedly speaking, has been prayed into paradise.

The individual, instead of being instructed to carefully cultivate and persistently maintain those principles that are absolutely necessary to the higher life and the Christ-like character, is being exhorted to trust in the merits of Jesus or some other spiritual guide and thus the guilty conscience is being doped and the sincerely penitent transgressor of law is deceived.

Sometimes it is by a teacher of the old religions system, and sometimes it is by a so-called spiritual medium. To all who suffer I bring this message, that all suffering is the result of transgression, and the only remedy is to make amends, correct the wrong and begin from today to do right.

The laws of the universe are so wisely constructed that the transgression has only to run to the extreme to become its own cure. The remedy comes when desperation is reached. Experience is the great teacher of the race. True knowledge is thus obtained and knowledge is the savior of the race. Personal suffering for personal sin must finally save all men by bringing them to humble obedience, which is harmony with law and the only heaven.

All people must finally listen to this teacher. Law is no respecter of persons and the teachings are truly undenominational. Therefore, the man who goes to church and the one who stays at home must listen.

The banker in the counting house, the man in the market place, the society belle whirling in her motor car, none are allowed to slip.

All must hear the warning call, "Awake to righteousness." After all, the best experiences in life are those that call us to duty, to obedience, to self reliance, and to love. To that principle which is the all-embracing grasp that gathers every soul within its sheltering care—nor passion knows, nor lust, nor selfishness. The glorious glad-

Have you Read Dr. Bland's Book? In the World Celestial.

If not, there is a great treat before you. It is a realistic revelation of the spirit spheres, and a charming romance of two worlds; being the story of a man whose angel sweet-heart had him put into a trance by spirit scientists and visit her in her celestial home. The man gave Dr. Bland permission to put his story into a book, and the heroine gave the doctor the title through medium—Edgar W. Emerson—and assured him that the book contains a true revelation of scenes and conditions in the celestial realms. It is a charming book and its popularity is so great the edition after edition has been printed and the demand for it continues unabated.

In elegant binding with gold title and a full page photo of Pearl, the heroine from a spirit painting. Price \$1.00. For sale at this office.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

To Spiritualists of New York State.

Dates are now being arranged for State Association meetings and the work of our State organizer and missionary for the fall and winter campaign.

We shall be glad to hear from Spiritualists from all parts of the State, especially in localities where there are no organized societies, with a view to making arrangements for the holding of State Association meetings.

We urge each Spiritualist to cooperate with the State Board in this matter, and request that you let us hear from you soon with information as to conditions in your locality. Write either to Mrs. T. U. Reynolds, Troy, N. Y., or to the president of the State Association.

H. W. RICHARDSON, President, East Aurora, New York.

Biography of Moses Hull.

After unavoidable delay, the Life and Work of Moses Hull, by his brother Daniel W. Hull, supplemented with interesting Memorial, is ready for issue. This book contains a detailed account of Mr. Hull's early religious experience especially of his journey from Orthodoxy via Adventism to Spiritualism; his struggles and sacrifices on behalf of industrial and social reform, and of the establishment of the Morris Plains School, which he considered the crowning work of his life. The volume contains 112 pages, is of fine workmanship throughout. It is accompanied by an excellent portrait of Mr. Hull, from new half-tone cut, made especially for this work.

Price, handsomely bound in cloth \$1.00. Strong paper cover, 50 cents. Those who desire this book address Mattie E. Hull, Whitewater, Wis.

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