

STARTLING PERSONAL EXPERIENCES

The Sunflower is greatly indebted to the London (England) Light for the following experiences, which were published in two issues of that estimable journal, and which, we think, should be given to all our readers:

Two interesting and valuable papers dealing with Some Striking Personal Experiences were read by Mrs. H. E. Bell and Mr. George Spriggs before a crowded meeting of the Members and Associates of the London Spiritualist Alliance in the Salon of the Royal Society of British Artists, Suffolk street, Pall Mall, on Thursday evening, November 7th.

EXPERIENCES OF MRS. H. E. BELL.

The Key to Knowledge.

Mrs. H. E. Bell said: My introduction to Spiritualism occurred when I was a girl. At a friend's house I met a man who told me he had been to London to hear a lecture given by a lady named Emma Hardinge, whom he described as a grand inspirational speaker on Spiritualism, and said that whenever possible he went to hear her. I became greatly interested in what this man had to say on spiritual matters, and never missed an opportunity of asking him questions, which he invariably answered in a way that enabled me to gain fresh knowledge, knowledge which proved extremely helpful in my study of this all-absorbing subject.

One day, when talking on Spiritualism, he said: "I have given you the key which will unlock all doors to knowledge if you will patiently learn how to use it," and although, in the course of life's changes, we lost sight of each other, I never forgot to keep that treasured key bright by constant use. Whenever I could I employed it to gain knowledge, for which I had an intense hunger. It is true that at times the knowledge was not of a nice nature, and was distinctly unsatisfying, and that, like the unfortunate wife of Bluebeard, I occasionally dropped my key into something that caused it to tarnish and for a time left a stain upon it; at such times I would lay my precious key aside and try to digest the sweet morsels which I had found, and in this way I discovered my own psychical capabilities.

About fifteen years ago I was asked, by some invisible communicator, to attend a seance which I knew would be held at a friend's house that evening. I had no wish to go to the seance, and mentally said so, but my unseen friend said, with some pleading in the mental tone, "Do go, please," and consequently I went. In the circle were two normal clairvoyants, and one of them remarked, "Mrs. Bell, do you know that you have brought a gentleman with you?" I replied, "No; what is he like?" Then followed a description of a man, whom I did not recognize, with incidents in my past life, which happened years before, and the name of the man who gave me the key. The clairvoyant told me that the man held a key in his hand, and said that he gave me the key in the days when I wanted to know. While in this life he promised to come as a spirit and tell me when he passed over, and I afterwards found, on inquiry, that my old friend had passed over a few months previously, and I feel quite sure that he kept his promise at this seance, and really did come to let me know that he had joined the great majority.

A Curious Experiment in Telepathy.

One Sunday, some years ago I, announced to my family at breakfast time that I intended to go to a seance that morning, and, settling with my maid and my daughter about our mid-day meal I started, and reached the seance room in good time. We were about fourteen sitters. Our medium was an excellent normal and semi-normal clairvoyant. While he was

daughter concerning a necessary item for our meal. At first I thought I must go home, as it was probable we should have a visitor, but I felt that it would not be fair to disturb the circle. Then the thought came to me, why not send a mental message? Of course! And with the thought I drew my cloak around me, withdrew my attention from the things that were passing in my immediate presence, and proceeded to send a definite thought-message to my daughter. The medium's voice reached me, but without any distinct sense of interest, until he addressed me, saying, "Mrs. Bell, I see something very curious with you, something I have never seen before! May I ask, are you sending a mental message to anyone?" I replied, "Why do you ask?" He said, "I will tell you what I see." He then described what he called "flashes of bright light" proceeding from my forehead, and said that they were like flashes from an electrical machine. They left my head with a white point, and they seemed to return, but with a black point. Psychically he knew that I was sending a message, although he had never seen a message in process of sending, and impressionally he judged that the message had not reached its intended destination; but why it had not become lost in space instead of returning to me with a black point, he could not understand. Perhaps some one here tonight has had a similar experience and may be able to give us a little enlightenment.

I ought to say that my effort at thought-transference was a failure; my message did not reach my daughter, but I may add that I have been a very successful experimenter in telepathy for very many years.

Physical Phenomena.

I have chosen the following experience, because, although it was one of the earliest, it was one of the most striking and convincing that I have had, and the phenomena which occurred have never been surpassed in my later investigations.

In the spring of 1875 three ladies came to take tea with me, and during our conversation one of them asked if I could take them to a seance that evening. I said that if they were willing we would go up to Mr. Burns' bookshop in Southampton Row, Holborn, and see if there would be one held there. They were quite willing, but when we arrived about seven o'clock we found that there was no seance arranged for that evening. Mr. Burns suggested that we might wait, as mediums sometimes called in to see if there were any friends desiring a sitting, and we decided that we would stay for a while. Presently a tall American, who from his appearance might have been brother to Abraham Lincoln, and later two other men, came on the same quest, and they waited also. As there were six of us we asked Mr. Burns if he could send out to find a medium. He showed us up to the drawing room, and while we waited the American told us many of his experiences, and said that he had been able to get a beautiful likeness, through a painting medium, of a daughter who had passed over, although there was no likeness of her in existence at the time of her decease, and he hoped to get a word from her that night.

At last Mr. Burns came into the room accompanied by Mr. Herné, the physical medium, who, he said, was willing to give us a seance. We were pleased that our waiting was to be rewarded, and adjourned to the back drawing room, which was used for seances. The folding doors were closed and draped with tapestry curtains on the seance room side. There was a dining table and about a dozen ordinary chairs. On the table there was a banjo, three or four paper

other sitters were arranged around the table. A box of matches was given to one of the men, with the request that he would light up when asked. The seance room door had been locked and the gas was left burning in the front room. When we were quite ready the gas was put out, and while we were remarking on the intense darkness we could hear the paper cones being moved about and the strings of the banjo being touched. Then a "voice" was heard and the speaker said that he thought we should have a good sitting. The "little playthings" of the seance room began to touch our hands and faces and pat our heads. The banjo seemed to be walking round the table, while the little tambourine, to which a small light was attached, jingled its cymbals near the ceiling and moved hither and thither. All at once there was a crash on the table—one of my friends had broken the circle. She said someone had put the banjo against her face and she had pushed it away. The gas was lighted and the medium asked us to please not be afraid, we should not be hurt. My friend having promised to be good and not be nervous, the gas was put out, and immediately the objects began to move about again. The "voice" assured us we should be all right, and said that the operators were going to try something else. I felt that my chair was being moved, and I said so to the medium. He grasped my hand with a firmer grip and said, "Don't get up." Still my chair was moved until the back was turned quite to my left side between the medium and myself. I asked the operators what they were doing, and the "voice" replied "Light up." We did so, and discovered that my chair-back had been passed on to my arm, although my hand was firmly clasped by the medium—that is to say, the chair was literally threaded upon my arm, through the open space at the back—how it got into that position I cannot tell, but I know that my hand and the medium's had not been unclasped.

By this time the room was very close, and, indeed, it seemed full of intense energy. Receiving permission to do so, I removed my hat and placed it on the table before me. The gas was again put out, and almost instantly my hat was back upon my head. I thanked my attentive though unseen friend, but said it was not comfortable. It was then moved about with much vigor, and finally it slipped down behind me and rested against the back of the chair. Then one of the paper cones was moved up and down my back, partly lifting my hat, but not as high as my head. I thanked the operator and said it would not hurt. The friction of the cone on my dress, which could be heard by all the sitters, ceased, and the "voice," speaking with such force that I could feel the breath on my face, said: "Sorry I cannot raise it, silk is a non-conductor, it shouldn't be worn at a physical seance." So my hat reposed upon my back and my chair. Again the "voice" was heard, and it said: "Sit quite still." The medium exclaimed: "What next! They are very boisterous to-night; there is so much power," and he leaned forward as though he was being pressed over the table with much force. The "voice" ejaculated: "Light up, and good night." When the gas was lit a strange scene presented itself. Some of the vacant chairs had been piled upon the table, without any sound of movement, and the curtain pole had been lifted from its brackets and placed over the back of the medium's chair, the curtains lying in a heap on each side. We moved the pole to get to the door, which was then unlocked, and we found that the gas was burning in the front room as we had left it an hour and a half earlier. Mr. Burns, hearing us moving about, came up-stairs, and I asked him where the step-ladder was kept; he replied: "Down-stairs—why?" I answered: "Come and see." He turned to the medium and remarked: "You

not, for even my hat, which had been in a very risky position, was quite unhurt. I fear, however, that the American friend did not get the hoped-for comfort from the presence of his sweet daughter. One of the other men told me that he had never been present at such a seance before, but he was always looked upon as a very good contributor of the necessary magnetic power in any seance.

We all received some special attention from the invisibles, but the passing of the chair-back on to my arm caused much speculation as to how it was done. I only know there was no trace left of the disintegration on the chair or on my arm, which is perfectly sound and quite useful up to the present time.

Materialization Seance.

In the month of May, 1876, I met an old acquaintance at a seance who told me that she was trying to help a young medium in his development, but he was not able to sit regularly owing to his work. I asked for and obtained permission to attend one of her sittings with him, and also to take my two sisters, who were visiting London. We arrived early and had ample time for a thorough examination of the two rooms she occupied on the ground floor of a house in Bloomsbury. The front sitting-room was used for the seances, and the furniture consisted of a piano, a round table, a few plain, unstuffed chairs, a side-board and a well-worn carpet, a few pictures, and a mirror over the fireplace. The bedroom at the back was equally sparsely furnished, and contained a bed, dressing-table, wash-stand, two chairs, some pegs on one side of the fireplace with some skirts and dresses hanging from them. The window, which looked out upon a small backyard, was draped with an ordinary blind and short curtain. There was a door, opening into the hall, which was locked. There was about a foot of wall, between this door and the door leading into the sitting-room, and upon it there was a gas-bracket used for lighting the hall. The partition dividing the two rooms was an ordinary wall, and the communicating door was a small one which opened into the front room, and would lie quite back close to the wall, and the bedroom was used for our cabinet. We draped the door-way with a thin piece of black linen that had been washed, and through which, if held up, one could distinguish the light. We fixed it up in the front room upon two hooks that had been inserted in the door-frame. Behind this curtain we placed an ordinary wooden chair for the use of the medium. Our preparations, you will see, were quite primitive. About eight o'clock two men friends came in, followed soon afterwards by the medium, Mr. Haxby, and his brother. After our introductions and a little general talk we took our seats, then the brother produced a small musical box, about four inches long, which he wound up and placed upon the table. Then "Joey" controlled the medium, and, speaking through him, claimed to have met me before at another seance, but not through Mr. Haxby as medium, which was quite true. We asked "Joey" if he could bring us some flowers. He said he would try. The light was lowered, not extinguished. The musical box floated over our heads. It had a tiny blue spark trace its passage to the top of the piano, where it was left to finish its tune. "Joey" asked for the light to be put out, and that we would all sit quite still, and said that he would go for the flowers. In a short time the room was filled with the odor of sweet spring flowers, and when we were told to light up we saw, lying on the table, before each sitter a flower, fresh and sweet. When we picked them they up we found that they were wet and bespattered with sand or mould as though they had been gathered in the rain. We asked "Joey" why it was, and he said, "Why don't you know that it rains?"

"A friend's garden at Walthamstow," he replied. We accepted "Joey's" statement but did not give him credit for robbing his friends. After a little more music "Joey" said that he was ready for the cabinet, and the gas was lowered, but not put out, and we could still see each other and the flowers on the table. "Joey" controlled the medium and took him into the inner room where we all saw him sitting, about two feet from the curtain, in a deep trance. Shortly afterwards we saw something white and cloudlike moving backward and forward; it seemed to come through the curtain and then recede; at the same time it increased and grew taller, and in a few moments we saw a tall man come through, not lifting, the curtain. Someone said, "It is Abdullah." He bowed. When asked if he could speak, he shook his head, and when someone said "Can you make any sound?" he raised his hand and struck the door with a clear sound, then salaamed, and with a curious gliding movement came to the table, picked up a beautiful tulip, and took it with him to the cabinet, not raising the curtain, but seeming to melt through it as before. We could see the cloud-like appearance moving on the other side as though it was being gathered up, and presently "Abdullah" again came through the curtain holding the tulip, which seemed to radiate a clear brightness. He moved up to the table, and having placed the flower in the hand of our hostess he moved back, stood before the curtain, and gradually melted from our presence, his wonderful eyes seeming to be the last to vanish. Before we could more than look at each other a little black girl was seen standing close to the table, nodding her head and putting her little brown hands forward to be touched. We asked her name and she said "Mimi," in a childish voice. The face was not as well formed as the hands and arms, and she wore some kind of drapery over her head, which she lifted in her hands, and as she let it fall on the table it made a slight noise, as though some small beads had been threaded on it. "Joey" said afterwards that she loved to have beads in her hair and liked us to admire them. In response to a request that she would dance she moved her hands and the drapery, but we could see that the power was failing, and the little figure gradually disappeared from our eyes. She did not come from or go into the cabinet. "Joey" told us that he and his friends had built her up while we were watching "Abdullah" go through the curtain. We all touched her hands and arms, and found that they felt firm and warm. Our seance was over and the wonders of it I shall never forget. "Joey" asked us not to turn up the gas as he was bringing the medium into our room—and when he came among us Mr. Haxby looked very limp and was still entranced. "Joey" said, "Sing while I bring him round." In a few seconds the medium was his normal self and was pleased to hear that the seance had been a success. This young man did not become a public medium, for he was one of those whom an ancient sage has told us "the gods love," and he died young. I was much pleased to find that Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace gave his valuable testimony to the genuineness of Haxby's mediumship during the recent law cases between Colley and Maskelyne.

After the seance my sisters and I went into the cabinet bedroom to get our outdoor garments, and we found them undisturbed on the bed. We looked into the corners and under the bed, but could not find any trace of the cloud which we had watched grow into the form of a man, tall and intelligent, and afterwards into a small brown girl child, also intelligent but vain. We sought for the little brown hands that had clasped ours and then vanished through the well-worn carpet, but there was no trace of them, and on our walk home we came to the conclusion that Nature moves in a mysterious way, her wisdom is



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EDITORIAL NOTES.

Address all communications to The
Sunflower, Hamburg, N. Y. Do not
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We extend an invitation to our friends
to send us reports of spiritual matters
of interest in their localities, of indis-
putable experiences and of our speak-
ers and workers, accounts of their work
and manuscripts of their addresses for
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fully received and used, if desirable.

To all our readers who have ordered
books we wish to say that we had
hoped to have sent in their orders ere
this, but it has been impossible to at-
tend to it, as yet. We hope to get
caught up with our work, so that it can
be done soon. So, please, let us impose
longer upon your already tried patience.

Some of our foreign exchanges are
still addressed to Lily Dale, N. Y. One
came to Hamburg a while and has since
been sent to Lily Dale. We trust that
all exchanges will notice this and make
the address The Sunflower, Hamburg,
N. Y., U. S. A., and also that all Spir-
itual papers receiving this will see that
The Sunflower is on their exchange
list, for a few of the foreign and other
journals have not been received since
The Sunflower changed its home.

The Post Office Department has adopt-
ed a new rule regarding subscriptions
to newspapers and periodicals which
enjoy the second-class mail privileges.
It requires that subscriptions shall be
bona-fide, and, as a test of that, sub-
scriptions shall not be in arrears a year.
Practically, it means the payment in
advance of all subscriptions, though a
reasonable time is allowed for the pay-
ment after the time is past to which
payment has been made. The Sun-
flower subscriptions are due in advance
and should be paid before the last num-
ber paid for is reached. There has
been, however, some leniency in this
matter, for various good reasons, but
all subscribers who are in arrears should
make payment at their earliest con-
venience. There are a few, possibly,
who are in arrears over one year; if so,
it will be necessary for them to pay
very soon, or we will have to discon-
tinue, as the rules require affixing of
postage stamps on each paper over one
year in arrears, or its discontinuance.
Please notice your label date and re-
new, if in arrears, or your year is
nearly passed.

Foretold Her Death.

An interesting account is given in the
August Annals of Psychological Science of
two old ladies, twins, who lived to the
age of ninety-three. One of them,
while actively engaged in household du-
ties, slipped and fell and she died within
the hour from the shock. C., who tells
the story, was a grandchild of the other
old lady, and when C's mother heard
the news of the death of her aunt, who
lived 150 miles away, she went to
break the news to C's grandmoth-
er, who was in bed, but before
she could speak the old lady ex-
claimed, "Betsey is gone," and she
explained her knowledge of her sister's
death by saying: "Betsey came to me
last evening and told me all about it.
She slipped on the floor yesterday af-
ternoon and the shock was too much for
her frail body. She stayed the night
with me and I don't know when I had
so much pleasure. We talked over all
our childhood days and then she went
away, and I shall join her in a day or
two." She passed away within two
days.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM OR SPIRITISM---WHICH?

Being a Consideration of the Difficulties to be Overcome and Dangers to be Faced
by Spiritualistic Societies in General, and one in Particular.

Delivered to the Greenock Association of Spiritualists in Shep-
herd's Hall, Greenock, Scotland, October 27, 1907, by

J. A. DUNCAN

And published in The Two Worlds.

Introductory.

Before proceeding to deliver to you
my address proper, I wish to put
before you what appeals to me as an
admirable statement of the aim and
object of Spiritualism, as I would that
we all would practice it. I quote from
Light of the 26th inst. Referring to
the prospect offered by the "Bhagavat
Gita," the article runs as follows:

Its aim is practical; to bring the
aspirant back to the ultimate unity,
not as a philosophical theory, but as a
fact of consciousness. The sum of all
religion is self-realization—the pass-
ing from the surface, transient, per-
sonal self, the self of sensation and
the lower mind, the "Empirical Ego"
to the Divine Atman, "the self seated
in the heart of all things." When
this unity has been realized and the
individual has become merged in the
self of all, he enters on the state
called Nirvana—absolute peace or
equilibrium—he has, in a sense, sur-
mounted physical existence; though
dwelling in a body he no longer iden-
tifies himself with it. He sees the
Eternal in the temporal, and the
divine unity underlying all; hence the
sense of separateness is lost; he is no
longer an isolated unit in the universe,
with aims and interests distinct from
those of his fellows, but works for the
good of all, recognizing in it his own;
he has passed the limits of personal-
ity. Such a state is not one of com-
plete passivity or nullity. On the
contrary, it is a condition of the high-
est activity, in which consciousness,
intellect, and emotion are raised to
their highest potency. The peace of
the liberated arises from the complete
balance or harmony which has been
established between all his faculties.
The ideal which Jesus held up to his
followers is essentially the same. The
state of which he spoke as "the king-
dom of heaven" and as "eternal life"
is really the Nirvana of the Gita.
Christ did not mean by "eternal life"
the continuity of life after death; on
the contrary, he always spoke of it as
something to be achieved now, in this
world. He defined it as conscious
union with the Father—the Supreme
Spirit.

The reviewer remarks that all this
is very much in line with the "highest"
principles of Spiritualism. Why
"highest"?

The foregoing will enlighten you as
to my attitude towards the goal of the
most sublime philosophy, science,
religion, whatever you may call it,
which ever can enter into the
consideration of mankind—Spiritual-
ism, the knowledge of everything
pertaining to the spiritual nature of
man. It is a science, a philosophy,
and a religion, putting forth a just
view of man's duty and immortality.
As spirit is the eternal and moving
force of the universe, so Spiritualism
in its widest scope embraces the whole
realm of nature. Spiritualism is based
upon well-proven facts, having truth
as its guide and reason as its closest
friend. It comprehends man and the
universe in all their varied relations—
physical, intellectual, moral, and
spiritual. It gives the best conception
of the Eternal Father and His great
works, promotes the highest sense of
duty, stimulates spiritual growth and
purity of life, making preparation for
the immortal and progressive life
which it proves.

Has Been Criticized.

I have been criticized on the ground
that I consider Spiritualism to be the
only way in which man may attain to
the high watermark of spirituality and
unfoldment attainable by him as spirit
incarnated upon this material plane of
existence. I take this opportunity of
repeating that as my earnest and deep
conviction, which has remained stead-
fast and unaltered through many
modifications and changes of opinions
from my first serious consideration of
the subject up till now.

Spiritualism the Regenerator.

Spiritualism, and Spiritualism alone,
is that which will bring about that su-
preme object of our existence, the
regeneration of mankind from the
very lowest levels. Granted that in
all men there is the divine principle,
that which, as Mrs. Anna Besant puts
it, "is within us, the same power as
shaped the universe, it is divine, not

human, a portion of the life of the
Logos, and inseparable from Him"—
The Divine Self—the God within—ob-
scure or manifest as the case may be,
then all men possess the very highest
possibilities. To bring these to the
surface we must rely upon Spiritual-
ism alone. The more obscure the di-
vine principle may be within the in-
dividual, the purer and holier must be
the influence brought to bear upon
him towards his elevation and general
betterment. Spiritualism consists of
that purity and holiness in the highest
possible degree compatible with the
spiritual development and advance-
ment of the life exerting that
influence. Will any question my
statement, deliberately made, that the
exertion of that influence with the one
and only object in view, that the up-
liftment and unfoldment of humanity
embodies in its very substance all
that is necessary for the spiritualiza-
tion of both the helper and the helped?

Whether either be incarnate or
disincarnate it matters not. Does not
it comprehend the injunction of the
Master, and embody the faith he be-
queathed to his true followers, the
cardinal feature of which is love?—
"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God
with all thy heart, and with all thy
soul, and with all my mind. This is
the first and great commandment, and
the second is like unto it: Thou shalt
love thy neighbor as thyself. On
these two commandments hang the law
and the prophets."

Love is the foundation principle of
the spiritual life: "By this shall all
men know that ye are my disciples, if
ye have love one for another." Does
this love appeal to you in all its
deeper and wider significance? The
Master could not have had in his mind
the material aspect of the term, but
the perfect love which, consummated,
would mean absolute harmony and
concord between spirit and spirit, in-
carnate or disincarnate; the love which
is the first principle of progressive
spirituality and spiritual life; the
affinity of soul for soul, which alone
makes for unity of purpose and spiri-
tual advancement, and which will draw
us closer to each other in bonds of
fellowship and brotherhood, and bring
us nearer to our ultimate goal—per-
fection, even as our Father which is
in heaven is perfect.

The mainstay of Spiritualism is
this love, which one writer remarks,
"can only appeal to him who loves
the brother more than his own soul,
and who is, therefore, willing to give
even of his very life for the good of
his brother." Again, listen: "Greater
love hath no man than this, that a
man lay down his life for his
friends."

A Question of Import.

Does Spiritualism, as represented
by the term "Modern Spiritualism,"
always embrace all that? When it
does not do so, then it is not Spiritual-
ism, but a travesty of it masquerading
under a sacred name—to put it briefly,
"Spiritism." Some of you may say,
"Ah! you are now dealing with what
might be called the 'higher aspect' of
Spiritualism!" Higher aspect, indeed!
I do not ask you, but I demand of you
that you banish from your thoughts
any such qualification of the term;
there must be but one aspect of it, and
that the very highest.

Sad to relate, however, there are
many aspects of what is supposed to be
the "science, philosophy, and religion"
of life within the pale of
"Modern Spiritualism," ranging from
the uttermost depths of fortune-telling
and gross sensationalism upward, to a
more or less half-hearted realization
of true Spiritualism. I say, advisedly
and with deliberation, half-hearted,
because of my conviction of the truth
of my assertion. If any one of you
cares to question the justice of my
allegation by all means do so. First
of all, however you must stand by
the argument "Modern Spiritualists"
of to-day so often level at the churches
and kindred organizations—"By their
fruits ye shall know them."

A Further Query.

What has "Modern Spiritualism"
as an organization done for humanity?
Where are the fruits? Let us look
these questions fair in the face. It
has long years to account for. It

professes to have had fifty years of
actual direct communication with our
mighty dead, from Buddha, Jesus,
Swedenborg, etc., down to the late
lamented Dan Leno, and so on—fifty
years of audible, visible, and tangible
contact with the angel world! What
has come of it all? The emancipation
of humanity? No! At the present
time the prevalence of "Spiritism"
masquerading under the name of
Spiritualism, the degradation of the
movement by descent to the depths of
mercenary grovelling and the con-
sequent rise of fraud in its midst, is
tending to drive from it those more
spiritually evolved souls who would
have helped to keep her fair name
clean and her influence pure and holy
before the world. Is it, even now,
past redemption, doomed as a spiri-
tualizing influence of the time? Let
us hope not. I do not suggest that it
is in danger of dying numerically. Oh,
no! There is sufficient interest in it
as a means towards the demonstration
of the continuity of consciousness be-
yond the grave alone to enable it to
hold its own, aye, and to flourish
greatly. But alas! numbers do not
count. Assiduous prowling after tests!
messages! forms! unbridled indulgence
in materialistic, gross, and demoraliz-
ing curiosity, such as we all have met
with, do not constitute Spiritualism;
mere development of "spiritual
gifts,"—clairvoyance, clairaudience,
and such like—will neither spiritualize
the medium nor induce spirituality in
others. "Not every one that saith
unto me, Lord! Lord! shall enter the
kingdom of heaven!"

The Profession of Mediumship.

It is becoming more apparent every
day that in many quarters mediumship
—and mediumship is a tremendously
elastic term nowadays—is a sort of a
profession with a bright future, a
young industry with splendid pros-
pects—"the harvest is great and the
laborers are few" sort of idea. Con-
sequently, when so-called "spiritual
gifts" make themselves manifest, the
individuals, instead of standing in
absolute awe of the power which has
come to them and opening out their
inmost soul in thankfulness, asking
for guidance, and humbly praying for
the spiritual wherewithal to use it
best to the glory of the divine within
and without them, and for the uplift-
ing and upholding of the spiritual
state of their fellow men, they take
it as a marketable commodity—a per-
sonal attribute and an individual
superiority—put a price on it, and
straightway proceed to turn it into so
much current coin as they possibly
can. They debase what might other-
wise be their high calling in their greed
for material and temporal gain, in-
stead of pressing on to still higher
spiritual unfoldment and laying up for
themselves treasures in heaven. They
use their God-given powers for pur-
poses of "the earth, earthy," and to
crown the blasphemy they turn to us,
call it "spirituality," and profess
"Spiritualism."

The Need of Perfect Love.

A "Spiritualist" writer has said:—
"I would that in letters of living fire
I could write the necessity for the
'Perfect Love' in all who would give
themselves to spiritual work (healing)
for so many are the risks of being
caught by the wiles of the vain self-
hood, who is the evil one within us,
ever ready to claim for self the good
which alone can belong to the spirit;
that they who are gifted with the
(healing) power have no other safety
than in being clothed with the perfect
garment of the selfless love, whose
greatest beauty and sweetest grace
for men and women is humility, the
very soul of all true spiritual health.
For though we have all powers, and
have not this, the one love, even the
very mind of the Christ, it profits
nothing from the truly spiritual point
of view." When will we all realize
the truth of those inspired words?

Consider for one moment, my
friends, the selfless love, the mind of
the Christ, as so much pounds, shil-
lings, pence per fixed quantity, doled
out to poor striving, struggling souls,
eager for light, the light of life.
Comment is superfluous.

An Unhealthy Craving.

No man can serve two masters; he
will hold to the one and despise the
other. Ye cannot serve God and Mam-
mon! The responsibility rests in a
great measure with "Modern Spir-
itualists" individually. The immoderate
craving on the part of the idly curious
and inquisitive for phenomena week
after week and month after month—
phenomena to satisfy the morbid
desires of their blasphemous—has,
so to speak, created a demand which
must at all costs be supplied, and,
consequently, to keep the supply equal
to the demand, fraud, the storehouse

of the unscrupulous, has been requis-
itioned, has insidiously crept in upon
us, until it is possible for an opponent
to assert:—

Mammon and Mediumship.

"It is admitted by its own ad-
herents that Spiritualism is honeycombed
with fraud. It requires, therefore,
to say the least, very great caution
before anyone commits himself to a
system or a principle which comes with
such doubtful credentials!"

Applied to Spiritualism, that state-
ment I would characterize as an un-
qualified falsehood. Applied to "Mod-
ern Spiritualism," as we know it, it
may or may not be true. Mediumship
and Mammon have got somehow or
other to be too much in each other's
company, and, as a result, "Modern
Spiritualism" is practically at a
standstill, and from that state it will
steadily and surely sink into the mire,
until such time as this partnership is
sternly and rigorously dissolved. If
"Modern Spiritualism"—you will not-
ice that I give it the distinguishing
title to avoid confusion between it and
true Spiritualism, which only proceeds
from the unfoldment of the individual,
and does not depend upon organization,
whereas "Modern Spiritualism," as
now exploited, very often differs from
churchianity only inasmuch as it is the
relation between platform and bench
instead of between pulpit and pew!—if
"Modern Spiritualism" is to revolu-
tionize modern thought, is to prove
itself to be a panacea for all pestilential
sores of a corrupt civilization and
priest-controlled ignorance; if, as its
leaders boast, and we all pray that it
will, it is to emancipate humanity
from that vast and mighty hypnotic
state into which it has been cast by a
spiritually ignorant and Pharisaic
priesthood—namely, the slough of
despond falsely styled orthodoxy—if it
is even to pave the way for that being
done, it is almost time that we, the
revolutionists, were overhauling our
ammunition, and weeding out the bad
and laying aside the good. We will
examine the ammunition.

Literature.

Let us turn for a moment to the
representative journals of the move-
ment, after comparing them with
those of the Church and of the (we
presume) very antithesis of that, the
Rationalist movement, both of which
"Modern Spiritualists" look askance
upon, and in many quarters, and on
many occasions, heap obloquy and
abuse upon, instead of showing an
example and, in the certainty of
superior knowledge from which they
evidently derive the right to abuse,
helping them.

An Advertisement.

What do we find? I will tell you
what Professor Huxley, during his
debate with Dr. Wace on "Agnosticism
and Christianity" in the Nineteenth
Century, found in 1889. He mentions
in a footnote how a Spiritualist took
him to task on a certain point and gave
him some very sound advice through
the columns of a Spiritualist paper.
"Just so," says Huxley, "and the
first page of this same journal
presents the following advertisement,
among others of the same kidney:—
To Wealthy Spiritualists.—A lady me-
dium of tried power wishes to meet
with an elderly gentleman who would
be willing to give her a comfortable
home and maintenance in exchange for
her Spiritualistic services, as her
guides consider her health is too deli-
cate for public sittings. London pre-
ferred. Address, 'Mary,' care office
of—well, a paper the name of
which is not Darkness!" He (Hux-
ley) asks: "Are we going back to the
days of the Judges, when Micah set
up his private ephod, Teraphim and
Levite?" Of course that was twenty
years ago! What about to-day?

Concerning Our Two Newspapers.

Let us turn to our representative
journals of to-day, which we will refer
to as "this world and the next," and
"that one which is not darkness." We
find the intimation of one single-
eyed philanthropist who, on receipt of
one penny stamp, will enable you to
increase your vitality 100 per cent.
Another, a lady, also a single-eyed
philanthropist, will switch you on to
the exchange upon whatever plane
your departed are situate, upon the
silver collection basis. Further, we
encounter "a specialist," whose out-
standing features consist of Royal
patronage, Royal acknowledgment,
press notices, and one shilling. These
and all others of the same class, do
not cast any reflection upon "Modern
Spiritualism," but they most certainly
do show up in a very clear light the
close-fisted policy followed out by
many of its devotees, which render it
necessary to plaster up the walls of
the editorial sanctum with such
"material" to prevent the wind of

impecuniosity from blowing the editor and his most strenuous efforts up the chimney of unpardonable neglect! We can quite see the editor's position when we wade through this advertising slough of despond. We see in the distance a palatial mansion, metaphorically speaking, and over the entrance are emblazoned the words, "Brotherhood of man to man." We, metaphorically speaking again, uncover our heads and enter. "Modern Spiritualists" are very proud of this, the headquarters of one of their most sacred principles. We find that the walls have voices, and on all sides we are confronted with the impress of a report submitted by the treasurer of a certain fund.

A Sad Commentary.

Written in gold and framed in light? No! Written in crimson and framed in dull green! "I regret to announce the fact that owing to the meager response to the appeal for funds I have distributed all the money in hand, and unless help is forthcoming some of our old workers—those who have borne the heat and burden of the day—will be compelled to end their days in the workhouse. May I urge upon all Spiritualists something, no matter how small, to enable me to relieve the distress of these old people? I am convinced that if Spiritualists could read the heart-breaking appeals for assistance which I have received they would show that Spiritualists not only teach but practice the principles of the 'brotherhood of man to man.' We are compelled to draw a very regrettable inference from the last sentence, viz., that not having read the appeals, Spiritualists do not show that they practice what they preach!

Psychic Infants.

A friend, a true Spiritualist, writes to me: "You have only to glance over a certain journal week by week to recognize the psychic infancy of Spiritualists, so-called. Amongst the correspondence in the issue of so-and-so, there appear two letters under the headline, 'Shall we help the distressed?' If any proofs were needed of the 'spiritual status' of 'Modern Spiritualism' that makes such a query possible, we have it here! Think of it—'Shall we help the distressed?' Of course one looked for an avalanche of affirmative correspondence in the next issue of the journal. But no, nothing—absolutely nothing! Beautiful ideals—always! Practical self-abnegation—never!"

Alas! we find that our palatial mansion is but part of the "stock-in-trade," and is, I fear, sadly disappointing when viewed from within.

Caustic, But—?

How do we support our journals, which we profess to support for the purpose of research into the facts and philosophies of the psychical, occult, religious, and mystical, and of reform? What do we find there? Free expression of opinion on matters spiritual, mutual help and encouragement, elevating and educative articles by spiritually-minded men and intellectual? Very seldom! Usually long-winded society reports, aimless dissertations on subjects of little or no import; bigotry, veiled priestcraft, and narrow-minded advocacy of broad-mindedness; condemnation of all theories or suggestions or beliefs which do not coincide with those scheduled at headquarters; the frequent substitution of personal opinion for reasoning. Did Jesus ever live? No. I think he did. Why? Well, Dr. Peebles says so. Does it matter? No. Then why argue? I don't know. And so on.

"Shall we disgrace our Bible by laying it on your platform?" asks one. "Shall we disgrace our platform by laying your Bible upon it?" asks another. The end shall be, in all probability, that before very long neither will have either Bible or platform left to disgrace, so changeable is man, or that they will not be left to disgrace them! Marvellous test! Proof of return! Spirit identified conclusively!!! (One might add, "extra special.") After fifty long years! How time flies, to be sure!

"Modern Spiritualism" is supposed to rest on a firm foundation with regard to its literature. Perhaps so; at any rate, that foundation is not being strengthened to withstand the extra added strain as years roll on. But we must remember that the quality can only reach the level of the demand.

Phenomena.

The next round of ammunition is the phenomena which consists of manifold evidences of immediate contact with the spiritual world—the angelic realms. The bridge which connects

the two worlds for the passage of the "Spiritualist" consists of—

How pure in heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold,
Shall be the man whose thought would hold
An hour's communion with the dead.
In vain shalt thou or any call
The spirits from their golden day,
Except, like them, thou, too, canst say,
My spirit is at peace with all.

In short, getting into "tune with the Infinite." Let us consider the "bridge" which is usually associated with those to whom "Modern Spiritualists" look up as individuals competent to judge, and qualified to prove or disprove spiritual things from a material standpoint, by doing which "Modern Spiritualists" belie their vaunted knowledge of the persistence of consciousness after death.

A Hint:

The "bridge" of the "scientific Modern Spiritualistic enquirer," unbiased, broad-minded, and quite open to conviction materially, but spiritually dormant, consists of the following, roughly speaking. Take a medium (as the cookery books say), twelve yards of 36 inch wire netting, one clothes line, one bag of nails, one box of tacks, two sticks of sealing wax, one lump of moulding clay, a wooden cage, a large potato sack in case of emergency, six men as densely ignorant of spiritual possibilities as himself, and a thick stick! Thus, my dear friends, they rely upon bridging the space which lies between this sphere of tribulation and that beautiful Summerland from which emanate the radiations of love and hope, and the peace which passeth all understanding, and which the world can neither give nor take away. Ichabod! Where is thy glory?

Motives.

Appearances may be deceptive, men may be misunderstood, misjudged, and misrepresented, but once the motive is brought out and fully realized, these are impossible. My address may be considered a case in point. It is the motive that matters. The motive is the fundamental principle of all action, and by the motive, and by the motive only, may the action be judged. The action may be futile, may be directly against existing custom and usage, may even suggest evil. Examine the motive; judge it, and not the action. An apparently good deed may be done from an objectionable motive, and thereby be rendered doubly evil. But no deed can, to my mind, be considered evil which has its origin in a pure and good motive. It is quite permissible for one to criticize manifested acts, expression of opinions, and methods of procedure on the part of others, but it is certainly not within my province at this time to enter into the question of motive, either in the case of individuals or communities. All must do that for themselves, and form their own opinion thereon, but the occasion demands that I suggest that the motives either of individuals or of communities with regard to "Modern Spiritualism" must be of the purest, unblemished by any taint of expectation of reward of one kind or another, except the realization of duty performed, which is its own reward. Associated with mercenary motive, it is not Spiritualism, but Spiritism. It matters not what the effect upon others may be, consoling, uplifting, or degrading, if it is sacrificed to a mercenary motive, bought and sold, then Spiritism it surely is.

Weed Out the Rubbish.

"Modern Spiritualists" must practice the doctrines they preach; weed out the rubbish, useless as well as obnoxious, from the wherewithal by means of which they are to fulfil their mission. Adhere to the highest and aspire to the highest, which can only be done by having for a working foundation the purest of motives. Otherwise they must not be indignant or hurt when they are known among men by their correct designation—"Spiritists." My own candid opinion is that within the ranks of "Modern Spiritualism" there are comparatively few "Spiritualists," but many "Spiritists," and my opinion does not lack company of its kind.

When a man or woman becomes a true Spiritualist, then organization is not a necessity to the well-being of the individual. It is from thence onward a case of personal aspiration and unfoldment, all from that point where the true Spiritualism begins. Downward is "Spiritism." Spiritualism points upward! "Spiritism" drags downward!

Good Workers Wanted.

The wall goes up on all sides, why have we not speakers and mediums to-day like those we used to have, excepting a few? What are the spirit people doing? Are they losing interest? Their mission is not accomplished! Why are they not making greater

efforts to put our beloved Cause on a stronger footing? The Rev. Page Hopps indirectly suggested some time ago that it was because "the Spiritualists of this country would not pay." Anent that suggestion I put the question to the entire movement through the columns of Light.

A Courteous Editor.

"If it is necessary for man to sacrifice his body under certain circumstances and conditions to uphold and uplift the spiritual state of existence, then under spiritual law is it not to man's spiritual advancement to make such sacrifice?" The editor treated me with every consideration, published and commented upon my communication in a brotherly (even if it was a little drastic) fashion, and then gently "screwed me off at the meter." But alas! I still wait my answer. In The Two Worlds a correspondence went on for some time, wherein some wonderful arguments were unearthed. One correspondent had even to hark back to Mrs. E. H. Britten for support, as if a thousand E. H. B.'s could make that which is an obstacle and a curse, and which has no place from the standpoint of spiritual evolution, a thing to be desired and encouraged. Why wonder what is the reason of the falling off in quality of "Modern Spiritualism?" Does the responsibility rest with the spirit people? Can we say in sincerity and in truth, "Our God! our God! why hast Thou forsaken us?" A thousand times, no! In retrospect, my friends—look within! The sole remedy lies with each one of us individually. More spirituality and less entertainment. Choke that inanegasp for phenomena at all times. Cry out for light—more light. Seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. Show the sensation-mongers—the "description-while-you-wait" class—that you want none of them. You have each the remedy in your own hands. Seek ye the kingdom of God, and all things shall be added unto you. In all things strive to realize the difference between psychism and spirituality.

Conclusion.

I do not know whether anyone of you can realize how impossible it is for me to put into words exactly what I would like to convey to you. Somehow I seem to feel that you know, that we all know, what our duty is. Let us unite with the Universal Spirit. Let us aspire to harmonize the God within with the God without. It is not an easy task, but how can we without trial and tribulation overcome?

Let us unite in the bond of brotherhood. Let us, as one spirit, which in reality we are, lift our voice in one great burst of desire and longing: "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven." We are practically a new association, a child of the Over Soul!

You have asked me to address your first meeting, I can but earnestly, with all the longing of my being for it to be a spiritual association in reality and in truth, pray that I have not made a vain appeal. Take as your motto, always, and in all things—

To Thee in whom alone we live:
To Thee from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give,
We give Thee all.

Special Collections For the N. S. A.

It has been the custom to ask auxiliary societies of the N. S. A. to take a special collection for its working fund, about or during the month of February each year. There is need this year of an interest to be taken by all Spiritualists in the finance of the N. S. A. Many great necessities are taxing the treasury. It is highly important that this body shall be fully able to meet the heavy demands upon it. The time has never been more demanding of close allegiance to the N. S. A. and the public cause of Spiritualism than now. Every Spiritualist should be faithful to the cause, in the support of home and national work. Your earnestness should now be shown as never before!

Let me appeal to you in such a manner as to impress you with the need to assist now, and thus sustain movements on hand that shall mean almost everything to you as a Spiritualist!

Take a collection at some meeting you may hold during February, and urge the friends of the cause to give liberally.

Special donations from friends of the cause are solicited.

Mediums and speakers may possibly be inspired to hold a special meeting to assist the national work, which is their own for protection and strength. I will anticipate the good-will of all to be manifest by liberal donations.

Fraternally,

GEORGE W. KATES, Secretary.
Washington, D. C.

LILY DALE NEWS.

Mina Seymore has gone away for a few weeks.

Our school opened the 20th, after four weeks' vacation.

Mrs. Eustavieve is visiting at Sinclairville for a few days.

The streets and walks are so icy it is unsafe to walk on them.

O. Maxham played for a dance at Sinclairville Friday evening.

Mrs. Maggie Turner, George Gens and Aunt Polly Horton are sick.

Mrs. Ed. Griswold is improving under the care of Dr. Duke, of Fredonia.

The men are preparing to harvest the ice, it being about nine inches thick.

Mr. and Mrs. Dayton and family were here to attend the funeral of Mr. Riley Johnson.

Mrs. May Burk has returned from Kentucky, where she has been spending a few weeks.

Mrs. C. H. Piersons and daughter, Hazel, drove to Stockton Sunday to see Mrs. Mina Pickett, who is very ill.

Mr. and Mrs. John Raymond and Mr. and Mrs. Jay Raymond spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Israel Raymond.

Much credit is due Editor Walker for the good Spiritual reading he furnishes through the columns of the Sunflower.

Mrs. Ben Luce, who went to Jamestown a short time ago for an operation, is improving rapidly and her many friends hope to see her home soon.

Our genial and popular Dr. J. D. Henderson is kept busy caring for the sick on the grounds and the surrounding towns. We are glad to have so able a doctor among us.

Mrs. H. L. Tobien, of Cleveland, O., a summer resident of Lily Dale, has gone to Lake Helen, Fla., for the rest of the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Fleming, of Fredonia, have gone to Florida and will be at Lake Helen part of the winter. Mr. Fleming is one of the old conductors on the Lake Shore Railway.

A letter has been received from Mrs. L. B. McDonell, of Limestone, sister of the late Mrs. Minnie Meeker, stating the funeral of Mrs. Meeker was held Tuesday, January 14th, at 2 p. m., Mrs. Watson, of Jamestown, officiating. She thanks the good friends of Lily Dale for their beautiful floral tribute, consisting of a pillow of white hyacinths, carnations, callas and narcissus, interspersed with purple violets and bordered with smilax and asparagus fern, a casket bouquet of white hyacinths and smilax, and another piece of callas and pink carnations.

Again we are called upon to record the transition of another from our midst, and this time a familiar presence, whom all residing here, as well as the summer visitors, will miss—Mr. Riley W. Johnson, who has been our gatekeeper for many years. Mr. Johnson moved here with his family when Lily Dale was yet in its infancy, remaining here as an all-the-year resident. Assuming the office of gatekeeper when Dr. Carter became too feeble to attend to its duties, he has remained the same ever since. While Mr. Johnson has been in poor health for several months he has only been confined to the house for a short time, and passed away very quietly about 1 o'clock Sunday morning, January 19, 1908. He leaves to mourn his loss a wife, two daughters, Mrs. Andrews and Mrs. Hattie Stone, of Fredonia, and one son, Fay Johnson, of this place. He was 78 years of age.

How joyful is the thought that lingers
When loved ones cross death's sea
That when our labors here are ended
With them we'll ever be.

The funeral was held at the house Tuesday morning, after which the body was taken to Laona for burial. The Episcopal minister of Fredonia officiated.

Mrs. Eugenia Yontz, well known at Lily Dale, where she was a visitor for several years, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Glenn, of Newark, O., committed suicide in a state of despondency the last day of the old year, December 31, 1907. She took two ounces of carbolic acid. After swallowing the poison she screamed and ran to the door of her apartment and fell into the arms of her father, who was coming up the stairs, accompanied by his wife. She died a half-hour after taking the acid, suffering great agony. She left a note stating her reasons for so doing. At the funeral H. E. Boerstlein, of Columbus, O., officiated. This account should have appeared in an earlier issue, but was mislaid.

The Sunflower, \$1.00 a year.

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.

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 Lily 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, 293 Pleasant St., Marlboro, Mass.
C. Walter Lynn, 734 8th St., Oakland, Cal.
Mrs. O. W. Grant, 135 Prospect Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
Mrs. Edith McCrossman, 262 East First Ave., Columbus, O.
Mrs. Elizabeth J. Demorest, Lily Dale, N. Y.
Prof. C. Otis Johnson, 383 Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Mrs. J. S. Steele, 3942 Penn avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Mrs. W. Stansfield, 116 Moody avenue, Newcastle, Pa.

HEALERS.

Dr. C. D. King, Onset, Mass.
Mrs. F. E. Elwanger, 221 North 13th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Mrs. Mattie Rector, 140 Hicks St., Utica, N. Y.
Mrs. Dr. Dobson-Barker, 230 North 6th St., San Jose, Cal.
Mrs. A. A. Cawcroft, 333 East 2nd, Jamestown, N. Y.
Vincel Drahos, Jim Block, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

LECTURERS.

Estelle F. Howes Baillet, box 377, Lockport, N. Y.
Charles S. Hubert, 54 Morgan St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Mrs. F. E. Elwanger, 221 North 13th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Mrs. M. E. Williams, 201 Richmond St., N. Y.
Mrs. S. Harris, 165 1/2 North High St., Columbus, O.
Rev. Dr. J. B. Geddes, 103 Lafayette St., Jersey City, N. J.
Mattie E. Hull, Whitewater, Wis.
Mary C. Ward, Box 116, R. F. D. 1, East Ashkuba, O.
G. W. Kates and wife, 600 Pennsylvania Ave., S. E., Washington, D. C.
Mary M. Jennings, Moravia, N. Y.
Mrs. Elizabeth J. Demorest, Lily Dale, N. Y.
Mrs. Elise Stumpf, Lake Helen, Fla.
Dr. D. M. King, Mantua, O.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHERS.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Normann, Lily Dale, N. Y.

SLATE WRITING.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Normann, Lily Dale, N. Y.

ASTROLOGERS.

J. N. Larson, 28 Union St., Titusville, Pa.
Captain George W. Walrond, Rochester, N. Y.

TRUMPET MEDIUMS.

Mrs. S. E. Pemberton, 407 Hancock St., Peoria, Ill.
Frank McKinley, 15 West 64th St., New York City.

MATERIALIZATION.

De Witt C. Hough, 203 West 38th St., New York City.
Mrs. M. E. Williams, box 201 Richmond, S. L. N. Y.
Mrs. Effie Moss, 211 East 31st St., Chicago, Ill.

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STARTLING PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

(Continued from page 1.)

EXPERIENCES OF MR. GEORGE SPRIGGS.

Mr. Spriggs said: This evening I propose to give you a few of my experiences in this country and in Australia, and you must excuse me if, in doing so, I quote largely from the printed accounts of them which have been published from time to time. These accounts, however, being well authenticated, are more valuable than any verbal statements of my own, and they can be referred to by anyone who is sufficiently interested to investigate for himself.

In the first place, I wish you to understand that the circle to which I shall refer was a private one, and free from all monetary considerations. The same sitters were present every time, there being only two or three fresh investigators admitted at each meeting. As far as I can I will place the facts under different headings—first, materializations; then clairvoyance. If it is difficult for some of you to realize or accept my statements, I can only refer you to the records of them, signed by all the sitters, and published in *The Medium and Daybreak*, London, and the *Habinger of Light*, Melbourne, and advise you to suspend your judgment until you have investigated the matter for yourselves in a true, scientific, and religious spirit. I have had thirty years' experience and ought, therefore, to be competent to judge; but although I have not the slightest doubt myself as to the personality and individuality of the forms that manifest themselves, I do not wish to force my conclusions upon anyone else.

I may add that all manifestations of this kind require special conditions, both on the physical and spiritual planes. Strong feelings, one way or the other, affect and hinder them. Indeed I have known occasions when the mere fact of one or two sitters desiring strongly to have their friends or relations make their presence known to them has prevented manifestations taking place at all. It is best to go to a medium in a calm, sympathetic spirit, free from all partiality and prejudice.

It is sometimes asked, "What is the use of strange happenings of this nature?" I say they come to us in this materialistic world as psychic tonics, and who will venture to assert that we do not all need them?

Seances at Cardiff.

I will commence with a few facts about my Cardiff experiences. The seances were held at the private residence of Mr. Rees Lewis, Newport road, in a back room on the first floor, and a curtain was drawn across the corner of the room where I sat, only a few feet from the sitters. It is recorded in *The Medium and Daybreak* for August 2, 1878, that at one of the seances one of our regularly attending spirit friends, of erect soldierly bearing, who exceeded my own stature by some six inches, came attired in a long white robe, which set off his figure to advantage. He quitted the room and walked down stairs, returning in a few minutes with a dish of fruit, which he was kind enough to hand round, besides partaking of it himself. His greatest effort, however, consisted in his quitting the house entirely, through a back door, and presently returning to the seance room bearing in his arms branches of a fuchsia bush. He must have traversed the entire length of the garden, the distance from the starting point being ninety feet.

At another sitting on Sunday evening, July 14, 1878, the blind covering the window was drawn aside and a flood of light admitted, which pervaded every part of the room and fell in a full stream upon the figure of the spirit friend. The effect was indescribable. A shaft of brilliant white light (the hour being 7.30 p.m.) illuminated the form from head to foot, causing the white raiment to glisten like the purest silver, the hands being placed over the eyes to shade them. The veins in the arms were plainly visible, and there were all the ordinary flesh tints.

In the report descriptive of the above, the writer also says:—

"On Sunday, the 21st, nine or ten times did the spirit friend descend into the hall, and there, in a good light, show himself to members of the circle who had previously assembled in the front parlor. Half a dozen times at least he ascended the short flight of stairs opposite the seance room, and, in view of the sitters, opened the door of the front dressing

room and entered it. This was in daylight, at 7.30 p.m."

In the same report it is stated that there was subsequently a repetition of this occurrence with an addition. The writer says:—

"The front part of the house having been found inconvenient for such experiments, half of us adjourned to the garden, the others remaining to preserve the circle. Presently one spirit friend, having descended the stairs, was observed to enter the back parlor, advance toward us, and show himself through the folding glass doors which opened from the room directly into the garden. Afterwards he opened one of the folding doors and stood plainly before us in all the glory of his white raiment. He then walked down three or four stone steps opposite and stood on the lower one. The proximity of the neighbors prevented him from coming down the gravel path."

"When we remember that these things took place in the broad daylight, with the spirit talking familiarly to us nearly all the time, it does indeed seem to show that with careful cultivation the time will ere long draw nigh when our ascended ones will manifest their welcome presence in our midst with ease and freedom."

Sixteen sitters signed the statement regarding these experiences.

At one of the sittings a gentleman spoke in rather a loud manner to the spirit, who then seemed to fade away and pass to where I was sitting. At once the guide asked Mr. Rees Lewis to come, and he found that my face was covered with blood, and for a long time Mr. Lewis could not restore me to consciousness. This shows how careful we ought to be in our investigations. We stand on the threshold of laws and conditions we do not understand, and the sooner we apply ourselves to the study of them the better it will be for our cause. I often wonder how many mediums have had their powers destroyed by unkind thoughts and rough treatment. When we understand these things and get at the causes, then we shall know better how to treat sensitives and so obtain phenomena under strict test conditions.

Before I leave Cardiff I will give an account of a sitting held at Mr. Rees Lewis's house at three o'clock in the afternoon, with the sunlight streaming in at the windows. We sat in the front room, round the table, around which a heavy cloth was placed so as to make it dark underneath. At this meeting there were present Father Butcher, Rev. David Jones, Mrs. Ferrier, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, and myself. The conditions were that none of the sitters were allowed to put their hands in their pockets or down by their sides after entering the room. All kept their hands on the top of the table. In about five minutes we heard raps, and they told us to look under the table. We did so, and found a small bunch of grapes, a branch from an apple tree, bunches of wheat and barley, also some peas. One of the reverend gentlemen exclaimed, "This is as near a miracle as possible." A report of this sitting was spread about the town, with the result that one gentleman preached on the subject, and declared that the "the Devil had appeared again, tempting us not only with apples but with wheat and barley." Poor Devil! How he is made the butt of ignorance. The times have changed since then, and we realize that the strange phenomena are not the work of the evil one. It is because of their ignorance of the laws which govern them that men attribute them to evil agencies. A similar manifestation was witnessed by the late Mr. W. Harrison, at that time editor of the *Spiritualist*.

Now we come to my Melbourne experiences, and I will give you a description of the room in which the seances were held, so that you will be able to realize the conditions.

It was arranged that the seances should take place in the library of the Victorian Association of Spiritualists, 84 Russell street, the room being lofty, quiet, and centrally situated. The window faces east, and between its cornice and the north wall is a space of five feet. There is no break in the solid brick wall between this and the door. At the north-west corner, a distance of fourteen feet from the window cornice to the north wall, at a height of 7 feet, 6 inches from the floor, there is a cedar pole, upon which are hung two curtains of dark rep, the top being covered in with a light framework of dark net, to modify the light and give ventilation. The space enclosed by the curtains, when drawn, forms a triangle 5 feet, 5½ inches by 7 feet, and there are six clear feet of space between the top of the

Conscience.

I sat alone with my conscience,
In a place where time had ceased,
And we talked of my former living,
And in the land where the years increased.

And I felt I should have to answer
The questions it put to me,
And to face the answer and questions
All through eternity.

The ghosts of forgotten actions
Came floating before my sight,
And things that I thought were dead things
Were alive with a terrible might.

And the vision of all my past life
Was an awful thing to face—
Alone with my conscience sitting,
In that solemnly silent place.

And I thought of a far-away warning
Of a sorrow that was to be mine,
In a land that then was the future,
But now is the present time.

And I thought of my former thinking,
Of the judgment day to be;
But sitting alone with my conscience
Seemed judgment enough for me.

And I wondered if there was a future
To this land beyond the grave.
But no one came to answer,
And no one came to save.

Then I felt that the future was present,
And the present would never go by,
For it was the thought of my past life,
Grown into eternity.

Then I woke from my timely dreaming,
And the vision passed away,
And I knew that the far-away warning
Was a warning of yesterday.

And I prayed that I might not forget it,
In this land before the grave;
That I may not cry in the future
And no one come to save.

And so I learned the lesson,
Which I ought to have known before,
And which, though I learned it dreaming,
I hope to forget no more.

So I sit alone with my conscience,
In the place where the years increase,
And I try to remember the future,
In the land where time shall cease.

I know of the future judgment,
How truthful soe'er it may be,
That to sit alone with my conscience
Will be judgment enough for me.

—Anon.

enclosure and the ceiling. As the room which she was enveloped. She bowed is on the basement, the floor solid, and there is no cellarage to the premises, the impossibility of any material object being introduced into the enclosure without the cognizance of the spectators must be apparent. The writer of the report from which I quote says:

"At a sitting held here on December 28th, 1880, the sitters were told to be in the best condition for the seance appointed for New Year's eve. We were told that if the conditions were favorable a materialized form would eat and drink with us. Accordingly, on the night referred to, a glass, containing about half a pint of water, and a small plate of biscuits, were placed on the window-sill a short distance from the curtain already described.

"The spirit appeared in a white gown and red girdle. He was followed by two lady forms, not recognized by the sitters, one of them being very graceful in appearance, and having a beautiful hand, with long tapering fingers. The first spirit reappeared and walking to the window, took up the glassful of water and drank about half of the quantity. He then took in his hand a biscuit and bit it twice, the sound being distinctly audible to all present.

"Shortly afterwards he retired, and there appeared at the opening between the curtains the form of a black girl, about thirty-six to forty inches high, who answered to the name of "Baba." The blackness of her hands and face was intensified by the white drapery in

medium (myself) sat, placed his other hand upon the medium's head, and he stood with one hand on the medium and the other in the hand of the spirit, in view of all. After Mr. Carson had returned to his chair the spirit picked up a heavy stone and handed it to one of the sitters. Then, taking the reading-stand from the corner of the room to near the front of the curtain, he wrote a message."

Weighing the Materialized Form.

It was deemed advisable by those in charge of the circle to introduce mechanical means for the purpose of ascertaining the distinguishing features between myself, as the medium, and the materialized forms, the first experiment suggested being that of weighing the forms. Accordingly a small platform weighing-machine was procured and placed in the seance room in proximity to the corner where the forms usually materialized. There was also a weighing-machine upstairs. My clothes were taken off and weighed before the sitting commenced, and I also was weighed. The same procedure took place again after the sitting, and I always found that as a result of the seance I had lost about three pounds in weight. By way of further experimentation, I weighed myself every day and found that it took three days to recover the lost weight. At first I always sat three times a week, but afterwards only twice a week.

With regard to the attempt made to weigh the materialized forms, the report in *The Habinger of Light* says:

"The first spirit who appeared stepped on the scales, but evidently was not of sufficient stamina to stand the test. At first he turned the beam at 100 pounds, but subsided so rapidly in weight as to prevent a successive record being taken. Indeed, failing to turn the scale at 80 pounds, he hurriedly retreated behind the curtain. Emerging a second time, his weight was registered at 104 pounds, then 102, and then under 100 pounds. The 20 pound weight being then removed, he failed to turn the beam at 80 pounds, losing at least 24 pounds in weight in about thirty seconds. The next form stood firmly on the platform and registered 139½ pounds, or within 7 pounds of the weight of the medium. Stepping on a second time, his weight was reduced to 117 pounds.

"On September 30th, at a seance held in the same rooms, Dr. Mueller, of Yackandandah, expressed a wish to feel the pulse of the spirit form. The latter readily complied, and the doctor distinctly felt the pulsation, the medium being shown sitting on his chair immediately after. The form talked freely, and, in answer to questions, said that when spirits materialized they at first were not very clear in the consciousness of their condition, their minds being absorbed by the circle.

"Dr. Motherwell, of Collins street attended a few of the seances, and also examined the pulses of the forms, as well as the beating of the heart, and found that both were natural.

"On October 25th a spirit made his appearance, and a letter was handed to him from Mr. Finlason, of Castlemaine. After looking at it intently he walked over to the desk, and, taking paper and pencil, he wrote a reply, enclosed it in an envelope, addressed it to Mr. Finlason, and handed it to a member of the circle. The letter was unsealed, and permission was given for it to be read. It was as follows: 'My dear friend—I and — will come and see what can be done in your circle. Farewell and God bless you.'

"At the same sitting a child named Lily, who had been weighed and measured, spoke to her father and mother, who were present on this occasion. She shook hands and talked with them for some time, sending affectionate messages to her brothers and sisters.

"On November 13th six children occupied the places of three of the ordinary adult visitors. The spirits joined heartily in the singing with which the seance opened, and at the conclusion of the first song the spirit form present expressed pleasure at meeting the children, called them by name, and handed flowers to each one. A message was written by one of the spirit friends to the circle as follows: 'My dear friend—I am pleased to be with you to-night. Before you close, I wish you every happiness. May God's highest blessing rest upon you and your labor, and the next year be a greater success. Be careful with the circle, and mind both the spiritual and the material conditions.'

Considerable progress was made by the spirit friends in their ability to endure the full light more frequently during the evening and for longer periods of time. This was a highly gratifying and encouraging fact, be-

cause the active, muscular form of the one, with his close heavy beard, afforded a complete contrast to the more slenderly built form of the other, with his thinner, wavy, grey beard. On three occasions one of the spirits showed himself in the full glare of the light, which was taken right out of the recess it usually occupied, and was held by Mr. Terry (then editor of the Harbinger of Light) in the room, so as to strike directly upon the form. On one of these occasions the spirit came fairly into the circle and shook hands with Mr. Carson, the light being so good as to make clearly visible the ruddy, healthful hue of the countenance, such as that of those much exposed to sunshine and air. It contrasted greatly with the pallid and more lifeless appearance which it had sometimes presented when the power was not strong.

"An early sitting in the month of March was marked by an occurrence as striking as any that had been recorded during the progress of the manifestations. This was the recognition, by five different sitters, including one of the visitors, of one spirit form as being that of an old colonist and a well-known pioneer in the cause of Spiritualism, who had passed away some five years before. Amongst those who recognized this spirit friend were his son, daughter and nephew. He came on two occasions and displayed considerable emotion at being able thus visibly to manifest his presence to his relatives and friends. On the second occasion he shook hands with Mr. Carson, who stood up for the purpose, and who had a good view not only of the full form, but also of the wrinkled features and thin beard.

"On the evening of May 23d the manifestations were more powerful. Eight different forms materialized, and one entered into conversation with the sitters. He said that a spirit giving the name of Jacob Matthews was present and recognized one of the sitters, a Mr. Warne, who formerly lived in Cardiff some thirty years ago. He referred to their having bathed together when boys in the River Taff. Mr. Warne confirmed this. The spirit then stated that they were about to place the medium in a deep trance. Then, coming out into the circle and standing before the curtains in full view, he asked Mr. Terry to come forward. Upon the latter doing so, he took one of Mr. Terry's hands in his own, as they stood side by side, and requested him to place his other hand through the curtain upon the medium's hand. This Mr. Terry did, and he declared to the other sitters that he had hold of the fingers of the medium's hand. He grasped the fingers of the medium's hand somewhat tightly, which instantly produced a curious and marked effect upon the spirit standing by his side in full view of the sitters. The five remaining members of the circle were in succession called forward for the same purpose, and in each case as soon as the hand of the sitter came in contact with that of the medium, who was evidently in a very deep trance, the spirit who was standing outside, holding the sitter by the other hand, was observed to shrink and cry out with pain, and did not for some moments recover from the shock."

I have been trying to obtain a full account of the seance from the wife of the scientific gentleman who was present, along with her, but being on the continent, and all her goods being packed away, I have not been successful. Personal messages were given them for friends in Sydney, and facts were conveyed which they did not know of at the time, but which they afterwards discovered to be correct, proving, I believe, the identity of the communicating spirit.

Seance Described by a Journalist.

I will now quote an article written by Mr. James Smith, sub-editor of the Melbourne Argus, and published in the Melbourne World of February 16th, 1884. Mr. Smith says:

"Having heard of the occurrence of some extraordinary phenomena at the house of a private gentleman residing in one of the suburbs of this city, and being interested in the study of occult sciences, I asked and obtained his permission to be present at what is called a materializing seance a few evenings since. There were seven other persons present, one of whom, a gentleman of distinguished scientific attainments, occupying a high position in a neighboring colony, had been attracted by curiosity, like myself. We sat in a semi-circle in the dining room of our host. There was a recess between the fireplace and the north wall sufficiently deep to contain a chair for the use of the medium, and two curtains were drawn over the recess. There was no door, window, or other aperture behind

Thoughts for the Departed.

Think ever of the dead:

When spring is beautiful, when summer shines,
When the soft skies rose-mingled luster shed,
When autumn sunbeams kiss the purple vines,
And when the snow-stars glisten, to them wing
Thy gentlest thought: They filled thy life with spring.

Think truly of the dead:

Let not thy heart be ever won away,
By eyes that laughing radiance o'er thee shed,
And flatteries breathed like incense round thy way;
Oh, deep and warm their love, and true their faith;
Thou should'st not change—they changed not unto death,

Think sweetly of the dead:

All while they lingered in this world below
The music of their voice, their smile, their tread,
Thrilled the glad soul, and taught the cheek its glow;
Lip unto lip, and heart to heart was pressed;
Shrine tenderly their memories in thy breast.

Think joyful of the dead:

As of sweet friends, whose blissful harp-notes ring
In that fair clime where kindred souls are wed,
And heart to heart like lips of lovers cling.
Think joyfully, they breathe thy name in prayer,
And wait, and long to bid thee welcome there.

They think of thee—the dead:

The glorious dwellers in yon peopled skies
Their thoughts, like dewdrops, on thy heart are shed:
They fill thy soul with blessed sanctities,
Sweet inspirations of the pure and fair,
The springtime breathings of celestial air!

They dwell with thee—the dead:

Pavilioned in the auroral tents of light:
Their spheres of heavenly influence round thee spread,
Their pure transference veiling them from sight.
Angelic ministers of love and peace,
Whose sweet solitudes will never cease.

They strive with thee—the dead:

Spirit with spirit striving, heart with heart,
Alluring from the paths of wrong you tread,
Spurned and resisted they may not depart.
In the dark prison of life's last despair,
Lo! the delivering angel's with thee there!

They watch with thee—the dead:

Through the last agony, the doubt, the gloom,
When soul and body are through pain unwed,
And night droops down—the midnight of the tomb:
And o'er the soul-sense steals their wakening hymn,
Familiar—yet the song of seraphim!

They welcome thee—the dead:

The soft sweet glow of those beloved eyes
Baths each worn heart that long hath inly bled,
And gives new glory to God's paradise!
Love and remember them—unseen yet near,
Their white feet guide thee to the immortal sphere.
Christmas, 1848.

—Thomas L. Harris.

Written for the Univercœlum.

the curtain communicating with the garden outside, from which the room was separated by a thick blue-stone wall. Having built the house myself I am well acquainted with its structure. There was no wearing apparel in the recess, and no place for concealing any. The medium is between 5 feet, 7 inches and 5 feet, 8 inches in height, and full proportioned, rather than slender. At the commencement of the proceedings he was somewhat convulsed, and then passed into a state of trance, at which stage of the proceedings, it was alleged, he was taken possession of by a controlling spirit, who spoke with a decidedly foreign accent. Addressing the scientific visitor, he said: Standing beside you are two spirits, and on being asked to name them he did so. The names were those of two gentlemen formerly resident in the capital of a neighboring colony, but now deceased; and they said that the object of their coming was to mention to the visitor the fact that one of them wished to communicate with the surviving members of his family; that he had discovered that his younger son, whom he named, was mediumistic, and that he wished his old friend to make known that fact on his return home, so that advantage might be taken of it in the manner desired. Shortly afterwards the medium retired behind the curtain, and after some music had been played, in order, it was said, to harmonize the conditions, a shadowy, wavering figure emerged into the room, clad in white, but so fluctuating in height and so vague in form as to produce a weird and uneasy impression on the mind of a

spectator witnessing the phenomenon—as I did—for the first time.

"Two or three voices were heard behind the curtain, and from one of these the statement came that this spirit could not materialize himself, and he seemed to fade out of sight. But the next apparition was that of a slender and graceful girl, representing herself as having been an Egyptian. She was about 5 feet, 5 inches in height, lithe and sinuous in her movements, and she wore a semi-diaphanous garment that resembled white cashmere in its texture. The feet and ankles were bare and were of exquisite smallness and beauty, and she was fond of displaying them. When she lifted her slight, thin arm and hand the substance and color of the curtains were visible through the limb and through its enveloping drapery. She reappeared half-a-dozen times, retiring, it was explained, to gather fresh vital force from the medium. This process, as also that of dematerialization, was always accompanied by a peculiar wheezy sound. This apparition, the outlines of whose figure were clearly visible through her robe, was about half the bulk of the medium, while her feet were certainly as diminutive as they were beautiful.

"During another interval, in which the wheezing sound went on, someone behind the curtain, speaking in a voice resembling that of a boy with a provincial accent, offered an explanation, in reply to a question put by the scientist, of the modus operandi of materialization. It was plausible, certainly, but it was directly opposed to all our received notions of matter. To another query,

propounded by another visitor, with respect to the objective presentation of ghosts, when no medium is present, he also replied to the apparent satisfaction of the querist. I whispered a skeptical comment to a neighbor, and before I had completed my sentence, which was inaudible to any other person present, a responsive comment came from a voice behind the curtain, about eight feet distant. Another visitor remarked jestingly: The Theosophists say you are no spirits at all, but only shells. Are we? was the reply. If you were as we are, you would know there is an oyster inside the shell. Presently a third figure came into the room. It was that of a swarthy, dark-bearded man, with high square shoulders, and a spare habit of body, clothed in a Hindu costume, composed of a material that looked like Indian cotton. He had a turban round his head.

"He was seen with remarkable distinctness, and shook hands with one of the gentlemen present. He also lifted a heavy chair and removed it from where it was standing to another part of the room. The next spirit who presented herself was that of a female child, apparently about eleven years of age, and not more than 5 feet high. She was not visible for more than a few minutes, and seemed rather to fade away into the curtain than to withdraw behind it. The last was a sinewy, stalwart figure, about 5 feet 10 inches in height, with a thick black beard and a manly stride. He was furnished at his own request with writing materials on a small round table conveniently placed for that purpose, and wrote a sentence on each of a few sheets of paper, which he handed to as many persons present. Walking across the room to where the writer was sitting, he gave him one and held out his hand, which the writer clasped. It was soft but scarcely warm, substantial to the touch, but somewhat weak in the grasp. Upon the paper was written, in a firm, bold character, I am pleased to meet you to-night.—Geordie. I was told that Geordie is a frequent visitor to the circle.

"By this time the seance had lasted for two hours, and the controlling spirit, in a voice altogether unlike that of the medium, declared that he was becoming exhausted, and that the proceedings must be brought to a close. I find, however, that I have forgotten to mention that in the course of the proceedings one of the spirits, who was outside the curtain, drew it aside, and showed us the medium in a comatose condition, and I must add that he had no companion or confederate behind it. When he came forth at the end of the seance he was still in a state of trance or magnetic sleep, and the voice with the strongly marked foreign accent continued to speak out of him for some minutes. Then the control bade us all good-night, and intimated his intention of quitting the body of the medium, who was subject to the same convulsive movements as at first, with a violent spasmodic motion of the hands as though struggling with, and repelling, some hostile influence, and the contrast between the tone of voice in which he said Why, it is ten o'clock, and that in which he, or his possessor, had previously spoken was very striking.

"No Room For Trickery or Fraud."

"I have endeavored to describe with scrupulous accuracy the phenomena which I witnessed on the occasion referred to, and I venture upon no theories to explain or to account for them. There was no room for trickery or fraud, and it seems scarcely possible that ten persons were simultaneously the victims of a series of optical delusions. As I left the house in which these proceedings occurred, I could not help quoting to one of the visitors, who appeared to be much impressed by them, the exclamation of Horatio, O day and night, but this is wondrous strange, to which he replied in the words of Hamlet: "And, therefore, as a stranger give it welcome. There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio, Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

Mr. Terry, summing up his testimony in the Harbinger of Light, in reply to a correspondent, says:

"I have been present at least at fifty seances and have personally recognized friends. One whom I had known intimately in the body I recognized distinctly without any intimation being given as to who she was, and without any previous expectation of seeing her. Having personally written the reports of the seances which have been published in the Harbinger of Light I must confidently affirm that they are unexaggerated accounts of what I have witnessed, which could have been made more sensational without a departure from the truth. As the ladies and gentlemen who formed the circle are, with the exception of Mr. Carson and

myself, not widely known, the publication of their names would be of little value to the world. Visitors have not been asked to publish their names. Mr. Carson and Mr. Charles Watt, gentlemen of undoubted integrity, clear-sightedness, and of good social position in this city, have publicly testified to the bona fides of the phenomena occurring at the seances, the former of whom has expressed his willingness to supplement my reply."

This supplementary testimony duly appeared in the Harbinger of Light.

At one of the sittings two forms were seen at the same time. The first, the form of a female unfamiliar to the circle, materialized and stood plainly before the curtain for a short time. She then retired, but immediately afterwards the curtains were pushed aside, both in the centre and on the left. At the side stood the form of the female, whilst in the centre was visible the form of a child not more than 3 feet in height. The figures were separated by nearly the whole width of the left curtain—three and a half feet. This was repeated several times. Again they showed themselves; this time side by side, thus forming a striking contrast. The taller form then repeatedly sat down beside the child, and afterwards took it up in her arms.

Materialized Forms Measured and Weighed.

In the Harbinger of Light for March, 1881, will be found the results of the measurement of the forms. The report states that:

"Ten different forms materialized, of varying heights, as follows:—Male forms: five feet five inches, five feet seven and one-half inches, five feet five inches; female forms: five feet two and one-half inches, five feet three-fourths inch, child, Lily, four feet; another, five feet three and one-fourth inches; other males from five feet eight and one-half inches to five feet eleven inches. In the same report the weight of the medium is recorded as being 148½ pounds. The highest weight of a materialized form was found to be 139½ pounds; the lowest, 33 pounds and 10 ounces. One of the most remarkable facts observed was the diminution of the weight of the same form at successive weighings immediately following each other. Even whilst they stood on the scales the weight would go down to a few pounds. Then they would retire to where the medium was sitting and again obtain their full weight. The experiment went on through a number of sittings, but I think it is a pity we did not carry the investigation still further, so that the medium and the sitters could have been weighed at the same time as the spirit form, to see where the force came from, because we observed that when we had tall sitters in the circle, the forms would often be taller. In weighing and measuring, one person was told off to see that forms stood on their solid feet when measured; one had to see that they stood properly on the platform scales; and two took a record of the weights, one checking the other."

To the most experienced students of materialization it has long been known that coloring matter placed upon a genuine materialized form, or upon materialized hands, will sometimes be transferred to the corresponding, or a different part of the person of the medium. This, however, is not always the case. The truth seems to be not that it must be, but that it may be so transferred. On this point, the following appeared in the June Harbinger of Light:

"One of the tests applied this month may be considered more valuable by outsiders, because it was employed by a skeptic without the knowledge of the circle and with the expectation of detecting fraud. One of the sitters, taking an unfair advantage, contrived to smear his hands with printer's ink before grasping that of the materialized form. When the medium came into the full light, however, the skeptic was grievously disappointed to find no traces whatever of the ink which he had impressed upon the hand of the form. It is well known that the stain of printer's ink cannot be erased with soap and water in a single wash. The fact, therefore, that the medium's hand was perfectly free of any trace of the ink was another important evidence of the distinct identity of the form." The last manifestation in Melbourne to which I will refer was the appearance of Mr. Rees Lewis. When I was in Cardiff two years before he promised to visit me as soon after passing over as possible. I asked him to appear in the daylight, and not in the darkness, and this he promised to do if possible. I had not heard from him for some eighteen months, when one afternoon,

(Continued on page 6.)

H. D. BARRETT ON RELIGION

National Historian, Like Many Others, Does Not Agree, with Brother Francis, that Progressive Thinker is the Only Spiritualist Paper--True Religion.

Editor Sunflower:

My attention has been called to the last four or five numbers of your most excellent paper, and I take this opportunity to congratulate you upon the splendid mental and spiritual pabulum that you have placed before your readers.

Mr. E. W. Hulburd has written most impressively upon the subject of Harmony. It is to be hoped that every reader of the Sunflower will put into practice the splendid suggestions that Brother Hulburd has made in his article. There has been too much talk about harmony, and too little practice of it, in days gone by. To the lack of practice we can assign many of the ills that now beset our movement.

Brother Lyman C. Howe and Prof. J. S. Loveland both have written most interestingly with regard to the subjects they have treated. I wish Brother Howe had submitted some figures with respect to there being a smaller percentage of fraud in mediumship today than there was thirty years ago. I do not question his sincerity or honesty, in the least, but I do wish to be fortified in meeting the charge that is so frequently made with regard to the extreme prevalence of fraud at the present time, as contrasted with the work of thirty years ago.

I do not suppose for a moment that anything can be gained from arguing the case of commercialism in mediumship. Perhaps everything that is done by the average individual is for the sake of the dollar, but I cannot quite bring myself to believe it. I think there are some people who value deeds of kindness above cold cash.

I hold, however, that the laborer is worthy of his hire, and believe in a just wage to all speakers and mediums who devote their time to the public. There is nothing Spiritual, nor uplifting, nor even civilizing, in locating gas or oil wells, in finding hidden treasures, in claiming to ascertain the price of stocks, or in inducing lost husbands to return to their anxious wives, and, to my mind, every person who claims to do so can, at least, be looked upon with suspicion, or, perhaps, be considered an absolute fraud. Be that as it may, I had in mind, as commercialism, the very conditions that I have just enumerated, in writing what I did in one of my reports several years ago.

It will be a happy day for Spiritualism when mediums are content to devote themselves exclusively to Spiritual work. Even if it be true that 95 per cent. of those who visit mediums do so to secure advice upon business matters, it does not follow that the people so doing represent the progressive, reverential and consecrated men and women of our land. I do not believe that the denizens of the soul world deal with material things. Any person who makes claims to the contrary does so at peril of his soul's integrity. If we devote ourselves to the affairs of this life with the purpose in mind of dealing justly with all of our fellowmen, and of seeking to establish the law of kindness, we would be not only doing our duty, but will be the instruments through whom the enlightened ones in the Spiritual world will seek to establish the kingdom of Heaven on earth. We can safely trust the angels to mind their own business, if we will engage in the high and noble calling of minding our own.

The word "Religion" can be defined in many ways. Any attempt to limit it to the one meaning of "binding back," or "binding again," is not only unfair, but decidedly out of keeping with the root meaning of the word. In consulting the lexicons of several languages I find that it is defined as meaning "to call together," "to bring together," "to draw together," "to unite," "to serve," "to do good," and like terms.

Individuals place upon it even a broader definition, and some of them appeal to me as being far more in harmony with the etymology of the word than the forced definition of "binding back." Tylor, in his most excellent work, Primitive Culture, defines religion as "a belief in spiritual beings." Does any Spiritualist dare assert that he does not believe in spiritual beings? If he does believe

in them, according to Tylor, he is a religionist. If he does not believe in them, then he is a materialist, having no hope beyond the grave.

I have frequently quoted from Carlisle, Emerson, F. E. Abbott, and Matthew Arnold, in my reference to the word, "religion." Their views are interesting and instructive, even to the non-religionists. Let any man read Carlisle's Sartor Resartus, and then say that he has not been made better for so doing. I honestly believe that he would be willing to be counted as a religionist, if he does read it.

Let him read the works of Emerson and then see what his mental state will be. Emerson, it is true, was a transcendentalist, but his ideals were not beyond the reach of very ordinary readers. He never disclaimed his belief in religion, and his beautiful and helpful references to it have aided millions of people. Let any thinker read his poem, The Problem, and report results. The man who could write

"He builded better than he knew,
The conscious stone to beauty grew"

surely had religion.

F. E. Abbott says that religion is "man's effort to perfect himself." Can any one take exception to that statement? Isn't there a need of self-improvement on the part of every living being? Have the non-religionists arrived at such a state of perfection as to be able to claim they have no further need of mental, moral and spiritual development? Isn't it the height of egotism to assume that one is possessed of all possible knowledge? For shame on those people who arrogate to themselves such extravagant virtues! They know that every finite being is prone to err. Mistakes educate us. The man who claims that he makes no mistakes is either insane or an idiot. Following Mr. Abbott's thought man must ever be striving to be good and to do good, if he would perfect himself in the cardinal virtues of the soul. Love, mercy, justice, honesty, peace and sobriety constitute some of those virtues.

Matthew Arnold says that "religion is morality touched with emotion." Here are thought and feeling united in righteous living. Intellectuality alone cannot round out human character. It is as cold as a glittering iceberg that comes down to us from the northern seas. When emotion, under the guidance of reason, is blended with intellectuality, there is a melting together of all of the vital powers of the soul, which will redound to the good of the individual in whose life the union takes place.

The payment of one hundred cents on the dollar in settling one's accounts is a part of religion. The feeding of a hungry man, or the supplying of helpless women and children with fuel on a cold day, is religion. The caring for the sick and needy, the speaking of kind words, the giving of a friendly hand, the furnishing of a sunny smile, all are expressions of religion. If they are given for the sake of the dollar they have become commercial in character, and selfish in principle. It seems almost beyond the pale of reason that people can be found in this opening decade of the twentieth century who do not believe in righteousness, or in the integrity of the soul, or in the eternality of life. "Like derelicts at sea without chart, compass, rudder or pilot, they are adrift on the ocean of being, menaces alike to the honest commerce of thought, and useless to themselves, as having no purpose for existing and no harbor into which to take a cargo for the benefit of their fellow-men."

HARRISON D. BARRETT.

January 24, 1908.

J. H. FLETCHER

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10-12

Cold Money Rules the World.

More than a hundred years are numbered with the eternal past
Since freedom shown by stripes and stars bedecked each tower and mast.
Her heroes' forms have mouldered to strengthen nature's plan,
Their spirits rise triumphant the higher orbs to span,
Their minds, that once directed the work of thought and pen
Still whisper words of warning and can help you now as then.

You have found it quite essential, in the course of human events,
To make some new amendments, to meet required expense.

Now, like a vessel floating without a sail or guide,
America seems tossing upon the sea of pride.

A wave that carries with it no diadems of worth,
But lives as empty bubbles, and dies estranged to truth.

The moneyed kings of Europe, of Wall street and the West
Assume the might to conquer right, you bow at their behest,

Though you know without the labor, that you and others share,
They would die of cold and hunger, for what could they eat or wear?

Within you feel like cursing, and your brow with scorn is curled,
But you answer, "We can't help it, for their money rules the world."

Why has ceased the social fondness of the leaders of the past?
They declared that "all are equal," forbidding a desire of cast.

Now, money rules the ballot, the altar and the bench,
And woman is the power that must that evil quench.

Man is drifting from the summit, and with the tide is hurled
Into channels deep and lurid, for cold money rules the world.

Now we ask the thoughtful student of the "parliamentary league,"
Whence come these sore privations, this dishonor and intrigue

That today controls our nation?
You have sacrificed your loved ones by the thousands, true and grand,

Still there lurks a secret serpent, devastating your fair land.
Can't you read the reason, written on a banner all unfurled?

It is because a king, called money, King Money rules your world.
Given by the guides to

—Bessie G. Osborn.

Maple Rapids, Mich., January 23, 1908.

Spirits Manifest the World Over.

The Hindu Spiritual Magazine gives the two spirit manifestations narrated below, which are similar to the experiences of many in this and other countries:

The first relates to a circumstance which occurred in public when the narrator was a boy, and made a great impression on him. The wife of a Babu living in a village near Calcutta fell several times as though fainting, and at those times the spirit of a deceased relative appeared to her, and she apparently passed under his control. Many attempts were made to send this spirit away, but without success, until the most celebrated "ghost-doctor" in Bengal was sent for. On hearing that this doctor was to be summoned, the woman, as though under influence, became very abusive, and when he arrived in the village she appeared greatly disturbed. The "ghost-doctor" ordered the woman to be kept in an upper room, and began reading aloud. Suddenly the woman again became furious, and tried to get out; on the door being opened she rushed into the courtyard and sat down on a bench which had been placed in readiness; she appeared to be in great pain, and after repeating some mantras, the exorcist forced the spirit to declare his name through the woman's mouth. The spirit thoroughly proved his identity, for there were some present who thought it was all a trick, and he refused to leave the woman unless an offering was made at a certain shrine, and it was promised that this should be done. The spirit was one of those who are in an unhappy and unadvanced condition in the other world on account of their evil disposition during life.

The second narrative is by a native

Master of Arts, who was at the head of a Church missionary school, and who

"does not believe in ghosts." In the

early morning, as he was alone in the

house, he woke up and saw a lady coming

towards him. He was intensely

astonished, but asked her name and

business. She had a child with her,

which seemed sickly; she said that its

father and grandfather were neglecting

it and if proper care was not taken

it would die in a few days. She there-

fore asked the schoolmaster to speak to

the child's father and suggest the use

of a remedy which she named. The

child's father was an assistant master

at the school, and his wife, who had

appeared in the vision, was dead. The

message was delivered, the remedy

applied according to the directions

given by the deceased wife, and the

child recovered. Perhaps the most

remarkable circumstance in this narra-

tive is that the apparently real form of

the deceased mother was holding in her

arms the equally vivid apparition of the

still living child. From the manner in

which the story is narrated, it would

seem that (as often happens when half

awake) the percipient did not remem-

ber that he was conversing with a de-

ceased person until after the lady had

"departed with the child in her arms."

Dr. Agnes V. Kelley

A graduate physician of 20 years' ex-

perience in treating all manner of disease, will

take the sick in her own home to treat, where they

will be comfortably situated and receive every care.

If you are not able to come to me, and desire it, I

will visit you in your own home. I diagnose dis-

eases either according to the old pathology or clair-

voyantly. My method of practice is the Biochem-

ical (life chemistry). I can cure you. Write to me

by my spiritual name

atf

RONALD ROMYEN,

381 East Second St.,

Jamestown, N. Y.

STARTLING PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

(Continued from page 5.)

in bright sunshine, while I was walking under the verandah, my coat was pulled I turned round, and there stood Rees Lewis. As soon as he saw I recognized him he disappeared. I wrote to his grandson in Cardiff, he had also written to me, for letters crossed. His letter stated his grandfather had passed away, was seven days after he passed a that he appeared to me.

I have now presented a few experiences in materializations, leave them with your good judgment to explain them. When fully materialized, the forms display emotions which they meet their relations and friends and I ask, if they are not the spirits of the departed, who are they?

Remarkable Clairvoyant Description

Now as to clairvoyance. Soon after my arrival in Melbourne Captain La of Echueca, called upon me, had heard about the circle. I saw him by his side the forms of a lady and little boy. I got their names and his descriptions of both of them. sat down and cried, he was so pleased to get into communication with wife and his grandson again. afterwards became an earnest investigator, and was the means of developing one of the best mediums in Melbourne, Mrs. Rising. He was present at a sitting in Lygon street, Carlton, and being a very cautious man he requested one of the spirits to bring something into the circle. He asked what he wished to have, and answered: "An oak tree!" I may say that oak trees are very scarce that part of the world, but in less than two minutes there were fifty or sixty acorns put on the table.

A Missing Man Traced.

Just one other case I will relate to you. A Mr. H. (I am not at liberty to give his name) disappeared suddenly. His wife called upon me and brought an article he had worn see if I could trace him. I said he on board a vessel going to Europe. Accordingly she wrote to his relatives in Europe, saying it was possible "John" might be with them. Some months passed, however, and was not heard of. One day several visitors were down at Frankston, walking in the scrub, when observed his clothes, with a towel, stones put over them to keep them from blowing away. There was a camera, and in the pockets of clothes were found a watch, chain key, the whole appearing as if he had gone to bathe and been drowned. fact, he had told his wife before he went out that he was going to "have a dip" and would take his camera snapshots. The articles were delivered to his wife, and she brought the watch to me, stating that what I previously told her was all wrong, her poor husband was drowned, asking if nothing could be found of him in the way of bones. She had had notice of his death in the papers, stating that he was accidentally drowned. Frankston, had sold off her furniture and gone into mourning. I tried to with the waistcoat and stated he was "in a country where it was dam meaning Europe. She declared this could not be; he had "gone." Soon after this interview, however, she received a letter from his parents informing her that if John was with them. He was in Holland.

I have often been asked whether things injure my health. My reply is use mediumship rightly and it is a blessing to all. Use it in excess—comes the danger. The same law applies to everything in life. Therefore I say mediumship is one of God's greatest blessings to humanity.

In conclusion, I would ask, who what are these appearances? A thirty years' experience I have arrived at the conclusion that they are beings in another condition of life; they feel and love; that, in fact, they are our dear ones, gone to a higher plane of existence. Let those of who realize the facts push on the work of Spiritualism, so that it may be a brate throughout the world, and all to understand that they are brothers. Above all, let us keep Spiritualism free from sect, creed and dogma and make it as free as the air we breathe. In the words of the poet can truly say:

"The world hath felt a quickening breath

From Heaven's eternal shore,

And souls triumphant over death

Return to earth once more!"

Truth for authority, not authority truth.

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, and 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 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.

Syracuse N. Y.

The Lone Star Spiritualist Society is still holding services at 1002 Montgomery street, with Mrs. Adalire Cooper as speaker. The seats are well filled at each meeting. The ladies are holding seances at different homes and many orthodox people are opening their parlors for the speaker, to hear the messages she is able to receive and transmit to the audience. The proceeds are added to our treasury.

We have started a library, have about forty volumes and some of them are Spiritualist works. We have Carlyle, Peterslyea's Spirit letters. The Congregational minister's wife has become interested enough to ask the privilege of reading it.

We charge five cents per week for the use of the books.

January 31st we expect to have a poverty social. Supper will be served, for which a charge of 15 cents will be made.

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.

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.

Memorial Services.

On the evening of January 12th a service was held in the chapel of the Morris Pratt Institute, commemorative of the transition of one of its founders, and its first president, Moses Hull. The meeting was opened by song, and an address by Prof. Weaver, on the characteristics of Mr. Hull's life. Mrs. Mattie Hull gave an address on the last months of his life and work on the Pacific Coast, together with incidents of his sickness and burial in that far-away land. Mrs. Alferetta Niver spoke on the home life of her father; of his great love and kindness shown to children, and of his patience and adaptability to meet their requirements. He was never known to say to a child making an appeal to him, "Go away, I am busy now," but would at once give him his attention and set him at ease.

The senior class, and all whom it was their pleasure to have known Mr. Hull, took part in the services, and expressed their personal esteem, both as a friend and for the vast amount of work he performed as a writer and lecturer for the cause he so much loved.

Thus would we do honor to the memory of one who spent more than forty years of his life in battling for the truth and spread of every reform embodied in the teachings of Spiritualism.

L. S. WEAVER, Sec'y.

Married.

Mr. W. W. Kelsey, of Cortland, N. Y., and Mrs. Mary E. Clark, of Rochester, N. Y., were married recently at Rochester by the Rev. B. F. Austin, of Plymouth Church. Both are well-known Spiritualist workers. The Sunflower extends congratulations and wishes our friends many years of unalloyed bliss.

There is no beautifier like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us.

The Burning Stones

A LEGENDARY BALLAD.

[According to a tradition, which is still preserved among the inhabitants, the city of Liege owed all its greatness to the discovery of coal in its neighborhood by a poor blacksmith, who was without means to purchase charcoal, and, by order of a mysterious visitor, heaped on his fire the black stones which he found in the mountains.]

The blacksmith's shop is silent,
His furnace no more glows,
His anvil no more ringeth
Beneath his mighty blows;
His dwelling no more soundeth
With merry working song,
Trilled forth in lusty gladness
To speed his work along;
But moodily he leaneth
Upon the quiet forge,
And mournfully he gazeth
Far up the mountain gorge.

"Now, wherefore art thou idle,
Thou stalwart son of might?
And wherefore has thy furnace
No gleaming fire bright?
Come, come! and let us enter
This smoky house of thine,
And drink to happy future
A brimming cup of wine."
Thus spake unto the blacksmith
A man of dwarfish frame,
Who seemed from earth uprising,
So suddenly he came.

"Right gladly wert thou welcome
If aught to give were mine;
But lo! my wife and children
For bread in hunger pine.
And wherefore am I idle?
I'll tell thee, stranger, why:
One jot I've not of charcoal,
Nor silver more to buy."

"Go, quickly, up the mountain,
The black stones gather fast,
And pile them on thy furnace,
And ply the roaring blast."
Thus spake the dwarf unto him,
And vanished from his sight,
While, all amazed, the blacksmith
Climbs up the rocky height;
And, bringing stones, he heaps them
Upon the empty grate,
And swift the creaking bellows
He plies at rapid rate.

"Now, thanks to holy Peter,
And blessed be his name!"
The blacksmith cries, as he espies
Leap from the stones a flame.
"Oh, wife! oh, wife and children!
A miracle is done!
Come! come, and see how brightly
Blazes the burning stone!"

For bread no more the blacksmith
Did ever want again,
But rich he grew and honored
Among his fellow-men.
And Liege, that mighty city,
Of wealth and ease the home,
Owes all to him, the happy man,
Who found the burning stone.

—C. A. Janvier.

The above was published August 28, 1852, in the
Spiritual Telegraph.

Miss Emily G. Beebe.

Miss Emily G. Beebe passed to spirit life from her home in Rochester, N. Y., January 4, 1908. Her death was peaceful. She enjoyed her good mind and faculties up to the last moment, though at an advanced age. She was a member of the Plymouth Spiritual Church, and will be missed by a large circle of Spiritualists. Her acquaintance was extended all over the United States. She was a good woman and faithful Spiritualist, always bright and smiling, and was one of the oldest workers in the cause.

A man's strength, in this life, is often greater from some single word remembered and cherished, than in arms and armor. —Beecher.

Adventures With Ghosts.

Mr. Elliott O'Donnell, of England, has published a pamphlet, entitled *Bona-fide Adventures with Ghosts*. Haunted houses are his delight. He also finds them in the open air. He relates that on one occasion, while cycling along a straight stretch of road, he was passed by a cyclist whom he saw ride with a crash into the back of a van which had for some time been seen on the road. On reaching the spot, however, Mr. O'Donnell could see no sign of the man or his machine. The van was a real one, and Mr. O'Donnell afterwards learnt that a cyclist had been killed on that very spot by a similar accident.

It is not only our duty to make the right known, but to make it prevalent.

Another View of Organization.

Rogers, Ark., January 19, 1908.

Editor Sunflower:

"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."

The above item appears in the Sunflower of January 11, 1908, in an article deploring the indifference of Spiritualists with reference to the financial support of Spiritualist organizations. In harmony with the above request I will give my solution of the problem, which will be thoroughly saturated with the remedy. In my boyhood days it was customary for those who danced to pay the fiddler, and it is certainly the duty, and obligatory, upon all Spiritualists, who seem desirous by organic conquest to supersede the ministrations of the angel world in establishing a world-wide knowledge of the fact of spirit communion, to reach deep in their own pockets and pay their own bills. What right has any one to demand the hard-earned dollar to be thrown in the lap of luxury when it is needed to keep the wolf from the door? No, the man that can earn only one dollar per day must prize the value of that dollar carefully, if he wishes to care for his family in a decent way and educate his children, as any father should. But, of course, orthodox indoctrination gives all, even to the last farthing, and such method is regarded highly commendable.

A protestant bishop draws a salary of \$5,000 per year. If set aside he gets one year's salary free, and \$2,500 per year for the balance of his life and the poor victims give their pittance because it is a sacrilegious sin to refuse, and there are many Spiritualists, thoroughly convinced of spiritual phenomena and ministrations of angels who seem careless about investigating the divine revelations of natural, uncreated, immutable law. They seem to prefer their orthodox worship of person, rather than be governed by the divine principles of natural law, which declare that there can be no big I and little you among Spiritualists, except it be merited by good behavior. All classes and organizations are seasoned with the two extremes, profligacy and stinginess. It requires the prestige, power and influence of organization with a severe penalty to extract cash from them.

When I was twenty-five years of age, and a member of the Disciple Church, the books of A. J. Davis fell to my lot for investigation. Suffice it to say that in a few months my fear of God, my fear of the Devil, and my fear of hell were all buried in the tomb of oblivion. Only one of my fears escaped utter extinction, and that was my fear of sinning, that awful sin that Jesus says cannot be forgiven, neither in this world nor in the world to come. It is now forty-five years since I learned that natural law controls spiritual existence as surely as the physical, that if I sin against natural law in the physical there is no forgiveness. Nature's laws have no redeemer to scapegoat my meanness out of sight, neither in this world nor in the world to come. No wisdom in burning my hand for the pleasurable sensation realized after it is relieved from pain. Neither is there any wisdom in taking any advantage of any one, for the result will be a greater disadvantage in some place and some time.

Any and all things seem to have their day by virtue of natural selection, and the organic wing of Spiritualism has a legitimate right-of-way. The N. S. A. as a structure began at putting on the roof first, and, while it is barely enclosed, its sympathizers are vainly and rather exasperatingly fishing for a foundation whereon to rest their speculative structure. There are many thousands of naturalistic Spiritualists who get supremely tired out with the theological and financial poundings from this organic wing, so much so that they lose their interest in supporting Spiritual papers. The only possible remedy is for every Spiritualist to live true to his own convictions, pay his own bills, and not attempt to force money from persons whose conscientious convictions are diametrically opposed to the maintaining or sustaining of any sort or kind of priesthood.

The N. S. A. theory of inducing legislation to condemn and punish all the mediums who exercise their gift without permission to do so, by the proper authorities of the N. S. A. reminds one of a "shriek from the inquisition, or a groan from the grave of Calvin." Theories require an energetic force of missionary work for their dissemination, but the ministrations of angels is a matter of experience, the world over, in every hovel and mansion. You may presume to dam the

waters of the Mississippi with a chip, but no organization is in possession of that infinite wisdom required to issue any sort of credentials on mediumship.

In conclusion I wish to say that the laborer who produces all the necessities and luxuries of life has many demands for his hard-earned dollars. He should, necessarily, first of all pay for a Spiritualist paper; second, a home clear of debt; third, a reasonable bank account, so that he may enjoy a bit of independence and not feel too humilatingly subservient to the presumptive theological bosses who would dictate the use of his dollar to their own selfish interests.

I have now given a few thoughts on the problem and remedy, to be applied as above described. Should this item appear in the Sunflower let no reader fret concerning the fate of Spiritualism, for all discussion and theorizing on the subject cannot affect the mission of Spiritualism, for the success and onward march of Spiritualism is entirely and absolutely dependent on the standard of ethical culture. Therefore, the question eminently preponderous is not which wing of argumentation, if any, do you sympathize with? No, no. But has my past, present and future expectation for the balance of my earthly days been and being spent in harmony with my highest ideals of right living and right doing? When once ethical culture shall have buried theories and their utility out of sight we may expect to realize the signification of Spiritualism.

MOSES WHISLER.

DR. T. A. BLAND.

A Brief Sketch of His Life and Work.

Dr. T. A. Bland, whose transition to the higher life of spirit realm occurred on the 3d of January, was a man whose search for truth and love of justice and humanity, and whose service added a life of value to human record.

He was born in 1830, of Quaker parents, in Indiana, in a log cabin which they had built in a thick forest. He worked as a farmer's boy until twenty years of age, his school days ending at fifteen.

His eagerness for knowledge led him to study grammar without a teacher. At twenty-two he married Miss Mary C. Davis, a native of Virginia. He studied medicine after his marriage, and practiced a while after coming from college. His desire to benefit his fellow-beings led him to teach in his lectures how to get well and keep well, which is the title of one of his books.

When I first met Dr. Bland, in Washington, D. C., in the late '70's, he was earnestly advocating the claim of the Indian for justice from our government in the fulfillment of treaties and promises made to them. He was corresponding secretary of the Indian Defense Association and of the National Arbitration League, and president of the Eclectic Medical Society of the District of Columbia. Literary work had more attraction for Dr. Bland than that of the medical profession, and Mrs. Bland was a co-worker in that direction.

In 1870 Dr. Bland published his first book, *Farming as a Profession*, which had a large sale. In April, 1878, he lectured in Washington city. For ten years he edited the *Council Fire*; for one year the *Free Commonwealth*. In 1879 Dr. Bland's *Life of General Butler* was published. In 1880 his *Reign of Monopoly*, in 1881, *How to Grow Rich*, an anti-monopoly brochure; in 1882, the *Life of A. B. Meacham*, in 1892, *Esau*, a Political Novel, and in 1894, his medical work.

The Blands came to Chicago in 1898. He was elected secretary of the American Medical Union in 1899, which position he held up to the time of his departure. In 1902 he issued *In the World Celestial*, which attracted much attention. The *Pioneers of Progress*, his latest work, is one that will be prized by students of the future, and of all who do not enjoy much leisure, for its lifelike presentation of characters who have enriched human nobility.

Dr. Bland's services and writings ever directed to human welfare and uplifting, place him on the record of noble souls in sympathy with human needs and seeking to help humanity toward the light of truth, love and justice, an example for emulation.—Lucinda B. Chandler, in *The Progressive Thinker*.

Have No Fear, No Regret.

Who would not rather go down into the evening of life, and out into the valley and shadow of death, with the sweet consciousness of having done what he could to make the world better, than to have borne all the empty honors that time and wealth can confer? It is not what we must leave behind, but what we shall take with us, that should make us glad that we have lived.

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