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FAITH.

BY C. HAGEN.

It is impossible for the mind of man, limited by human senses and environments, to grasp the gigantic world of the soul or to embrace the effect of the soul-world upon this material home of ours.

The influence of the soul-world or its expression in the material is so vast, that the human reason, no matter how well developed it is, cannot grasp or measure its sphere.

In the past ages it was believed that the soul was a personality which lives forever and is complete in its capacity.

This is one of the greatest errors man has ever fallen into, an error which even today exists still in popular psychology to say nothing of the general thought and teaching of mankind.

But another doctrine will come and reveal the fact that humanity is subject to the great currents that flow in the world of the soul; yes, already it is an acknowledged fact that all matter is subject to those currents and that all molecular matter is produced by the law of harmony and sympathy formed in and ejecting from the celestial or soul sphere.

All actions in this material world are an immediate response to the vibrations of the soul world. That is why yonder celestial angel of clairvoyant consciousness in the soul-world can touch and inspire you; can reach your mind with his higher inspirational ideas; or the undeveloped inhabitant of the lower spheres of the soul-world can influence your physical senses as the case may be, according to your own unfoldment and the law of attraction, for all minds are subject to inspiration or soul influence.

Such minds which are subject to the higher currents of the soul-world or higher vibratory inspiration, are called "genius."

In all ages genius has been recognized as the inspired ones; and these men of high genius stand in the centuries of time and history like beacon lights, brilliant with their epochal inspiration.

When you try to recollect some names of such men which were furnished with inspiration from the soul-world and whose genius is still looming up in the shadows of antiquity, the name of Moses will suggest itself. He was a man gifted with the genius of jurisprudence. His jurisprudence is the illumination of all ages up to the present.

His thought, magnetism or influence is still in the world and if we review all the geniuses of the past ages of evolution we cannot find his equal or a parallel to him. We may go through the powerful Athenic and Hellenic periods, we may review the history of the Roman empire and see two of its most powerful rulers, a Caesar and a Cicero; we may see the spirit and splendor of a Marcus Aurelius, yet Moses stands on the Mount of Horeb as the morning star of the judicial aspect of the Christian civilization.

And yet, in the course of evolution there came in due time another genius with an inspiration far more transcendent than Moses, but of a different order, a different genius altogether—a man who sang the songs of the heavenly spheres, who tried to penetrate the veil which separates man from the knowledge of causation; a thinker who was inspired by a lofty aspiration to make a dash into the realm of the unknown; to seek the true character of nature and its infinite power—a man who went farther than Homer. Think of the divine hymns of Homer; and yet Homer, though a great painter of tragic personification and heroic acts, had in his ideal failed to give to the world what it wanted and needed most.

All ideals fail when they approach the realm of the infinite. The new genius outshone Moses, drank out of the cup of imagination that has no finite ideal.

All idealists worship imagination. They say: "I will be wiser tomorrow than I am today; I will be a greater artist tomorrow than I am today." Every statesman, philanthropist, lover, inventor or any kind of a genius wants to be greater tomorrow than he is today. They all feel the kindling fire of ambition, and he who is fired by ambition does not live a useless life, but will make a high mark in history provided his ambition is under the control of the higher vibrations from the soul-world. A man without ambition is decaying.

But ideality and ambition have not the same characteristics. Ideality comes from the Infinite and exerts a beautiful spiritualistic influence over humanity, while ambition is the property of the individual and tends to smother the ideal in its greed for worldly gain.

The ideal of man for all ages has been to attain the greatest possible beauty and perfection of the body or the highest possible expression of the soul through and in the physical body. So the form of man and his environments have ever evolved from a lower into a higher state of cultivation according to his higher requirements, his higher morals and civilization.

Therefore the idea of Moses which is the foundation of the jurisprudence of the civilized world was in due course of evolution overshadowed by an ideal as soon as the world was ready for another, a higher inspiration from the soul world, than the inspiration of Moses. So the soul world polarized a man and inspired him with the ideals of a perfect fatherhood, a perfect sonship and a perfect motherhood. Never before in the field of inspiration had man reached so lofty an ideal. It was the creation of "God-Father, God-Son and God the Holy Ghost."

This idealist was the Apostle Paul. He was a great mind, capable of argumentation and expression—a great moral philosopher. He gave to man a moral benefit which, like Moses' genius, still manifests itself and will continue to do so for all eternity.

He argued: What does the father hope for when looking into the eyes of his new born son? What are thy thoughts, young man, when there is a young sweet life brought to thee to care for? Are thy intentions noble and honorable in regard to the new born babe?

The young man full of pride and ambition answers: "My thoughts are, that I will never consciously neglect this human life given unto my care. The highest ideals, the ideals of true manhood, will I implant in thy little heart. I will teach thee how to love thy mother, thy father and mankind in general. I will give to thee the learning and wisdom of the earth. I will furnish thy inductive and deductive reasoning qualities for useful service. Thou shalt be a scholar and a great man." Thus says the young father and kisses his new born babe.

This is the ideal fatherhood advocated by Apostle Paul.

The mother looks at that baby-boy and says: "I will train thy heart to love; I will polish thy imagination; I will build up thy aesthetic qualities; thou shalt be a great moral artistic man and I will worship God through thee my son."

This is the ideal motherhood of Apostle Paul.

The son grows up and becomes a stalwart man. He steps forth and looks at his father and mother with tender love in his eyes and says: "Your ideals were grand, noble and good, but mine are higher. I, your son, cannot but adore you for the wonderful work you have wrought in me, but I have a greater work to do now than you ever contemplated me to do. Your ideals, so high and noble, implanted by you into my heart, do not satisfy me any more. The world progresses and I must follow my higher inspiration."

This is the ideal sonship of Apostle Paul. Such a son was John Milton, the greatest historian of Indian History.

One day John Milton took a walk in Hyde Park. A friend meeting him and noticing his sad look stepped up to him and said: "Why are you sad today?"

"I am thinking,"

"What are you thinking about?"

"I am thinking of my mother. She has gone away forever. Will she ever come back again? They say in India that spirits do come back and live in the body again; so my mother may come back some day, but I have no assurance of it; at all events it must be a long journey, but I do believe she will come back for she loved me so much."

The ideal of this man was the return of his beloved mother and his faith was his consolation.

So in the historic ages stood forth Apostle Paul and pointed to the Father in Heaven, who would save the forlorn sheep every time; who will ever care for those who are in trouble. The Germans express the love of our Heavenly Father very characteristically when they say: "When thy need is the greatest, then God is nearest." (When die noth am groesten, ist Gott am naechsten.)

This is the ideal fatherhood preached by Apostle Paul: Faith in our Father in Heaven.

The duty of the President of the United States is to care for all homes in this country, like the duty of each father is to care for his family. But Apostle Paul embraced in his faith the whole human family. He postulated that all mankind was one father and this one Father in Heaven is more loving than any other father; he will leave the ninety-nine sheep every time to take care of themselves when there is one in need to be saved. What an ideal fatherhood—the Father in Heaven who will ever take care of you.

Again he points out the man who died on Calvary; condemned to die for no crime, but the putting forth of the moral unfoldment of the intellectuality of the people. He, who died for having brought peace, joy and happiness to mankind. How splendidly did he complete his work of usefulness and benevolence for poor ignorant humanity. That man who had recognized the oneness of his soul with the soul of God, the Father in Heaven, who brought the message from the Father in Heaven that all mankind are his children and therefore have a right to say: "I and the Father are one;" yes, a duty to feel and live that oneness with the Father in Heaven.

This is the picture of Apostle Paul's ideal sonship.

Up to his time women had no rights and standing among the Jews, but the Egyptians and Hellenic States gave to women certain privileges. To unite all the philosophical schools it therefore was necessary to recognize those women privileges. How could it be done?

Paul said: "What greater than the love of a mother for her child?" What is greater than the spirit of mother love? And so the worship of the unknowable causation—God—was formulated by Apostle Paul as the ideal God-father, God-son and Holy Ghost as the present Christian civilization recognizes it, but simply meaning the spirit of mother-love.

All philosophers of the past ages and all schools had failed to solve the problem of causation—God; so Paul stood forth and said: "Let us stop quarreling and unite on a principle which is bound to be beneficial to all mankind and which must be recognized by all as the highest ideal for worship. We cannot explain causation, so let us worship the ideal in which all the world has faith."

(Continued on Last Page.)

A Few Words to Those Who Believe in Education.

BY MOSES HULL.

Of all the work attempted by Spiritualism, I believe that at present The Morris Pratt Institute is the most important. This is the most important stage in the development of the grandest effort ever made to elevate humanity out of ignorance and superstition. If this work succeeds Whitewater, Wisconsin, is destined to be a kind of Mecca for Modern Spiritualism. If this work fails, alas for Spiritualism! it is doomed to be absorbed by the churches, until there will hardly be enough left of its live workers to say we.

The question now is, what shall it be, Shall we absorb the liberal element in the churches, or shall we be absorbed by the churches? Now is the flood in the tide of Spiritualism, which, taken at its height, will bear it on to certain and speedy victory. We are, or we are not worthy of this victory. If we do not now come to the front and do our duty, our Spiritualism, instead of being something to which we can point with pride, will be forever gone. We will have proved unworthy, and our "candlestick" will be "moved out of its place."

There are a few pessimistic people in our ranks, whose "Strength is" as Jeremiah said, "to sit still." Such "dogs in the manger," will neither partake nor permit others to do so, if they can prevent it. To such it is useless; they are Spiritualists without spirituality. Such have no more to do in assisting Spiritualism in its great work than the barnacles which fasten themselves on the bottom of a great ship have to do with sailing the ship. From such nothing more is to be expected than their legitimate work of fault-finding and abuse. To such I make no appeal.

Some power, without my seeking it, has placed me at the head of the Morris Pratt Institute. That same power, what ever it may be, has moved me to pledge all I have and all I am to its success. That institute will go forward and do its work, or I will go into the spirit world or into an asylum as a result of trying to place it where it belongs.

The power which first stimulated Morris Pratt, still holds him. He has now, in order to help me do the work to which I am called, given me, without any solicitation on my part, a deed to a good home adjoining the college. He has also voluntarily given up the portion of the building which he has reserved for his own use. He is today earnestly looking for opportunities to do more.

Also our Board of Directors, composed of as good men and women as can be found anywhere, are working with a will, guided by wisdom, to make this school a success to which future generations of Spiritualists can point with pride.

If every Spiritualist in the land would take hold of this work as our Board of Directors have done, and would give one hundredth as much in proportion to their wealth, as some of them have done, we could, without another penny, put our college in order and educate more than fifty noble young men and women who are now without means and asking us

to place them where they can be of service to the world.

Perhaps our secretary has ere this informed the public that our Board of Directors met on the 24th, and 26th ult, and did a great deal of important business. We figured as nearly as possible, the expense of putting the building in order; putting in steam heating apparatus, which should keep every room, from cellar to garret comfortable in the coldest weather. Putting in bath rooms and water closets on each floor; plumbing and other necessary improvements, and running the school thirty-six weeks in the year. The expense will be six thousand dollars. One half of that money is either paid or pledged. That leaves three thousand dollars more which must be raised during the remainder of 1902.

In order to cut the expenses down to that amount every one of the four teachers now engaged agrees to teach the first year for a sum so small that I would not dare to put it down here. I will only say my salary is exactly the same as that of each of the other teachers, and it is less than one-third of what I have received per year during the last four years, as pastor; and only one fourth of what I could have taken at two different places this year. I do not say this for any other purpose than to show the world how devotedly and self-sacrificingly our teachers are at work after spending a great deal of money and years of preparation for this work they work for less than a hod-carrier's wages.

Each member of the Board, who was present at the last meeting, after having before subscribed and paid more than they were able to do, have doubled their subscriptions.

It is said of Daniel Drew, that he, "once upon a time" made a large subscription to build a church, when he paid that subscription he said, "When I made that subscription I did not know where the money was to come from to meet it, but I trusted in the Lord, and I went out on Wall Street, and by the grace of God, I skinned it out of those fellows in less than one week." So, one of our sisters, who subscribed one hundred dollars, to make up the six thousand, said, "My assets all told, are not worth the amount of this subscription and my wages will hardly support my family; but by the Eternal I'll go from house to house and beg it." And to begging she has gone, and she is succeeding.

I now ask each one who reads this paper, to decide, at the earliest moment what they can do, and sit down immediately, and write to our secretary, Clara L. Stewart, at Whitewater, Wis., or me at Lily Dale, N. Y., or, after Aug. 1st, at Whitewater, Wis. and enclose either a draft, Post Office Order, or a pledge to help the school.

The amount of money here mentioned as needed does not cover the money which must be paid out for furniture for four suites of rooms, two in each suite, twelve other single rooms and two kitchens and dining rooms, beside dishes to set the tables for forty to fifty students. I believe there are persons in our ranks who will volunteer to do that work. Bro. John C. Bump perhaps would not like to have me mention the fact but beside what he has already done he volunteers to furnish one room. I promise, beside all the other that I do, I will keep one student in the school at my expense and will furnish one room with iron bedstead, a good quality of matting and other as good furniture as if I was furnishing it for myself.

The building is being thoroughly overhauled, and put in first class order, and we want no old cast-off furniture. We want it so furnished that we will not be ashamed nor afraid to show any room in the building to strangers and tell them who furnished it. Every one who furnishes a room has a right to name that room for any person, or give it any other appropriate name he may choose. The room I furnish will bear the name Val-halla.

Hoping to soon receive agreeable responses to this paper I am As Ever, In the Cause of a Better and More Integral Education.

MOSES HULL.

My Friend The Psychic

BY ARTHUR F. MILTON

AUTHOR OF

"In Higher Realms," "Psychometric Dictionary," Etc.

"I see," soliloquized I, "self-denial is a virtue in itself, which combats the evil it has been created to oppose—a counteracting force or cause implanted for certain effects—a law that rules intelligently."

It opened a new avenue of light to me. I argued that man as an intelligent effect must have had an intelligent cause for his being. Thus he must partake of the nature of that cause in his desires or wishes. If the laws he creates are intelligent, then the laws created by the cause from whence he emanates must be also intelligent. Nature's laws are therefore intelligent—that is, conscious, if Nature's laws are conscious, she must be. I had found God through my own reasoning powers—through the study of self. Nature is God. How sublime! Can we conceive of a grander Deity? Who would reduce him to a personality in the face of such conception? I could not. Why, our every aspiration becomes a prayer in its acceptance, and we need not articulate our wishes to be heard. Hereafter I would trust to Nature's guidance, for I now understood what this meant.

I also noted that abnegation not only held me in a relatively positive condition, but that when the forces were pointing positively, I was inspired with higher thought—and especially so when I held my angry emotions or prejudices in abeyance. It gave me a broad hint that its antithesis, love, therefore, actively vibrating, must bring forth still greater results. I had already had a test of this when I sympathized with my unwelcome client on that morning. Now it was corroborated by logical reasoning. I would practice love as well as self denial. But how? that was the question. Was passive sympathy or charity influential enough to inherit higher truths? Yes, I had had some admitted through that means. Perhaps a little benevolence or practical love would produce a still higher

vibration and attract according. I would be that, too.

I began to think what I could do to aid a needy person. The thought invited advice. I was impressed to gather up all the unnecessary clothing I had on hand, and make up a few bundles for the poor tenants in the rear building. The intention already had its good effect, for, as I arose to undertake the good work, the sweetest influence of my life seemed to pour into my soul and course through my whole being. It was the first time I had ever experienced genuine love. Where it came from I don't know, but I regarded it as my reward, and a sample of what one can expect when absolutely in that condition. I felt so happy while packing the old duds, that I actually began to hum a tune—something foreign to my nature.

When finished, I took up the various bundles, carried them to the rear, handed them to the first person I met and simply said: "Here is a trifle that you might make use of. If you can't, give them to some one else!"

They found ready acceptance and each one thanked with more or less gratitude. I then returned to my den, lit a cigar—thinking I was now entitled to an indulgence—and gave myself up to whatever might present itself to my mental vision.

The service that followed was delightful. I seemed to be immersed in a psychic billow. I never experienced such an influx of uninvited cogitation. I had no thinking to do by my own effort. I imagined I had temporarily elevated myself into a sphere where the very atmosphere represented thought or intelligence. Was I *en rapport* with Nature outside or beyond material influences? It almost appeared so from the increased flow of thought that crowded upon me. Was that the reward of love? If so, I was enjoying it in full measure. But the thought of love sent another thrill of sweetness through me as though replying: "This will be added to the consciousness of it, when love flows in as uninvited as thought!"

This brought me back to my own reasoning once more, and I said to myself, nodding my head:

"Ah, ah,—to attain a state of perfection is to be free from sensualism and selfishness, or at least to be positive to them—have the sensual and selfish passions under absolute control. Light is the effect of the former, happiness of the latter. I have the light apparently, as that comes unbidden. Self-denial has opened

that avenue to my soul. Love-acts must effectuate the other. I see where I stand. Salvation is in sight!"

I sprang up and paced the floor, feeling like a man, who had just made a great discovery. Now, for my friend, the psychic. If I could only tell him of my joyous news!

Just then a pall came over me. I felt sad—oh, so sad. I imagined I was mourning for a dear one, who had departed from this life. It changed my entire state of being. My beautiful inspiration was gone. I felt so bad finally that I decided to go to bed and sleep it off. I did sleep. It neither took me long to fall into unconsciousness, nor did I awake till the next morning.

I was refreshed and passive; had no thought for anything in particular, except my immoderate duties. After breakfast I took the car and reached my office at the usual time.

My first indulgence was to read the morning paper, beginning always with the telegraphic news on the first page, and reserving the local page for the last, which generally closed with funeral notices. These constituted the end of my reading. So on this occasion; and lo! to my horror, I read that my friend had died the night before at the very hour I experienced that change from delight to misery. I had sensed it among my inspirations, but did not catch its full meaning because, at that moment, I had been too much myself—had not been in that passive state of mind needed for absolute truth or all of the truth connected with an inspiration. The primary cause had saddened me to the extent of driving me to seek consolation in sleep, instead of analyzing it for its further significance. But, we are only mortals, after all, and cannot rise above every condition that attacks us off our guard.

I went to the funeral, of course, but that afforded little consolation to me. My best and most valued friend was lost to my visible presence. But he could never be forgotten. Was he not my savior?

Since then I have been moving along, attending to my material duties, studying self and guarding against that in my being which might prove detrimental to my future. I was still unripe for transition. My friend, the psychic, had attained what he had been reaching out for. The ripened soul had burst the bonds of materiality, and he was now enjoying the reward of a perfect unfoldment. Truth and happiness were his everlastingly.

(The End.)

of purchasing a lot, with view to building a temple, with a thousand dollars. The board of directors decided to set the ball a rolling, and see what could be done. The subscription list grew. We began to look around for a lot, but found a church already built that could

be bought for less than half cost. Then the struggle began; we prayed, we said to ourselves, We must have and will have that church. We have got it, and I believe a new era for Spiritualism has dawned in St. Louis.

The church is built of stone, was erected

about eight years ago at a cost of \$35,000. The seating capacity at present is about 400, but will be altered to seat 500 by fall. The furnishings are of the finest; the pews are of dark oak. In the rear of the main auditorium is a school room 28 by 45 feet, with classrooms and kitchen. The purchase includes cushions, carpets, steam heating plant, electric light fixtures and a beautiful pipe organ, valued at thirty-five hundred dollars.

In conclusion I want to give a hearty invitation to any of your readers who may be passing our way, to give us a call.

Yours for the Truth,
T. GRIMSHAW.



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MOSES HULL.

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ARDEHA, THE TEACHER

Is the title of a new publication that is entitled to more than mere passing notice. It is a book of 154 pages, given through the mediumship of F. Corden White to G. W. Fuller. Ardeha was a spirit of Atlantis and came to Mr. Fuller in a materializing seance several years ago, announcing that she was his guide and has on several occasions given fine addresses on practical topics and on lines connected with the spiritual. No reporter being present it was impossible for these lectures to be reproduced and consequently the thoughts were lost.

In April of this year, Mr. Fuller determined to secure the services of a medium

through whom she could come and give these thoughts and hence wrote to Mr. White enclosing a sealed letter in which he asked the guide if she could give the matter through him. Receiving a favorable answer, he arranged for the sittings and the words were reported and have just been published in neat book form, large, clear type, good paper and cloth illuminated cover.

The subject matter taken up is of a variety and deals with the practical subjects of Life, Love, Affinity, Soul-Mates, Magnetism, and a variety of matter that is interesting to all.

It can be had of F. Corden White, G. W. Fuller, Prescottville, Penn., or at THE SUNFLOWER Office. Price 75c.

St. Louis Spiritualists Have a Fine Institution.

On July 3d, 1902, the First Spiritual Association of St. Louis, purchased a church which for architectural beauty and finish is second to no church, owned by the Spiritualists in the United States. We are very proud of our new possession and for the encouragement of other struggling societies, want to give a brief history of the move which has led to this happy result.

The St. Louis Spiritual association was founded about 14 years ago, meeting for many years in Howard's hall; nearly all the leading mediums and speakers having served the Society at one time or another.

In the year 1897 the Society changed its policy abandoning the itinerant system and engaged a speaker for a year. During the first year of the change, the

success of the move was very much in doubt, the members, however, were sufficiently well satisfied that they extended a unanimous invitation to their speaker, Mr. Thomas Grimshaw to remain another year. The relationship has continued ever since. About two years ago the society incorporated under the slightly changed name; whether it was the incorporation or the natural fruitage of past labors, the writer cannot say, but the membership of the society suddenly began to increase, and the members developed an ambition to move into larger and better quarters. With the advent of the 20th century the society moved into the Masonic Temple, one of the finest halls in the city; the membership continued to increase and the society gained a better financial and social standing.

About four months ago one of our members expressed her willingness to head a subscription list for the purpose

The News at Lily Dale.

For order to ensure correct and prompt notice of arrivals, departures, improvements, or any items of interest, please write it and send it in to this office. We want to give our readers all the news of the camp and you can assist us to do so in this way.

The Stokers of the World—The Future of Cassadaga.

Impromptu Poem given through the lips of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, at Cassadaga Camp, July 27th, 1902, the Subjects being given by the Auditors.

Before the engine is ready to go,
Some one must have enkindled the fire;
When the Mind and Will give forth their glow,
Some great worker is there who cannot tire.
When the mighty forces of the earth
Yield their motion and outwork their dower,
Some arm of strength hath given them birth,
The Stoker of God's primeval power.
Do not despise the hands begrimed,
The face that's black with coal dust and smoke;
The poems that the ages have hymned,
The music that Apollo awoke

Were because Vulcan and his Stokers were there
Working out the engines and forges of Time;
Think, when you hear the music rare,
That song is Jove's workers, all sublime.

Remember the Stokers when the fire of life—
You often forget those who toil in the dark;
You think the pathway with beauty is rife
But for their pleading you must hark.

Do not forget that the Stoker is there
When on your journey homeward the while;
For without him your journey, so fair,
Could not take place, and naught could beguile

You here when night is dark and still,
If, where the electric plant is seen,
The Stoker was not prompt to fill
His part in making the lights between.

And if in the future Cassadaga shall shine
And its beauty be more bright and fair,
Remember the Stokers who daily make
This place so beautiful and so rare.

Their hands may often feel the toil,
Their faces may bear the print of care;
But without the toilers what would become
Of Cassadaga and its groves so fair?

Oh, dear friends! be ready ever to lend
A hand to every work that is true;
As on its blessings you attend,
Cassadaga will prosper and rise as you

Shall aid; will fulfil its hopes each day,
As you win the message from the skies,
And your souls will conquer the house of clay,
Making this an earthly paradise.

The camp has been moving along as smoothly as the disturbing elements would permit. Recently we have had two of the most severe rains that have ever been known in this section. The water in the lakes was raised two feet in a few days and the roads, culverts and bridges carried away, while a bad washout on the railroad made travel uncomfortable for three days.

August promises some better weather if planetary conditions count in prognosticating and the few days of good weather we have had has had an immense influence both on the attendance and enthusiasm.

Each morning sees a gathering in the Auditorium where either J. Clegg Wright or Prof. Lockwood deliver their class lectures and illustrations. The regular program has been carried out with one exception—Rev. Henry Frank.

The themes of the speakers have been in accordance with their lectures in all parts of the country. Carrie E. S. Twing has given us her little stories which so often carry an inspiration that will remain through life where more profound logic might not touch the sensibilities of the listener and she has certainly given more noble aspirations to many with her "little talks," for she says she "would not know how to deliver a lecture." But others do not agree with her on that point and think her "talks" are of the most pleasing and instructive sort.

Moses Hull has gone to his other engagements after filling us up with his later criticisms of the Bible. Moses believes that it is useless to "spike the enemies' guns," but prefers to capture them, turn their muzzles the other way and train them full upon the forms of their former owners. That is turning the tables in a practical way.

All were captivated with the enthusiasm of Miss Lizzie Harlow. Rounded out by her years of experience on the platform, she is and is not the same Lizzie she was when we knew her seven years ago. Her enthusiastic manner of working has given her a place that makes her desirable on many platforms.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond came as usual with her improvisations and inspiration. Filled with the fire of her experience, she always has an attentive audience of many who have followed her from a child in short dresses on the platform, to maturity and are always pleased to see her.

F. A. Wiggins made his first visit to the camp. He boldly acknowledged his Baptist training and spoke with an earnestness and force that attracted many friends during his short stay. His ballot tests were also well received and many are the wishes for him to "call again."

Mrs. Clara Watson is always a favorite. She has a pleasing manner and is an especial favorite at funeral services, while Lyman C. Howe seems a part of Cassadaga Camp.

Among the prominent people who are present are Judge A. H. Daily and wife, of Brooklyn, N. Y. The Judge has been president of Lake Pleasant Camp Meeting for a number of years and is quite prominent in his home circles. His investigations of Mollie Fancher, which he has presented to the world in book form make very interesting reading and are also prominent from the fact that they are strictly true.

The philosophers' corner can be found on the south-west corner of the Grand Hotel. There, A. B. Richmond, "The Sage of Cassadaga," can be found. He has delivered one address on the platform and will probably deliver another during the season, but his castle is at the "Philosophers' Corner." There the questions of the day, physical and metaphysical, are discussed and all are settled to the satisfaction of everyone. That is, everyone has the same opinion he had when he started and everyone is satisfied.

Among the marked individuals on the grounds is Col. R. T. Van Horn. He wears his laurels with an ease that places everyone in the position of a friend. Besides having been the founder and for many years the Editor-in-Chief of the largest paper in the Missouri Valley, *The Kansas City Journal*, he was for a number of terms Congressman-at-large for his section.

Many others might be mentioned, but space prevents extended notices. For the same reason and the fact that some may feel slighted if their names are not mentioned, we will not give a list of arrivals.

The present warm weather with sunshine is bringing many into camp. The Lake Shore railroad has made some excursions and all have helped to make the season more than could have been expected from the backward condition of everything else.

The papers are all represented. As usual, subscriptions are taken at the Pagoda. This year Miss Fielding, of Washington, has been given a stand in auditorium and has been soliciting subscriptions. Mrs. Koler of the *Progressive Thinker* is on the grounds and H. D. Barrett, editor of the *Banner of Light* will soon be here. *THE SUNFLOWER* still blossoms at its old stand on South Street while its subscriptions are received at the Pagoda.

Among the well known workers who have attended outside of those on the regular program are Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds, who spent several days here and chatted all who met her with her pleasing manner; and Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader who has taken such an interest in the children. She spoke several times on the Lyceum question and also addressed the children at the Lyceum.

Mr. Geo. C. Holland, official reporter for the Dominion Parliament, of Ottawa, Can., has been writing a series of letters to the *Ottawa Free Press* and they have given them full space and have called attention to them editorially. We publish one of them in another column.

Mr. Ion Carroll arrived home bringing with him his newly wedded wife, formerly Miss Mae Corley, of Sutton, W. Va., to whom he was married at the home of the bride, July 5. Everyone joins in wishing them well.

The band and orchestra of this season are taking many friends by the excellent quality of music they are furnishing the loves of high class music. Mr. Barkell, the leader of the band, ranks as one of the best cornet soloists of Pittsburgh. He is also director of the celebrated Sheridan Sabre Band of Pittsburgh. Prof. Obenhausner, leader of the concert and dance orchestra is a musician of a high order having been director of Grand Opera both in Germany and this country for several years. He is also a composer and arranger of music, having just composed a waltz and dedicated it to Lily Dale the name being the Lily of Cassadaga Lake. The other members are all professional musicians holding positions in the best theatres in Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and New York.

The Old Maid's Convention given under the direction of Mrs. Sherman, was declared by all to be a rousing success. It drew the largest house seen in the auditorium at an entertainment in years.

Mrs. Sherman has two more dates for entertainments which promise to be equally as fine. Mr. McDonald gave one of his excellent concerts at the auditorium this week which was appreciated by the lovers of music. He was assisted by Miss Harrison.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond gave a course of lessons at Library Hall.

Miss Keenan has a stock of camp supplies and ladies' goods at 10 Fourth avenue.

Mrs. R. W. Barton was called away by an accident to her husband. We learn that it was not serious.

Messrs. J. Schue and Wm. Steck have each received a gasoline launch, and frequent pleasure rides on the lakes are being enjoyed by their friends. The boats are beauties.

Among the mediums on the grounds who are not mentioned in the program published elsewhere are, Mrs. H. F. Robb, test medium, Mrs. E. R. Parkess and Mrs. Chaffee, healers, J. N. Larson and Mrs. Mayer, astrologers.

Mr. C. H. Riggs of Indianapolis, Ind., and Mabel E. Case, daughter of Jobe R. and Marie E. Case, of Little Valley, N.Y., were united in matrimony by Judge Baillet, at the cottage of the bride's brother, Jean Case, on Library street, July 31st. Congratulations are in order.

THE CHILDREN'S LYCEUM.

The Children's Lyceum was organized July 15th in the Library Hall building by Mr. M. H. VanBuskirk, of Buffalo, assisted by Mrs. W. S. Allen of Cincinnati, and Miss E. Bole of Bradford, Pa. as teacher of physical culture; Master June Allen as Conductor of the marches. The school opened under the most favorable conditions with thirty-eight scholars enrolled. The teachers are Miss Agnes Chaffee, Hortense Craig, Edith Carr and Mrs. Minnie VanBuskirk.

Notwithstanding the inclement weather Friday morning the Lyceum children, escorted by the favorite of the children—the Northwestern band—marched from the Library building to the auditorium where, with but two days preparation, the little ones did credit to themselves in their speaking and physical culture exercises. Another favorite was Mrs. Carrie Twing who addressed the children in her captivating way she always does in the spirit of the occasion, kept the little ones interested and solicited questions of the true story she told of her childhood.

The second week of the Lyceum closed with the usual Friday exercises and a marked increase in attendance.

The teachers are very much encouraged in their work by the many compliments which are showered upon them. Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond's little control gave a sketch of her life to the children which was enjoyed by both young and old.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Mary E. Lanahan, better known to Lily Dale as Mrs. Ryan, passed to spirit life at Buffalo, June 12th. Being a Spiritualist she had no fear in making the change. She leaves a husband and three children.

Mrs. Amy A. Woods passed to spirit life at her cottage, July 26th of bronchial pneumonia. She had been a constant attendant at camp for many years, and was formerly a well known platform worker. Her sickness was of short duration and none of her near relatives were here until the last day. They desire to express their thanks to the friends who so carefully attended to her needs and aided in caring for the body. The funeral services were held in the Auditorium July 28, Lyman C. Howe, assisted by Cora L. V. Richmond, officiating. The burial was at Jamestown.

A Successful Healer.

Prof. Albert Sawin, the well known clairvoyant Magnetic Healer, is located for the season at the Pond Cottage, Melrose Park. Prof. Sawin is a healer with remarkable powers in the healing of chronic diseases and those who are ailing in any way will do well to consult him. He makes a skillful diagnosis, and removes diseased conditions quickly and permanently.

Dr. Haines,

The well-known Eye and Ear Specialist, has arrived. During his stay at the camp he will give specially low prices to those needing glasses. Green Cottage, Cleveland avenue.

COTTAGE HOTEL.

George P. Moore has opened his Lily Dale cottage on the Lake near the Bowling Alley, for the accommodation of those wishing more homelike board than the hotels usually furnish. Nicely furnished rooms and modern plumbing throughout.

The Leolyn House.



LEOLYN HOUSE PARLOR.

A fine summer home, on the bank of one of the Cassadaga Lakes. The Lake on the west side; the primitive forest on the east, and beautiful parks on the north and south. Good boating, fishing and magnificent drives. Delicious home cooking. Table supplied with the best of everything. Fresh fruit, vegetables and berries furnished by the farmers every morning. Imperial mineral water free to guests. Write for illustrated booklet.

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The - Fern - Island - House.



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WILL SERVE LUNCHEES AT ALL HOURS, AND REGULAR MEALS.

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Program of Cassadaga Camp For 1902.	
JULY.	
Fri. 11—Founders' Day. Opening Ex-	erercises. Carrie E. S. Twing.
Sat. 12—Moses Hull.	
Sun. 13—Carrie E. S. Twing. Moses	Hull.
Mon. 14—Conference.	
Tues. 15—Rev. Henry Frank.	
Wed. 16—Moses Hull.	
Thur. 17—Miss Lizzie Harlow.	
Fri. 18—Prof. W. M. Lockwood, Carrie	E. S. Twing.
Sat. 19—Rev. Henry Frank.	
Sun. 20—Miss Lizzie Harlow, J. Clegg	Wright.
Mon. 21—Conference.	
Tues. 22—Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.	
Wed. 23—Rev. F. A. Wiggins.	
Thur. 24—Miss Lizzie Harlow.	
Fri. 25—Rev. F. A. Wiggins.	
Sat. 26—Prof. W. M. Lockwood.	
Sun. 27—Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.	
Mon. 28—A. B. Richmond.	
Tues. 29—J. Clegg Wright.	
Wed. 30—Mrs. Clara Watson.	
Thur. 31—Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.	
AUGUST.	
Fri. 1—Lyman C. Howe.	
Sat. 2—Prof. W. M. Lockwood.	
Sun. 3—Lyman C. Howe, Hon. John J.	Lentz.
Mon. 4—Mrs. Loe F. Prior.	
Tues. 5—J. Clegg Wright.	
Wed. 6—Labor Day. Mrs. Loe F. Prior,	Hon. John J. Lentz.
Thur. 7—Lyman C. Howe.	
Fri. 8—Charles Brodie Patterson.	
Sat. 9—Charles Brodie Patterson.	
Sun. 10—Prof. W. M. Lockwood, Rev.	Anna B. Shaw.
Mon. 11—Mrs. Grace Orr.	
Tues. 12—H. D. Barrett.	
Wed. 13—Woman's Day. Rev. Anna B.	Shaw.
Thur. 14—H. D. Barrett.	
Fri. 15—W. J. Colville.	
Sat. 16—J. Clegg Wright.	
Sun. 17—Rev. B. F. Austin, Rev. Anna B.	Shaw.
Mon. 18—Canadian Day. Rev. B. F.	Austin.
Tues. 19—Rev. B. F. Austin.	
Wed. 20—W. J. Colville.	
Thur. 21—Rev. B. F. Austin.	
Fri. 22—Thomas Grimshaw.	
Sat. 23—Prof. W. M. Lockwood.	
Sun. 24—Thomas Grimshaw, W. J. Col-	ville.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.	
GOING NORTH.	
10 43 a. m.; 6 34 p. m.	
GOING SOUTH.	
8 33 a. m.; 4 42 p. m.	
SUNDAY TRAINS—GOING NORTH.	
10 43 a. m.; 12 30, 6 44, p. m.	
GOING SOUTH.	
9 45, 10 30 a. m., 2 34, 6 05 p. m.	

HOTEL RATES.	
Grand Hotel, \$2.00 per day.	
Leolyn House, \$2.00 to \$2.50 per day.	
South Park House, \$1.50 to \$2.00 per day.	
Jackson Cottage, \$1.00 per day.	
Iroquois Hotel, \$1.50 per day.	
White Restaurant, meals 35 and 40c.	
Special rates by the week at all of the above.	

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Anyway Visit the Bowling Alley,
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is published twice-a-month, on
the 1st and 15th, at 50c a
Year. Including four Special
Book Offers, \$1.40.

METAPHYSICAL.

Conducted By EVIE P. BACH.

THOUGH STORMS ARISE.

Though storms arise and darkness settles down,
Though all seems lost—though fickle fortune frown;
Still hold thy Faith, let Hope be strong and wait,
Trust the All Father, for his Love is great;
God's Sun is shining back of all the gloom,
Then cease repinings—cheerfulness assume;
For all these trials come to prove thy Soul,
And fit thee for the Highest—the most perfect goal.

All comes from Love—seek not to fret in rage,
Repining at thy fate, but, stooping, take the gauge
That is thrown down to thee, and to thy All
In All
Turn thou in Love—secure what'er befall;
Through Sorrow thy Soul rises—ever grows,
Through Faith and Trial blossoms like the Rose;
And strong in hope, at last awakeneth,
Triumphant Victor over Storm and Death.
—Lieut. Chas. Alexander Foster, U. S. N.

DON'T TAKE IT TO HEART.

There's many a trouble
Would break like a bubble,
And into the waters of Lethe depart,
Did not we rehearse it,
And tenderly nurse it,
And give it a prominent place in the heart.

Resolve to be merry,
All worry to ferry
Across the famed waters that bid us forget;
And no longer fearful,
But happy and cheerful,
We feel life has much that's worth living for yet.
—Magazine of Mysteries, for June.

Thought Produces Chemical Changes.

Herbert Spencer says: "Health giving acts are pleasurable." Metaphysicians all know that this is true. It remained for Prof. Elmer Gates of the Smithsonian Institute to verify this position of metaphysician and philosopher by chemical analysis. His experiments are of immense value beyond those of any other scientific discovery, and yet they are so far beyond the average man's ability to comprehend their significance that they are scarcely noticed, while the very doubtful and little understood experiments of Prof. Loeb are lauded and exploited. Prof. Gates becomes, to the common man, the one scientist that, working in the crude vibrations called matter, has bridged the chasm between the seen and the unseen and has found that MIND is all. He thus invites his brother scientists to investigate that realm unexplored by them—the Human Mind. Here is an extract from one of the Professor's articles. It reads like the words of some mental scientist: "I have discovered that bad and unpleasant feelings create harmful chemical physical products in the body which are physically injurious. Good, pleasant, benevolent and cheerful feelings create beneficial chemical products which are physically helpful. These products may be detected by the chemical analysis in the perspiration and secretion of the individual. I have detected more than forty of the bad, and as many of the good.

"Suppose half a dozen men in the room. One feels depressed, another remorseful, another ill-tempered, another jealous, another cheerful, another benevolent. It is a warm day; they perspire. Samples of their perspiration are placed in the hands of the psycho-physicist. Under his examination, they reveal all those emotional conditions distinctly and unmistakably. To sum it up, it is found that for each bad emotion there is a corresponding chemical change in the tissues of the body, which is life-depressing and poisonous. Contrawise, every good emotion makes a life-promoting change. A noble and generous action blesses the doer as well as the beneficiary. Every thought which enters the mind is registered in the brain by a change in the structure of its cells. The change is a physical change more or less permanent.—Now.

THE GIFT OF LONG LIFE.

In the occasional instances of longevity recorded we see the possibility of a hearty old age which instead of being decrepit, shall be ripe and beautiful. Cornaro tells us the body increases in perfection as it grows older; that it becomes fitted for new duties and exercises of mind according to the development of the faculties, which is not simultaneous but successive. These faculties which rule at one period become subordinate at another. In youth, says Flourens, the at-

tention is quick and lively, always on the alert, but reflection is wanting. In manhood reflection and attention are united, and this constitutes the strength of manhood. In old age attention lessens, but reflection increases.

Why could not this be the state of ripeness and the fine balance of attention and reflection continue as long as desired, provided one knew how to appropriate recreating forces?

As snakes shed their skins, stags their horns, eagles their bills, in order to grow new ones, why could not man shed his age infirmities in order to renew his brilliant youth?

Roger Bacon believed a man could live a thousand years if he only knew how to economize his provision of vital forces. The celebrated Flourens also deduced from his study of the nerve centers that man ought to live longer than he does. The means of attaining the full period of existence should be carefully sought and diligently employed, for should we not attain to the ripeness and mellowness of experience, knowledge and conscious dominion?

Life is a mystery, a never-ceasing wonderful force that confers something wonderful on the body, so that it moves, breathes, speaks and lives, yet the body is not, and can never be, the life. Neither is the life in the body but in the soul. The body is but the garment. The soul is the real I.

Now, if the life is in the soul and not in the body, why not say that which is true of the soul? "I fear nothing; I am alive with life; I am the repairer of the breach. Therefore I mend the garment, and it becomes mine to use as long as I will. I am the user of the body. It is my servant; my beautiful recorder of living thoughts; my temple of sacrifice; my footstool and my throne; my mantle of holiness, which is health; my psalm of life, my instrument of praise." Suppose you should say such words with as much feeling and as often as you say words connecting the I with the body; do you suppose you would find a change in your mental horizon? Try it and see. As surely as you cease your continual worry about the body and its condition, your vision will expand.

Of the truth of this life now, and its standard, there is much to be said. Let this suffice now. Live because you are Soul. Direct the life forces into the channels by right thinking. Do not waste your forces. Thoughts, words, acts, from him who knows himself as Soul, contain the secret of long life. Here? Yes, wherever you wish. The promise is: Death and Hell shall be annulled.

Praise God for life! Praise, praise as freely, as joyously, as riotously as the bird sings in the springtime. Herein also lieth a hint to the wise. Yours in Holy Love.—Mystic I, in Magazine of Mysteries.

SUN BATHS.

Few people fully realize the efficacy of sun baths; and very few of us are so situated as to be able to bathe very often in the sunshine, though it is more than probable if every one understood the great and lasting benefits to be derived from sun baths, they would be indulged in more frequently.

There is no force in the world, barring the air we breathe, that carries with it such a high rate of vital energy as do the radiations of the sun. It is the direct life feeder of all inanimate growth, and furnishes a large percentage of the vital essence which builds up and perpetuates all animate growth.

It matters not how tired or exhausted one feels, if a sun bath is taken almost instantaneous relief will be experienced. But it is necessary to take these sun baths in an entirely nude state. Strip off all the clothing and throw yourself prostrate on the floor or bed, relax every muscle and invite every ray of sunshine to percolate and submerge every atom of the body. The morning is the most favorable time for these baths—in a room where the sun searches out every nook and corner. I know that every one is not so situated as to be in possession of this sort of room; but come the nearest to it that you can.

The Path-Finder.

If you want to live, take life with you

wherever you go. If you want to live young, dwell in the harmonies of every place, and sing this little song for every inharmony that appears in our line of vision: Pass it by. Pass by every inharmony in every place, and send out a thought of just the reverse, or any harmony you may please. Then you will surround yourself with a magnetic aura of joy and peace, and make yourself a non-conductor of every kind of ill. He that heareth the word of truth and knoweth it cometh from Infinite Love, is "passed from death unto life; hath everlasting life." And everlasting life is everlasting youth.—Mabel Gifford, in Occult Review.

Your first step towards character-culture must be the resolution to put every evil thought out of your mind and to keep them out. So you bar the door upon every wish and every unholy imagination, every wicked desire. Will any noble form of soul arise around a being while its mind is soiled and stained with such presences? No light task is this, certainly, but the primal and fundamental task of the man who would build a character. As the rustic said: "Yeau cayn't help heaven bad thoughts come into year head but yeau haven't no need ter set them a cheer."—Rev. R. Heber Newton, in Mind.

Our work to be alive with beauty and with power, must have an ideal element. It must be seen in large relations, human and divine.—John W. Chadwick.

ADDITIONAL PROOF OF SPIRIT RETURN.

For the past two years I have been very much interested in Spirit Pictures. It is a phase of the great phenomena which is very convincing and you have it ever with you. I have secured some beautiful pictures produced in my presence through those remarkable mediums the Bangs Sisters—I have had some spirit photographs taken through the mediumship of Mr. W. M. Keeler of Washington, including a fine likeness of Miss Frances Willard, taken in the evening while a strong gas light burned in the room. In Los Angeles I went to Mr. Wylie the spirit artist and through him received some very fine spirit photographs.

During the latter part of June I spent a few days at the Spiritual Camp of Bankson's Lake, Michigan, where I met Mr. Frank N. Foster the spirit photographer of Grand Rapids, Michigan. Desiring very much to secure a photograph of my dear father, who passed to a higher life about eight years ago in New Jersey, I made an appointment with Mr. Foster to go and sit. The gallery was a rude shanty where the oars were kept for the boats. Two sheets were hung up forming a background, no paraphanelia was there but an ordinary camera. I sat down, "looked pleasant" and in a twinkling of an eye I was "took."

Mrs. Augusta Ferris the medium was present and Mr. Foster asked us to come to the camera, each placing a hand on it for about half a minute.

I was very much pleased when I received my picture, mailed me on my return to Chicago. I found a number of spirit faces on the picture and directly above my head a fine and perfect likeness of my father. Neither of the two who were present when I sat had ever seen him, nor any picture of him, nor had I one with me.

How came he there?

Thought is a mighty factor but it cannot take shape to be taken up and reproduced on the sensitive plate. I have been reading Mr. Thos. Hudson's articles published in several of our leading papers lately. His objective and subjective self can do wonders according to his ideas. It may be that Mr. Foster could give Mr. Hudson a photograph of his two "selves" so he might see himself as others see him. Let him, or others who can, explain this wonderful phenomena. I am satisfied that it is a strong and positive proof of spirit return, and am glad that they can take on forms so as to be recognized by us.

Neither Mr. Hudson or any of us can speak except as we see and understand within, the blind cannot lead the blind, and try hard as he may, friend Hudson cannot improve on infinite perfection.

If we will earnestly seek the truth and keep our minds receptive as little children, the truth will be revealed to us. Farther we cannot look, higher we cannot climb, but the truth shall make us free.

Yours very truly,
LAURA G. FIXEN.

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3 19	7 09	Ar.....Leona.....LY		10 03	5 53
3 23	7 13	Ar.....Lily Dale.....LY		9 59	5 49
3 43	7 33	Ar.....Cassadaga.....LY		9 43	5 34
3 47	7 39	Ar.....Moons.....LY		9 40	5 31
3 54	7 45	Ar.....Slacksville.....LY		9 32	5 23
4 02	7 53	Ar.....Gerry.....LY		9 25	5 16
4 11	8 02	Ar.....Falconer, Jamestown.....LY		9 16	5 07
4 21	8 13	Ar.....Electric Cars.....LY		9 06	4 56
4 26	8 18	Ar.....Falconer Jct.....LY		8 59	4 49
5 14	9 10	Ar.....Warren.....LY		8 10	4 00
5 23	9 25	Ar.....Irvinton.....LY		7 55	3 45
6 30	10 25	Ar.....Titusville.....LY		6 55	2 45

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MR. HOLLAND AT LILY DALE.

(Continued from Page 6.)

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If the person who sent 50 cents in one of our coin cards from Columbus, O., will send name, we will be pleased to fill the order.

The annual meeting of the Texas State National Association of Spiritualists will be held at Galveston, September 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th.

Address G. W. Kates and wife, N.S.A. Missionaries, at 600 Pennsylvania ave., S.E., Washington, D. C. They are now making engagements for 1903, and early applications are necessary in order to secure acceptance.

At Freeville Camp, on Aug. 8th, the New York State Association holds a special meeting in behalf of the N. Y. S. S. A., H. W. Richardson, President. Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds, 2d Vice-President, conducting the meeting. It is expected many other mediums and speakers will assist. The earnest request for a large attendance is extended to all.

The camp-meeting of the Wisconsin State Spiritualist Association, opens at Waukesha, Saturday, August 3d, and continues throughout the entire month. Arrangements have been made with the Western Passenger Association whereby visitors to the camp may obtain a rate of one fare and a third for the round trip.

In order to obtain this concession, it will be necessary for a hundred people to visit the camp before the 6th of August. These must come from points from which the one-way fare to Waukesha is 50 cents or more.

For each ticket purchased, the purchaser must procure a certificate and this must be turned over to the Secretary as soon as you arrive on the grounds. Now friends, the above explanations are important, and you will do well to read them carefully.

The Waukesha Camp will offer a splendid opportunity to all who desire a profitable outing. The program is of the very highest order, and all who visit this camp-meeting may be assured that everything possible will be done to make the visit a pleasant one.

Fraternally, WILL J. ERWOOD,
Sec'y W.S.S.A.

The only apology that I can make to the readers of THE SUNFLOWER, for not sending to them occasional letters is that Mrs. Kates and self have been very busy in the missionary work of the N. S. A. We have labored in several states, and almost constantly since the convention last October.

The summer has brought us no cessation; and we have prospects for activity that offer no early respite. We are going to Iowa sometime during July, and have just concluded a series of eight meetings in Des Moines; held in a large tent. We succeeded here in organizing The First Spiritualist Church, and obtained its application to charter with the Iowa State Association.

We spend all of August at the following camps: Island Lake, Grand Ledge, and Vicksburg, Mich, Clinton, Iowa, and Waukesha, Wis. We have a few open week-nights during September that we can place in Southern Michigan, Northern Indiana or Ohio.

Our time is usually secured, considerably in advance and is now nearly all taken until next January. We have an indefinite intention of a continental tour from the Atlantic to the Pacific during the year 1903. We should like to herald the N. S. A. needs and its achievements in all cities, and towns. And we hope to see every state organized as an auxiliary with every locality and ally. Cooperative organization is needed by the Spiritualists, and the N. S. A. is achieving it.

The Progress made this year, and the growing interest manifest, is a grand tribute to consistent effort and a worthy cause. We are justly proud of our cause, for it is founded upon demonstrable fact and is attracting widespread attention from the earnest people who are aware that Spiritualism is their hope for the revelator and helper.

We need that every Spiritualist shall become a zealot and gladly give time and means for human good. We can make our organized efforts redound to grand results if each will but do and give a little. Then more will willingly do a great deal. May each and all be worthy of spirit help by being a human helper.

Fraternally,
GEORGE W. KATES.

pressed her entire willingness to submit to test conditions—indeed, she seemed as anxious as any of us to remove every possible doubt from our minds, and suggested precautions which might not have occurred to us. While my wife and another lady accompanied her to her room to see that she changed her clothing, and to remain with her until she entered the cabinet, I examined the seance chamber most carefully. The floor was carpeted, the edges of the carpet being thoroughly tacked down. There was no trap-door or opening to be found anywhere, in fact, as I afterwards found on examination, there is no cellar under the cottage. The furniture in the room consisted of a rocking chair, eleven common cane-seated chairs, a sofa and the cabinet. I removed the sofa from the corner and examined the floor under it, lifted the cabinet—a light skeleton frame covered on the top and three sides with grey blankets, and with a curtain of the same description in front—saw that the windows were covered with mosquito netting on the outside, and that there was no aperture anywhere through which a mouse could enter the room. When the medium came, I sealed the windows and doors, but even without this precaution nobody could have entered the room without the knowledge of everyone present. We, the percipients, sat in a semi-circle, close together, facing the cabinet. Including the medium there were ten of us in the room, and in such a confined space none of us could be far from the cabinet. The medium's husband attended to the lights, and her daughter acted as mistress of ceremonies.

The proceedings were opened with a brief address from Miss Wilcox, explaining what would occur, and warning us not to move from our positions unless called to the cabinet by a spirit. I was then invited to tie the medium's hands. The rope was woven of some soft, but strong and inelastic material as I found on testing it carefully. I tied the medium's right wrist, drawing the rope tight enough to slightly impede the circulation of the blood, and fastening it with a double knot drawn very tight. I then carried the ends around her left wrist fastening it in a similar manner. Then with a thread I carefully tied the ends of the rope together. Every outsider present examined the knots and pronounced them a good job. A common bent wood chair was put in the cabinet and occupied by the medium, the curtain was dropped and the light turned down. Within two or three seconds the medium called "light," the lamp was turned up and the curtain drawn aside, showing the medium standing with her hands still tied and the chair hanging on one of her arms. The curtain was dropped and raised several times in quick succession; each time the position of the chair was changed, the arms passing through different rings and hanging at one time on the right arm, another time on the left arm, and sometimes on both arms, but always in such a way that the rope must either have been removed and tied again, or the chair must have been changed by spirit hands.

After each change I was invited to examine the knots and did so, always finding them intact. I was then requested to lend my coat to the medium. I placed it on her lap, the light was lowered, the curtain dropped, and almost simultaneously, at the word "light" raised again, disclosing the medium with my coat on her. The curtain was dropped and raised time and again, and in every instance the position of the coat was changed—the medium's arms were in the sleeves only, or both arms were in one sleeve, or the sleeves were turned inside out and the chair was suspended from one or both the medium's arms. At the end of this stage of the seance we all examined the medium's wrists and to all appearances the knotted rope was just as I had tied it. During all this time the medium was in her normal condition.

The lights was now turned lower, the rocking chair was placed in the cabinet and the circle joined in singing well-known hymns. After about ten minutes the medium passed into a trance or cataleptic condition, and forms clad in white began to glide out of the cabinet and return to it. The light was dim, but I was able to recognize the presence of all the participants, not one of whom moved from the circle during the seance except when called to the cabinet. In a few minutes one of the forms advanced to an old gentleman and drew him to the front of the cabinet. There was a brief whispered conversation, and then the white form vanished. During the evening I

should judge some fifty of these forms, mostly female, emerged from the cabinet and spoke to the participants. For a long time none of them came to my wife or myself. Finally, a female form came directly to me, took me by the hand and drew me to the front of the cabinet, then beckoned to my wife, and, as she advanced, took her by the hand. We asked the name of the spirit; she put her lips close to my wife's ear and whispered the name of a very dear friend, whose sudden death eleven years ago had grieved and shocked us inexpressibly. Then, while still holding our hands the form vanished like lightning, apparently sinking through the floor.

I had always imagined that there was something clammy and chilling about these apparitions, but the hands of our spirit friend were warm, soft and lifelike in striking contrast to the hands of the medium which were, from the tight cord pressing her wrists or some other cause, cold and clammy. Soon after a male form came to me and drew me by the hand to the cabinet. He raised the curtain and I entered the cabinet with him. "Cross your arms over your breast," said he in a decidedly masculine voice, "and we will give you strength." I did so, and innumerable hands slapped me vigorously on the back and shoulders till I glowed with heat. I tried to count the number of hands that struck me simultaneously, but found it impossible to exactly fix the number. I am confident, however, that there were at least six. The spirit then took me by the hand and while holding it directed me to feel the medium's hands. I did so fingering the knots to make sure that they were still tied.

The contrast between temperature and condition of the spirit hands and the human hands was striking, the former being warm and soft, while the medium's were cold, and the tendons and muscles of the arms being tense and rigid. In a flash the male spirit guide was gone and a female form stood beside me. Taking me by the hand, she led me out of the cabinet, then turned my face to it and lifting the curtain, told me to feel the medium's hands. I did so while the spirit form held one of my hands, and the curtain. Then dropping the curtain she released my hand and vanished. The seance came to an end by a sudden noise, as if a heavy weight had dropped on the floor. Mr. Wilcox explained that it was caused by a spirit lifting the rocking chair in which the medium reclined and reversing and dropping it. Drawing the curtain aside, we found the back of the rocking chair towards the circle. The medium was still in a trance, the arms rigid as iron, and the rope on the wrists just as I had knotted it.

I dare say to many of your readers there is nothing new in what I have here narrated. Others have witnessed and described such seances; but as a rule such accounts are ascribed to the enterprise and imagination of the newspaper reporter, and treated as fiction pure and simple. I have described what I saw and heard, leaving others to draw their own conclusions from the facts. If fraud were possible under the conditions, one would have supposed that some member of my own family would have materialized for the occasion, but the only spirit that came to me was one that I had not been thinking of and whose name, I should judge, was unknown to anyone in the circle but my wife and myself.

To sum up results of the seance, I may say (1) that the phenomena were genuine; (2) that forms other than those of the ten living persons in the room appeared and disappeared; (3) that the apparitions were warm and substantial and endowed with strength and intelligence; (4) that some of these forms were in the cabinet with the medium to my personal knowledge and to the knowledge of others who entered the cabinet during the seance; (5) that the forms could not be emanations from or the astral body of the medium, because frequently two of the forms appeared simultaneously, and they varied in shape and stature.

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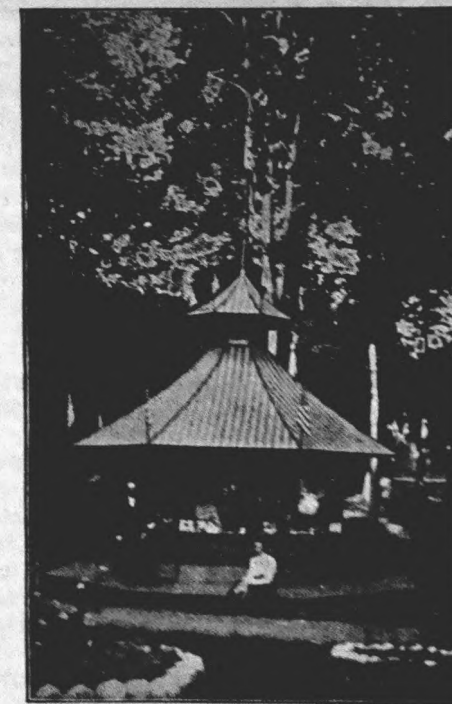
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