

# THE SUNFLOWER

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

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## THE SEERESS OF PREVOST.

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### Frederica Hauffe was Endowed with Wonderful Powers.

Frederica Hauffe, known as The Seeress of Prevost, was born in 1801. The mediumship of this young German woman is here presented, written from the detailed statements of her physician, Justinus Kerner.

Like many modern mediums, she was of humble origin, her birthplace being a forester's hut in the Wurtemberg mountain village of Prevost; and here, among wood cutters and charcoal burners, she passed the first years of her life. Even while still a child she seems to have attracted widespread attention on account of certain peculiarities of temperament and conduct. It was noticed that though naturally gay and playful she occasionally assumed a strangely intent and serious manner; that in her happiest moments she was subject to unaccountable fits of shuddering and shivering; and that she seemed keenly alive not merely to the sights and sounds of every day but to influences unfelt by those about her. This last trait received a sudden and unexpected development, when, at the age of twelve or thirteen, she was sent to the neighboring town of Lowenstein to be educated under the care of her grandparents, a worthy couple named Schmidgall.

Grandfather Schmidgall was an exceedingly superstitious old man, with a singular fondness for visiting solitary and gloomy places, particularly churchyards; and he soon began to take the little girl with him on such strolls. But he discovered, much to his amazement, that though she listened with avidity to the tales he told her of the romantic and mysterious events that had occurred within the somber ruins with which the countryside was liberally endowed, she was reluctant to explore those ruins or wander among the graves where he delighted to resort. At first he was inclined to ascribe her reluctance to weak and sentimental timidity, but he speedily found reason to adopt an altogether different view. He noticed that whenever he took her to graveyards or to churches in which there were graves, her frail form became greatly agitated, and at times she seemed rooted to the ground; and that there were certain places, especially an old kitchen in a nearby castle, which he could not persuade her to enter, and the mere sight of which caused her to quake and tremble. "The child," he told his wife, "feels the presence of the dead, and, mark you, she will end by seeing the dead."

He was, therefore, more alarmed than surprised when one midnight, long after he had fancied her in bed and asleep, she ran to his room and informed him that she had just beheld in the hall a tall, dark figure which, sighing heavily, passed her and disappeared in the vestibule. With awe, not unmixed with satisfaction, Schmidgall remembered that he had once seen the selfsame apparition; but he prudently endeavored to convince her that she had been dreaming and sent her back to her room, which, thenceforward, he never allowed her to leave at night.

In this way Frederica Hauffe's mediumship began. But several years were to pass before she saw another ghost or gave evidence of possessing supernatural powers other than by occasional dreams of a prophetic and revelatory nature. In the meantime she rejoined her parents and moved with them from Prevost to Oberstenfeld, where, in her nineteenth year, she was married. It was distinctly a marriage of convenience, arranged without regard to her wishes, and the moment the engagement was announced she secluded herself from her friends and passed her days and nights in weeping. For weeks together she

went without sleep, ate scarcely anything, and became thin, pale, and feeble. It was rumored that she had set her affections in another quarter; but her relatives angrily denied this and asserted that once married she would soon become herself again.

They were mistaken. From her wedding day, which she celebrated by attending the funeral of a venerable clergyman to whom she had been warmly attached, her health broke rapidly. One morning she awoke in a high fever that lasted a fortnight, and was followed by convulsive spasms, during which she beheld at the bedside the image of her grandmother Schmidgall, who, it subsequently developed, was at that moment dying in distant Lowenstein. The spasms continuing, despite the application of the customary rude remedies of the time, it was decided to send for a physician with some knowledge of mesmerism, which was then becoming popular in Germany. To the astonishment of those who thronged the sick room, the first touch of his hand on her forehead brought relief. The convulsions ceased, she became calm, and presently fell asleep. But on awaking she was attacked as before, and try as he might the physician could not effect a permanent cure. To all his passes she responded with gratifying promptitude, only to suffer a relapse the moment she was released from the mesmeric influence.

At this juncture aid was received from a most extraordinary source, according to the story she told her wondering friends. With benign visage and extended hand, the spirit of her grandmother appeared to her for seven successive nights, mesmerized her, and taught her to mesmerize herself. The results of this visitation, if not altogether fortunate, were at least to some extent curative. There were periods when she was able not merely to leave her bed but to attend to household duties and indulge in long walks and drives. But it was painfully apparent that she was still in a precarious condition.

From her infancy she had always been powerfully affected by the touch of different metals, and now this phenomenon was intensified a thousandfold. The placing of a magnet on her forehead caused her features to be contorted as though by a stroke of paralysis; contact with glass and sand made her cataleptic. Once she was found seated on a sandstone bench, unable to move hand or foot. About this time also she acquired the faculty of crystal gazing; that is to say, by looking into a bowl of water she could correctly describe scenes transpiring at a distance. More than this, she now declared that behind the persons in whose company she was she perceived ghostly forms, some of which she recognized as dead acquaintances.

Unlike her grandmother, these new visitants from the unknown world did not provide her with the means for regaining her lost health. On the contrary, from the time they first put in their appearance she grew far worse, suffering not so much from convulsive attacks as from an increasing lassitude. She complained that eating was a great tax on her strength, and that rising and walking were out of the question. Unable to comprehend this new turn of affairs, her attendants lost all patience, declared that if she had made up her mind to die she might as well do so at once, and tried to force her to leave her bed. Finally her parents intervened, and at their request she was brought back to Oberstenfeld.

Here she found an altogether congenial environment, and for awhile showed marked improvement. Here, too, and in a most sensational way, her me-

diumship blossomed into full bloom. She had been home for only a short time when the family began to be disturbed by mysterious noises for which they could find no cause. A sound like the ringing of glasses was frequently heard, as were footsteps and knockings on the walls. Her father, in particular, asserted that sometimes he felt a strange pressure on his shoulder or his foot. The impression grew that the house, which was part of the ancient cathedral of Oberstenfeld, was haunted by the spirits of its former occupants.

One night, shortly after retiring to the room which they shared in common, Frederica, her sister, and a maid servant saw a lighted candle, apparently of its own volition, move up and down the table on which it was burning. The sister and the servant saw nothing more; but Frederica the next instant beheld a thin, grayish cloud, which presently resolved into the form of a man, about fifty years old, attired in the costume of a medieval knight. Approaching, this strange apparition gazed steadfastly at her, and in a low but clear tone urged her to rise and follow it, saying that she alone could loosen its bonds. Overcome with terror, she cried out that she would not follow, then ran across the room and hid herself in the bed where her sister and the servant lay panicstricken. That night she saw no more of the apparition; but the maid, whom they sent to sleep in the bed she had so hurriedly vacated, declared that the coverings were forcibly drawn off her by an unseen hand.

The next night the apparition appeared to Frederica again, and to her alone. This time it seemed not sorrowful but angry, and threatened that if she did not rise and follow she would be hurled out of the window. At her bold retort, "In the name of Jesus, do it!" the apparition vanished, to return a few nights later, and after that to show itself to her by day as well as by night.

It now informed her that it was the ghost of a nobleman named Weiler, who had slain his brother and for that crime was condemned to wander ceaselessly until it recovered a certain piece of paper hidden in a vault under the cathedral. On hearing this, she solemnly assured it that by prayer alone could its sins be forgiven and its pardon obtained, and thereupon set herself to teach it to pray. Ultimately, with a most joyous countenance, the ghost told her that she had indeed led it to its Redeemer and won its release; and at the same time seven tiny spirits—the spirits of the children it had had on earth—appeared in a circle about it and sang melodiously. Nor did they leave her until the protecting apparition of her grandmother interrupted their thanksgivings and bade them be gone.

Whether or no the happy ghost notified others in kindred plight of the success that had attended her efforts, it is certain that, if the contemporary records are to be accepted, the few short years of life remaining to her were largely occupied in ministering to the wants of distressed spirits. Phantom monks, nobles, peasants, pressed upon her with terrible tales of misdeeds unatoned, and begged her to instruct them in the prayers which were essential to salvation. There was one specially importunate group, the apparitions of a young man, a young woman, and a new born child wrapped in ghostly rags, which gave her no peace for months. The child, they said, was theirs and had been murdered by them, and the young woman in her turn had been murdered by the young man. Naturally, they were in an unhappy frame of mind, and until she was able to send them on their way rejoicing their conduct and language were so extravagant that they appalled her more than did any other of the numerous seekers for grace and rest.

The dead were not the only ones to whom she ministered. Side by side with the gift of ghost seeing and ghost conversing, and with the no less remarkable gift of speaking in an unknown tongue and of setting forth the mysteries of the hereafter, she

developed the peculiar faculty of peering into the innermost being of spirits still in the flesh, detecting the obscure causes of disease, and prescribing remedies. Strange to say, her own health remained poor, and gradually she became so feeble that from day to day her death seemed imminent. But her parents were resolved to do all they could for her, and at last be-thought themselves of placing her in the hands of the much talked of physician, Justinus Kerner, who lived in the pleasant valley town of Weinsberg and was said to be an adept in every branch of the healing art, notably in the mesmerism which alone appeared to benefit her. To Kerner, therefore, she was sent; and it is not difficult to imagine the delight with which she exchanged the gloomy mountain forests for the verdant meadows and fragrant vineyards of Weinsberg.

Kerner, who is better known to the present generation as mystic and poet than as physician, was justly accounted one of the celebrities of the day. Eccentric and visionary, he was yet a man of solid learning and an intense patriot. It was owing to him, as his biographers fondly recall, that Weinsberg's most glorious monument, the well named Weibertrube, was not suffered to fall into utter neglect, but was instead restored to remind all Germans of that distant day, in the long gone twelfth century, when the women of Weinsberg, securing from the conqueror the promise that their lives would be spared, and that they might take with them from the doomed city their most precious belongings, staggered forth under the burden not of jewels and treasure but of their husbands, whom they carried in their arms or on their backs. Thus was a massacre averted, and thus did the name of "Woman's Faithfulness" attach itself to the castle in the shadow of which Kerner spent his days. But at the time of which we write neither the castle nor poetry held first place in his thoughts; instead, he was absorbed in the practice of his profession. And so, with the ardor of the enthusiast and the sympathy of the true physician, he welcomed to Weinsberg the sufferer of whom he had heard much and of whom he was to become both doctor and biographer. It was in November, 1826, that he first met her. She was then twenty-five, and thus had been for six years in a state of almost constant ill health. Her very appearance moved him profoundly. Her fragile body, he relates in the graphic word picture he drew, enveloped her spirit but as a gauzy veil. She was extremely small, with Oriental features and dark lashed eyes that were at once penetrating and "prophetic." When she spoke his conviction deepened that he was looking on one who belonged more to the world of the dead than to the world of the living; and he speedily became persuaded that she actually did, as she claimed, commune with the dead. Less than a month after her arrival at Weinsberg, and being in the trance condition that was now frequent with her, she announced to him that she had been visited by a ghost, which insisted on showing her a sheet of paper covered with figures and begged her to give it to his wife, who was still alive and would understand its significance and the duty devolving upon her of making restitution to the man he had wronged in life.

Kerner was thunderstruck at recognizing, from her description, a Weinsberg lawyer who had been dead for some years and was thought to have defrauded a client out of a large sum of money. Eagerly he plied Frederica with questions, among other things asking her to endeavor to locate the paper of which the ghost spoke.

"I see it," said she, dreamily. "It lies in a building which is sixty paces from my bed. In this I see a large and a smaller room. In the latter sits a tall gentleman, who is working at a table. Now he goes out, and now he returns. Beyond these rooms there is one still larger, in which are some chests and a long table. On the table is a wooden thing,—I cannot name it—

and on this lie three heaps of paper; and in the center one, about the middle of the heap, lies the sheet which so torments him."

Knowing that this was an exact account of the office of the local bailiff, Kerner hastened to that functionary with the astonishing news, and was still more astonished when the bailiff told him that he had been occupied precisely as she said. Together they searched among the papers on the table, but could find none in the lawyer's handwriting. Frederica, however, was insistent, adding that one corner of the paper in question was turned down and that it was inclosed in a stout brown envelope. A second search proved that she was right, and on opening the paper it was found to contain not only figures but an explicit reference to a private account book of which the lawyer's widow had denied all knowledge. Still more striking was the fact that when the bailiff as a test placed the paper in a certain position on his desk and went to Frederica, pretending that he had it with him, she correctly informed him where it was and read it off to him word by word.

Although the sequel was rather unsatisfactory, inasmuch as the widow persisted in asserting that she knew nothing of a private account book and refused to yield a penny to the injured client, Kerner was so impressed by this exhibition of supernatural power that in order to study his patient more closely, he had her removed from her lodgings to his own house. Thither also, as soon as he learned that their presence seemed to increase her susceptibility to the occult influences by which she was surrounded, he brought her sister and the maid servant of the falling candle episode.

Then ensued greater marvels than had ever bewitched the family at Oberstenfeld. Invisible hands threw articles of furniture at the enthusiastic doctor and his friends, ghostly fingers sprinkled lime and gravel on the flooring of his halls and rooms, spirit knuckles beat lively tattoos on walls, tables, chairs, and bedsteads. And all the while ghosts with criminal pasts flocked in and out, seeking consolation and advice. Only once or twice, however, did the physician himself see anything even remotely resembling a ghost. On one occasion a cloudy shape floated past his window, and on another he saw at Frederica's bedside a pillar of vapor, which she afterward told him was the specter of a tall old man who had visited her twice before.

But if he neither saw the ghosts nor heard them speak, it was sufficiently demonstrated to him that they were really in evidence. The knocking, furniture throwing, and gravel sprinkling were the least of the wonders of which it was permitted him to be a witness. Once, when Frederica was taking an afternoon nap, a spirit that was evidently solicitous for her comfort drew off her boots, and in his presence carried them across the room to where her sister was standing by a window. Again at midnight, after a preliminary knocking on the walls, he observed another spirit, or possibly the same, open a book she had been reading which was lying on her bed.

Most marvelous of all, when her father died she herself enacted the role of ghost, the news of his death being conveyed to her supernaturally and her cry of anguish being supernaturally conveyed back to the room where his corpse lay, in Oberstenfeld, and where it was distinctly heard by the physician who had attended him in his last moments. After this crowning piece of testimony the good Kerner felt that no doubt of her unheard powers could remain in the most skeptical mind.

Judge, then, of his dismay and grief when he saw her visibly fading away, daily growing more ethereal of form and feature, more weak in body and spirit. It was his belief that the ghosts were robbing her of her vitality, and earnestly but vainly he strove to banish them. She herself declared, with a tone of indescribable relief,

(Continued on page 6.)



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#### HEALING MONOPOLISTS.

The Garret Philosopher, in the Buf-  
falo Illustrated Sunday Express, has  
some cogent thoughts on the claims of  
various healing cults:

The Emmanuel Church healers and  
the Reverend Cameron Davis hasten to  
tell you that their method of healing  
has nothing to do with Christian Sci-  
ence, and the Christian Scientists are  
in just as much of a hurry to tell you  
that Christian Science has nothing in  
common with the Episcopal healing  
methods. There are columns of ex-  
planations from either side showing  
clearly how the other errs in not go-  
ing far enough or in going too far, or in  
using a wrong principle, or in using a  
right principle wrongly.

How kind fate is to those who stand  
at the quiet center, unlabeled, unbiased,  
unattached; seeing the good in all  
things and taking the good from all  
things; free from criticism, super-  
stition and chains!

Surrounded by that mysterious force,  
electricity, we patiently watch its de-  
velopment along many lines. This man  
has discovered that it will carry the  
passenger trains out of the Grand Cen-  
tral Station, New York City. Another  
has made it carry the sound of a baby's  
voice across the state. It would  
not advance civilization should the dis-  
coverer of the telegraph call the tele-  
phone a fraud or the inventor of the  
phonograph deny the possibility of  
wireless telephony.

And here we are surrounded by an-  
other great force of which we have the  
smallest comprehension. Instead of  
working patiently like men in the labora-  
tory to discover its laws and gain its  
assistance, we begin our petty bicker-  
ing. Why we always save our pea-  
shooters for the most important science  
of all, the science of the soul and its  
growth, kind heaven only knows. It  
may be that we fought over the thing  
we called religion in the dark ages un-  
til it came to be a nasty habit.

Is it not possible that all these groups  
of thinkers are working along some sci-  
entific and important line and that each  
can give to the others? The Christian  
Scientists have helped their thousands.  
They have perfected a powerful organi-  
zation, have awakened the world to the  
power of the unity of thought, have, as  
Alice Hubbard says in the Philistine,  
done much to rid the world of its great-  
est devil, fear, and have given us a very  
improving example of good living and  
service.

The new movement in the Episcopal  
Church already has healing and uplift-  
ing and other godly works to its credit.  
Other cults and organizations and indi-  
viduals are working upon the great uni-  
versal, free-for-all principle, that God  
is all-good, and that man may claim his  
sonship with the Father here and now.

Why not take all you can, use all you  
can, understand as you can, without ig-  
noring or criticizing the work of all the  
other men in the world's laboratory?

Men are dying every day, souls are  
clouded, and hearts are suffering be-  
cause we are wrapped in red galoon.

Out upon the inky boys, Ignorance  
and Superstition!

There is but one class of healers that  
we know of who make no claim of hav-  
ing the only correct way of healing by  
spiritual, psychic or mental processes.  
That class is the Spiritualists. We  
maintain that any of these methods of  
healing, whether they have a special  
label or not, are the result of the use of  
natural principles, that they are inher-  
ent in the race and can be developed by  
use in varying proportions to the per-  
son who attempts to use the healing  
power as nature has supplied him, with-  
out belonging to any church, society or  
institution, or having any special reli-  
gious belief.

Wonderful cures have been made by  
mediums, priests, Christian Scientists,  
disciples of nearly all religious move-  
ments, and many who claim no con-  
nection with any of them. Diseases  
that have been pronounced incurable by  
the ablest of drug doctors have easily  
succumbed to the magnetic and other  
healers who used no drugs.

Different methods of operation have  
been used to bring about similar results,  
but no one can monopolize any more of

#### EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE.

A fire, a mist, and a planet,  
A crystal and a cell,  
A jelly fish and a saurian  
And a cave where the cave men dwell.  
Then a sense of law and beauty  
And a face turned from the clod,  
Some call it evolution,  
Others call it God.

A mist on the far horizon,  
The tender, infinite sky,  
The rich, ripe tints of the cornfields  
And the wild geese sailing by;  
And all over lowland and upland  
The charm of the golden rod,  
Some of us call it Autumn,  
Others call it God.

Like waves on a crescent sea beach,  
When the moon is new and thin,  
Into our souls great yearning come,  
Welling and surging in;  
Come from that mystic ocean,  
Whose rim no foot hath trod,  
Some of us call it longing,  
Others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,  
A mother starved for her brood,  
Socrates drinking the hemlock,  
And Jesus on the rood;  
And thousands who, humble and nameless,  
The straight, hard path may trod,  
Some call it consecration,  
And others call it God.

—William Herbert Carruth.

the great healing principle than his na-  
ture can supply and the spirit can apply  
through him.

Mrs. Eddy learned some of her first  
lessons when she was a Spiritualist me-  
dium, her denials to the contrary, not-  
withstanding, for there are those living  
who knew her as such and who had sit-  
tings with her. By setting up a monop-  
oly she has been enabled to gain millions  
of dollars which she could not have done  
simply as a medium.

Spiritualists, through knowledge  
from the spirit world, have taught and  
practiced healing without drugs, in  
various ways, for nearly sixty years,  
and none of the imitators under other  
names have done anything more won-  
derful.

Such manifestations of healing power  
have been given in all ages, but the ig-  
norance, cupidity and superstition of  
physicians and theologians have kept  
the world from enjoying the greatest  
of blessings, good health.

In this issue is a letter from Harrison  
D. Barrett which ought to set all Spir-  
itualists thinking, and then they ought  
to follow their thinking by immediate  
action. The continued attempt upon  
the part of our enemies to destroy and  
prevent the practice of mediumship  
makes it necessary for all who wish to  
enjoy the freedom that the constitution  
is supposed to give to unite, for in union  
there is strength, to combat the united  
efforts of the hosts that are opposing  
our cause from all quarters.

We may ask for spirit guidance, but  
if we do not go down into our pockets  
and give of our surplus, as well as make  
some sacrifices to protect ourselves, we  
will be left in the great struggle to  
better humanity, for without organized  
effort but little can be accomplished to  
defeat oppressive legislation or police  
regulations. The need of local, county,  
state and national organizations was  
never more apparent than today. When  
a man like George H. Brooks has to  
suffer arrest on a charge of fortune  
telling it is not only time that our pre-  
sent organizations should be maintained,  
but that their system be improved, so  
that every society and member shall be  
required to contribute, as is done in all  
other organizations.

The state of Pennsylvania is greatly  
in need of a strong association, that the  
imbecile law on its statute books be  
forced off by the public opinion that  
such an organization may bring about.

Put not yourself into amazement,  
how these things should be; all  
difficulties are but easy when they are  
known.—Shakespeare.

#### The Need of the Hour.

The condition of our movement in  
America to-day is such as to give  
every true Spiritualist no little con-  
cern. There never was a time when  
apathy was so general among those  
who should be earnest supporters of  
the cause of organization, from the  
local up to the National Association,  
as there is to-day. Many societies  
report membership lists of five, seven  
and nine persons. It is true that a  
few declare that there are several hun-  
dred names on their rolls, but these  
are exceptions, and not the rule. Just  
why this condition should obtain so  
generally throughout the nation is a  
problem to which every Spiritualist  
should most earnestly devote himself  
in order that a solution of the same  
may be found and a remedy applied.

Many Spiritualists contribute more  
or less to the support of local work,  
yet refuse to unite with their home  
societies. One such said to the writer,  
a few days ago, "I attend the meet-  
ings, and contribute every month to  
the support of the society, but I will  
not join it so long as the present  
methods of work are followed. I do  
not like platform messages after the  
lectures and will not ally myself with  
my brethren to be outvoted on this  
point." Another said, "I do not  
like public lectures. What we want  
is the platform message. If the so-  
ciety would employ message mediums  
only, it would get along much better."

Here are two extreme views of local  
society work as it exists to-day. Is  
there a broad, secure and tenable mid-  
dle ground?  
Phenomena are as valuable as they  
ever were, and should have an honored  
place in the presentation of our truths  
to the world. I frankly confess that I  
am convinced that no phenomena should  
be presented to a promiscuous au-  
dience, hence feel that messages  
should not follow the lectures. There  
should be special hours set apart for  
phenomenal work, but there should be  
no attempt to mix phenomena and  
philosophy at the same service. People  
who enjoy a religious service, and  
relish an intellectual address, do not  
like to have our meetings reduced to  
the level of vaudeville amusements.

When phenomena of a sensational  
character are introduced, religious  
instruction departs from our meetings,  
and the people who seek it go to the  
churches, where they can get it. It  
is a matter of remark everywhere that  
the progressive clergymen of orthodox  
and heterodox persuasions are teaching  
the higher truths of Spiritualism.  
This being true, the cause of so many  
Spiritualists being in the churches is  
not hard to find.

Another reason may be advanced for  
the weakness of our local societies.  
It is the selfish indifference of many  
Spiritualists to the welfare of the  
Cause. They do not unite with any  
of our societies, and refuse to  
contribute one penny to keep up the  
work. They have gotten hold of a  
segment of truth, have egotistically  
assumed that they have it all, and  
then withdrawn from all association  
with people of their own faith. To  
such people as these the dollar is more  
precious than principle. Their refusal  
to aid the movement is based wholly  
upon motives that are both sordid and  
selfish. They are free from the neces-  
sity of supporting the church, so they  
are "getting even" for what they  
have paid out by refusing to contribute  
to the support of Spiritualism. These  
are the mercenary, penurious, small-  
souled people, who claim to be Spirit-  
ualists, and are always boasting of  
what they did for the Cause twenty  
years or less ago.

There is yet another class to be  
considered. It consists of those who  
are always declaring that the great  
majority of the Spiritualists are poor,  
hence cannot afford to give. I have  
met the Spiritualists of America upon  
their native heaths in every state and  
territory in the Union, with the excep-  
tion of Alaska. I believe I know their  
financial standing, and their ability to  
do, fairly well, at least. The asser-  
tion that the Spiritualists as a people  
are poor is a bare-faced lie! Man to  
man, they are in as affluent circum-  
stances as are the followers of any  
other movement on the face of the  
earth! Even in cases where the in-  
dividual incomes are very moderate  
there is no Spiritualist too poor to  
give one dollar per year to Spiritual-  
ism! I heard one man deplore his in-  
ability to do for the Cause by reason  
of his poverty. Observing that he  
used tobacco, I asked him how much  
the weed cost him per week on the  
average. He replied, "Oh, only  
twenty cents." Only twenty cents  
per week! Here was a man who could  
spend \$10.40 per year for tobacco, yet

was too poor to give even one  
per year to Spiritualism!

A certain society once fi-  
nanced a membership fee at fifty cen-  
directed that the annual dues  
members should also be fifty  
Two women, well dressed, in  
health, with cash enough in  
spend six weeks at a camp  
opposed both the fees and the  
the ground that they were too  
pay such exorbitant (?) sums.  
preferred no fee at all, like  
dues, but were willing to com-  
upon twenty-five cents in b-  
stances. These very women  
constant attendance upon  
some of which were so rank  
seate even the extreme "dead-  
with whom I was once classed  
fear of poverty is a makes  
deliberate attempt to shirk  
duty. No intelligent Spiritu-  
cepts it for a single momen-  
man or woman who earns only  
lar per day is rich enough to g-  
dollar per year to the sup-  
Spiritualism. Those who do  
so are selfish ingrates and  
shirks. Yea, they are S-  
kleptomaniacs!

What is the first great need  
hour? The quickening of the con-  
of the average individual Spi-  
is the paramount issue of the  
When that task has been per-  
each person will have a clear  
tion of duty, and esteem it a p-  
to do something for Spiritu-  
How can this work of quicken-  
accomplished? Of course, I  
that it can be done by the N.  
but not until that body has s-  
capital at its command to enal-  
maintain its activities as they  
be. The first step, then, fo-  
take as a people is to endow  
S. A. There are a few of  
the necessity of prompt, cor-  
and untiring labor is apparent.  
few must sacrifice and give, g-  
sacrifice, again and again, un-  
N. S. A. treasury is well filled  
there ten thousand Spiritua-  
whom Spiritualism is worth ter-  
each? Are there five thousa-  
are willing to give twenty  
each? Are there two thousa-  
prize their religion fifty dollar  
Are there one thousand who are  
to donate one hundred dollars  
such a worthy enterprise? If  
no millions of Spiritualists in  
ica. There are not more than  
of us, all told. Every one of t-  
000 is rich in his possession  
sweetest and holiest truths ever  
safed to man. All of us are abu-  
able to give five dollars each  
endowment fund. Let us gi-  
fifth as much as we can affo-  
give it now. It is only one  
and one dollar from every Spi-  
in America means the future s-  
Spiritualism. The Roman or-  
old closed all of his addresses v-  
words, "Carthage must be destr-  
As Spiritualists, the closing v-  
our address should be, "Spiri-  
must be sustained."

HARRISON D. BAR-

New York, Jan. 10,

EDITOR SUNFLOWER:

The Sunflower of 28th was a  
issue. The article upon the S-  
the article showing the sad re-  
suicide, which is prevailing to  
extent at the present time; the  
entire paper is full of valu-  
struction, and I shall urge other  
me in getting all subscriptions p-

Our public schools have done v-  
for our Republic and Spiritua-  
ize it is only in its incipient sta-  
our thinkers must see to it t-  
make an advanced step. We mu-  
a well sustained Spiritual paper  
state.

TITUS MER-

Washington, D. C.

The Spiritual Science of Wash-  
D. C., holds meetings in Wonn's  
721 6th street N.W., Sundays at  
Mrs. May A. Price, president a-  
tor, is giving very instructive le-  
presenting the scientific side  
philosophy of Spiritualism, and p-  
it the basic principle in all re-  
She follows the lecture with  
spirit messages and psychometri-  
ings, clearly given and easily reco-  
The society holds weekly meet-  
Mrs. Price's home, 224 First st-  
E., for the study of the phen-  
both mental and physical. Str-  
visiting the city are cordially inv-  
call. JULIA FRENCH, Secre-

Go often to the house of thy  
for weeds choke up the unused p-  
"Alms given in secret; that  
charity which brings a blessing-  
sweet enjoyment to be able to  
little happiness around us! W-  
easy, an agreeable task is that  
ing to render others happy!"

#### Mrs. Cornelia Hart Suter.

This early medium vacated her  
physical form December 17, at her late  
residence, 313 East 158th street, Bronx,  
N. Y., aged 69 years.

Rev. Madison C. Peters officiated at  
the funeral the 20th inst. Her rela-  
tives and many friends present were  
well pleased with his sermon, for he is  
a liberal, rational preacher. Death,  
its true meaning and results, were  
presented in a plain, concise manner.  
Mrs. Suter left a daughter, Lily, and  
a brother, William P. Maynard. She  
was the daughter of Elisha Allen  
Maynard, founder of the Buffalo Daily  
Republic, and was the first to introduce  
a steam-power press in Buffalo, about  
1846. In 1850 the Fox Sisters had an  
earnest call from doctors and scientists  
to visit that city. They were put  
through crucial tests and fully explod-  
ed the toe-joint theory advanced by the  
learned doctors. Mr. E. A. Maynard  
and daughter, Cornelia H., soon be-  
came converts. His residence soon  
became the home for mediums and  
lecturers, viz: Miss Cora L. V. Scott,  
(Richmond), E. V. Wilson, Selden J.  
Finney, Emma Hardinge, Albert Ben-  
net Whiting, S. B. Brittan, William  
Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, and  
many others.

Mrs. Suter had a good degree of  
mediumship. I attended many of her  
seances. She was well calculated to  
encourage new investigators. About  
1863 she was introduced to Miss Nettie  
Colburn, known at that time as the  
Lincoln medium, and traveled with  
her, giving seances at Washington,  
Baltimore and Philadelphia, and intro-  
duced Miss Colburn to her brother,  
William P. Maynard, resulting in  
marriage, and they resided at White  
Plains for many years. Her brother  
was postmaster at White Plains, N.  
Y., for two years and she took care of  
the money-order department. Her  
remains were cremated, as she  
earnestly requested.

TITUS MERRITT.

#### 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.

Dr. J. M. Peebles is interesting the  
people at Tampa, Fla., where he is stay-  
ing for a time, with lectures on India  
and matters pertaining to its magic,  
etc. The Tampa Evening News has a  
long and very complimentary article  
about our veteran friend.

## LILY DALE NEWS.

## HYPNOTISM AND CRIME.

Mr. Waite is reported to be very low. Mrs. Mary Todd and Mrs. Lottie Gens are sick.

Mr. I. R. Raymond spent Wednesday in Dunkirk.

The last Saturday night dance was well attended.

Dr. Duke of Fredonia was in town one day last week.

Mr. Green, Mr. Winge and Mr. Carroll spent Monday in Dunkirk.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Piersons are spending the week in Jamestown.

The Ladies' Home Aid will hold its next meeting with Mrs. G. Turner.

Mrs. Emma Woodcock of Fredonia spent last week with her sister, Mrs. Nellie Warren.

The young people of this place are enjoying the fine skating. The ice is about six inches thick.

School commences January 20th, after four weeks' vacation. Miss Fox of Cassadaga will teach again.

Mrs. Emma Beebe passed away at her home in Rochester recently. Mrs. Beebe has spent many years here.

Miss Flossie Griswold of Warren, Pa. was here to attend the dance last Saturday evening at Library Hall.

Word was received that Mrs. Yauntz, formerly Miss Gene Gleen, committed suicide at her home in Newark, O. Mrs. Yauntz has spent many summers here.

Mrs. Shafer and Henry Shafer are sick.

Madam Grundy says we have scarlet fever in the Hudson family.

Mrs. Maxham is among the sick people who receives "at home."

The Scotts will run the Leolyn. It is uncertain about the Maplewood.

The Champlain restaurant will open early in the season. Plenty to eat, drinks to order.

Mrs. George Gens and baby have been very sick. Mrs. Horton and Dr. Henderson were in attendance.

The familiar face of Mr. Woodcock is seen on our streets. He is spending the winter with Mrs. Warren.

The New Year's party at Maggie Turner's was represented by four generations. May they continue until it is six.

Riley Johnson is a great sufferer from throat trouble. He may win in the battle for life, but the chances are against him.

Grayson Green and Fred Wenge will open a dining hall next season in the Green cottage. That is what report says.

This is leap year. The old ladies of the Home Aid and Auxiliary would do well to give a series of Leap Year Socials and a dance.

The Whist Club met with Mr. and Mrs. Gamp Thursday evening. The next meeting will be with the Richardses, in Second street.

Report says Maggie Turner is going to Little Washington. Look a leedle budt, Maggie, there is a proclamation in Pennsylvania which says thou shalt not!

Lucy Green is still with us. She is an honorary member of the Home Aid, the Sunday Circles, and the Whist Club. Lucy is always one of us and ever welcome.

Minnie Mecker passed over at 4 p. m. Saturday, January 11, 1908. She has not been well for some time, but has been around and cared for herself to the last day.

We learn from the Buffalo News of the death of John Harsch of Holland, a prominent young business man, and son-in-law of Mr. Edwin Kent, who has been numbered among our summer residents for a number of years.

A new disease has struck Lily Dale, and many people have been seriously sick. Just imagine that you have come in contact with the business end of a swarm of furious bees, and you have it down fine. It is a real live thing, whether it is a new kind of bacteria, or the old-fashioned bacteria, no one knows. Whatever it is, the doctors are puzzled.

The Ladies' Home Aid met with Mrs. Dowd Thursday the 9th. It was a lively session. Mrs. Minnie Henderson and Mrs. Rouse of Titusville were present and enjoyed the discussion and music. Embroidery, carpet rags, patchwork and the needles were not idle, and the laugh went 'round. The next meeting will be at Mrs. Knott's, in Marion street. Please send us a package.

The Sunflower, \$1.00 a year.

Can an innocent man be forced to commit a crime by a villain who has hypnotized him? Professor Munsterberg, of Harvard, who writes on the subject in McClure's Magazine (New York, January), believes this to be much more unlikely than is generally supposed; and he adduces plausible reasons for his belief. In the first place, he assures us, a person can be hypnotized only through his own imagination—never at a distance and without his knowledge. He says: "All the stories of a secret influence by which one man's will gets hold of another man's mind are remains of the mesmeric theories of the past. Today we know that everything depends upon the attention and imagination of the hypnotized, and that no mysterious fluid can flow over from the mind of the hypnotist to the mind of the subject. The old mystical view of unscientific superstition reached its climax in the prevalent belief that a man could exert secret influence from a distance, without the victim's knowledge of the source of the uncanny distortion of his mind. According to this belief, every heinous crime might be committed under that cover; the distant hypnotizer could inflict pain and suffering on his enemy, and could misuse the innocent as instruments of his criminal schemes."

"Of course, there is no reason to deny that a person may fall into the hypnotic state while the hypnotizer is in another place. The only condition is that he must have been hypnotized by him before and that his own imagination must have been captured by the thought of the absent hypnotizer. I myself have repeatedly hypnotized by telephone, or even by mail. For instance, I treated a morphinist who at first came daily to my laboratory to be hypnotized; later it was sufficient to tell him over the telephone, 'Take out your watch; in two minutes you will fall asleep'; or to write to him, 'As soon as you have read this note you will be in the hypnotic state.' I thus had the 'malicious' influence, even at a distance, but it was not by will power; it was by the power of his own imagination; at the time when he read my note in his suburb, and fell asleep, I was not thinking of him at all. As a matter of course, such influence by correspondence would have been impossible had not repeated hypnotization in personal contact preceded."

"The chief factor is confidence. Any one who saw the hypnotic effects when the greatest master of hypnotism, Professor Bernheim, of Nancy, in France, went from bed to bed in the clinics, simply saying, 'Sleep, sleep,' felt that, indeed, no one else could have attained that influence. But it was not because he had a special power; the chief point was that the whole population about Nancy went to him with an exaggerated tension of expectancy and confidence."

To what degree, then, is criminal action possible as the result of hypnotism? A villain often gains control of the mind of a weak person by methods that are akin to the hypnotic. This sort of influence, Professor Munsterberg acknowledges, is pregnant with social danger, but it requires long and persistent work and is probably effective only with neurotic persons who are specially disposed to it. It always falls short of complete hypnotism. But can not a person be hypnotized in the ordinary way and then ordered to commit crime? This sort of thing has been many times imitated in the laboratory, yet the imitation crimes of the laboratory are not the real thing, after all. Professor Munsterberg says: "I have seen men killing with paper daggers and poisoning with white flour and shooting with empty revolvers in the libraries of nerve specialists or in laboratory rooms; with doctors sitting by and watching the performance; but I have never become convinced that there did not remain in the mind of the hypnotized a back-ground idea of artificiality, and that this idea overcame the resistance which would be prohibitive in actual life. To bring absolute proof of this conviction is hardly possible, since we can not really kill for the sake of experiment."

There is, however, a kind of hypnotic crime in whose possibility Professor Munsterberg believes—that where the hypnotized person can be made to believe that the act he commits is innocent or trivial. Says the writer:

"You can not make an honest man steal and kill, but can make him perform many other actions which are not immoral so far as action is concerned

## Questions.

Dictated by a Spirit Voice to Mrs. May A. Price, Medium.

I wish I could speak of the things that I know,  
Of the sharp iron darts, of the things that do go,  
Winged by thought, tipped with gold,  
Or with steel sharp and cold  
As the blast of the arctic, so I have been told.  
Are we here to go on in this haphazard way,  
Are we making the best of our lives every day?  
Are we drinking the wine the gods for us brew,  
Or are sands from the desert all that comes to you?  
How shall I give my best here and now,  
If fields for a harvest I may not plow?  
How give the world the thought tipped with gold,  
Or with ruby, or pearl, of value untold?  
How give them love if the heart strings do break?  
For love in a song in the soul must awake.  
But the broken strings of the harp, will they speak?  
The empty cage holds no music sweet.  
How shall I tell you the thought that I catch?  
How open the door if there is no latch?  
How find peace if our life holds naught  
But the ashes of faith the cold world has brought?  
How shall I tell you the good that I know,  
If over my life there is nothing but snow?  
How must I speak if I yet may not say,  
The hand that is God has shown us the way?  
How is our life to be fullest and best?  
Shall we drink of no joy, lest  
The wine cup of life hold the dregs  
Of the damned, and be bitter at last?  
Shall we go on our way, only knowing that this,  
The life of the soul, has missed half its bliss?  
Shall we gain the full light of God's holy love,  
The light that is said to come from above?  
Shall we know that we live for eternal things,  
Or believe in that which soon will take wings?  
Shall we grasp the great joy that love to us brings,  
Love that is highest, of eternal things?  
May we not know the joy of the gods, here and now,  
May not divinity crown each brow?

and which yet have criminal character. A scoundrel, perhaps, gives the post-hypnotic suggestion that his subject call at a lawyer's and deposit with him a last will leaving all his property to the hypnotizer. Here no resistance from moral principle is involved; the man who throws away all he owns acts in accordance with the order because here the impulse is not checked by the habits of a trained conscience. We can add one more step which is entirely possible: the hypnotizer may see an opportunity to give the further post-hypnotic suggestion of suicide. The next day the victim is found dead in his room. Everything indicates that he took his own life; there is not the least suspicion; and the hypnotizer is his heir in consequence of the spurious last will. Similar cases have been reported, and this explanation of them is not impossible. The ease with which any hypnotizer can cover the traces of his crime by special suggestions makes the situation the more dangerous.

"In this group belong also the post-hypnotic perjuries. Of course, if the man on the witness-stand knew that he swore falsely, his moral convictions would rebel, as in the case of theft and murder. But he believes what he swears; on his side there is no crime, but merely confusion of ideas and falsified memory; the crime belongs entirely to the one who fabricated the artificial delusion. Other cases refer to simple fraud. The post-hypnotic suggestion may force one man to pay the price of real pearls for glass pearls, and may induce another man to buy a house which is useless to him. The physician who is a trained psychologist will have no difficulty in assisting the court in such situations and in making the right diagnosis; on the other hand, without thorough experience in scientific psychology, no one will be able to disentangle such cases, be he physician or not."—The Literary Digest.

## Prof. George Plummer

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## A New Kind of Spirit Photography.

For the encouragement of those contemplating forming spirit circles in the home, allow me to relate the experience of one such, held on October 1st last in Belper. The circle in question has been held regularly on Tuesday evenings weekly for the last six years, one of the members, a young lady, developing as medium. She is of a very retiring disposition, and has in the past objected to publicity being given to that which has transpired at the seances in question. But after earnest solicitation by certain members of our Society, the medium is gradually throwing off the restraint, and we look forward with hope for the future, feeling sure she will be a valuable acquisition to our Society, and stand shoulder to shoulder with others in our ranks whom we feel proud to name as fellow-workers for the grand truths of Spiritualism.

On the occasion above referred to the seance began with singing the opening hymn, Holy Spirit, Kindly Bless Us. The medium offered a prayer, asking a blessing upon the efforts put forth, after which the controlling intelligence, through the medium, asked for a sheet of newspaper and a pair of scissors, which were at once supplied. Then, handing the paper and scissors to one of the sitters, Mr. E. Holland (our assistant organist), the control requested that he would cut a narrow strip off the sheet, and then cut five small pieces about three-quarters of an inch in length, which was done. The medium then placed one of the pieces opposite each of the five persons present, and asked them to place their hands upon the table over the small pieces of paper and wait.

We then sang a portion of the hymn, Lo! In The Golden Sky, after which the medium said, "Now remove your hands," and directed each one to turn their piece of paper over. The first one was not altered in the least. The second showed a grey coloring all over, and the surface polished. The third, upon being turned, revealed a good photograph of the hands of our young friend, E. Holland, well defined and with a polished surface. The remaining two were as the first one, and had not undergone any change in appearance.

Now I must here state that an ordinary oil lamp was burning full on in the room during the whole of the seance, and the time occupied, from the hands being placed over the small pieces of paper until the direction was given to uncover them, was certainly

not more than three or four minutes. The six persons, medium included, have no knowledge whatever of photography, have never in any way assisted in the science or manipulated a camera in their lives, and no chemicals or anything used by a photographer were in the house at the time; in fact, they had not the slightest idea what the result of the seance was going to be.

The photo has not faded since the date given, but remains as good as when produced. I may here say this is not the only photo I have seen that has been obtained direct in Belper, produced by those witnesses of our lives and actions who have simply gone behind the veil, which I firmly believe is in many cases composed of a gossamer-like substance that a breath will nearly remove.—George Wheelton in The Two Worlds.

## MEDIUMS' AND SPEAKERS' DIRECTORY

Mediums and speakers frequently lose engagements because people do not know where to find them. To avoid this have your name and address listed in this directory, under the proper heading. Speakers and public mediums who subscribe for or advertise in the Sunflower by the year, can, upon application, have their names and addresses placed in this column under one heading free of charge. If more than one heading is desired, \$1.00 per year for each heading. Those marked with a star will attend funerals.

## MESSAGE MEDIUMS.

\*Mary E. Clark, 351 So. Warren St., Syracuse, N. Y.  
Fred B. Niles, 38 Gay St., Marlboro, Mass.  
Mrs. Tyler Moulton, 424 Lilly Ave., Columbus, O.  
Mrs. Elise Stumpf, Lake Helen, Fla.  
Harriet H. Danforth, Lily Dale, N. Y.  
Charles Harding, 632 Dundas St., Woodstock, Ont.  
Mrs. B. W. Belcher, 233 Pleasant St., Marlboro, Mass.  
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## Where Are We At?

It takes time to sift things. Many important developments begin in chaos. Order is evolved as the elements of the movement take shape and expression. All science had its beginning in scattered incidents and confused observations. Folk-lore teems with the germs of science. Much that is sneered at as superstition contains these germs. After they become respectable by association they are science.

For forty years the great body of scientists sneered at the facts which have now become respectable by the associations of a name and the endorsement of a few noted men of science. But these are still held in doubtful value by the orthodox dictators of scientific creeds. But the scoffers are rapidly losing their standing as scientific authority. Professor Hare, Judge Edmunds and others of their type were scorned as lunatics or imbeciles by the quacks who assumed to be the criterion of scientific orthodoxy. A powerful effort was made to disparage the sanity of Professor Zollner after his investigations with Slade and the publication of his great book, *Transcendental Physics*. But now these ranting bigots of the schools are becoming quite decent, save when psychic questions are approached. The semi-chaotic condition attending the great movement of modern Spiritualism in its unorganized period made it a prey to all varieties of cranks and pretenders, and the insane prejudice generated by the dominant sectarianism and the time-serving press, and the absurd opposition to organization by many prominent writers and speakers, must necessarily have retarded its healthy growth and minimized the numbers of open advocates. Even now, men noted for ability and a bold advocacy of unpopular truth play shy when they cross the line and touch the marvelous realities known to Spiritualists. R. Heber Newton and Minot J. Savage are examples of this. They both openly affirm convictions that the facts they have witnessed are best explained by the theory of Spiritualists. They even go further and occasionally admit that they find no other satisfactory explanation of the facts; and, further, that they believe that some of the facts, at least, are referable to the influence of exanimate human individuals. Yet these brilliant lights have repeatedly guarded their reputation for sanity by assuring the public that they are not Spiritualists. Why? Because there are some things associated with Spiritualism that they cannot endorse!

Now laugh. What can you find in modern Spiritualism that is weaker, or more absurd, than this very apology of these noted divines? Do they endorse all they find in the bible? Do they accept every thesis promulgated from the pulpit? Do they endorse all the dogmas of Calvinism? These are most intimately associated with Christianity, and presumably a part of it. Do they refuse to be known as Christians because the Church has often debauched its sacred name? Do they evade the Christian name because it was disgraced by Torquemada, and the murder of Hypatia and Bruno? How easy it is to be inconsistent.

We hear much complaint from Spiritualists because there are frauds perpetrated by pretended mediums, and perhaps, too, by real mediums who are morally weak. This is well. No one is so well qualified to sift evidence and detect fraud as a critical Spiritualist; and we, of all others, should be the most impartial and just in our methods and conclusions, and in our treatment of moral imbeciles. But hasty judgments and conclusions that are chiefly supported by prejudice are as harmless to Spiritualism and to true mediumship as are the fakes that so disgrace the cause. It is assumed that Spiritualism at this time is in a doubtful stage of evolution, and liable to drift backward, and lose all that has been gained in fifty-eight years of growth. I think there is nothing to justify such a conclusion. As a progressive movement its phases are constantly changing, and I believe there is a smaller per cent. of frauds in mediumship to-day than there was thirty years ago. There is, I think, more clean cut, reliable mediumship now than ever before, and more earnest thinking in the direction of higher Spiritualization, and more persons trying to apply the lessons derived from spirit communion, and less wild extremism led by fanatical temperaments now than thirty years ago. There is much to be said on this line which must wait for time.

The New Year has come with its invitations to all to search the arcana of nature and improve upon all the past. It is lighted with hope and thrilled with promise of the awakening of the su-

perior life within us. It offers us the room for the play of our faculties and the discovery of truth; and in all its charms the most significant and inspiring is the opportunities and invitations to study human life and needs, and to touch the barren places where innocence starves with a holy wand of healing love.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

## Church of Christian Spiritualists.

People in Buffalo are not generally aware that there is in their midst one of the most unique religious societies on the continent—the Church of the Christian Spiritualist, of which the Rev. George Hargrave MacNeill, D. D., is pastor. When one refers to Spiritualists the majority of people imagine a society the members of which are opposed to the teachings of the Bible. This is a mistake, however, for some of the members of this cult now accept the Scriptures as their guide, although the great majority interpret the book differently from the orthodox churches. But they do not reject God nor Jesus.

There are several Spiritualist societies in the city, but their services differ greatly from those of the Catholic and Protestant churches. But the Church of the Christian Spiritualist does not. Many of those who attended the services yesterday no doubt would have felt positive they were in a Protestant church of some kind had they not been informed otherwise.

The Church of the Christian Spiritualist was organized in Buffalo during the early part of last spring. The first service of the society was held on Sunday evening, June 8th, in Arnold's Academy, Main and Ferry street. The attendance numbered forty-eight, but each succeeding Sunday has shown a marked increase and deeper interest manifested in the general work and development of the church.

"No person can be admitted into full membership in our church until such person has been at least three months on probation," said the pastor. "And then he must be recommended by the deacons and stewards' meeting."

"The deaconesses of the church are doing very commendable work in ministering to the poor, visiting the sick, praying with the dying and seeking those far away from God."

"We believe that Christian Spiritualism has proved to the satisfaction of many the existence of the human personality after death. It proves communion between the natural and spiritual world. This enables us to talk with our departed friends, to receive messages of comfort and encouragement."

"It reveals to us the activity of a host of intelligences who are influencing the lives of all men from day to day, whether they recognize it or not, and this truth makes it possible for us to co-operate with the spirit if we will, to the wisest and highest ends."

"Christian Spiritualism opens the door to a knowledge of the condition of men after death, and also of the relation of initial conditions in the spirit world to the kind of life lived on earth. This means knowledge, based upon testimony or observation of the consequence of the law of retribution."

"When you are able to prove to a man what the consequences are and also that he must continue to exist whether he wants to or not, you lay a foundation in his mind for an ethical and religious system upon which you can build with entire confidence that a superstructure can now be erected, which can transform his whole life and save his soul."

"We believe that when Spiritualism places itself outside of Christianity it greatly weakens itself; because in reality it has nothing sufficiently concrete and effective to put in the place of Jesus."

Services are held every Sunday at this church, corner Main and East Ferry. A week day service is also held.—Buffalo Times.

## Turning Over A New Leaf.

As we look back upon the past we are fully aware of the many mistakes that we have made, and as we turn another page on our book of life we should form the resolve that, come what may, we will not willingly or wilfully, by thought, word or deed, do aught to sully the fair pages of our new year's book. We may not at first succeed, but when, at the close of each day, we thoughtfully scan the pages of our book, let us consider carefully the acts therein recorded. Our seeming failures are often blessings in disguise, so let us not be discouraged but endeavor at the turning of each new leaf to so live our lives that when our book of life is finished it may be of help and comfort to many.

ARLETA.

## SEERESS OF PREVORST.

(Continued from page 1.)

that she knew the end was near, and that she welcomed it, as she longed to attain the quiet of the grave with her father and Grandfather and Grandmother Schmidgall. When Kerner sought to cheer her with the assurance that she yet had many years to live, she silenced him with the tale of a gruesome vision. Three times, she said, there had appeared to her at dead of night a female figure, wrapped in black and standing beside an open and empty coffin, to which it beckoned her. But before she died she wished to see again the mountains of her childhood; and to the mountains Kerner carried her. There, on August 5, 1829, peacefully and happily, to the singing of hymns and the sobbing utterance of prayers, her soul took its flight.

## What are the True Conditions of Spirit Life?

How little we have learned of the real condition of those who have passed through the change called death, and who come or send their message to us. Many times the questions asked concerning the life of our spirit friends are answered by telling us they cannot find words to express, so we will understand the true life as they know it. Many tell of the summer-land. Where and what is it? We think of flowers, of balmy air, of grassy hills, of shade trees, and all the beauties of the country. We are told of schools, of musical progression, of labor of various kinds, and also of souls in prison, and in darkness. Do we really understand what all these conditions mean? Do we understand what is meant by the law of vibration?

We take so much for granted, think of the material life here, or what some one has told us, and come to hasty conclusions.

I am going to give a few illustrations, for those who have been to a place know best what is there, and are best able to enlighten us.

At a meeting at my home this winter a spirit came, and, giving her name and incidents connected with her life on earth to identify her, told of her home over there. She had been the colored nurse in the home of one of the gentlemen present, and in her simple way had lived an honest life, and, as she expressed it, "Done right by every one, and was all right there."

She had her ideal home, a three-room cottage, neat and tidy, a cow, a pig and a garden. She gave the message so that more than one medium in the room understood and all agreed in the statement. She seemed to find no trouble in coming into our atmosphere to give the message.

The law of vibration, transmission of thought, is the usual way of communication, but the thought is often expressed in pictures. We see the picture the other mind presents, instead of hearing the spoken words, thus proving that thoughts are creative. They are not things, but are the power that creates. When we can study deeply enough into this matter we will learn that everything is the result of thought and desire from some plane of consciousness and soul-unfoldment.

It is not always those who have been the greatest sinners who are in darkness, and not always the wise man, as we call the student of earth, who is most progressive. Ofttimes "A little child shall lead them."

Those who, with the simplicity of a child, with faith, for they have not learned to doubt, are only conscious of life and light and love, have no fears, for they know only of the good, go on in the light of the spirit, and know no darkness.

Thus the colored nurse, with her simple nature, had found peace and light, if not, great progression, and could come to us, as I find little children do, because she had not stopped to reason, and had not learned to fear.

But the man in whose home she had been a nurse also gave me a message regarding his condition over there. He was in partial darkness, as he explained it. I was able to see him, as if I looked from my window across a dark street into another window where there was light. He was there, but said he could not see me, could only see in the one room or space where he was. All beyond was darkness. If he tried to see those left on earth it was like looking into a dark cellar. If he tried to go to them he lost his way in the darkness and had to be led back by some one who was capable of going from one plane to another at will. He was safe, not unhappy, had been a good man, but appealed to his reason, and, in his

ignorance of psychic laws, lost his sight, just as we who are in the physical body lose sight of all we cannot see with the physical eye. He must learn as a little child learns to use its powers, and gain faith in himself, then he will find the light of the world, because there is light within himself.

It is said that we make our own conditions over there, build our own houses. They tell me it is true, that the book of life is for all to read, and not only each act but each thought has left an impress. If we injure people we cannot find peace till we have gained their forgiveness. We cannot forget, they cannot forget, and our thoughts as well as their thoughts become phantoms that haunt us. But it is ignorance that keeps spirits in prison, ignorance of psychic laws, ignorance of mental laws. How much need there is of study, of trying to learn how to live so as to make our lives profitable.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." It is the purity of the child that we must gain, and when we have found God we shall have found the light.

MRS. MAY A. PRICE.

Washington, D. C.

## A Sharp Line Drawn Between Spiritism and Spiritualism.

Spiritism is little if anything more than necromancy. As a fact it is as old as history, and was a re-discovery of the last century in this country.

Spiritism is a psychological science, a fact, a sort of modernized Babylonian necromancy. The baser portion of its devotees, hypnotized by the unembodied denizens of Hades, divine for dollars. It is promiscuous spirit commerce with a high tariff. It is from the lower spheres, and morally gravitates toward the dark. It has its legerdemain, its tricksters, frauds and frauds, and traveling tramps. They should be exposed and shunned as you would shun dens of adders. Spiritism, I repeat, is a fact, so is geology, so is mesmerism, so is telepathy, and so, also, is a rattlesnake's bite. Facts may be morally true or false. They may serve for purposes of good or direct ill. As an exhibition of wonders, as pabulum for skeptical atheists, who demand visible sight of the invisible infinite one, and insist upon a terrific clap of thunder to convince them of the existence of electricity, commercial spiritism, with its seeking for gold-fields, and hunting for "social affinities," with its attending shadowy hosts, manifesting in ill-ventilated seance rooms, may be a temporary necessity and to a degree useful, but it legitimately belongs, with such kindred subjects as mesmerism, to the category of the sciences.

But Spiritualism, originating in God, who is spirit, and grounded in man's moral nature, is a substantial fact, and infinitely more, a fact plus reason and conscience; a fact relating to moral and religious culture—a sublime spiritual truth ultimating in consecration to the good, the beautiful, and the heavenly.

Spiritualism, a grand moral truth, and a wisdom-religion, proffers the key that unlocks the mysteries of the ages. It constituted the foundation stones of all the ancient faiths. It was the vitalized soul of all past religions. It was the mighty uplifting force that gave to the world in all ages its inspired teachers and immortal leaders.

Rightly translated the direct words of Jesus are (John iv: 24) "Spirit is God." The spiritual is the real and the substantial. The spiritually minded are reverential. They are religious. Their life is a prayer. "The fruit of the spirit," said the apostle to the Gentiles, "is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." Spiritualism, by whatever name known, without the fruit of the spirit, without religion and its accompanying spiritual gifts, is only an empty shell—an offensive credal cadaver that should be buried without ecclesiastical formalities.

Spiritualism teaches salvation by character, or by the life, as did Paul in his higher moments, who said: "Being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life" (Romans v: 10). Yes, "by his life," or any man's life who has lived in harmony with the higher laws of nature. Accordingly all men and all women are saviors. I repeat, are saviors just in ratio that their intellectual, moral and spiritual lives have been helps to others.

J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.

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## Morris Pratt Institute.

Having of late received letters asking: "How is the Morris Pratt school getting along? I have been watching the Spiritualist papers for a report of its work," I will fall back on the old maxim, "Better late than never," and give the friends of the school a brief report of its present condition.

First, I will say we are having a fine school, never better. A more promising class of young men and women cannot be found in any school. All are in earnest to reach the goal of their desires, a more complete education. All seem to appreciate the advantages to be found in a school of this kind, where the broken threads can be taken up and carried forward by those who under adverse conditions have been deprived of schooling, it may have been for years, and who can here carry out their fondest desires, make up for the lost opportunities and obtain a liberal education.

A few days since I overheard one of our brightest students say to the professor: "I have already received the worth of my tuition, \$50, in the benefit I have received from my grammar lessons alone." Others say the same in their oratory work, while others greatly appreciate the psychic work under the instruction of Mrs. Mattie Hull.

The study of music is interesting many of our students, one of whom is a musician of very fine attainments, who is giving instruction to several of the school. Having two pianos in the Institute they have ample opportunity for practicing.

In the Saturday evening debating club all questions relating to civic and moral reforms are discussed in a manner which would do credit to any body of young men and women.

Judge William Smith of Janesville has been giving a course of lectures on law and its uses before our students, which has been greatly appreciated and deemed beneficial.

We are beginning to feel the effects of the financial depression which has spread throughout the country. Some of our students have been cut off from expected resources to help them through the term. We have a very worthy and promising student who is in her second year at the school. She wishes to graduate and enter the field as a worker in moral and religious reforms. We feel she will become an honor to the school, in her public work. She is out of money. Who will help her to go through the term? I wish to make an appeal to those whom fortune has favored in worldly prosperity to come to the rescue of this student by sending aid to a great and good work to tide over this winter of financial depression.

I desire to improve this opportunity to express our thanks to all those good friends who make up the list of names to help in furnishing the room bearing the name M. V. S. A. To one and all we extend cordial thanks.

MRS. L. S. WEAVER, Assistant Sec'y.

## Somewhat Weird.

The Occult Review in the January number publishes the autobiography of Dr. Franz Hartmann known the world over as a distinguished occultist. We publish the following incident, given therein:

It appears that Dr. Hartmann accompanied Madame Blavatsky and Col. Olcott on their voyage from India to England in February, 1884, as far as Bombay, and he writes, "I went with her on board the steamship and afterwards returned to my room. Before leaving Adyar she had given me a keepsake as coming from the Mahatma, a sort of amulet in the shape of a coin with inscriptions in Tibetan letters. Now, while I was alone in my room at Bombay, I paced the floor, thinking of buying a gold chain or something with which to wear that amulet around my neck. Just then the thought struck me that a silk ribbon would answer the same purpose, and as I meditated upon it, something fluttered in the air and fell to the floor before my feet. It was a rose-colored silk ribbon of exactly the required length, with the ends twisted and ready for use. It was not a phantasm, and did not disappear, for I wore it for many months. I may, perhaps, here mention some occult phenomena witnessed on this voyage. On one occasion two Yogis came and recited some mantras. Their singing seemed to set the spiritual part of the atmosphere in vibration, and the room was soon full of entities of a curious kind, floating through the air like fishes swimming in water. Their forms were indistinct to my view, but sufficiently defined to see them change and assume different shapes of animals, such as are not to be found in the natural history of our globe."

## ERNEST A. KEELING

President of the British Spiritualists' Lyceum Union.

We are indebted to the Two Worlds, of Manchester, Eng., Mr. J. J. Morse, editor, for the following sketch of Mr. Ernest A. Keeling, president of The British Spiritualists' Lyceum Union, which appeared in the January 3rd issue of that estimable journal, with an excellent half-tone print of the subject, who is evidently a bright and attractive young man, the kind that is needed to carry on the work and promulgate Spiritualism.

Recollection is one of the many things which are apt to become somewhat dimmed with the passage of years, but if mine serves me correctly, it was early in the year 1890 that I was first introduced to a Lyceum.

It was on the first day of that year that my father passed away. During his earthly life I had, together with other members of the family, been attending at a Church of England Sunday School, he having resisted all overtures made to him to allow us to go to a Lyceum. My chief recollection of the days is that Sunday was the most dreaded day of the week, seldom having any brightness or happiness in its keeping. When I think now of the terrible monotony of it, with its collect and verse to be learned and forgotten each week, its grave solemnity and appalling dreariness, I sigh with relief to think of the deliverance which came upon entering a Lyceum. Thrice blessed be the day when my mother consented to us going to Daulby Hall "to see how we liked it." Maybe she was distraught with the many worries and troubles which necessarily arise in the early days of widowhood, or maybe that "angels" guided her to do that which was best for her children.

In either case, one glorious, never-to-be-forgotten Sunday afternoon we attended for the first time a Lyceum session. Oh! the joy of it! We liked it so well that it was agreed that we should attend regularly, and the Liverpool Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, enrolled three new members. When I recall the fact that this Lyceum had Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Chiswell as conductor and musical conductor respectively, and also included amongst its officers Miss Florence Morse as guardian, I do not wonder that it rose to a point of efficiency second to none.

As was, perhaps, only to be expected, the effect of my years at Sunday School took some time to wear away, after which an inevitable reaction set in. I have heard after that it is said of me in those days that it would be impossible to do anything with me. Whatever was done or suggested I seemed compelled to oppose it, until I eventually alienated almost all the members of the Lyceum from me. I distinctly remember commencing a Rambling Club, the first of whose rambles I went alone. Gradually, however, the leader of my group directed my energies towards better things, lifting me quite unconsciously to a higher plane of perception, until I honestly believe that I began to be of some practical use to the Lyceum of which I had been such a belligerent member. I wish to publicly pay my humble tribute to my leader for the patience which was exercised on my behalf. Known to the movement as Mrs. Chiswell, she was to us practically the mainspring of our Lyceum, even Mr. Chiswell seeming to be less masterful and effective than usual whenever circumstances kept her away. To me she was counsellor and friend, ever giving encouragement to any effort to do right. In my difficulties I turned to her, knowing full well that whatever advice was given would always be sound, impartial and generous. To me she will always remain one of the most sainted women it has been my good fortune to meet on my journey through life, for I feel that to her I owe the greater portion of whatever good characteristics I am possessed of. As time went on I continued to take a keener interest in the Lyceum, and was eventually filled with importance by being elected to office. It was only as a guard, to be sure, but it meant a lot to me at the time, for it carried with it an invitation to join in the deliberations of the committee managing the Lyceum. So far as I can remember this was the first office I ever held in any connection whatever, and being so, I naturally did my utmost to fill it with credit. The work was always a pleasure to me, and the committee meetings provided me with an opportunity of gaining an insight into the working of

the Lyceum, which as an ordinary scholar had been denied me. Slowly I progressed, my energy and enthusiasm being controlled, and yet encouraged, by the senior officers, until at last I blossomed forth as assistant secretary. From this to secretary was but one step, and in due course I was placed in the more important position, a post which I filled intermittently for a considerable period.

I believe it was whilst occupying this office that I was first elected to represent my Lyceum at an Annual Conference of the Lyceum Union. To describe the thoughts which this conjured up in my mind is a task which I find impossible. I had recollections of a Conference which was held in Daulby Hall in my earlier years, of which my chief remembrance was of a number of people sitting all day wrangling about things which I could not understand. Then, again, I recalled the visit of the Executive Committee, a body whom I looked upon as of stupendous importance. However, I was elected to attend the Conference, and having duly received my credentials I went. Where it was I do not remember, but from that time commenced my career in the National Government. My next office in the Lyceum was assistant conductor and conductor of marching. The circumstances which led up to my being elected to this dual office were of an unfortunate nature. My predecessor, Mr. Stratton, was an army veteran, and therefore especially qualified as a marching conductor. He had trained the Lyceum to a pitch of excellency unequalled by any other Lyceum in the country. It seemed the irony of fate that a man of his ability, after having passed through many wars, should be incapacitated by so small a thing as a fish bone. And yet such was the case; a lodgment in the throat causing a cancerous growth. Tracheotomy was performed, and he gradually passed away. Never shall I forget the day when he surrendered the colors, nor yet the night when he instructed me in some special movements of a salute which he had taught the Lyceum.

His mantle of office fell upon my shoulders, and I used my every endeavor to maintain the standard which obtained during his office. Nothing worthy of record occurred after this for some considerable time; in fact, as the old song says:

All went well until one day  
Came a strange fish in the bay,

Like the fish in the song, the "stranger" eventually "exploded," and an expensive law suit resulted, the pros and cons of which it is not desirable that I should dwell upon, as those who know them will not wish to recall them, and those who do not are perhaps better without the knowledge. So, let the dead past bury its dead. The hatchet is buried for ever as far as I am concerned.

The immediate result was that the majority of the Lyceum members and officers migrated elsewhere, many of them eventually dropping out of the movement altogether. Shortly after this, being in very poor health owing to the effects of rheumatic fever and inflammation of the heart, I was strongly advised to take a sea voyage. This I was unable to afford, but succeeded, through the influence of Mr. Chiswell, in obtaining employment on the Dominion Line steamship "New England." For a year and ten months I remained thus occupied, crossing the Atlantic many times. The port on the other side was Boston (Mass.), and while there I took advantage of paying several visits to our beloved founder, Andrew Jackson Davis. The memory of these visits I will for ever carry with me, for they gave new inspiration and fresh encouragement for the work in which I was so deeply interested. During all my voyages I was never without my Lyceum Manual, and when in England never once missed attending at the Lyceum. At the wish of my mother, who was failing in health, I obtained employment on shore, and returned to work regularly in the "John Lamont" Lyceum. After a very protracted struggle this Lyceum decided to disband, and Mr. Chiswell having entirely left us, the members were advised to attend the Daulby Hall Lyceum. Perhaps I ought to mention that I was now a member of the awe-inspiring executive, having been elected some time previously, on the nomination of Mr. J. J. Parr, of Bootle.

I did not at once join the Lyceum at Daulby Hall, as circumstances arose which made it desirable that I should seriously consider the advisability of doing so. I attended once or twice as a "visitor," and took some time to deliberate upon the problem with which I had so unexpectedly been confronted, eventually deciding to continue in the movement. What this decision

and its carrying out cost me there are but few who know. It was greater than I had ever been called upon to pay before, and I truly hope that it will never again be necessary for me to make such a sacrifice in any cause whatever.

When I became a member of the Lyceum I declined any office for some time, preferring to attend as an ordinary member until I was able to feel perfectly at home in my new surroundings. Settling down was a slow process, but eventually I was prevailed upon to take charge of the marching. This led to my being elected assistant conductor and finally conductor, which position I at present occupy.

To trace my progress on the Lyceum Union executive it is necessary to go back a while. At the end of my first term I was re-elected (by one vote, I believe), and the experience gained thereby was no doubt largely responsible for my being considered fit for nomination as vice-president, to which office I was elected in May, 1905. After a year in this position I was elected president. What my feelings were when the result of the poll was declared I find it difficult to describe, sufficient is it for me to say that I honestly felt that the honor was one which was scarcely deserved. With so many able men around me I felt very keenly the responsibilities which accompanied the office.

But, quite apart from the position itself, I had another thought, and it remains with me at all times that I am occupied with duties of the office, and that was—that I must strain every nerve and put forth my very best efforts to be a credit to the man who had trained and "fathered" me in the movement. I feel that his honor as well as the Union's and that of my own were at stake, and that whatever I do must only be that which will reflect credit upon him. With such a feeling ever prompting me, it is only natural that each action, word, and thought should be of the best that I am able to give. When I have finished my term of office my innermost thought will be, "Have I fulfilled his expectations?" for I well know that if I satisfy S. S. Chiswell I will not have done anything but a credit to myself and the British Spiritualists' Lyceum Union.

### Message from Luther Marsh.

My dear Mr. Short:—Wise and beneficent is the law that thus gives to every soul the choice of its external possessions. There is no slip, no break, no modification in the outworking of this law. Result follows choice, as effect follows cause. No matter what its circumstances and environment, to every soul is given the power to attain its ideal of character—the degree of spiritual unfoldment that to it seems highest. Here is hope that may ever be realized; here is a desire that knows no denial. But in the soul's rich heritage there is yet another gift, always to it is given the possibility of service. This is the richest dower of all. Although we may not by our utmost exertions bring injury to another, we may always help that other. Free to aid, to strengthen, to uplift and inspire, but powerless to harm! Wise and beautiful is the law.

I greet you,  
LUTHER MARSH.

### Biography of Moses Hull.

After unavoidable delay, the Life and Work of Moses Hull, by his brother, Daniel W. Hull, supplemented with an interesting Memorial, is ready for issue. This book contains a detailed account of Mr. Hull's early religious experiences, especially of his journey from Orthodoxy via Adventism to Spiritualism; of his struggles and sacrifices on behalf of industrial and social reform, and for the establishment of the Morris Pratt 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 a 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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## After Mr. Coleman.

Editor Sunflower:

I've been reedin your papers for a long time. In the paper dated Dec. 28, 1907, I see a piece by William Emmette Coleman that maid me restless. I just can't keep still. I must rite and let you know what I think about that idee of his. I hope you will print it and send him a paper. Please mark it with blue pencil, so he will see it. I wood rite to him myself only I don't know where he lives when he is at home. I did think some of havin you send this letter to him just as it is, but then, thinks I, these big men never read half their letters, they git so many.

I expect Mr. Coleman is sum big college Prof. His words are good sized and his grammer is exactly rite. I can understand him just the same. He is tryin to make out that Christianity and Spiritualism aint no relation. He takes his tex from the parabel of new wine and old bottels. My sakes, does he mean to carry the idee that Spiritualism is new? I thot every body knoeed it is as old as man-kind. Why, I kno it and I aint mutch chance to reed eather. For I have razed a famley by hand without any help to speak of.

My memry is reel good. Let me tell you what I red once. I red that the Greeks, Romans, Meeds, Pershans, Hindus, Egiptshuns, and all the leadin civilized people had their gods, godesses and oracles. If the poor Barbarians had any gods they wasn't braggin of em mutch, I ges.

Then there was the Hebrew children (and sum of 'em was pretty old) they got into bondage to them Egiptshuns some how. The I should think the Egiptshun gods ought to of lifted their voice agin it, and the god of Abraham, Isak and Jacup, whose name was Jehovey, he kept still for 400 yrs about it. Then he took young Moses as a pardner and got bizy. Moses was taken into the King's palace and educated in the arts of them Egiptshuns, and he must of got ahead of his teachers sum, for he made old Pharyo think his rod was a snake. Jehovey promised Moses he would set the Hebrew children free. Well, he did after a while.

After they reached the promised land and slew the people they found there, Jehovey gave sum commands to Moses. One was, "Thou shalt not kill," but they fit and quarreled among themselves and with their neighbors and yet Jehovey was on their side. They worshiped him, built temples for him and kept priests who were on speaking terms with him.

Profits bobbed up here and there, who foretold many things. They told of a savior's coming, where and how but not when. That was left to dreams and visions later. And angels told the shepards, and led wise men to the place, when he was borned. This was all spiritual biznes, you see, but priests weren't in it. I kno they wasn't because Stephen said, the people stoned the Profits and them Hebrews always did as the priests told em to. And then the priests did not lift up their voice agin it when they finally crucified Jesus, which I think was real mean, as he did no harm to anybody; only went around heelin the sick and razin the ded. But you see they had got into somethin like bondage agin and if Jesus couldn't leed em to power and freedom like Jehovey and Moses did, he was no good. They called him a blasfemer, a sorserer and said he was in pardnership with old Beelzebub.

Then a row commenced just as soon as they got Jesus out of the way. He knew it would be so, for he looked around and saw lots of Ignorants. He knew they wood pay no attenshun to him tellin em to turn the other cheek when one was slapped. He taught spiritual truth. That's why his words will never die. Truth can't die. He knew they wood fight some more, so he sed he didn't bring peace. He couldn't.

Now them Hebrew Children was Spiritualists when they was in partnership with Jehovey. And the early Christians used to talk to spirits. If they didn't I can't see why John should warn em not to believe every spirit. So it was Spiritualist fighten Spiritualist all the while. But Mr. Coleman says that Christianity has filled the earth with blood and woe and Spiritualism has blessed it.

The relashunship of Spiritualism and Christianity makes me think of a pare of twin boys I used to kno. Their own mother knoeed em apart by a spec on the tooth of one of em, when they was little. But any body can tell em apart now they are old. You wouldn't kno they was any relashun if you wasn't told.

Christianity and Spiritualism is wearin different close now and are sumwhat changed. Lots of people change the spellin of their names nowadays. There's Mis Smith, she is now Mis

Smythe. It is quite a fad. So I see Christianity is now Churchanity and Spiritualism is Spiritism. Age makes lots of changes. Not that I think Christianity and Spiritualism is twins, oh, no, one was old and gray when tother was borned. And if Christianity is not Spiritualism, why it grew out of it like the branches grow out of the trunk of a tree. Then why not blame Spiritualism for the bloodshed and woe? Just as much sense in that as to blame Christianity.

That feller Coleman can't fool me. Its them same Ignor-ants that's to blame, and bad ants they are, too. But there is lots of em yet and they don't all do right that talk to spirits now a days eather. But I ain't sed the spirits was to blame, I only ask, why is it as it is?

Mr. Editor I ges I have mis-speled sum but if Mr. Coleman is smart he can make it out. It aint any ded language.

Yours, truly,  
AUNT MARTHA.

### Applied Philosophy.

A New Zealander in London writes as follows in The Two Worlds:

The Socialistic policy of New Zealand—no rich and no poor, but all comfortable—has reduced thieving to a neglected art. With what ease and pleasure do the folk there leave homes and belongings to care for themselves, for verily it is a land "where thieves do not break through nor steal."

But England—ah!—its boasted freedom is a dream; its ancient and evil systems permit and create unjust riches and bitter poverty. Class is against class, hand against hand, suspicion fills the air. "Trust no one" is the working motto.

A score of times within the year has the writer been warned not to leave things about, and to remember he is in England, not New Zealand. And half-a-score of times has he been taken in, or rather his things taken off. At first he bore these little English ways with Christian fortitude, but the disappearance of a brand new overcoat from a vegetarian restaurant turned his attention to the practical use of the spiritual philosophy.

Last week, calling at dusk at a residence for a minute, and leaning a cycle against the fence, on emerging we found the lamp gone and no trace of the thief. The lady of the house expressed herself grieved that a Colonial could not call for three minutes at an English home without feeling the results of its social system, and doubtless used thought power in my favor.

For my part, I was aroused to very strong will action. As I rode lampless home, powerful waves of thought were sent out in all directions, something like this: "Lamp! I invest you with power, as long as you are retained, to conduct to the thief sharp but salutary influences until he has learned a pound's worth of wisdom from a half-crown lamp." "Thief, I send after you my thought; let it overtake, surround, invade, until you decide that honesty is the best policy." And so I left it.

By hook or by crook that lamp was returned to that house next day by the thief himself, with an account of the theft. What produced the above result? Was it applied philosophy? At any rate, since passing out of Christian orthodoxy and entering into the spiritual philosophy we have been learning and applying the higher laws of Nature to daily life with a very decided and surprising inflow of peace, power and plenty. Were older and more developed Spiritualists but true to their philosophy, we should hear of appeals to the laws of Nature rather than to the laws of the land! Spiritualists! make use of applied philosophy.

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The physical universe is speculation in the substance we depend on, and of which the finite human becomes conscious.

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## LIGHT FROM EVERYWHERE



This department is conducted to enable Spiritualists and Public Workers to keep in touch with each other and with the work. 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 postal card 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 us 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. Retain copies of poems as we do not return them if we can not use them.

Suggestions for the improvement of the paper are invited.

Tampa, Fla., Jan. 6, 1908.

Dear Editor:—

Please allow us to intrude upon your valuable space in reporting the spiritual work that is being done by the First Society of Spiritualists of Tampa, Fla.

The first item to mention is that we have secured the new hall lately erected by the I. O. O. F., situated in Florida avenue, between Cass and Tyler streets. The hall is new and beautifully finished. The influence is good and every meeting so far has been a marked success, the speakers upon each occasion surpassing any previous effort.

Sunday, December 22d, Bro. John F. Ireland was ordained a minister of the gospel of Spiritualism. The commission appointed by the N. S. A. board of managers consisted of Rev. George P. Colby, of Lake Helen, Fla., chairman and moderator; William E. E. Kates, James J. Lunsford, Gustave Loeffler and Mrs. Margaret E. Kirk. The committee organized by electing Sister Kirk secretary.

The services of ordination were conducted by Bro. Colby in the presence of a large audience, who appreciated the solemn and beautiful ceremony. After the service Bro. Colby delivered a discourse and Bro. Ireland pronounced a benediction.

Sunday, December 29th, Bro. Ireland spoke upon Religion and Politics. His speech was so forceful that it was with only the use of individual force that the audience was able to retain their seats.

Upon both occasions our venerable elder brother, Dr. J. M. Peebles, sat in the audience, an interested listener. The veteran doctor pronounced both meetings good, yea, very good.

Sunday, January 5th, Dr. Peebles commenced his month's engagement by lecturing upon India and Hindustan, their Customs and Religion. We will not attempt to report the doctor's lecture, as we could not do it justice. Suffice it to say that he easily proved that Spiritualism was the crowning religion of all religions. His discourse was attentively listened to by an audience that packed the hall to its utmost limit.

Bro. Ireland has been called to Manatee for the coming week to administer spiritual food to the hungry souls of that locality. Our prayers go with him that the seeds he will sow may bring forth an abundant harvest.

At a business meeting of the members Wednesday, January 1st, it was the opinion of those present that your humble servant could do more good in the capacity of secretary, than in any other position. We, as a matter of course, gave our consent, being ever anxious to do the greatest good to the greatest number.

Faternally yours, for Truth,  
WM. E. E. KATES, Sec'y.  
Box 22, Route 2, Tampa, Fla.

## Notes From G. H. Brooks.

I have been waiting, hoping I would let the many friends know through the Sunflower just when the trial would come off, but am unable at this writing to do so and desire to express my most heartfelt thanks to the many friends for the many letters I am receiving, all expressing the greatest amount of sympathy, and many of them sending financial aid. I fully appreciate all they say, and the help given. This arrest and fight is not at me, but I am simply used as an instrument. It is a fight against the exercise of mediumship, against Spiritualism, and the rights of the people; hence, this fight is your fight as well as mine, and especially of great interest to the people of Pennsylvania.

From this trouble it is desired that there be a state society organized, so just as soon as possible a call will be made for a convention, to be held in

## WOMAN'S WORK.

She longed for notoriety—

A woman I once knew,  
Remembering school-day poetry  
And prose not very slow.

She aspired a name in history,  
Like Harriet Beecher Stowe.

With pen in mind she stole away,  
The babe had rocked to sleep,

Then bowed her head all quietly—  
The title soon she'd meet.

The door-bell rang—more company—  
Aunt Jane and Uncle Zeke.

The baby then, of course, woke up,  
The boys came home from school;

They called for lunch, with "hurry up,"  
The maid was out—the rule.

Our Jack had torn his pants with jumps—  
The needle was her tool.

Should tea be late pa'd be put out—  
Like most men that we know.

This duty she must be about,  
Nor stop when dishes through.

Leisure moments she lived without,  
Her world looked very blue.

The helpless slept, the day was done,  
She'd put away their shoes

And bending o'er her sweet wee one,  
She felt her words were true,

"Though I might write like Tennyson—  
What's that compared with you?

I'd rather have my boys and girls,  
And husband good as gold,

I need no more than this house holds  
I'll toil until I'm old.

I would not trade for wealth of worlds,  
Or fame of all that's told."

They say she rises with the sun,  
Her castles all have flew.

Her work appears to be but fun—  
Books, pen and she are through.

If all just wrote like Tennyson  
I wonder what we'd do?

The mothers of our families  
Keep things in proper roe.

We prize the names in history,  
Like Harriet Beecher Stowe.

But women in obscurity  
Come highest on the roll.

—Delia H. Horn.

Pittsburg. Blanks have been sent, and will be sent to all societies in Pennsylvania, for them to unite in a call for a state association. A general call will be made as soon as possible, and it is to be hoped when it is made there will be a response that will prove to the world there is a power among us for a large state society.

Send all your donations to either Mr. C. L. Stevens, 213 7th street, Pittsburg, Pa., or to myself, 190 South 6th street, Columbus, O. Trusting for the good to come and a hope that our people will unite in one grand and glorious work, I am the well wisher of all.

G. H. BROOKS.  
190 South 6th St., Columbus, O.

## Remember the Veterans.

The following letter was received from Brother Lyman C. Howe and we publish it to let his many friends know about Mrs. Howe's sickness and to suggest, that all who are supplied with plenty of this world's goods could do a noble act by sending Brother Howe a liberal remittance, as we have no doubt it could be used to their advantage, for Lyman has not been earning much for some time. Remember our veteran workers.

FREDONIA, N. Y., January 9, 1908.

Dear Brother Walker: On Thursday, January 2nd, Mrs. Howe was haunted with a strange boding of evil. She was at a high tension and every stir shocked her as if some disaster had befallen some one. The constant expectancy of some horror that seemed brooding over her made the day a perpetual dread. About 10 p. m. she was suddenly taken with a choking suffocation. The air passage to the lungs closed, as if in a vise. For nearly two hours her struggles and agony were terrible to witness. I called a doctor but it seemed an age before he arrived. By medicine and a hypodermic the terrible struggle was re-

lieved. Then followed retchings and vomitings, every ten to twenty minutes, for thirty-six hours. She is, of course, greatly reduced and very weak; but I am glad to say she still lives and the doctor says she is likely to come up and be as well as she was before; but such wrenching must take a large slice off from the constitutional reserves and thus shorten the time of earth life. For two days and nights I was in a whirl of care, as we had no help (except that Miss Houck, hearing me call through the phone, volunteered to come and stay one night, and I got three to four hours' sleep while she cared for Mrs. Howe). I telegraphed to Saginaw, Mich., and Sunday morning Nellie came and she is excellent help, and when the tension was relieved I was let down and of about the consequence of a lump of putty. Mrs. Howe sat up an hour yesterday and seems doing well.

Cordially yours,  
LYMAN C. HOWE.

Columbus, O., News.

G. H. Brooks writes: I began my three months' engagement in the Stone Church, corner Sixth and State streets; Sunday evening, January 5th. I had a fine audience and they were of great help to me. Sunday morning and afternoon I attended the sessions of the Ohio State Society in the West Side Church. I met a goodly number of the old-time friends, and enjoyed the meeting very much. I am now most pleasantly located at 109 South Sixth street, Columbus, O., where all mail and telegrams will be forwarded to me. I will respond to calls for funerals and mid-week meetings, and I hope the friends through the State will get up meetings and send for me, I can come Thursday and Friday nights. I am anxious to help the good work along.

G. H. BROOKS.

## An Incident from Spirit Life.

This pleasant incident was told us through a medium, one winter evening, at a friend's, where I was a guest. If we here would use the psychometric power to understand states, and then adapt suggestions accordingly, how much more satisfactory results could be produced all around.

The spirit said she was out on an observation tour, and that her attention was attracted to a hillock covered with green grass, such as is seen only in spirit-land. Not a shrub, flower or a tree was growing on it—nothing but grass, though it was surrounded by beautiful scenery. On the crown sat a man. She knew, in an instant, he had just come from the earth side and that he was a nabob. He seemed engrossed with his surroundings, and memory was stilled. Suddenly, looking at himself, he said: "I was dying, they said, and then I went into a state of ease, and restful sleep, and awake to find myself apparently well, yet all alone, on this insignificant knoll. The landscape, for beauty, far exceeds anything I ever saw before, and I have traveled extensively. Yes! I must be a spirit, and this is Spirit-land, but why am I here alone? No servants to attend me, no friends, not even my wife, who came over years ago.

"I am not accustomed to being ignored like this, and all the beauty of nature dwindles into insignificance when one finds himself in this shape."

Just then one of the guardian spirits seemed by chance to go that way.

"Hello!" he shouted, and the spirit turned and came to him.

"Am I dead?" he asked.

"Yes! you have experienced the change mortals call death."

"Well! send some servants, or some one to take me to a place commensurate with my earthly condition. There I had servants to attend me, and friends glad to come and go at my dictation. I was never treated like this before. I want to leave this mound."

"In earth life you were born in the midst of luxurious surroundings, and as an adult inherited riches, consequently you depended on others not so circumstanced, who must render service for the money they had, to do for you what you could have done for yourself. Where is the wealth that empowered you there?"

"No! there are no servants here, and no one can compel another to do for him what he can do for himself, so if you would leave this hillock use your power to do so." And he passed on.

"Never will I assume the role of a tramp, and if I haven't any money, neither do I have to have food and shelter, so I'll sit here until Gabriel toots his horn, unless my spirit friends, or some one, comes for me in a way suited to my earthly station," and he assumed a reclining position with apparent indifference.

I waited to see how it would end, for I knew he was in the charge of the wise, as all are, and his state of development would indicate the methods. He was in the terrestrial vibrations, to an extent, so recognized time, and it was a long period to him before he saw any one again. Then it was a spirit very like the first, who was passing, apparently not noting his presence on the hillock. Again he halted and the spirit came to him.

"Is this the spirit-world?" he asked.

"It is."

"I have a wife, who is over here, somewhere. She surely cannot be informed of my coming, because when we were together on earth she considered my comfort and pleasure, and I know if she knew where I am she would come for me, so send her word to come."

"When she was with you she was in bondage to your desires and preferences, which also made you their slave. She now is free. You must gain your freedom by willingness, if necessary, to serve your fellows with pleasure, born of love for them, and the service—whatever it may be. Your wife, I said, is free, and she will express her feelings for you, untrammelled by your desires, and no one has any authority in the matter," and he walked away.

Memory was active and he saw how as a child of wealth he had been an autocrat, considering manual labor and service degrading, and had spent his earth life in the pursuit of pleasure and ease, in ways that money would procure.

He remembered that his wife was poor when he married her, but very beautiful and cultured, and he was always the master, but he loved her with all the strength of his intense nature, and now, as she is free, per-

haps she has ceased to care for him, so pride and rebellion were laid low by regret and grief over her probable indifference.

Just then he heard the sweet voice of children and two little girls came up to him, one saying.

"You are not busy, are you, nice gentleman? Lily and I are going to the valley yonder," indicating with the tiny hand, "to get lots and lots of flowers for a lady to fix her home nice, to welcome some one from the earth life, and you are so big, you can carry lots of them for us. Won't you come? Please do."

He looked into the beautiful, eager faces, and arose under their spell, apparently, and with a child on each side with a hand clinging trustingly to his, he went down into the beautiful valley where the wild flowers grew in abundance—many of them he had known in his happy childhood, that now seemed like the fitful light in a shadow-haunted dream.

"Nice gentleman, you needn't pick any! Lily and I will do that," said the chatterbox that Lily called Madge, "for you don't know how glad we are to have you carry them for us, and the lady will be so pleased to have them."

"Oh, how nice it makes us feel to do these little things, cause you see we're so small, we can't do much, but the lady, our teacher, says it isn't so much what we do, but the love we put into doing it, then, in making it a true love service, for those for whom the work is done, that gives us joythrills, that go from us way out into the ether, and make many others feel glad, too.—Oh! isn't it pretty? lovingly pressing her lips to the softly tinted petals of a wild rose, "and see, it likes to be loved," and as she held it out for him to note, the petals quivered and glowed with a delicacy and beauty of coloring he hadn't noticed before.

They were occupied in gathering flowers until the man was won over to a degree of mirth, so heartily joined in their merry laughter when he saw his reflection in a silvery lake they passed, for he seemed made of flowers, so deftly had they covered him, and filled his arms with their valley treasures.

"Now we are ready to go, so come on!" and they went up out of the valley. Then he saw beautiful homes of varying styles of architecture, and just far enough apart to indicate pleasant association of the inmates. There was one that had something about it, that affected him strangely, somehow touching him with a thrill of pleasure indefinable. When they were opposite of the house his small guide said: "Teacher lives here and she'll be so glad that we have got so many of the flowers that the friend from earth loves," and the party went up the shining walk to the house. A lady came out and with a low musical laugh at his grotesque figure, extended both hands to him with a love welcome there was no mistaking, and he clasped in his arms his long-loved wife.

That was a method adapted to his state, the spirit said, to make him conscious of tendencies he must desire to change before he could go home to his wife, and unwittingly he was working for himself, in helping his tiny comrades—as a burden bearer—and in a sense, this is always true. She added: "He was so nearly ready that after the earth mask was removed the short season of burnishing was all that was necessary to enable him to enter, and add to the light of his heaven."

LISLE E. SAXTON.

## Philadelphia Note.

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.

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.

While we are considering where to begin it is often too late to act.

Some men think they are doing a great deal toward remedying this world's wrongs by reciting them.

The men and women that are lifting the world upward and onward are those who encourage more than those who criticize.

# JESUS!

His Character, Life and  
the Object He Had  
in View.

## III.

Luke has it that angels appeared to shepherds and told them that they brought "glad tidings of great joy, for unto you is born this day in the city of David a savior, which is Christ the Lord."

The kind of salvation expected we learn by reading further. When they took the child to Jerusalem to have him named a "just and devout" man, named Simeon, found them. This man was "waiting for the consolation of Israel," not for the founder of a new religion, and it "was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost that he should not see death" until he had seen the person that was to accomplish this purpose.

On seeing Jesus he became satisfied that he was the one which the Jews were expecting, whose splendor would be a light to the Gentiles "and the glory of thy people Israel."

And, to show that the parents of Jesus were not confident that he would ever be anything remarkable, we read "they marvelled at those things which were spoken of him." And there was "Anna, a prophetess," who "coming in that instant, gave thanks likewise unto the Lord, and spake of him to all who looked for redemption in Jerusalem." Redemption in Jerusalem cannot mean anything but the temporal, the political redemption, that the Jews were hoping for at that time, and that they have been hoping for ever since. There is nothing supernatural in the idea that "the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom, and the grace of God was upon him." We read that the parents took him with them to Jerusalem every year to the feast of the Passover.

At twelve years of age he had developed great understanding for a lad no older, and by some means he got left behind when the parents returned from their annual trip to Jerusalem. It is as rational to suppose the child did not know the parents were gone, and supposed they were still in Jerusalem, as to suppose the parents would leave for home without knowing their boy was in the company they were with. But, at any rate we read that when they missed him they became alarmed, as they could not have been had they regarded him as a God. When they found him the mother upbraided him for his truancy, as any mother would an erring, disobedient child. His mother said unto him, "Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? Behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing."

Jesus did not seem to be at all bashful, and was of a questioning nature, and was having a good time talking with the old heads.

It is quite natural that when the parents saw their boy in this exercise "they were amazed," especially when he answered as if he believed his father would profit by it. This was only a fit of precociousness. He neither said nor did anything worth recording during the following eighteen years. There is nothing incongruous in the idea that if the object of Jesus was to occupy the throne of David he should try to prepare the people for it by preaching. It was believed that the Jews were subject to a foreign power because of their sins, and that reform must precede liberty, and any other method would have been universally rejected at the start.

It would seem that at this time the Jews were so intently looking for a deliverer that they caught at straws like drowning people. They were as ready to believe in John as they were in Jesus. John began the preaching and the people flocked to his standard, Jesus with the rest, for baptism, but the reading is that he disclaimed being the king they were looking for. It reads: "And as the people were in expectation, and all men mused in their hearts of John, whether he were the Christ or not; John answered, saying unto them all, I indeed baptize you with water; but one mightier than I cometh, the latchet of whose shoes I am unworthy to loose."

The evidence is not scarce in Luke's gospel that he considered Jesus a man in the full sense of the word. When the word Christ is applied to him, it means the anointed, or the one set apart for a particular purpose, as when Simeon is referred to, that "it was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost that he should not see death be-

fore he had seen the Lord Christ," meaning, simply, the Lord's anointed. We all know that in the English language the word lord may mean nothing more than a common man. One of the legislative bodies in Great Britain is composed of lords.

After this twelve-year-old incident Luke says, "Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man." Just imagine God increasing in wisdom, and in favor with himself. It is not supposable that Luke ever intended to leave any such idea. He did mean to convey the thought that Jesus was a remarkable boy and did grow up to be a remarkable man.

It does not look reasonable that we have the real story concerning John the Baptist; that he was cast into prison because he expressed the opinion that Herod was not legally married; and that he lost his head because the king made a foolish promise to a maid who had fascinated him with her bewitching wiles. It is far more probable that John suffered because he was what we would now call an anarchist of the violent grade. In Luke, IV: 1, we read that Jesus was "full of the Holy Ghost," which would not seem to me to mean that he was full of himself, but it might be sensible to say a man was fully imbued with the spirit of God. It is certain that Jesus did not lose his life because of his religious notions, but because of his political scheming.

SAMUEL BLODGETT

## Wife's Spirit Saves Man.

New York, Dec. 31.—That a whispered warning in the dark by the ghost of his dead wife saved him yesterday from death by assassination is the belief of Charles Henry Durand, a farmer living in the hills near Caldwell, N. J. His strange story is being used as a clue by the authorities. Durand says that late Monday night as he was driving home from Paterson, his horse stopped in the road and began to tremble. In vain he urged the animal to proceed. It would not budge. Suddenly the air grew oppressive. After an interval an apparition in white appeared and spoke in a whisper. He recognized, in fear and trembling, he says, the voice of his dead wife.

"There is danger at home. Stay away till morning," said the voice.

Cold chills crept over Durand. Scarcely had the supernatural warning been uttered, when the ghost vanished. It was daylight when he reached his farmhouse, which has a lonely location. He noticed that a window on the ground floor which he had fastened was unlatched. Next he discovered footprints on the floor. As he was about to go into his room upstairs he saw a string stretched across the open doorway near the floor. It was just high enough to have caught his foot in entering. Standing to one side Durand hooked his umbrella handle over the string and gave the string a jerk.

A flash inside the room was accompanied by a report and a bullet buried itself in the wall of the hallway opposite the doorway.

Durand then ran inside his room and found that the bullet had come from a pistol fastened to the top of his bureau. The trigger had been connected with the string across the door. The shot would have struck him in the breast had he touched the string with his foot in entering the room.

Durand, who moved from the West five years ago, says some one, whose name he will not divulge, evidently had lain in wait for him all night at his home and would have killed him but for the warning received from his dead wife's spirit.

## 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 co-operate 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, Pres.  
East Aurora, New York.

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## NEED OF HARMONY.

Editor Sunflower:

Many times articles have been published in spiritual papers from writers supposed to be Spiritualists who seem to have a holy horror of the word "religion," apparently believing that Spiritualism would be relegated to oblivion if it was classed with other religious bodies as a "religion." What is called religion is inherent with every race of people on God's footstool. All people are born of parents who claim to be religious, and are educated to revere the word religion, and no society will attain a commanding influence if it ignores that title. Why should any Spiritualist object to being called religious when, by assuming such title, it will give their societies a greater influence and give them a standing that will bring to them the respect of the public?

How often we see articles in the Spiritual press deploring the lack of influence to promote the upbuilding of the Spiritual philosophy. Why is it? Is the reason not palpable to the human intellect? Nearly all Spiritual societies meet in halls reeking with discordant magnetism, whiskey and tobacco predominating. The many spirits attracted to such halls are those that antagonize elevated Spirituality. They bring discord wherever they go, and their great desire is to destroy harmony and break up all Spiritual societies that meet in such places. Highly advanced spirits cannot manifest in such places. They make the effort, but it can never be but partially successful. What is the secret of the phenomenal success of that offshoot of Spiritualism called Christian Science? They immediately, or soon as possible, erect buildings for their worship. In nearly every town where there is a society of Christian Scientists you find a church building occupied only by that cult. In that you find a lesson for Spiritualists. In every locality where a Spiritual society exists there should be a place for meeting used exclusively by them. If not able to build a fine temple, put up a cheap structure and keep it for the exclusive occupancy of Spiritualists until you can erect a better temple.

When I was a young man I located in a new town, where all meetings were held in a rickety building used for all purposes. I had been raised by radical Christian parents and gave no thought to anything but that faith. Although I was not connected with any church I was a regular attendant at so-called divine service. A few of us thought we should have a better building for religious meetings, so ten of us contributed sufficient to erect a cheap edifice for non-sectarian Christian worship. What is to prevent Spiritualists from doing the same? Not until they have meeting-places for their exclusive use will they become the power for good to which the cause is entitled, then a more harmonious condition will exist and there will not be so much quibbling as to the name. When there is a perpetual influence from high spiritual sources, then will harmony prevail, and not until then.

Another element of discord is what our places of worship should be called, many antagonizing the word "church." Why should they object to that title, if it will have a predominating influence? Thousands will not enter any place for worship not called a church, which is not surprising, as they from birth have been taught that religious instruction can be had only in a church. I myself would prefer the name temple, but am willing to accept any name that will be the most beneficial for the promulgation of the religion of Spiritualism.

In San Diego, Cal., the First Spiritualist Society has a fine temple of its own. It is in a flourishing condition, the meetings are well attended, and the society is held in high esteem by all. In Los Angeles, a city five times the size of San Diego, there are several so-called Spiritual societies, but they all meet in dingy halls, reeking with all kinds of magnetism. About a year ago I made a prolonged stay in that city and attended many of their meetings. The first I attended I counted the number present. It was twenty-four, myself included. The speaker started off with a political harangue, and soon, one by one, several left. I next attended a meeting held in a small hall. The lecture was Spiritual, but there was no music. I went again to hear the same speaker. The attendance in neither instance exceeded twenty-five.

At other places the attendance was greater, but they were all in dingy halls. I wondered why it was they had no meeting houses of their own

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when so much wealth was at their command, but the mystery was soon solved—there was no harmony. There were many wealthy Spiritualists who of themselves could build a temple, but there was perpetual discord emanating from the foul magnetism of those dingy halls. When will Spiritualists realize the great mistake of holding meetings in such unsuitable places?

E. W. HULBURD.

Descanso, Cal.

## Remarkable Dream Experiences.

London Light in a recent issue says: The Eastern Daily Press in its second notice of Stirling's life of Thomas William Coke, first Earl of Leicester, published by John Lane, London, says that Lady Jane, Coke's eldest daughter, who married Lord Andover in 1796, had the gift of foreseeing events in dreams, and that:—

"On January 8, 1800, when her husband determined to join the Holkham 'shoot,' Lady Andover related at table how that she had dreamt that while her husband was with the shooters his gun exploded and he was killed. The company urged Lord Andover not to forego the sport for such an absurd reason, but he would not be persuaded, and the shooters went off without him. The devoted husband and wife went into the Landscape Room, she painting, he reading Shakespeare aloud to her; the morning fog disappeared, and Lady Andover, deeming she had selfishly hindered her husband's pleasure, entreated him to join the shooting party. After some demur he went, and was accidentally shot by his loader; and when Lady Andover, still anxious, espied the servant galloping madly homewards, she dreaded the worst, and the man, turning towards her, exclaimed: 'I have killed my lord! the kindest and best master that ever lived!'"

"Some six years later Lady Andover married her second husband, the gallant Admiral Sir Henry Digby, a hero of his day, and, most singularly, he shared the prognosticating powers of his wife. One night, as he cruised off Spain, a few years before his marriage, at 11 p. m., he asked an officer if anyone had entered his cabin; the sentry answered, 'No, sir.' At two next morning the same reply met the same question. 'A most extraordinary thing,' said the captain, 'every time I drop asleep I hear someone shouting in my ear, 'Digby, Digby, go to the northward!' I shall certainly do so.' Though they thought their captain had gone mad the officers were bound to obey. Soon after seven in the morning the man at the masthead cried, 'Large ship on the weatherbow, sir.' She proved to be a large Spanish vessel laden with cochineal and spices, and an enormous sum in silver dollars. We were at war with Spain, and she fell a prize, Captain Digby, the officers, and crew receiving large sums as their share of the booty; so that the health of the supernatural being who told Digby to go to the north was drunk in many a hearty bumper."

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—EDITED BY—

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## Ye Scampe William Penn.

The following is an exact copy of the original letter said to be owned of the staff of the Dramatic which we take from December Kansas City, Mo.:

Boston, Sept. ye 15th,  
"To ye aged and beloved Jol  
ginson.

"There be at sea a shippe cal  
Welcome," R. Greenaway Master  
has aboard an hundred or more  
heretics and malignants called Q  
with W. Penn, who is ye chiefe  
at the head of them. Ye gener  
has accordingly given secret or  
Master Malachi Huxett of ye b  
passe to waylay sed 'Welcome'  
the coast of Codde as may be ar  
captive ye said Penn and his  
crewe so that ye Lord may be  
and not mocked on ye soil of tl  
countre with ye heathen wors  
these people.

Much spoyle may be made by  
ye whole lot to Barbadoes, wher  
feth goode prices in rumme an  
and shall not only do ye Lord g  
vice in punishing the wicked,  
shall make great good for his n  
and people. Master Huxett fee  
ful and I will set down ye new  
his shippe comes back. Your  
bowels of Christ.

"COTTON MAT

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