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FOUND A TEMPLE IN A CAVE.

That is Why the Theosophists Located Their
Colony at Point Loma, Near
San Diego, Cal.

Evidence in the suit of Mrs. Tingley, against the Los Angeles Times, is bringing to the surface some of the "lost mysteries" or hidden secrets of that peculiar sect, says the San Francisco News.

Some of the searchers after the mysterious of antiquity state that they are fed on very thin diet, and others testify that they are compelled to do the kowtow act to the high priestess, as if she were a crowned queen. Perhaps in the evidence something of modern mystery will be evolved from the inner consciousness of some of the witnesses. This college for the study of the "Lost Mysteries of Antiquity" was dedicated at Point Loma in the early part of 1897, with much mystic ceremony by the "Crusaders" with Mrs. Tingley at the head, who had just made a tour of the world.

The reason for locating the school at Point Loma was stated at the time by one of the leading lights to be upon the belief that America was the ancient seat of civilization and that Theosophy was first taught here before it spread to India, Greece and Asia, and what is called the old world.

Near this college is a cave or subterranean cavern, which some of the leaders state was the original home of the Theosophists. There are in this cavern a temple, altar and other mystic formations or rock, and the Theosophists effect to believe that in this cave was the earliest home of the cult, and that here they practiced the secret rites. In those days they were persecuted, and held their meetings in the recesses of mountains or in caverns. This cave can be approached only at low tide, for the waters of the ocean roll in for some distance at high tide.

The cavern has been explored for about half a mile, but investigations are dangerous, for the wind may change and blow in a heavy sea and swamp the explorers. The cave is said to be a weird and gloomy place and well adapted to spirits and spirit study. The temple and the altar of the early Theosophists may, however, have been formed by the action of the waters and wind.

By occult reasoning or power Mrs. Tingley figured out that Point Loma was the original site of the school where the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity were taught, as she could not find the spot in India, and the returning crusaders headed direct for San Diego. Mrs. Tingley had never visited that section of California before.

A PROTHETIC DREAM.

Mrs. Grant's Vision of Her Husband's Greatness.

After Captain Grant resigned his commission in the army he sank, as all the world now knows, to a depth of poverty very nearly approaching destitution. His own father and brothers looked askance at him; his father-in-law, though helpful in a small way, had little liking for this silent, mind-withdrawn, impractical young man who had carried off his daughter. He was already thirty-two years old, and his only capital was his West Point education, which but ill-fitted him for the hard struggle for existence he was about to begin. He tried farming and failed; he became a partner in a St. Louis real estate firm and failed again. He then obtained a clerkship in the custom-house, but was thrown out of employment at the end of a month. He tried everything to which an honest man could turn his hand, but in nothing could he prosper. He was not fitted for civil life, and his best friends soon looked on him as a man without a vocation. He could not blame them for thinking meanly of his powers; he had but little belief in himself at this time. Old West Point classmates, old army friends, who had served in the Mexican war with him, used to meet him wearily walking the streets of St. Louis, his

shabby trousers thrust in to a high pair of military boots. His face was sad and unsmiling; he was already beginning to stoop at the shoulders; he walked in the spiritless way of a man who had no object in life.

This, too, was the era of the "cute" Western land agent, so remorselessly pictured by Charles Dickens in "Martin Chuzzlewit," and Grant, an honorable and guileless man, had been given a bad title to the house and lot he believed himself to have purchased in St. Louis. He seems to have been as readily deceived by this counterpart of Dickens' detestable Scadder as he was later in life by the plausible Wall street swindler who robbed him of his fortune. The house in Lynch street, itself a humble one, had to be abandoned for one still humbler, in an even less desirable quarter of the city. And it was here, in the darkest hour of a dark period, that Mrs. Grant dreamed her strange dream.

She dreamed that her husband, now looked on by his neighbors, and even his nearest kin, with but thinly veiled contempt, had risen to an exalted position in the land. She saw him acclaimed by great multitudes of people, who shouted his name and cheered him as the savior of his country. She could see his face, grave, impassive, unmoved by the clamor of the crowded streets, as he passed onward to the goal of his existence. And the fond, faithful wife, who believed at the time that the dream was prophetic in its import, lived to see the phantasmas of dreamland become so many living realities. In her life, as in her dreams, the sad, grave face of her soldier husband never changed; for prosperity and flattery could not undo the man whom poverty and cruel injustice had not destroyed.

Philadelphia Record.

PSYCHO-SCIENCE.

ARTHUR F. MILTON.

How much our mental, or soul passions, have in common with our physical nature, may be inferred by studying their relative conditions.

A diseased stomach betrays an over-indulgence of taste—dyspepsia. A dyspeptic man is always more or less peevish, ill-humored or selfish. Selfishness, or one form of this evil, may thus arise from gluttony—its foundation being physical.

In like manner other soul passions may be traced to physical appetites—each having its organic relation—acting through or connected with some physical organ.

The heart, liver, kidneys, lungs, like the stomach, are sense organs, which connect the soul or spiritual consciousness to the body—each giving it a distinct physical consciousness or desire, taste, feeling or impulse.

Naturally indulged is conducive to growth or development of both spirit and body—spiritual perfection depending on the perfect conformity of the physical appetites to nature. Unnaturally indulged constitutes or leads to intemperance, selfishness, crime—a warped spirituality.

The spleen apparently is the organ through which the soul manifests, to judge by that feeling called spleenetic when the individual is not kindly disposed—a form of love that is sensual rather than emotional, as when expressed through the heart.

That a sick spleen may be the cause of a man's ill-humor need not be gainsaid, but a natural exercise of that kindly feeling would not have made it sick—even though in inheriting the same. Originally it undoubtedly was diseased by its improper use.

Thus all organic diseases may be traced by understanding the proper or true use and the relations between the soul and body, and which only self-knowledge can teach. For Psycho-science endeavors to show the moral effect of the mind on the body. If the mind or soul is right, the body is, and it is thus not without issue to believe that the physical functions are effects of an anterior life principle or perhaps soul consciousness. Without a stomach, there would be

An Old Favorite

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

By Shirley Brooks



THIS deferred but noble English tribute to Lincoln appeared in Punch, the leading exponent of British humor, immediately after his assassination. Punch had ridiculed Lincoln throughout the civil war, supporting the southern cause. The poem was anonymously published. The authorship was long attributed to Tom Taylor, one time editor of Punch, but M. H. Spielmann, the English critic, in his recent history of that publication, says that Charles William Shirley Brooks penned the verses. Brooks (born 1816, died 1874) was a novelist and journalist and editor of Punch from 1870 until his death.

YOU lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil went to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonaire,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please;

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step as though the way were plain,
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain:

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for you?

Yes: he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil, and confute my pen;
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose;
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true;
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows.

How humble, yet how hopeful, he could be;
How, in good fortune and in ill the same;
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand—
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work his will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting might;

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron-bark, that turns the lumberer's ax,
The rapid, that o'erbears the boatman's toll,
The prairie, hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear—
Such were the deeds that helped his youth to train:
Rough culture, but such trees large fruit may bear,
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
And lived to do it: four long-suffering years'
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived through,
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood;
Till, as he came to light, from darkling days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind, a trigger prest,
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest!

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good-will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame;
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high;
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came!

A deed accurst! Strokes have been struck before
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore;
But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out.

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
What'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven;
And with a martyr's crown crownest a life,
With much to praise, little to be forgiven.

no hunger, and consequently no sense of taste, and without consciousness no manifestation of the first-named. Thus we may use this as a basis for a comprehension of the rest.

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Modes of Immortality.

By J. P. COOKE.

The world-famous Reaper has been busy during the year, and many of the world-workers have bitten the dust. Death always makes men think of the life beyond death; corruption speaks in incorruption; the mortal reminds us of immortality. I do not weigh arguments for or against, I take it for granted. Immortality is a faith of humanity, a belief of the race—one of the great cardinal convictions of the world. I had almost said "an intuition." It was not born of argument, does not live by argument, and it will not perish by argument.

Like the faith in an All-guiding power, it has its roots in the primeval instincts, the original soil of human nature; in longings, hopes, intimations that give no direct account of themselves. They simply are. They are ultimate facts.

When asked if I believe in the immortality of man, or the soul, I may reply: It is precisely in that I do believe. It is almost the sum of my convictions. Like the correlation of energy; the life of man cannot be destroyed. If death be conceived as annihilation, he cannot die if he would.

Many, doubtless, would be glad to "jump the life to come," could they but feast to the full upon life here and now.

But first, what are the reasonable—i. e. the sensuous—forms of immortality? The vital breath departs; the apparent form decomposes; it mingles with the production agencies of the ground, and reappears in leaves and plants. It is transformed into a thousand times ten thousand "modes." It is glorified in the grass on the grave and the wild flowers that gem the summer meadows. The soft garments of spring-time are the resurrection robes of thousands of mortal forms. Science preaches eloquently of the pre-existence and indestructibility of force, and force is here apt to be confused with life.

Our bodies, indeed, are magazines of power; and when the "silver cord is loosed," that binds the frame together, the force takes other shape, flows in new directions and performs fresh work. There is endless transformation; the dissolution of the form of body in its dedication to new offices. It baffles the worm, and without displacing stone or sod, becomes ethereal and floats away.

The child of a few years, the babe of few months have a very dear and blessed immortality in the heavenly heart of its mother—an immortality of light ineffable, to which comes no shadow, in which is no doubt or fear or imperfection—an immortality that deepens in grace and glory as long as the consciousness of a loving heart endures.

The baby which is taken from her arms is transfigured in her bosom. Seeing it outwardly no more, holding it no longer in her lap, she talks with it and smiles with it sits with it in the nursery, rambles with it over field and garden, prattles fancies to it, drops asleep with the babe nestling in her breast and wakes to see its little face looking down upon her. Still living in her atmosphere. It was flesh of her flesh, and bone of her bone; now it is the thought of her thoughts, and feeling of her feeling, and life of her life. While yet in the bosom of her love, or e'er it breathed earth air, it stirred unutterable longings, yearnings, strivings, opened new fountains of hope, whispered bright promises of happiness; no sooner did it appear than a new world within her was ready to welcome it, as the sympathetic founts flowed for her little god, a world of wonder that the expectation of the new-comer had prepared.

From week to week through the period of its dependence on her, the little stranger has been enlarging, uplifting, softening and enriching her nature, and making her a sweeter and a better woman.

Every new thought or feeling is associated and identified with the

image of this little "Emanuel," who preached—at least to her—the kingdom of heaven, and brought it to pass.

Another mode of immortality, grander, perhaps, though less affecting—is that we have in the race of humanity. There we live, here we are vitally connected. Humanity is an organic being, an incarnation of the many-hearted earth spirit, quickened by the spirit of the air, and inspired by the celestial spirit of the Inner life of all. This organic being lives and grows from age to age, from clime to clime. Standing between those who have gone before and those that are to follow after him, he receives and transmits the qualities that build up the social world of man. Existence is a process of getting and giving. In as the fathers live and in the children we shall live, on and on—every atom of our nature being taken up, absorbed, and worked over and over as material for the coming man.

In the Jews we have an instance of a whole people who for 500 years, at least, before the Christian era, lived in this faith in immortality in the race. A people with a great history, a splendid past, traditions as noble as nation ever had, forefathers whom the highest portion of the human race has since adopted as its own, ancestors from whom the mighty West has been proud to derive its origin, yet, with all this, living in the future—living on anticipation, living on what some think, a dream: Living on it—not sleeping on it, not sighing or sentimentalizing about it, not enjoying it as a luxury in easy times, but drawing from it the grand motives of vigorous, strenuous existence—sustaining themselves by it when they had no other sustenance. Assailed, invaded, overpowered, inundated by swarms of foreign enemies; dispersed, swept away as exiles, to Thebes, to Babylon; scattered as despised outcasts to all the ends of the earth, their only city captured and pillaged again and again; their holy fires again and again extinguished, their land desolate; their very religion yielding to the presence of strange philosophies and melting into the more imposing faiths of the East; heavens, earth, sea and dry land shaking, these people cherished their vision and entertained their immortal hope. The past was sad; the future was joyous. They had lost their records and looked back to a dim and troubled past; but they felt sure of, they knew it. The nation felt immortality in its soul. By the faith of the future they read the past.

Then there is the Spiritualistic view of immortality. The view which says that all things have souls—that spirit is the reverse of matter. That without a spiritual, conscious "subject" there can be no "object." That spirit is the Inner life of all creatures. Let us look at this pantheistic view.

The opposite error to that of idolatry is pantheism, in a gross, material form of misconception. Idolatry confines God to places, times and forms. Pantheism puts him in all things which is right; but it goes further and over shoots the mark; saying all things are God, which is wrong. When we make all things equally divine we destroy moral character and all distinction, and consider it as a blind soul of Nature. We also destroy morality in man, the basis of progress and blessedness. Right and wrong are equally called manifestations of Deity. Sin and hate are called divine no less than goodness. God is conceived as the one sole agent.

The truth being that God is the goodness in the Inner life of all creatures. The great masters of this school declare that for every true man and woman, there are modes of existence. The one is temporal and conscious, the other unconscious or super-conscious and eternal. The one involves the presence of a body which perishes, the other involves the action and determinations of mind or intellect and heart, which cannot die. The latter alone worthy to be called that noble

Continue on Last Page.

For the thought that springs upward and yearns to regain the pure source of spirit, there is no "Too late."

It is not what he has, or even what he does, which expresses the worth of a man, but what he is.

LILY DALE NEWS.

CITY OF LIGHT.
Peace in thy borders!
Good will to the world!
Balm the breezes,
The white flag unfurled.
Shine o'er the waters
A beacon of light—
Shine till the brightness
Shall banish the night.
Rise in thy glory,
Thy power and might,
Shine in thy beauty
Fair CITY OF LIGHT.

Bird of the wildwood
Flee to thy home!
Forest trees wave
Where the white lilies bloom.
Beautiful isle,
Where the bright waters flow
Sacred the spot
Sacred the spot
Where angels bend low.
Lighten the pathway
That leads to the right,
Shine in thy brightness
Fair CITY OF LIGHT.

Shine o'er the wand'rer,
The downrod and sad—
Shine, and the hearts
Of God's children make glad.
Shine in the light
Of the truth that is given—
Shine till the fetters
Of sin shall be riven.
Shine until might
Gives place unto right.
See, in the East
Rises Bethlehem's Star!
Shine in its glory
Oh CITY OF LIGHT.

M. B. SHERMAN,
Lily Dale, N. Y.

The center of all thought at Lily Dale at present is ice and fishing. The law passed last winter permits fishing through the ice two days a week during the month of February and it is now in its glory. As the method is slightly strange to many, it will bear description.

The method of spearing fish thro the ice was learned from the Indians so far as we are able to learn. The Indian method was to take a sack of dried grass or something to keep them off from the ice, cover their heads up with a fur or something that would exclude the light and then watch through a hole in the ice until a fish, attracted by a decoy fish sunk in the water under the opening in the ice came in range, then to spear them.

The modern method looks a little more to the comfort of the fisherman, but the method is practically the same.

Selecting a place where the water is supposed to be six to twelve feet deep, the fisherman cuts a hole in the ice about two feet in diameter. He has brought with him on the ice a "fish coop" that is large enough to sit down on one side of this hole and he is soon prepared for fish—if an unfortunate specimen shows himself. The opening in the ice is under a hole in the floor of the coop, which is laid down on its side and drawn to the spot on a pair of runners that are part of it, this being necessary as the law provides that they must be off the ice at 6 p. m. The coop having been placed in position over the hole in the ice, snow is packed around the base that rests on the ice, to keep all light out of the coop. This also clears the snow off the ice around the coop thus giving a diffused light in the water. The fisherman then enters the coop and closes the door making it as dark as possible in there and with a wooden decoy fish hung on a line, in the water under the ice he waits the appearance of a muscalonge and as soon as one appears he spears him by throwing a weighted spear attached to a short handle and a piece of cord. If it strikes the fish, as it usually does, he immediately pulls his fish in before he is over the shock of the spear striking him. The spear used is an ordinary three or five tined spear but is weighted by having three or four pounds of lead cast around the shank.

There were thirty coops on the upper lake at one time last Monday, and during the day seven nice fish were taken, some of them weigh from 20 to 30 pounds. We did not hear the results of the fishing on the other two lakes.

Mrs. Torrey is still very sick and little hope is entertained of her recovery. She is attended by three daughters and a son who are doing all that is possible to make her comfortable.

Mrs. A. C. White has returned from South Dayton where she went on account of her mother's severe sickness. Her mother's condition is greatly improved and it is expected she will soon be in her usual good health.

Mrs. W. brought her nephew, Roger Smith back with her to pay a visit to the Dale.

A letter received from Mrs. Pettengill from California states that she and Mrs. Bates and Josephine are enjoying their stay there very much. She thinks there is much in store for

the summer and hopes all will join in aiding to select a new name for the Grand Hotel. So far the following names have been suggested:—Woodland; Woodlawn; Lake View; New Era; Lily Dale Inn; Hotel West Lake; Hotel Dale. Send her your suggestion.

More About the N. S. A. Free Literature.

A Card to the Public From the Secretary.

Kindly allow me to make the following statement in the columns of your good paper. Recently the N. S. A. Editor at large, Mr. Hudson Tuttle, published in this and other spiritual papers the fact that the N. S. A. annually prints and distributes hundreds of dollars worth of free spiritual, and other liberal tracts, and advised all who cared for the same to send to this office for a supply. Evidently our good friend, Mr. Tuttle, forgot that there are hundreds of thousands of Spiritualists in this country, many of whom read the papers and are anxious to receive anything we have to offer free, and the result of his article is that we have been deluged with letters, asking for copies of the leaflets, from one copy of each to fifty; some asking for a large bundle to be sent. Out of these applicants, but half a dozen have sent postage stamps for the tracts, and but \$2.25 in money have been received towards postage and printing bills. We have sent what we could spare to each applicant, but could not, of course, send large bundles, as requested.

Some of the applicants are from N. S. A. chartered societies, and to them we feel that we must be as generous as possible, as they are loyal to this Association, and pay their dues, therefore their money aids in paying the bills of the N. S. A., those for printing and postage included.

We have no special printing fund and have to take from the general fund to cover all this expense, and unless more donations come in, the tract expense, like others, will have to be small. We feel that those who apply for tracts, who have never cared enough for the N. S. A. to contribute a dime towards its literary or benevolent work, should at least send postage to cover the cost of sending the supply they ask for, and it is for this these lines are penned. Of course, to our chartered societies we are willing to send tracts postpaid, as each tract reaching such a society goes to many individuals. We ask that all, when they have read the tracts will pass them along, and that many may benefit from the same.

In addition to what has herein been given, I find it a duty to warn the public against a man calling himself "Harry Tustin", whose real name seems to be "Harry Mitchell,"—or vice versa. He is traveling the country claiming to be a member of the N. S. A., and an agent, and collecting money from mediums, ostensibly to secure them protection of this association. He is not known by our N. S. A. people, and we do not authorize him or anyone, to collect funds, except our regular missionaries. The N. S. A. has no state agents, and no individual members.

MARY T. LONGLEY,
N. S. A. Sec.
600 Penn. Ave., S. E.,
Washington, D. C.

INWARD PEACE.

I hear the music of the spheres,
Sweet melodies sounding afar;
The strains harmonious and clear,
Must issue from the gates ajar.
I hear it in the gentle breeze,
I hear it in the tempest wild;
But only when I feel at ease
And happy as a laughing child.

When angry thoughts like billows roll
And bear it on its foaming crest,
We feel the turmoil in the soul,
And peace forsakes our troubled breast.

It is altruism gives repose,
And inward peace that naught can

Our fount of love which outward flows
Like music from this gate ajar.

Our love of self impairs our sight,
And other's rights we fail to see
It is a transient mental blight,
Inherent in humanity.
Our selfish love we will outgrow,
And love divine bright as a star
Will make our lives like sunshine glow,
Like life within the gates ajar.

The gate ajar, how sweet the thought,
Its mystic portals open stay;
Returning friends the proof have brought,
And fear of death has flown away.
Dear friends, rejoice, lift up thine eyes,
Our missing friends live not afar;
It cannot be God's paradise
Saint Peter closes with a bar.

HENRY M. EDMISTON.
Men and women are not made wise

SEED THOUGHTS.

FRIESTLY PENNY WIT.

Rev. J. Duffy, of Jersey City, having officiated at Mass, and noting the collection \$45,545.06 called special attention to the large number of pennies contributed and said: "Pennies are generally put to three uses—thrown at organ grinders, dropped into slot machines and collection baskets, thus placing the church in the same class as organ grinders and slot machines."

Much as I am tempted to note this too serious character of priestcraft towards the world these many centuries, I refrain simply to note in view of the fat collection of lucre, and known social conditions, such priestly arrogance in scoring his people—poor dupes—starts the query: Is not such a speech, with its heartless wit, prompted by low down, selfishness and knavery, rather than the Nazarene sympathy with humanity and the simple annals of the poor?

How long, oh, how long and how deep must we suffer religious barbarism e'er spiritual perception be truly opened to the gospel of the better humanities. Oh, why do religious teachers persist in ignoring the more vital practice of justice and truth?

Excessive exaction, religious vigor is the outgrowth of ages of superstition. Its unholy course over the earth is marked deeply with viciousness and blood. Religion—religious vigor murdered the gentle, justice-loving Nazarene. And this as the flowering of a brutish, bloody Judaism, forms the basis of many religious sects of today, all of whom are with the state in bloodshed, war and the dirty crime and vice-breeding liquor traffic. Such must be the logical result of brutalizing religious teaching, false and at war continually with the best interests and rights of man.

In the sense of binding the human mind back to superstitious, creed and ritualistic "worship" and its costly, debasing idolatry, humankind is cursed with a plethora of religion. As the unjust, brutish treatment by "Christian" capitalists and religious trusts, of their thousands of hard-working employees, express the real faith of these luxurious, assuming partners of God in the distribution of labors' fruits, and the widespread distress they cause, emphasizes the potent fact there is too much religion among us, and far too little practice of humanities.

Superstition and the belief in fossilized dogma are obstructive to progress of the true liberties and divine innate rights of humankind. Lovers of their kind will aim to clear out of the way of conserving intelligence whatever tends to enslave or trammel the human will. Ecclesiastical craft has proven for ages very costly to the people. The time lost and millions of money wasted in the worship of relics, idiotic oracles and priestly vagaries, if honestly directed would make this planet a paradise instead of a den of thieves.

But there are signs of promise and inspired hope. For some decades the spirit of mental emancipation and the cry for justice is making itself heard. Disenthraling forces are making their liberalizing influence felt in social and political life. Religious institutions are being shaken from old moorings; dogma and misleading mysticisms are sloughing off and drifting away with superstitious dead debris. Men are growing wisely practical, they care less for theology and more for humanity.

Reflection shows our first duty is to conserve our own existence and wise enjoyment. Let the gods look out for themselves, they are old enough and ought to be strong enough. The liberties and rights of men and women are of first and greater importance better than the worship of any supposed Deity beyond our ken. Any teaching that cheapens human life and its natural rights, is false and unworthy of respect. Right, honors ethics holds human life the most sacred of anything in the universe, its rights and liberties paramount to property, law or any worship.

Neither ecclesiasts nor legislators teach this fact so prominent in the universe, and clearly inculcated by the ostracized Nazarene. Religious vigor, dogma and priestly exactions are usurpations of human liberty and barriers to the progress of man's highest freedom. The upright, just man is the great factor of the universe on him depends the upbuilding and improvement of this world. The development of this planet must be accomplished by his genius, invention, art, science and skill.

The cruellest wars and most atrocious exactions oppressing humankind are the flowering and fruitage of priestly teaching: "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin." Public opinion is poisoned through and through—drunken with barbaric religious notions. Who can live 'mid such malaria and not be affected? Social and religious education is full of superstitious vagaries, hypocrisy and deceit.

Men and women are not made wise

by superstition, but foolish, stupid dupes and silly dolts. Only by the torch of right reason and the flame of spirit can humankind be correctly enlightened and truly purified. By the power of spirit and intelligence, the barrier of ignorance, superstition so destructive to the true progress are being burned away within and without "religious" institutions. Fear is seizing the big sinner in Zion and hypocrites are trembling.

Numbers out-growing their creed and possessing the courage to express intelligent conviction are working sedulously with liberals in clearing the barriers to the incoming New time of the grander, better civilization. So lengthened and rapid are the strides of ameliorating science many ecclesiasts cease to be amazed and are studying to fit pulpit efforts to advance conditions. Not long since the efforts of religionists aimed to throttle science, now how changed.

Rostrum and pulpit ignorance is recognized as our worst devil, and science, clean enlightenment received by many as the world's best savior. Regrettable though it be, the debasing spirit of greed so dominates American journalism, yet there is much of superior manhood expressed through this great medium of mental emancipation. And when church organs groan out their weakness and regrets, we accept the fact of the steady progress of the good work of humanity's sure disenthralment.

When long-time sleeping students and scholars like Rev. Lyman Abbott and many others fearlessly and distinctly declare, "the Bible merely a record of personal religious experiences, and that *Old Theology is Dead*," Hope is greatly enlarged and courage renewed because salvation from long-time debauchment of the race by superstition and priestly knavery now is near.

True, this awakening of the pulpit is late. We have heard the same from media and the spiritual rostrum more than fifty years ago. Of course there are many obstructive barriers to be burned away, yet have we good cause for rejoicing that the great Babylonian of ecclesiastical harlotry and centuries of spiritual vassalage by false religious teaching is on her sure way to the sea of oblivion to be found no more. The song of angels is "alleluia," the acme truly of humanity's amelioration and universal spiritual.

SUNSHINE.

Death of Captain Elisha Morse.

Editor and readers of THE SUNFLOWER:—
Many of you I am sure, will remember with pleasure, having met at some of our great camp meetings or elsewhere, Capt. Elisha Morse, of 621 O'Farrell street, San Francisco, Cal., and formerly of Minneapolis, Minn.

It becomes my duty to record the fact that on Sunday, January 11th at 1:30 p. m. he passed to the higher life, after a prolonged season of illness and intense suffering.

He was born in South Paris, Me., January 12th, 1831. The second birth being so near his natal day as to make almost an exact period of 72 years.

He leaves four sons and a daughter, George A. Morse, Wm. D. Morse, Edward P. Morse, Frank Van Vlick Morse, and Mrs. Walter C. Leach, most of whom are residents of Minneapolis, Minn. There are also brothers and a sister and step-mother in South Paris, Me.

Mr. Morse joined the ranks of those who went forth in defense of the Union in the Civil War. He went as a lieutenant and earned the position and honor of a captaincy.

At the last he looked up and said, "It is morning," and a white light settled upon his brow, spreading over the features visible to all, which remained hours after the breath had ceased a beautiful and expressive witness of immortality and the soul's victory over death.

He made all arrangements for the funeral services, and even the pages of the hymnal were found turned to the songs he had chosen.

An address was given by my inspirers, followed by a touching tribute by his long-time friend, Dr. E. A. Lewis, a choir, all valued friends, led by Miss Fonda, with Mrs. Sadie E. Cook at the piano, rendered his favorite song, "Tired," "Beautiful Life," "The Island of Sometime," "Good Night, Good Night, I Am going Home," and it is "Well With My Soul." The body, according to his request, was taken to the Odd Fellows' Cemetery for cremation, and we turned away with a feeling that light and joy had gone with him and a prayer that oft he might come and shed o'er us the New Light which had certainly come into his life through the victory of death.

R. S. LILLIE.

If, instead of a gem, or even a flower, we would cast the gift of a loving thought into the heart of a friend, that would be giving as the angels give.—George MacDonald.

SEND IN A RENEWAL OF YOUR SUBSCRIPTION TO THE SUNFLOWER AND CALL THE ATTENTION OF YOUR NEIGHBOR TO THE PAPER AND INDUCE THEM TO SEND IN THEIR SUBSCRIPTIONS WITH YOURS. NOW IS THE TIME TO HELP TO EXTEND THE CIRCULATION OF THIS PAPER. DO IT TODAY.

ABOUT OLIVE OIL.

In response to a number of letters on the subject we wish to inform our readers that we do not know where "Pure California Olive Oil" can be procured. Perhaps the writer of the series of articles on that subject that recently appeared in THE SUNFLOWER, Mr. John F. Morgan, New York Life building, Chicago, Ills., can give the desired information. We wish the writers of the letters of inquiry to consider this notice a respectful reply to their letters of inquiry.

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METAPHYSICAL.

Continued by ONE P. MEX.

JUST BEING HAPPY.

Being happy is a fine thing to do; nothing on the bright side brighter than the blue; but it is money making, is largely to the choosing, and just being happy is money work and true.

Being happy makes other souls along; their burdens may be heavy and they not strong, and your own sky may lighten in other skies you brighten with a heart full of song.
—Ripley D. Saunders.

THE WORLD BEAUTIFUL.

Anxiety and misgiving proceed from love of self. The love of God accomplishes all things quietly and completely, it is not anxious or uncertain. The spirit of God dwells continually in quietness. Persons love casteth out fear. It is in forgetfulness of self that we find peace. Happy is he who yields himself completely, unconsciously and finally to God. Listen to the inward whisper of His Spirit and follow it—that is enough; but to listen, one must be silent, and to follow, one must yield.
—Fenelon.

For what God deigns to try with sorrow, He means not to decay tomorrow; but through that fiery trial last When earthly ties and bonds are torn.

The quiet and perfect obedience to the divine will, taught by Fenelon, has nothing in common with a mere passive and blind acceptance of events as they occur. Obedience to the heavenly vision is not in standing still, but in following. It finds its best expression in energy and not in inactivity. The more absolutely one abandons himself to the divine will, the more unceasingly will he fill every hour with effort toward the working out of the higher and more ideal conditions. An ideal once revealed is meant to be realized. That is the sole reason for it being revealed at all, and the way of life is to unfalteringly work toward its realization.

It is a curious fact that there can be no achievement of life so impossible that it cannot be realized by the power—the absolutely invincible power—of mental fidelity. Let one hold this purpose in thought, and the unseen forces thus generated are working for it day and night. Like one of the new inventions in electricity, so thought—a force infinitely more potent than electricity—sets up a certain rate of vibration in the spiritual atmosphere and works as with irresistible sway. The individual who is held to possess great strength of will is, really, simply the one capable of holding the thought, of keeping a certain tenacity of purpose. This power alone redeems one from living on shifting sands, and perhaps, at last, being engulfed and swallowed up in the quicksands of his own shattered visions and ideals, which never grow to fulfillment because of his infirmity of will and his closing his eyes to the stars that shone in his firmament.

The very pain and trial and multiplying obstacles that one may encounter defiantly sets his steps along a certain way are only helps, not hindrances. One gains the strength of that which he overcomes. He transforms obstacles into stepping-stones. For we live and move and have our being in an ethereal atmosphere, which is universal, and which unerringly registers every thought and every energy, and transmits these into living forces. Thought is creative, and if the thought be held with sufficient intensity, it acts upon every element that has to do with the final achievement. Imagination—which is simply clairvoyant vision—discerns the ideal in the dim distance, and thought is the motive force by means of which it is achieved. To be "infirm of will" is, therefore, the greatest of misfortunes, as it inevitably produces complete failure in all the affairs of life. However hopeless a certain combination of events may look—they really are not so. Nothing is ever helpless, because nothing is final. Conditions are forever flowing like a river, and may be modified and transformed at any moment.

Failure or success is optional with the individual, for each lies in character, and is not a matter of possessions or external conditions. To become cynical, despondent, indifferent, is failure, and one has no moral right to fall to that level. Associations that induce these feel-

ings should be abandoned. The happy conditions of life are to be had on the same terms. The fretful, the ill-tempered, the selfish, the exacting, must, some where and some way, learn their lesson and grow toward the light; but their influence should not be allowed to poison the spiritual atmosphere. It is neither a moral duty, nor is it even true sympathy to share the gloom and depression generated by these qualities. The inward whisper of the Spirit is the summons to a nobler plane on which all the higher powers find their expression. It is a fatal mistake to enter into the dark and unreasoning moods of every unfortunate person. To do this habitually is to so deplete the spirit that one has nothing left. Let one keep his heart and mind in the currents of the divine power; let him actively follow the vision that is revealed to him, and he shall achieve and realize his ideals. It is the law and the prophets. A force as resistless as that of the attraction that holds their stars in their courses will lead him on. "The love of God accomplishes all things quietly and completely."
—Lillian Whiting in Boston Budget.

JUST AMONG OURSELVES.

I glanced at a heading in a paper today, which stood out in big type, as if intended to be seen; it only contained three words: "Are you beautiful?" I did not read what followed for I said to myself "there is food for speculation in that thought. Perhaps one could not quite believe the lecture on physical culture," that not every girl can be beautiful at 16, but every woman can be beautiful at 40," yet it is quite true, nevertheless. We can let our faces become tired and fretful and old year by year, or we can illumine them by an inner flame of youth so that no wrinkles can disguise their charm. The elderly woman of 58 that we remember in our childhood—black shawl and bonnet and knitting bag, carrying a subdued expression of being laid on the shelf—is today by equality of sexes being made extinct. We find her today wearing Paris hats, presiding over clubs, etc. One thing in her favor, she has found out the secret of not growing old "young" and if she chooses she can remain young until she dies. She refuses to lay down her arms and give up to the years ahead of her, because 30 or 40 years are behind her. No such capitulation for her.

To my idea the age cannot wither the immortal soul with us unless we submit to the withering process. The sun sets early in the valley. Yet we can climb to the nearest hill and have more sunlight and a clearer setting at the end. Youth has been given us to learn its characteristics and take the best of it forward through the years. We journey from the sunrise, but one can always carry its color in memory, so much to keep young. Physical beauty is not lasting. One may have perfect features and without the face possess soul beauty. The blemishes come knocking for admittance. I have seen women who did not have one regular feature, yet their faces just beamed with an inward light which radiated an atmosphere of beauty which one could only feel not see.

INFELICE.
—Boston Daily Globe.

HOW TO STOP WORRYING.

The usual way people set about stopping worrying is a wrong way. That is why it is so unsuccessful. If a doctor tells a patient he must stop worrying, the patient is likely to say impatiently, "Oh, Doctor, don't I wish I could. But I can't. If I could have stopped worrying a year ago I would not have been ill now!" All of which is probably perfectly true. And if the Doctor does not always know how to help him, because both Doctor and patient have an idea that it is possible to repress worry through an effort of the will. This is a mistake. It is not possible to repress worry. You have got to repress worry with something else. Let me illustrate this by a figure: Suppose you were to go into a complete dark room, wishing it to be light. How would you set about the work? Would you try to scoop the darkness up in buckets and carry it to the door? Not at all. You would just open the windows and shutters and let in the light. So it is with worry. The only possible way to get rid of it is to replace the worry attitude of mind with the non-worry attitude. And this can always be done when the person is sincere and patient in his desire to bring it about. All he has to do is to be passive and let nature have her own way with him.—Guide.



THE RATTLESNAKE.

How the Rattle in the Reptile's Tail is Formed.

The structure from which the rattlesnake takes its name—the rattle—consists mainly of three or more solid, horny rings placed around the end of the tail. These rings themselves are merely dense portions of the general outer skin of the body, but the rattle has also a solid foundation of bone, for the last three bones of the tail become united together into one solid hole or core, grooved where the bones adjoin, while they increase in size toward the hinder end of the complex bone thus formed. This bony core is invested by skin also marked by grooves, which correspond with those at the junctions of the three bones, and this skin becomes much thickened and so forms the incipient, imperfect rattle of such young snakes as have not yet cast their skin. When it is cast, the skin investing the tail close to its termination is not cast off, but is held fast by the enlarged end of the bony core before mentioned.

The piece of skin thus retained becomes a loose ring in front of the incipient rattle and thus forms a first joint or ring of the future perfect rattle. The same process is repeated at each molt, a fresh loose ring or additional joint to the perfect rattle being thus formed every time the skin is shed. Thus the perfect rattle comes ultimately to consist of a number of dry, hard, more or less loose, horny rings, and in this way a rattle may consist of as many as twenty-one coexisting rattling rings. It is the shaking of these rings by a violent and rapid wagging of the end of the snake's tail which produces the celebrated rattling sound—a sound which may be compared to the rattling of a number of peas in a rapidly shaken paper bag.

The Brain of an Ant.

Although an ant is a tiny creature, yet its brain is even tinier. But although it is necessarily smaller than the ant's head which contains it, yet it is larger in proportion, according to the ant's size, than the brain of any known creature. The best writers upon ants—those who have made the astonishing intelligence of these little insects a special study—are obliged to admit that they display reasoning ability, calculation, reflection and good judgment. Such qualities of brain show a more than ordinary instinct, and we are not surprised to hear that the ant's big brain carries out our idea that he possesses a higher intelligence than is shown by other workers of his size.

Marvelous Escape.

"The fact that I am a good musician," said the lady from a country village, "was the means of saving my life during a flood in our town a few years ago."

"How was that?" asked the young lady who sang.

"When the water struck our house, my husband got on the folding bed and floated down the stream until he was rescued."

"And what did you do?"

"Well, I accompanied him on the piano."

Plants That Wear Overcoats.

Plants have developed almost as many dodges for perpetuating their existence as animals, only we don't so easily recognize them. Did it ever strike you that every seed, bulb or tuber is not merely a reservoir of material for the plant that is to grow out of it, but also a mass of fuel for supplying heat necessary to the sprouting seedling? More than this. If you look at the early spring buds and flowers, you will notice that those which are likely to be exposed to frost, such as catkins or willow and hazel, are well protected by a thick covering of soft material, a regular plant overcoat.

Thought It Was a Cornet.

A parish beadle was once much exercised at the appearance of a strange old gentleman who when the sermon was about to begin took an ear trumpet, in two parts, out of his pocket and began screwing them together. The beadle watched him till the process was completed and then, going stealthily up, whispered:

"Ye mauna play that hero. If ye dae, I'll turn ye oot."—London Tit-Bits.

Laying the Board.

"Laying the board" for an Anglo-Saxon banquet was something of a solemn function. The usual hour was noon, and after it was over the tables were removed and the diners went, as an old chronicler observes, "to their cups, to which the English were too much accustomed." Evidently the rule that the guests were not to bring their arms into the hall, but leave them outside with the porter, was no unnecessary one.

NO SLEEP FOR A MORTGAGE.

The Inexorable Taskmaster Described by a Sufferer.

The mortgage is a self supporting institution. It always holds its own. It calls for just as many dollars when grain is cheap as when grain is dear. It is not affected by the drought. It is not drowned out by the heavy rains. It never winter kills. Late springs and early frosts never trouble it. Potato bugs do not disturb it. Moth and rust do not destroy it. It grows nights, Sundays, rainy days and even holidays. It brings a sure crop every year and sometimes twice a year. It produces cash every time. It does not have to wait for the market to advance. It is not subject to speculations of the bulls and bears on the board of trade. It is a load that galls and frets and chafes.

It is a burden that the farmer cannot shake off. It is with him morning, noon and night. It eats with him at the table. It gets under his pillow when he sleeps. It rides upon his shoulders during the day. It consumes his grain crop. It devours his cattle. It selects the finest horses and the fattest steers. It lives upon the first fruit of the season. It stalks into the dairy where the busy housewife toils day after day and month after month and takes the nicest cheese and the choicest butter. It shares the children's bread and robs them of their clothes. It stoops the toiler's back with its remorseless burden of care. It hardens his hands, benumbs his intellect, prematurely whitens his locks and oftentimes sends him and his aged wife over the hills to the poorhouse. It is the inexorable and exacting taskmaster. Its whip is as merciless and cruel as the lash of the slave driver. It is a menace to liberty, a hindrance to progress, a curse to the world.—Ringwood (Okla.) Leader.

Traveling With a Wheelbarrow.

"Potter, the wheelbarrow crank," traveled across the continent in 1878. His first name was Lyman and his place of residence Albany. He was a shoemaker by trade and much given to boasting of his feats as a pedestrian. O'Leary was doing his big walking about that time and had just finished a ten days' walk at New York city. One day in the presence of many witnesses Potter said that he himself could outdo O'Leary in feats of endurance. Some one suggested that he walk to San Francisco on trial. Potter did not hesitate a moment, but offered to wager that he could make the trip in a given length of time and, furthermore, that he could wheel a "paddy" barrow the entire distance.

The money was covered, and Potter left his home on Dove street, Albany, on the morning of April 10, 1878, and arrived at San Francisco on the evening of Oct. 6, being exactly 180 days in making the trip. The wheelbarrow and load—his clothing and cooking utensils—weighed seventy-five pounds. The distance traveled was 4,083 miles.

The Influence of Odors.

Would you believe that both natural perfumes and artificial odors exert a real influence on our minds? A physician has favored us with a detailed statement as the result of lifelong observation. He says that the geranium inspires a man with audacity, self possession, reckless daring. The violet inclines to devotion and tender affection; the benzoin to reverie, poetry, inconstancy. Mint is the mother of cunning and sharp practices. The verbena begets artistic taste. Camphor brutalizes a man. Russian leather renders effeminate and develops a taste for pleasure and self indulgence. Opopanax engenders madness. Amber enkindles inspiration. It is the perfume of bluestocking.

Dinners in the Sixteenth Century.

State banquets became very elaborate and expensive in the earlier half of the sixteenth century, which was the period of pageants and mumming. Excesses in feasting in Edward III's reign were so great that the king framed rules forbidding any common man to have dainty dishes or costly drinks at his table. He did not, however, practice economy in his own household, for the marriage feast of his third son, Lionel, duke of Clarence, was exceedingly sumptuous. There were thirty courses to it, and the fragments sufficed to feed a thousand people.

The Indians and Hudson.

There is in the Royal museum at The Hague, Holland, a curious old document describing the adventures of Henry Hudson, a navigator in the service of the Dutch East India company. He it was who discovered the river to which he gave his name. A passage of the document reads as follows: "The natives, or Indians, on his first coming here regarded the ship with mighty wonder and looked upon it as a sea monster and declared that such a ship or people had never been there before."

The Soul's Desire.

Come and bring to me a message,
From across the sea;
Come and let me feel your presence,
Come O, come to me,
Come and help me through life's journey.
Through this drear old earth;
Help me now to do my duty,
Come and share my mirth.
Come and lighten all my labors,
While I'm here below;
Come and lighten all my errors.
Help me all good deeds to sow.
Come and bring to me a message,
From across the sea,
Let me ever feel your presence,
Come, O, come to me.
Written and composed by
Flossie Griswold, age 12 years.
Lily Dale, N. Y. Jan. 21, 1903.

Let us then be ever kind,
Knowing not what grief or care
May be wearing other hearts.
That we might some sorrow spare.
Let no thought or deed of ours,
E'en an extra burden add;
Let us try our very best
To make others glad.
—Martha Shepard Lippincott.

The golden line is drawn between winter and summer. Behind all is blackness and desolation. Before are hope and soft air, and the flowers and the sweet season of hay.—Leigh Hunt.

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Mediana, lecturers and the hereby notified that all persons Missionaries, Special Agents or Agents, bearing date prior to the year of 1901, expired with close of year of 1902. The public is warned pay no money to the N. S. A. but its accredited missionaries, officers and trustees, unless the person can show a letter of appointment as special agent, signed by President and Secretary of the N. S. A. of date later than Oct. 1902.
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A few of the speeches were published in the Progressive Thinker, but when it was found that the debate was growing to such huge proportions, and was of such deep and increasing interest, the idea of publishing it through the paper was abandoned, and it was determined that the debate must be brought out in book form. The result is a fine, large cloth-bound book.

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The Old and the New Year.

What Has He Brought For the Future.

Hark! Are those the footsteps of Father Time resounding with that slow and mournful tread down the corridors of the past? What a weary burden he must bear! How many disappointments and heart-aches; how much of happiness and pleasure too has he helped to accomplish. How varied must be his feelings as he looks back twelve months and sees himself ring in all over the enlightened world with so much pleasure, and what are his feelings on this, the last day and almost the last hour of his life!

Are his feelings any more varied than the children of earth who came into this sphere of existence all hope and life, looking forward to everything through the rose-colored vistas of youth untried? Before they had journeyed half way they were ready to lie down and give up the battle unless made of the very best material, with a mind rightly balanced to meet both the happiness and disappointments we are each destined to meet on this journey. They can all look back, and like old Father Time, see some mistakes and with the thoughts before them for an instant, "If I could live that part over, how differently I would do in order to avert such and such a disaster," but would we do it? I think not.

We are placed in this world with the tendencies that carry us through our lives. Some are practical while some are not. Some work with the brain, some with the hands and some (let me whisper it) not at all. What is the result? The man with his hands can acquire a modest competence; the man with the brains becomes the millionaire; the man who works not at all will perhaps have to be assisted by the other two, but he may be the best man of the three. Best in a great many ways. He will not cheat or bear false witness and I have always contended that no man ever acquired more than a certain amount of independence without resorting to ways and means that would not exactly bear the scrutinizing light of a bright day.

The poor man may not have the ability to make a living, but he may have more God-given ability than the other two. His ways may be an example to them of patience under difficulties, of resignation to the Will of the Most High, that does more for them than the little pecuniary aid they give him to relieve his necessities. When they pass over the river, the remembrance of some chance word uttered by this ne'er do well may be the open sesame to the golden portals standing ajar for all to enter.

But how many of us think of this? As we pass along the journey of life to me the lowliest ones on this earth are the ones who are not to be despised. Jesus, when he entered the streets of Jerusalem, did not call on the people who were highest in the church or state. He sought out the poor and needy and ministered unto them. Gave to them that needed healed the blind and did not question where his pay was coming from. He knew it would surely be meted out to him as he deserved. He said, "I came not to bring the righteous, but sinners to repentance." May there not be some sinners among all classes?

Our churches—all of them—are too apt to look for the well-filled pocket-book and pass by the lowly Christian, although this example, to me, is not the one to follow. One soul in the sight of our Creator is of just as much importance in this great plan of life as another, and as Father Time looks back over the shoulder to take a parting look at this vanishing year, methinks I hear him say to the lowly child, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of our Lord." And to the rich man who has resorted to means not altogether straight, "It were easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter heaven."

Kindness, patience and charity are virtues that will thrive well in this or the next. Their value is not justly estimated. Too much thought and care are given to things that avail us naught only to bring us to the end of our journey with many regrets and heart-yearnings after something we have not acquired. We should set ourselves at once to rectify this before we reach the last day when these regrets will all be useless.

Let us, as each new year approaches, with a smiling face and so many encouraging looks of pleasure, try to add some new laurel to the crown we are endeavoring to gain, some bright spot to some poor mortal whose bright spots are few and far between. Let us avoid, if possible, those evils that are so glaring to us, and which our conscience points as wrong, and enter into the new year with a better idea of life. A better and higher hope for the future and with the mind made up to encounter

with courage every move that sweeps over us, to rise again and battle for the right as long as Father Time allows us to remain on this side of the river, with the assurance ever before us that our friends are waiting to welcome us to their arms with the tears wiped from our eyes and nothing but rejoicing and peace for evermore.

The old year has gone in the distance, The new year is here in its place; Let us scan the young man very closely, And see what he brings in his face.

Does he bring us a feeling of pleasure? Or one that is sorry and sad? If so, let us throw off the feeling, For one that is joyful and glad.

To all come their moments of sadness, To all come hard hours to bear, Have sympathy for all who are mourning, And for those in deep trouble have care.

It helps to lighten their sorrows, It brings to them feelings of light; The earth becomes fairer and brighter To those who are fighting their fight.

May this new year bring to us pleasures And teach us our crosses to bear; With fortitude, patience and courage And smooth out the brow from each care.

And when this new year shall grow feeble, And another shall come in its place, May we each one be here to welcome Old friends and new, face to face.

If our ranks shall be thinned in this new year

That comes like the ring of a bell, Let us all feel these partings are sent us

By One Who will do all well. MRS. JENNIE C. PAINE. Canton, N. Y.

Stains on Mahogany.

Stains on mahogany may be removed by rubbing them with a cork dipped into a little oxalic acid and water. When the stains have disappeared, wash the wood thoroughly with pure water, then dry and polish as usual.

England's Waterways.

Including rivers and canals, it is estimated that no part of England is more than fifteen miles from water communication.

Germans in Venezuela.

The Germans in Venezuela never say *ya* (yes), but always *si*, and their speech is interlarded with many other Spanish words. Some of the young folks go so far in their adoption of local customs that the girls sit at the windows behind iron bars conversing with their lovers in the street.

A Pack of Cards.

If a pack of full sized playing cards were placed on the floor end to end, they would reach 15 feet 2 inches.

Iodine Comes From Seaweed.

One of the most important substances used by the physician is iodine, made from the ashes of seaweeds, which is a nearly certain remedy for some complaints which were formerly considered incurable. It is also one of the most important agents employed in the processes of photography.

Tobacco.

To keep tobacco from drying out quickly try putting a slice of apple or orange peel in the tobacco jar.

Charity in Burma.

It is said that in Burma it is rather a suspicious thing to give money for a charitable object. It is supposed to mean that the donor had been very wicked and is desirous to make amends.

Bees.

It is a mistaken notion that bees are always looking around for something to attack. Bees, as a rule, do not venture an attack on any one or anything. They simply defend in a vicious manner themselves and their lives when attacked.

London's Street Traffic.

The street passenger traffic of London gives employment to 50,000 persons.

Fowls.

If the skin of fowls peels easily, it is a sign of youth. If the spurs of chickens are over one-fourth of an inch long, don't buy them; it indicates old age.

When Parchment Was First Used.

Parchment is thought to have been first used about the third century B. C. It was superior in many ways to every other material. Even at the present day the use of parchment for documents of importance prevails over that of paper.

Army Contrasts.

The average amount spent yearly by the French army subaltern is \$400. The German officer of similar rank spends \$700 and the British \$1,200.

To Clean Chamol's Skin.

Chamois may be cleaned in a weak solution of soda in warm water. Rub plenty of soft soap into the leather and allow it to soak for two hours. Then rub it well till it is quite clean and rinse it well in a weak solution composed of soda, yellow soap and warm water. If rinsed in water only, it becomes hard when dry.

NATIONAL PHANTOMS.

GHOSTS THAT HAUNT THE UNITED STATES CAPITOL.

A Story of Specters That Stalk at Night When the Halls of Legislation Are Gloomy and Deserted, as Told by One of the Old Guards.

Like most repositories of good stories, the ancient man who has spent decades as a guard in the capitol in Washington did not yield up the fullness of his narrative riches without a struggle.

"It's unpleasant to be made a mock of by the skeptical," he protested. "Do you believe in ghosts, young man?"

"If answering in the affirmative begets an interesting tale, I do," returned the writer.

"Well, starting on the premise that you do believe to some extent in the supernatural, I will admit you to my confidence," resumed the old guard, and here goes for the authentic yarn of the spooks that haunt the nation's capitol:

"In the long, monotonous watches of the night innumerable are the spooks, hobgoblins and the eerie, vapory things which glide from the shadowy nooks and crannies of the intangible nowhere to people the capitol's vast stretches of darkness. Of course you know of the extraordinary acoustic freaks which obtain in many parts of the great building—how a whisper, a breathed word at one particular point is audible at another scores of feet distant? Yes. Now, at night these acoustic spirits simply go mad. Where they by day were pygmies they expand into giants, and a whistle, a sudden sound, a footfall, resolves itself into a pandemonium.

"Weird, terrifying noises beat upon the eardrums of the watchmen as they pursue their lonely patrols through the seeming miles of corridors, and then the spooks, the shades of the nation's great, the astral bodies of those that toiled in obscurity for the nation's good, dodge the watchmen's step, some grand and awful in their speechless dignity, some creeping humbly about in apologetic silence, some laughing, some sobbing, but all of them horrible—horrible."

The old man paused to muse.

"Do you know," he said, breaking into his own reverie explosively, "Feb. 23 is a date dreaded by many of the capitol night guards? It was on this day, in 1848, that John Quincy Adams died in the chamber of the house of representatives, now Statuary hall, where the exact spot is marked by a brass tablet. Promptly at midnight on every anniversary of his death the shade of John Quincy Adams appears in a sort of phosphorescent glow over this brass tablet. Oh, dozens of guards have seen it from time to time as well as I, and I can refer you to many of them for affirmation of my assertions."

"Once over the spot the shade begins to gesticulate, after the manner of a member addressing the house. Then, all of a sudden, the fine face becomes distorted and agonized, the gracefully waving arms fall convulsively, and down sinks the shade with all the movements of an expiring man. Then the phosphorescent glow fades away, and the ethereal effigy dissolves."

"But, although lost sight of, its presence is still made known by the 'clump, flop, clump, flop' of invisible footfalls departing down one of the long vacant corridors."

"Stranger than this is the ghost of the entire congress of 1848, which appears in vigorous if spooky session every once in awhile in Statuary hall, the old hall of representatives, as I have previously remarked. Inaudible, but spirited, are the debates; energetic is the bursting point of vehemence are the silent political discussions. Provoked by a doubting Thomas, a member of the capitol night watch several years ago made affidavit that he had seen this ghostly congress in session. Yes, he was a sober man and true."

"The shade of General John A. Logan is a frequent visitor at the capitol. Almost every alternate night at half past 12 o'clock this ghost materializes at the door of the room occupied by the senate committee on military and militia. Silently the door swings open, and out steps the looming and luminous presence, to stalk in stately dignity away into the swallowing gloom. This is a favorite phantom with the guards. Its conduct is exemplary."

"Then there is the shade of Vice President Wilson, who died in his room in the senate end of the capitol, you will recall. Its peregrinations are few and desultory. When it does come, there is always an expression of concern and self absorption in the ghostly face. The movements of the vapory body are restless and hurried."

"All of the older members of the night watch are well acquainted with Vice President Wilson's apparition and never fail to salute it, although, truth to tell, the shade remains haughtily indifferent to their deference. This spook rarely fails to put in an appearance when the body of a dead legislator or statesman of national renown is lying in state in the capitol."

"Deep in the subcellar vaults spooks of lesser magnitude revel in hordes. Immediately beneath the hall of representatives every night is to be found a tall, erect, gaunt specter, whose identity has remained a mystery for years in spite of unceasing efforts on the part of the night watch to uncover the secret of its origin and antecedents. Its hands are clasped behind its transparent back in a convulsive clutch, and the face evinces a condition of emotions prodigiously wrought upon. Many attempts have been made by guards with rubber soles on their shoes to catch this wraith unawares, but failure is the invariable result. Presto! It has blown into thin air before the slithering watchman is within a few feet of it."—New York Herald.

IN BED WITH A CORPSE.

Grotesque Experience of a Traveler in an Arizona Town.

"About 11 o'clock on a stormy night in November of a certain year," said a Baltimore commercial traveler, "a friend and I stepped from a train in one of the small towns in Arizona. A broken down market wagon was the only vehicle about. We hailed the driver and were taken to the only hotel which the town could boast. We found the proprietor asleep in his chair, which was tilted against the front of the bar. He was awakened by our noisy entrance."

"To our dismay, we were told at first that there were no accommodations to be had, the hotel being filled with cattle dealers. But upon our insistence the proprietor consented to put us up for the night. My friend was assigned to a room over the dining room, while I agreed to bunk with the proprietor's son, who was already asleep."

"A short time after I retired there came a noise at my door. Two men stepped boldly into the room and opened bags that they carried. Presuming that they were robbers, I kicked my bedfellow on the foot, but he did not move. I kicked him again, and as he did not respond I threw my arms across his face. 'Great heavens!' I shrieked, greatly startled, as the face was icy cold. The men, hearing me yell, fell over each other endeavoring to get out of the room, never stopping to pick up their lanterns or effects."

"I immediately dressed and went downstairs, relating as best I could my story to the landlord, who, now wide awake, listened attentively. To my astonishment, I learned that instead of being assigned to room 10, which was occupied by his son, I had been put in No. 15, which contained a corpse. The men that I supposed were robbers were undertakers, who had come to prepare the body for burial. What they thought when they heard the supposed corpse make such an outcry I could only surmise."—Baltimore Sun.

A Progressive Conundrum.

They were working the conundrum racket at a small sociable the other evening when a previously silent youth put in his oar with the current conversation.

"I've got one," he said.

"What is it?" asked the crowd.

"Why is heaven like a baby?" They wrestled with it for ten minutes and gave it up; then he submitted this answer:

"Because heaven is home, home is where the heart is, where the heart is in the chest, a chest is a box, a box is a small tree, a small tree is a bush, a bush is a growing plant, a growing plant is a beautiful thing, a beautiful thing is a primrose, the primrose is a pronounced yellor and a pronounced yellor is a baby."

After which he once more relapsed into silence.

Bottling Tears.

In Persia, it appears, they still bottle up tears as of old. This is done in the following manner: As the mourners are sitting around and weeping the master of ceremonies presents each one with a piece of cotton wool, with which he wipes his tears. This cotton is afterward squeezed into a bottle, and the tears are preserved as a powerful and efficacious remedy for reviving a dying man after every other means has failed. It is also employed as a charm against evil influences. This custom is probably alluded to in Psalm lvi, 8, "Put thou my tears into a bottle." The practice was once universal, as is manifested by the tear bottles which are to be found in almost every ancient tomb, for the ancients buried them with their dead as a proof of their affection.

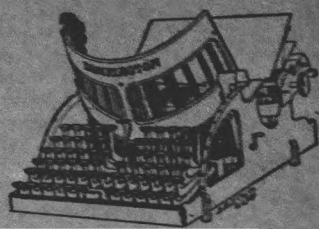
Treatment For a "Wild Hair."

A "wild hair" is the most annoying freak of nature a man can be afflicted with. It grows in from the eyelid instead of out and, constantly brushing against the eyeball, sometimes causes an irritation that results in the loss of sight. To pull it out gives only temporary relief, since in a few weeks it comes back as well grown and strong as ever. The only way to kill it is to destroy the sac from which it springs. This is done by means of the electric needle, which is pressed into the sac and a current turned on. A sharp prick is felt, and the hair is forever dead.

Twenty Odd Fishes.

The Fishmongers' Livery company of London owns a remarkable painting by Spiridion Roma, which contains portraits of twenty wholesome sea and river fishes, most of which are almost unknown by the general public—viz, weaver, dubs, green, grating or humber, colefish, willis, smerdsabs, ruff, carp, homelings, lumps, allis, coney fish, bass, popes, firelows, pouting, grigs, shad and blenks.

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This school is located at Whitewater, Wis., and is the first fully equipped and permanent school under the auspices of Spiritualism. It is now in successful operation, with the following teachers: Moses Hull, A. J. Weaver, M. Florence Johnson, Alfarata Hull Jabne, Mattie E. Hull. Others will be added as needed.

The instruction given will cover a two years' course of about thirty-six weeks each. The first term ends with the holidays, the second ends on the last Friday in June.

BRANCHES TAUGHT.

Biblical Exegesis, including the Higher Criticism. Spiritualism of the Bible and of other Ancient Literature. Oratory, Voice Culture and Physical Culture. General History. Rhetoric, including the Essentials of Grammar. Exercises in composition. Homiletics or Preparation for Platform work. Physical Geography—The Cause of Things. Evolution—A Study of What it is. Logic—Deductive and Inductive. History of the Idea of Future Life. Class Settings for the Cultivation of the Psychic Faculties. Parliamentary Law is taught in a Literary Club, conducted by students and teachers in common.

EXPENSES.

Tuition per year, \$50.00
Tuition where one cannot attend the whole year, per week 2.00

ROOMS AND BOARD.

Single Room in building, including steam heat and hot and cold water, per week, \$1.00
Double Room per week, 1.50
Meals per week in building, 2.00
Board and Room in private house, per week, from \$3.00 to \$3.25.
Text Books can be obtained at the school.
No educational examination is required of those who wish to enter this school.

OUR PRINCIPLES.

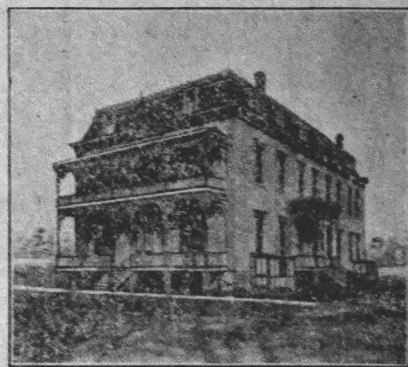
The school strictly adheres to the following general principles:
1. The absolute individuality of each student.
2. Perfect freedom of thought and expression, so long as such freedom does not interfere with the rights and privileges of others.
3. Reason and experience the highest authority.
4. No discrimination is made because of a pupil's ideas. The aim is to make all of the pupils original thinkers.

OBJECT.

The aim of this school is to enable persons of any age above childhood and in any condition of life, to obtain as much education as two years' time will permit, and this education to be imparted without the student having to study the subtleties of an effete theology.

WORK.

This school has no attraction for idlers nor pleasure seekers, nor for those who imagine that teachers can pump knowledge into them as water can be pumped into a pail. The school is only for those who will apply themselves to intellectual and spiritual work.



MORRIS PRATT INSTITUTE.

It is hoped that all who attend will take a full two years' course, with no branch of study omitted.

ENSLAVING HABITS.

It is not desired that any person shall remain a member of this school, either as teacher or pupil who makes a practice of visiting saloons or other disreputable places. All who enter this school are most respectfully and earnestly requested to leave off every enslaving habit, such as the use of vulgarity, profanity, strong drink, tobacco, opium or other injurious drugs.

For further information, write either to Moses Hull, President, or to Clara L. Stewart, Secretary of the Morris Pratt Institute. Address, Whitewater, Wis.

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CRITICISMS.
Dissertation on Chas.
Pearson's
CRITIQUE OF BIBLICAL MIRACLES

Critics Reviewed—An Open Letter to
Corymora.

Enthused with the spirit power
and enlightenment, His kindly, won-
derful human words gave her, the
new outcast, run fleet-footed, into
the city and related something of
what she had heard, and exclaiming:
"Come, come, see a man a stranger—
he told me all things that ever I
did—is not this the Christ?" Then
the converted, reformed woman hur-
ried back to the well, to drink in the
newly humane sympathy and be in-
spired by the wonderful, beautiful
words that fell from His divine lips,
and went out from his great heart
to her and the large concourse of
people who followed her. "Many
of whom believed on Him for the
saying of the woman, 'He told me
all I ever did.'" Besides, such was
her interest and the hope inspired
in their hearts by the sympathetic
human words of blessing expressed,
they besought Him to remain with
them, which He did, and many more
were convinced saying: "Now we
believe for we have heard Him our-
selves and know He is indeed the
Christ, the Savior of the world."

HEARD HIM GLADLY.

He affiliated with them, was lowly
born as they, was of them, one with
them, always in deepest sympathy
in their social, spiritual necessities,
helped and relieved them and endeared
Himself to them, they loved Him.
"Neither do I condemn thee, go in
peace." Never condemnation; al-
ways blessings for the worst of sin-
ners. Oh! if bloody men would
cease from the land and the hopeful,
love-inspiring, peace-giving ethics of
this greatest of humanitarians, whose
sublimest attribute was His large
humanity were in practice, how soon
could this planet be transformed
into a paradise of peace and love.
Instead of, as it is, an extended
den of thieves—the conflict of inter-
ests, mean rivalry, murder and
wholesale slaughter of humankind.

Some will say my position is
of the ideal Christ, not of the historical
Jesus. I believe in the innate divinity
of Jesus. His divine humanity
makes His life-practice not His death,
the greatest Savior of all humankind.
The beautiful simplicity, nonper-
sonal and naturalness of His life
and teachings I most highly respect,
esteem, love. To me they are of
greater value when untrammelled,
undefiled with ecclesiastical mum-
mery, useless traditions, and pride-
swelling paraphernalia. God being
universal, eternal spirit is neither
honored nor worshipped by priestly
dogma, noise, tinsel, trapping nor
display of churchly pomp. To a
Being just, benevolent and holy,
whose glory is His humanity, the
practice of love, mercy and good will
in the relief of distress and to comfort
all that mourn—costly, ostentatious
church machinery is mocking, vanity.
"For what, oh, man, doth He require
of thee, but to do justly, love mercy
and walk humbly with thy God."

"His hand was rough, His hand
was hard,
For he wrought in wood in Nazareth town;
With nought of worship—with no
regard,
In Village Street He went up and
down.

His hand was rough, but its touch
was light,
As it lay on the eyes of him born
blind,
Or stroke sick folks in its healing
might,
And gave back joy to the hearts
that pined.

His hand was hard, but they spiked
it fast,
To the splintering wood of the ugly
tree,
And He hung in sight of the world,
at last,
In His shame, and the red blood
traced free."

"He comes the Christ and still is
crucified,
And still He triumphs in each
humble deed
Of loving help, that cannot hide
Its fragrance, spreading far its rip-
ened seed,
In each great martyr-soul, who
opened ear
The chanting of the spirit real
can hear,
Whose opened eye the Father's
words can read
Men knew Him not, yet not one heart
shall prove
Too cold to bend before His sym-
pathy and love.

The Christ is here: Oh, who? the
loved of you?
The face you confided with aboun-
ding tears:
The brow with loving labor furrowed
o'er,
The beautiful who left in early
years,
The hand that grasped your own
but yesterday,
And e'er its sunset hour perchance
was clay.
Familiar voices came to hush your
fears,
And teach you love by teaching
you to know,
The spirit was the mother-breast that
nursed you long ago."

Jesus repeatedly called Himself
the Son of Man. Born of earthly
parentage, Mary His natural mother,
as she was of His brothers and sisters,
but take from His many marvelous
works the fact that they were all per-
formed by a natural man, in perfect
accord with law understood by Him,
and all merit appears lost to us. For
what is there wonderful in infinite,
almighty power existing outside of
man, to do these things? Is it so
remarkable for the creator of all
also to destroy and anebrate and
restore? But when the son of
Man is capable of performing these
loving acts of goodwill we possess
ample cause for wonder and admira-
tion. Such human possibilities cre-
ates greater inspiration.

THEOLOGY AT A DISCOUNT.

On first page of the Christian
Advocate, organ for publicity of their
great book concern, is displayed a
suggestive ad: "Ten volumes heav-
ily bound of machine—Theology—
pictured to show to advantage, price
\$41.25 now \$10. A fulsome de-
scription of great assistance to
students this essential outfit is sure
to give, and only \$10, whose the first
bidder," etc.

These books bound in the best
manner—binding of more value than
the contents—for ours is the practi-
cal, utilitarian age and our busy
vulcans of advanced thinkers care
less for musty theology and far more
for robust, clear, well-developed
intelligent manhood.

This special effort since the late
stirring philippic against Biblical
inerrancy to boom the sectarian busi-
ness of moss-grown theology, sug-
gests the query: Why is it at such
a tremendous discount?

The people don't want it, they
are surfeited with such husky, granu-
lated pabulum. They need natural,
social sympathy—bread, not a stone
—more of the practical, serviceable
humanities.

The universal need is not tradi-
tional, dogmatic theology, but life—
life and health more abundantly.
Thinkers have learned by severe
experience theology and drugs do
not impart this. That humankind
must work out individual salvation
by the cultivation of true unfoldment
of personal powers resident within—
that salvation worth having is not
"free" but all healing must be effect-
ed by assiduous, faithful personal
work. That endowed with infinite
possibilities, the true, useful life is
not attained by the reading of many
books, nor technical theology, but
the correct conclusion in the matter
is to know and obey the "I am," the
spirit of truth which is come to us
not by reading. "Said I not ye are
gods," then why look outside of self
or that which is within? This moni-
tor does not abide in books, only in
the human temple, here "to will and
do the Father's good pleasure which
is soulful salvation—life more abund-
antly.

W. D. RICHNER.

(Continued next issue.)

THE SIN OF OMMISSION.

It isn't the things you do, dear;
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the heart.
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts at night.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say;
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone,
That you had no time nor thought for
With troubles of your own.

The little acts of kindness,
So easy out of mind;
Those chances to be angels
Which every one may find—
They come in night and silence—
Each chill, reproachful Wraith—
When hope is faint and flagging,
And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great;
So suffer our great compassion
That carries until too late,
And it's not the things you do, dear,
It's the things you leave undone,
Which gives you the bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.
—Margaret Sangster.

CARE OF CANARIES.

How to Select a Good Singer and
Protect Its Health.

In selecting a bird choose one of the
cross breeds, a pure canary with a
strain of goldfinch or bullfinch stock,
says a writer in the Ledger Monthly.
These are characterized by the deep
yellow of the plumage and black mark-
ings for the goldfinch or greenish tints
for the bullfinch cross. These birds in-
variably possess splendid voices and
robust constitutions, this last being a
great consideration, as the unmixed can-
ary has a remarkable aptitude for de-
veloping diseases.

Owing to the bird's strong suscep-
tibility to cold the cage should never be
hung in a draft or a stiff breeze; nei-
ther should it be allowed to remain un-
covered in a lighted room at night, for
a canary is nervous and excitable, like
all musical temperaments, and his song
will be permanently impaired, if not
destroyed, by such artificial excitation.

With regard to his habits, he must be
taught to control his appetite and to
take his bath the first thing in the
morning so as to give his mistress a
chance to tidy up before the day is ad-
vanced. Never insist on his taking a
bath. Instinct is stronger than opinion,
and he can always be relied on to do
what is best for his health. After he
has finished his "tubbing" remove his
bath; otherwise he will bedraggle his
feathers until he resembles the famous
Jackdaw of Reims after his excommu-
nication.

Then clean the cage for the day,
sprinkling the floor with a generous
supply of gravel and sand mixed. Never
mind what the bird fanciers tell you
about the advantages of those little
packages of gravel he will sell you for
5 cents apiece. The mixture of sand
and gravel agrees with the bird and
prevents sore feet. That can also be
avoided by careful attention to the
perches. Never use the sand gathered
by the seashore, as the presence of salt
will kill your pet.

How to Have Clear Windows.

The easiest and best way to clean
windows is to have two chamol cloths.
Dust the window panes, then partly
wring out a chamol in cold or slightly
warm clear water. Rub the window,
wring out the other chamol well and
go over the window again. Do not try
to dry the windows.

How Coal May Be Saved.

When it is understood that the same
amount of fuel is consumed in produc-
ing either gas or heat, it is readily
seen why one person will use four
times as much coal as another without
producing any more heat, if as much.
When feeding coal after the fire is
made, only a small quantity should be
fed at a time, and that spread evenly
over the surface of the fire, for when
fresh coal is added it for a time lowers
the temperature of the firebox (just as
pouring cold water into a pot of boil-
ing water stops the boiling by lower-
ing the temperature) until the added
coal is heated up to the igniting point,
when it first begins to burn and adds
its heat to the mass. When but little
coal is added, this lowering of the tem-
perature will hardly be noticed, but add
a large quantity and it can be
plainly seen.

How to Whiten Red Hands.

Redness of the hands may be cured
by patient treatment. Take an ounce
of clear honey, an ounce of almond oil,
the juice of a lemon and the yolk of a
raw egg. Beat these ingredients togeth-
er and apply the mixture to the hands
at night, covering them with old gloves
which have been slit across the back.

How to Drink Milk.

One reason why cows' milk is dis-
liked and found to be indigestible by
some adults is that when the milk is
not sipped the casein formed by the
action of the curdling ferment of the
gastric juice is dense and tough. The
addition of lime water to the milk
causes it to be precipitated in easily di-
gestible flakes and thus overcome the
disadvantage to a great extent. A ta-
blespoonful of the water to each glass
is sufficient. A little sugar of milk may
be added to correct the taste of the
lime water if necessary. Prepare the
lime water by pouring water on some
clean slaked lime and after allowing
it to stand until perfectly clear pour
off the water into bottles.

How to Remove Tar Stains.

To remove pitch and tar stains rub
lard on the stain and let it stand for a
few hours. Sponge with spirits of tur-
pentine until the stain is removed. If
the color of the fabric should be
changed, sponge it with chloroform,
and the color will be restored.

How to Freshen Cut Flowers.

Cut off the tip of each stalk and
stand the stem in water of about 100
degrees. When they have revived, ar-
range in vases filled with lukewarm
water to which a tiny pinch of salt has
been added. If the tips of the stalks
are cut off every day and the water in
which they stand changed, they will
last much longer. Remember in gather-
ing flowers to send by mail that they
should be scarcely more than buds if
you want them to arrive in good con-
dition.

How to Clean Wall Paper.

To remove grease spots on wall pa-
per mix pipeclay with water to the con-
sistency of cream, spread it on the
spot and leave it till next day, when it
may easily be brushed or scraped off.
If the grease has not disappeared en-
tirely, repeat the process.

How to Renovate Leather.

Rub it gently with a small quantity
of white of egg. Book covers may be
greatly freshened by the use of equal
parts of water and white of egg.

"They Ask For Bread and Ye Gave Them
a Stone."

You who are readers of the SUN-
FLOWER and, having become con-
vinced of the truths for which it
stands, have peace and joy in your
hearts, knowing of a surety, some-
thing of the future existence await-
ing you, can scarcely realize what a
pitiful semblance of the real facts is
offered by the orthodox church of
today to its adherents.

After coming into the light and
knowledge of the interpenetration
and intercommunion of the worlds of
spirit and matter, our souls naturally
swell with happiness that the clouds
have been lifted, pierced through
and through by a shaft of light from
the realm of eternal truth, and we
go singing on our way, until we but
dimly remember that there was a
time when we lived in creed-bound
darkness and "our eyes were holden."

This truth was brought home to
me strongly during the past two
weeks. The pastor of a Methodist
church, which I attended in past
years, has been giving a series of
talks on Heaven and kindred sub-
jects. Attracted by the titles of his
discourses, "Heaven; What is it
and Where is it?" I went to hear
what an orthodox minister of today
would tell his people concerning
those subjects on which he insists
"there can be no revelation outside
of the Bible."

In connection with his first sub-
ject, after citing his reasons for con-
sidering several theories advanced
by prominent thinkers as illogical
and not substantiated by the Bible,
he gave his own theory which was in
substance: Heaven is not here or
about us in space—nor is it to be
found by living progressively on the
various planets, nor will it be here
upon the earth after it has been
purified and regenerated as some
would have us believe. He thought
we had good reason to believe that
Heaven was located on the greatest
of all the planets, the mighty central
orb of all the systems of the universe,
many times greater than our sun.
There the great God sits on a throne
with his interceding son at his right
hand, being adored and worshipped
by those who have "washed
their robes white in the blood of the
Lamb" as related in John's vision
on Patmos.

"There," he said, "where time is
limitless, we can sit a million, yea,
millions of years in contemplation
of the Christ which will fill up the
measure of our bliss."

There was much besides, some
good points made rather at random
and a confused reference to the time
when the souls of the dead shall be
called up or together, at the last
trump, to stand before the judgment
bar of God who shall then decide the
final abode of the trembling peti-
tioners. It was not made plain to
me how a part of the race were
already enjoying everlasting bliss
while the balance must wait until
some far-off time to be disposed of.
However, those slight incongruities
seemed to pass unnoticed.

The second talk, last Sunday, on
the "Recognition of friends in Heav-
en," was a lame one, generally speak-
ing, but some parts of it stirred me
to pity and indignation that such
atrocities could be taught to an an-
xious and soul-hungry people in this
day of enlightenment.

He emphasized the fact that only
those who had triumphed through
faith in Christ and His redeeming
blood could hope for admittance
within the pearly gates. He be-
lieved the Bible taught in number-
less places that we would recognize
each other there; giving as one illus-
tration the story of David fasting and
praying for the recovery of his sick
child. After the child died he no
longer fasted and mourned, saying,
"now that the child is dead, though
he cannot come to me, I can some
day go to him." God would not
have inspired David to say such a
thing if it were not true. If David
could not recognize the child in the
spirit world, how could he go to him?
The preacher felt that this was con-

clusive evidence of recognition in
Heaven.

He said the story of Lazarus in
Heaven and the rich man in the fiery
pit, proves that not only will we be
able to see those about us in Heaven,
if we are so fortunate as to get there,
but we can also see and recognize
those in torment.

He quoted some passages in Rev-
elations which said "the wicked
shall be tormented in the presence
of the holy angels." We might think
that the redeemed could not be happy
witnessing the wicked souls in tor-
ment, especially as would be the
case in many instances, where some
member of the family would be in
Heaven and others consigned to
hell, but he thought God had some
marvelous ways of adjusting the
natures of those he suffered to be
about him, that they could only
think of and enjoy what He enjoyed
and would be forever blissful and
satisfied in the contemplation of His
glory.

Such a Heaven! Such a God!
Parents separated from their child-
ren, husbands and wives, friends
and lovers, brothers and sisters,
some in the realm of bliss some in the
dark regions of despair—those in
the abode of the blessed able to view
the suffering and anguish through
eternity of their dear lost ones, yet
so filled with the adoration and ad-
miration of the Being who presided
over it all, that their natural feelings
were quenched and they could praise
eternally with this hell in full view!

In this poor world of ours, there
are men and women great and tender
enough to leave homes of comfort
and luxury and dwell among the
poor unfortunates to uplift them. I
doubt not that many would prefer
a life in the life he pictured, if there-
by he could alleviate any sorrow or
suffering, rather than live an aimless
existence of eternal praise and wor-
ship.

And what manner of God is this
worship? The greatest men and
women the world has known, with
souls the most God-like, are gentle
and tender, wishing neither worship
nor adoration, content if they can
serve their fellow-man and do some-
thing to uplift him. Shall the God
we love be less than the creatures he
has made? Surely by the whole
fabric of their reasoning and theories
is honeycombed with foolish false-
hoods and must crumble and fall
before the mighty onward sweep
of the living power pressing in upon us
from the realms of spirit.

Speed the day when such fallacies
crushing out all hope from many a
struggling and weary heart, will be
heard in our broad land no more but
instead, the real "tidings of great
joy" to all the people such messages
and inspiration as, year by year we
hear so gladly from dear Lily Dale.

SELMA.

THE PEACEABLE MAN.

Nobody sings of the peaceable man,
Toiling and doing the best that he can
Pretty good fellow, the neighbors all
say
Ready to smile on the children at
play;
Doing his duty without laying claim
To special rewards as to fortune or
fame;
Helping the needy to save or to plan;
Nobody sings of the peaceable man.

A song for the hero who goes to the
fray
And tries to shoot heroes who stand
in his way;
A song for the monarch who sits on
a throne
And seeks to add other men's lands
to his own
A song for the magnate, the prince of
finance
Who leaves to the small, struggling
rival no chance;
Here's a rousing refrain to the stren-
uous clan
But nobody sings of the peaceable
man.

—Washington Star.

The test of your Christian char-
acter should be that you are a joy-
bearing angel of the world.—Beecher.

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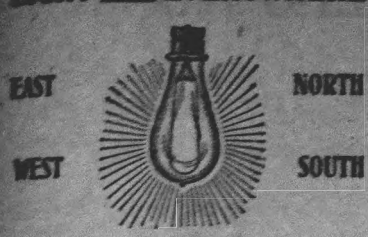
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Write reports with typewriter or plainly with pen and ink. Never use a pencil or write on both sides of the paper.

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.

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

G. H. Brooks writes: "I began my month's engagement for the month of February with the Pittsburgh, Pa. Society of which Mr. C. L. Stevens is President, the first Sunday is February. I have good audiences both morning and evening. I am now located at the home of Mr. J. H. Knight, 257 Dinwiddie Street, where all mail and telegrams for this month should be sent."

Mrs. M. C. VanKantzer writes: "I have now been the settled speaker and medium for the First Spiritualist Church in Elmira, N. Y. for ten months. And I was pleased with the report given by the Secretary, Mrs. Zimmerman, to your readers in an early issue of January. I wish to report progress also. The meetings are well attended and the Ladies' Aid, as an auxiliary, are proving of great assistance already, although as yet not fully organized. They have served two suppers at the church and the social feature is always necessary for success in all societies."

Mrs. Addie Cooper writes from Syracuse, N. Y.: "Your correspondent not having been well, was unable to attend the evening service, but judging by the report think there must have been a goodly number at the hall. Outsiders are becoming interested in our work, as many also are having some parlor seances that will serve to scatter the seeds."

Mrs. S. F. Large writes: "The North Side Spiritual Society of Niagara Falls, N. Y. held a social and apron sale on the evening of January 28th. The affair was well attended by the members and friends of which there were a number from Buffalo. The evening entertainment consisted of recitations and music at the conclusion of which the society presented Mrs. A. G. Atcheson of Buffalo, who has been serving them for over seven months, with a handsomely bound book, as a token of their appreciation of her work among them. Mrs. Atcheson responded in a few well-chosen words. The result of Mrs. Atcheson's work with this society is very gratifying and she has been re-engaged by them. This social was the first one held by this Spiritual Society and was pronounced by all a grand success, both financially and socially."

D. B. Jimeron writes: "We are stopping with E. R. Nugent, a magnetic healer who is doing a grand work in her line of business. Patients who have come to her have been cured with few treatments. In some cases that Doctors pronounced incurable have come to Mrs. Nugent and received great benefit in many instances cured. I write this not to advertise her but to show what benefit can be done by magnetic healing, when Spiritualists see a good thing spread in along."

D. B. Jimeron held another seance at East Aurora, January 22nd to a large audience. It was a grand success.

BUFFALO NEWS.

N. H. EDDY, Special Correspondent.

Thursday evening, January 29th a meeting was held at the spiritual Temple, corner of Jersey Street and Prospect Avenue, in honor of Thos. Paine's birthday anniversary. Rev. Victor Wylds delivered the address in commemoration of the natal day and done so in a very able and efficient manner, giving high eulogiums in behalf of the truths, example and teachings of Thomas Paine and the good he had done for the welfare of humanity.

Rev. Victor Wylds will serve the First Society at the Temple, during February. Mr. Lyman C. Howe was to have occupied the rostrum but an opportunity was placed at his disposal to come in April instead of February and he gladly accepted the conditions of change.

A new organ has been added to the chapple of the society of Christ-

ian Spiritualists, over which Dr. F. O. Matthews is pastor and medium. The organ is one of Packard's best makes and will be opened by Prof. Leslie, teacher in the public schools. Dr. F. O. Matthews has been quite sick during the period of January 22 to 30. Dr. Clayton Hill in attendance claimed the trouble to be nervous prostration with a tendency to paralysis of the optic nerve causing a critical condition of the nervous system. Dr. Matthews, at this writing February 1st, is able to attend to duties but not quite up to normal conditions of his usual good health.

Mrs. Craig will take a trip to Texas the early part of February, she expects to sojourn in the vicinity of her home in that state, for about two months, her children will remain in Buffalo, tending to matters of interest to themselves. Mrs. Craig expects to return to Buffalo, thence in due time to Lily Dale to spend the summer at the camp and be as heretofore, one of the Willing Workers, both in the interest of the camp and good of humanity, as that is her mission in the field of life's labor.

The guides of Victor Wylds displayed a remarkable power of intelligence and inspiration in the lecture Sunday evening, February 1st, at the Temple. The subject was given by members of the audience at the request of the President, Mr. W. L. Albee. The subjects were: "Knowledge is power; Ignorance is slavery." "Materialization," and "Is there recognition of friends in spirit; and the relation of their association." The elucidation of the subjects were very ably expounded and the audience listened with marked attention and interest.

An Important Message.

I've a message to deliver
To the friends of the SUNFLOWER,
A message that will help you
In the long and wintry hours.
I am speaking from experience,
For I live on this plane;
If you'll only read the SUNFLOWER,
More knowledge you will gain.

Yes, I've a message for all
Who live on this sphere,
A message that will help you,
If you'll only persevere.
If you want the latest,
Even up to the last hour,
You should send in your order
And take the SUNFLOWER.

For its filled to the brim,
With thoughts that are fine;
If you're not a subscriber,
You're surely behind.
And my message is this:
Don't delay it an hour,
Send in your dollar
And receive the SUNFLOWER.

This message, I hope,
You'll receive in good cheer,
And subscribe for the SUNFLOWER,
Get fifty-two a year.
Now, let this message
Strike right to your pants,
Get into your pockets,
And pay in advance.

I've delivered my message,
Tho' it's in a crude way;
And I hope to read the SUNFLOWER
As long as I stay;
For I want to be informed
On subjects to the very hour,
And the only way to do it
Is to take the SUNFLOWER.
S. J. RICHARDSON,
Lily Dale, N. Y.

A SAFE INVESTMENT.

About seven months ago Dr. Peebles Institute of Health, at Battle Creek, Mich., was organized into a stock company. On January 1st, a dividend of 7% was declared, a remarkable showing.

It has now been decided to sell a few thousand dollars' worth of stock to increase the business, and to perpetuate the work founded by Dr. Peebles. It is the desire of the Doctor to have this stock in the hands of Spiritualists friend, if possible, and the Company has decided to offer it to Spiritualists first.

This is an exceptional chance for those who desire to invest where good dividends are assured. Those interested are requested to write to Dr. Peebles, chairman of the Company, at Battle Creek, Mich., at once, for full particulars, as the amount of stock offered is limited.

Oh, heart of mine, we shouldn't
Worry so!
What we've missed of calm we
couldn't
Have, you know!
What we've met of stormy pain,
We can better meet again,
If it blow.

For we know not every morrow,
Can be sad;
So, forgetting all the sorrow
We have had,
Let us fold away our fears,
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years,
Just be glad.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

A WONDERFUL SEANCE.

At Moravia, N. Y. May 7th, 1872.
Mrs. Andrews the Medium.

In the dark beautiful lights were seen and spirit voices joined in singing several verses of "John Brown's Body." They changing the last line into "As we come back to you," instead of "As we go marching on." A tenor voice, appearing to be forty feet away, and far above and outside of the house singing clear and loud and after singing, "As we come back to you," three ladies, apparently up in the same place, joined in singing the rest of the piece. Then a voice said, distinctly, "strike a light." A light was then struck, and the medium entered the cabinet, having been sitting in front of the circle until this time.

After a few moments the face of a young woman appeared in the opening of the cabinet which was recognized by Mr. Jacob Powell and wife, of Sterling, Ill., as their sister, Martha Powell. Then the face of an old lady was shown with an old-fashioned cap on her head, who was at once recognized by S. E. Latta, of Friendship, N. Y., as his mother-in-law, Mrs. Phoebe Gorton. Mr. Latta exclaimed, "Oh, mother, Gorton, is that you? oh, come to me!" She advanced to the front of the cabinet and bowed and smiled, recognizing Mr. Latta, and then she apparently had on a small, red and black shawl and dress of calico. She was one of the four joined in singing. All four came down and stood before us plainly in sight.

Then came a fine looking man turned his face toward each one in the circle, but was not recognized. Then came a pair of large, gold spectacles and both ladies from Utica exclaimed, "Oh, Dr. — always having seen him with glasses on, a man that was killed in medical college."

Then a man's face, with mustache and spectacles appeared, who gave his name as George Butlers, of Syracuse, N. Y. Then an old gentleman with a long, white beard, presented himself, who was recognized by Mrs. Rogers of Utica, N. Y. Then another gentleman with a full, gray beard was recognized by the same lady as David Brown, of Trenton Falls, N. Y.

He had the tenor voice that joined in singing at the commencement of the circle, and sang, "Life on the ocean wave," and "John Brown." Then appeared an Indian squaw (Hortan) who showed her face and a bright red blanket and another squaw (Sussy) who was well-known on the Indian Reservation, near Utica, N. Y.

Then the hands and arms of White children were seen, three and four at a time. First seance closed.

In the afternoon the seance commenced with a partially dark room, during which time lights were seen, and a voice in the cabinet called out, "Now turn up, old Steamboat," the first words spoken by an Indian, meaning, Mrs. Jacobs, a lady who had just come from New Orleans, who was sitting in the back of the room with Mr. Livingston. She began to cry and said she had come up here to get rid of that class of spirits.

The keys of the piano were swept over by unseen hands from this time until Mrs. Jacobs came to the piano where she found it shut and locked. Mrs. Ruten unlocked and opened it. Then they stopped sweeping over the keys and Mrs. Jacobs played two or three pieces the spirits in the cabinet keeping time with their feet and more light was called for. The cabinet door was thrown open. Mrs. Andrews was plainly seen sitting before the door with head bowed over and in a trance state. Spirit forms were seen crossing the door inside of the cabinet, apparently going through Mrs. Andrews, as though she were not there. Both grown persons and children were seen, many Indian but some showmen, two dressed in tinsel trimmed clothes.

One young squaw, dressed in blue clothes buttoned with silver brooches with a deer's tail in her belt, came out during this part, clear to the circle, and when she saw where she was cried "Oh," and disappeared as lightning does. Then a voice thanked Mrs. Jacobs for singing. Mr. Worthen said, "Is it possible there are no poor Africans there?" when immediately a fine, plump boy about four years old, came out and walked some ways from the door, (perfectly naked) made a bow and was gone as the lightning goes.

A. H. Worthen, Sterling, Ill.
State Governor.
Eliza Powell, Sterling, Ill.
Nelson Powell.
Mundon Center, N. Y.
Mary Powell.
Mundon Center, N. Y.
Mrs. C. S. Rogers, Utica, N. Y.
Mrs. Rogers sister,
R. G. Livingston, news reporter.
S. E. Latta, Friendship, N. Y.
These seven people were Quakers sent by the First National Quaker Convention just closed at Philadelphia; selected for their super-

ior qualifications both as to truthfulness and goodness; to investigate Mrs. Andrews' mediumship. It is very seldom, if ever, we got as good and well-qualified a committee together. Mr. Worthen did not take down all that occurred as they were to stay several days.
S. E. Latta.

THE FASCINATION OF FEAR.

BY LOUIS R. HILLIER.

There is a condition of inactivity into which some persons are thrown by fear, or sudden fright. While in this state, which is analogous to an hypnotic state, which is produced by the loud clang of a gong, the person is unable to exercise voluntary control over the muscles of the body. The eyes are fixed in a wild stare; the hands hang motionless at the sides; the feet seem rooted to the ground, and the whole aspect is one of fascination. The thought of the danger absorbs the mind in a fatal reverie, which suspends voluntary motion.

Thus do we often see, or read of people, who, when in the path of a run-away horse, while they have ample time to escape the threatened danger, let their will-power, (presence of mind,) slip from them, and stand still as a statue, and wait the on-coming destruction.

This condition of fascination is exercised by certain species of serpents, among which might be mentioned the rattle-snake, an American snake of the genus *brotalus*, and the hooded-cobra, or the cobras-de-capello of India.

Whether this condition of fascination produced on men by serpents, is caused by the thought of being bitten, or by an influence which is exerted by putting in motion some magnetic power which is a natural function of the snake, is a problem explainable by either hypothesis.

The followers of the school of Nancy might say, that the cause of a man being fascinated by a rattle-snake, was because the man was intently thinking, or suggesting to himself how horrible the snake looked and how deadly were its bites.

The followers of Mesmer or believers in animal magnetism, might say that the snake projected his magnetic power and thus magnetized the man.

And then, there might be some, who, having in mind the experiments of Dr. Braid, might say that the bright diamond eyes were the cause of the man being held spell-bound.

Well, which ever explanation you may select, it is nevertheless, a strange phenomenon, this power which certain serpents have over some human beings.

My explanation of the power embraces all three of the above mentioned explanations.

First, in regard to the suggestion: The traditions concerning the power which rattle-snakes have over human beings, the thought of the deadly poison reposing beneath the fangs, the sinuous movements, these all tend to produce, by suggestion, a condition of hypnosis.

Second, in regard to mesmerism and magnetism: The rattle-snake has, I believe, a magnetic force, which he controls by will-power, and which, when exerted, is capable of absorbing the strength of strong men.

Third, in regard to Braidism: The bright eyes of the snake, with their peculiar glitter, and cold stare, would, undoubtedly, fix and hold the gaze, thus producing the state of fascination.

There are many other ways in which this condition of fascination may be produced; but as I have written at some length, concerning some of the prominent manifestations I will now write concerning a possible way of escape from this condition of fascination.

The principal thing should be to have complete control of our faculties. We should cultivate presence of mind and self-control, and thus be prepared to hold ourselves in a firm grasp, when anything occurs which has a tendency to produce this unwished for state.

There has been enough newspaper articles, books and pamphlets printed on the subject of self-control, and if we bear in mind their teachings and begin to control ourselves today, we will never be numbered among those who succumb to the fascination of fear.

"That which prevents men from realizing the presence of divine power within themselves is the fact that they regard nothing as something real, and reality as nothingness," says Franz Hartmann, to which we would add that they overvalue the seen and undervalue or ignore the unseen. Of course, both on their plane are real; he who lives wholly on the material plane is a slave to matter, while he who lives in the universal Spirit has all matter and all nature serve him. So we are either royal masters of abject slaves; whole or partial; dis-eased or healthy; fearful or peaceful and blissful.—B. P.

To the Official Board of the Texas State National Association of Spiritualists.

Beloved Co-workers:—

I hereby submit my report as State Missionary for the month of December, 1902. My labors for most of the month have been at San Antonio where I have succeeded in arousing the people to a realization of the necessity of the hour in regard to our movement. We held regular Sunday night service in Elk's Hall, Commerce St., and they are always well attended, the crowds increasing with each meeting. Last Sunday night we elected officers for the coming year, the following is a list of the officers as I remember them: Mrs. Maggie Olive Jordan, Pres.; Mrs. Laura B. Payne, Vice-Pres.; Mr. Myott, Sec'y; A. T. Rollins, Treas.; Mrs. Una Phelps, Musical Director and Mrs. Hall Financial Sec'y.

There is a spirit of enthusiasm pervading here and I feel very hopeful for the Cause in San Antonio. More especially do I feel encouraged when I consider that but two months ago I came here and found scarcely a remnant of a society and our people disgusted and discouraged at past failures.

There are many liberal-minded people here, and while some are not avowed Spiritualists, yet they are willing to support the meetings because they like our teachings; so the present outlook promises financial support as well as success in every other line. At the urgent request of the people here I have consented to remain in their midst as speaker for some time, and that I may do so I now ask to be released from my engagement as Missionary of the State, believing that I may accomplish greater good in the Cause we love by centering my forces at this point for a time.

Trusting that this will be perfectly satisfactory to you and thanking you for your kindly aid and hearty cooperation with me since coming into your State, I leave the matter in your hands. During this month I have visited Austin, lecturing and giving what aid I could to the Lyceum which we organized there in November.

December 23rd and 26th I spoke to good sized crowds in Houston.

My receipts for the month were \$70; expenses \$14.70.

With happy greeting to you for the New Year and earnest prayers for the rapid growth and spread of our beloved Gospel,

I Am Fraternally Yours,
MRS. LAURA B. PAYNE,
626 Baltimore Ave., San Antonio, Tex.

We most heartily appreciate the devotion of our beloved sister co-worker, Mrs. Laura B. Payne. She came into our State with no guaranteed salary and has worked with the spirit of noble womanly devotion, by practice and precept telling the sweet and life-giving message of Spiritualism.

Her work has been most acceptable and gratifying wherever she has gone; but we agree with her that when a place is found where the proper interest in manifest, there a center should be formed; and from such centers will emanate the light and love of truth which will warm and feed the souls of humanity.

There are many places which will be disappointed that Mrs. Payne is not to visit them and many where she has already been that will regret that she has located permanently, but others will come as Missionaries, and San Antonio is to be congratulated for having secured the services of so excellent a worker. May Mrs. Payne be blessed with the usual pure and uplifting inspiration and may it shine through her life making the people of San Antonio happy and useful.

JOHN W. RING, Pres.

HAPPY DAYS.

Sing a song of happy days comin' up the slope,
All the country listenin' to the tinklin' bells of hope;
Happy in the meadows and happy by the streams,
And happy in the daytime, and happy in our dreams.

Sing a song of happy days, climin' up the hills,
Singin' in the breezes and ripplin' in the rills;
Happy on the housetop, and happy on the sod,
And the happy world a rollin' to the happy gates of God.
—Atlanta Constitution.

Dearer than all things I know
Is childlike faith to me;
That makes the darkest way I go
An open path to thee.
—Frederick L. Hosmer.

Only what we have wrought into our character during life can we take with us to the other world.—Carlyle.

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DEATH, THE MEANING AND RESULT

—BY—

John K. Williams

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... of Immortality.

From First Page.

Immortality of the soul, the divine life—after which the best expires. The higher life is, while here on earth, engaged in organizing a finer, inner, inner body or spirit form, a spiritual, as opposed to the natural, earthly man.

The Central Life of the Cosmos cannot act except through individual channels; the collective life is but the result of the free development of the individual Celestial Life. All are nothing without the Central Day Spring of Light and Life. Divine Life is the source, we are the branches. As the solar system is held in harmony by the sun, "All are One," as the One is for all. Each one, while embodied and conscious, may feel himself to be an indispensable agent to the evolution and perfection of the whole; each is predestinated, by the will, and each is useful. Each has some message, because each is real. Your choice is swift yet endless.

Whatever good we conceive and realize, that is made real, whatever we derive from pure regard to our fellow beings and from satisfaction in the general welfare and for the glory of the Universal Goodness, will cling to us as long as we are capable of entertaining it, and giving birth to emotions of great joy. Whatever deeds we do, not "in the flesh" but in the spirit of goodness, and for mankind we may know to be immortal in their nature as Light and Life and Divine Humanity are immortal.

This is a mode of immortality that deserves consideration and respect from all who consider the claims of truth, and from all who respect the serious convictions of earnest men. Though not to be lightly accepted, it is not to be lightly ridiculed, for it contains the elements of great power and truth.

One of its virtues is that it effectively destroys egotism and selfishness; that taint which so often spoils the deeds of men. It grants no indulgence to the mere longing for a heaven of idle rest or recreation; it rebukes the rash claim for private rewards.

If disinterestedness be noble, then this faith has nobility. It bids men labor to bless those they may never see, to soothe pathways for unknown pilgrims through the earth life.

This mode is human, purely human—human in every texture. It rests on the fact of human fellowship, and human gratitude for all the gifts of life which are so benignly scattered to the children of men. It derives its vitality from the impersonal, universal principles of life, from the power of the sympathetic feelings: Love—deep, unrelated, unknown, unborn—this is its animating principle; the love of a supreme duty is its strength; the faithful ministry of mutual service is its loving pledge and bond. It seeks to serve Humanity, whose existence rolls on through the ages, haply gaining more divine insight, truer perception of the Inner and Real life. It gathers might as it rolls, swelled by the great and little tributaries—the moral rivers and rivulets, the brooks and the tiny brooklets, that add their rushing volumes or their tinkling drops as it pours along. "Men may come and men may go," but this Aeolian Life flows on forever, ever—Life flows on forever.

DR. HILLIGOSS REMEMBERED.

His 64th Birthday Celebrated by the Campers at Lake Helen.

About one hundred people assembled at the pavilion on the 23rd of December in honor of the occasion. It being the evening of the regular camp dance Dr. and Mrs. Hilligoss repaired to the hall little thinking what was in store for them. They had scarcely taken their seats when Mrs. Twine, who was the officiating minister at the Doctor's wedding last winter, at this place, approached them and requested them to stand up, when she paid the following tribute to Dr. Hilligoss:

"My dear brother—A band of friends have gathered here tonight to clasp glad hands and pray the rosary of your years, which number now, three score and four, may still continue till the mile stones of the life you lived shall change to heavenly ones unmarked by crosses; that the years have made, while words like echoes of an old refrain, you heard in childhood haunts or ripen years, break into heaven's music from this life. Thine early years were full of struggle, yet thou wert not alone. Thine unseen hand hath helped to lead thee up the steps; and through thy earthly friends seemed sometimes far away, yet thou wert not alone; and strong of heart, and strong of hand, thy steps were guided to one who loved thee well. A home was built, and over its portals were written the word, "content," and little children clasped their hands

and she who loved thee well smiled into shining eyes and called home "heaven." But they so fondly called thine own, were voyagers and angel boatman guided well their barks across a step of sea into a port that knows no storm. But thou had learned of heaven and so thou couldst not lose thine own. White hands were waving back to thee, and sometimes voices whispered sweet words of cheer. They gave new meaning unto life, and said that heaven's love, unlike the earthly, knew no jealous pangs. So as the needle of the magnet turns, long miles were traveled and two lonely souls took up the song and told anew the old, old story, that is sung by angels in their homes and has a place in palace and in cabin—the Song of Love. The stately pines bent listening branches and answered back in soft caressing sounds; the stars looked wise when words were spoken of the years that crowned your brows, and said in language they had used for centuries, "true souls will never grow old; they only brighten as the seasons pass, and love still moves."

One day when gentle zephyrs kissed the earth and sea you two were wed; months have passed and now again you tread the paths and listen to the pines and look at the stars that were your friends one year ago. And now these here gathered, pray that heaven may bless you all the way.

At the conclusion of Mrs. Twine's remarks the Doctor responded in his usual happy vein. Congratulations were then extended by all present; refreshments were served, and dancing indulged in till a late hour. Truly Lake Helen is a place where youth is renewed and love and harmony rule.

GIRLS DRESS LIKE MEN.

Pit Brow Workers in Lancashire Coal Mines Wear Trousers.

Pit brow girls are among the most remarkable women workers in England. They work as hard, as men and dress almost like men. Very few pit brow girls are found in Britain outside Lancashire, and 5,000 of them find employment at the coal mines. Their work lies on the pit brow—at the surface and not below. Once women were employed in the coal seams, but in 1842 in the face of great opposition from colliery owners an act was passed prohibiting women and children from being employed below the surface in coal mines.

The duties of the pit brow lasses consist in dealing with the coal as it comes up the shaft to the pit head. When the cage reaches the top, the girls haul out the wagons, which contain several hundred-weight of coal each, and run them on rails to a tipping machine, which shoots the coal down below to the screen or riddling machine. This is an iron slide several yards long, with holes through which the coal drops at various stages into trucks waiting beneath. It is jerked about by steam power, and the coal moves downward while the girls stationed alongside pick out the rubbish. It is dusty work.

The girls start work at 6 o'clock in the morning and finish at 3 or 4 o'clock in the afternoon. As may be judged, their work is arduous, and for its performance they receive 50 cents or less a day. Men who do the same work get \$1. Taken altogether, the pit brow lasses are a strong, healthy lot, ranging in age from eighteen to twenty-five.

Their dress is distinctive and peculiar. The working costume consists of trousers, clogs and a coat which has at one time been worn by a brother or has come from a rummage stall. When going to and from work, the girls wear petticoats, which they roll up round the waist while engaged on the pit brow. At most pits nowadays the trousers are hidden in front by a short apron, but this is a comparatively recent departure in the way of dress. The headgear is also worthy of note. The hair is closely covered with a handkerchief, on the top of which is a soft bonnet.

A Slow Speaking People.

The Chinese appear to go upon the assumption that there is always time enough. A social call has no limits. A missionary who speaks feelingly says:

"The excellent pastor who had for his motto, 'The man who wants to see me is the man I want to see,' would have modified his dictum had he lived for any length of time in China. Not improbably he would have followed the example of another busy clergyman, who hung conspicuously in his study the Scriptural motto, 'The Lord bless thy goings out!'"

"The mere enunciation of his business often seems to cost a Chinaman a violent wrench. He says nothing long enough to wear out the patience of ten Europeans. He realizes the truth of the adage, 'It is easy to go on the mountains to fight tigers, but to open your mouth and out with a thing—this is hard!'"



C. Walter Lynn,
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Appeal to Ohio Spiritualists.

Will you kindly allow me through the columns of your paper to make an appeal to every Spiritualist in Ohio?

Ohio statute number 7017-4, section 1, provides for a fine of from \$25.00 to \$100.00, or imprisonment of from twenty days to three months, or both, in the discretion of the court, for any person who shall have been convicted of having "represented" themselves to be an astrologer, a fortune-teller, a clairvoyant, or a palmist.

Under this state law, on December 4th last, Mrs. Lena Wolf of 177 Auburn street, Cleveland, was arrested and taken from the bedside of a sick child to answer to a charge of "fortune telling." The case still pending in the police court but is supposed to come to trial January 27th.

This particular case seems to offer an excellent opportunity to the Ohio Spiritualists to carry this law to the supreme court and test the validity of it. There seems no question in the minds of Spiritualists that this law plainly infringes upon our religious rights—for the honest practice of mediumship is certainly but a demonstration of Spiritualism.

Mrs. Wolf is a respected German lady, married, with a husband and children, a permanent resident of Cleveland, and a lady against whom no reproach has been, or can honestly be uttered. Her work is not attacked, but simply on account of her little control "predicting" or "prophesying" some things "to come," this is claimed to be fortune-telling and hence the arrest.

We want every one to clearly understand the situation: This lady is not appealing for help, nor are we asking for help for her. If she is fined she is able to pay her fine. But it is a matter of vital importance to every Spiritualist in Ohio for anyone, anywhere, may be arrested simply upon the whim of any officer, or any individual who makes complaint.

The Ohio Spiritualist Association has voted \$25.00 towards carrying the case to the supreme court. Every local society has been appealed to through our state secretary, and friends and one society collected and sent in \$2.25; another one voted \$5; while another voted "to stand by the defense; the First German Society of Cleveland voted \$50.00, if needed, and others told of the difficulty of raising money for themselves etc., etc.

This matter can not be carried up at a less expense than \$500.00 and perhaps more. Some responsible person must give guarantee of the costs—Who wants to do this? We have made an honest effort and can see less than \$100.00.

Now every Spiritualist who feels we need to carry this up is requested to send from \$1.00 to as much as they feel disposed to the secretary, John C. Hemminger, 2 S. Water st., Cleveland, O., to be used for defense of mediums—and nothing else.

This is by no means a local affair but is as important to Elyria or Cincinnati or Conneaut as to Cleveland. You may be next—who knows?

ALBERT W. WADSWORTH,
Pres't O. S. A.

The above letter from the president of the Ohio State Spiritualist Association is of great importance. The law is one that, if carried to a successful culmination in Ohio will be carried in all the states. If it is defeated in Ohio, it will establish a precedent that will prevent other states putting such laws on their statute books. We do not think enough when he says it is as much for other cities in Ohio as it is for Cleveland; We say that it is as important for any city in the U. S. as it

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is for Cleveland. Being personally acquainted with J. C. Hemminger, we know that any money put into his hands for this purpose will be used for exactly what it was intended for and there need be no holding back on that score.

Really it seems to us that this is a case for the N. S. A. to take up. If that Association is to be of benefit to us, it must attend to cases where Spiritualism is assailed and must look up such cases as the present one to make test cases of. The Spiritualistic movement is assailed, not the individual who was arrested.

We may be wrong, but that is the way we look at it. Ed.

We are mixtures or habit-pigments and they color our lives with their own tints, which will be bright or somber, as we choose. Indulge in the narrow, foolish habit of worrying, and you darken the brightest days. Cultivate a cheerful, hopeful spirit, and gloom and pessimism will flee from your presence. Life without trials, small or great, is impossible. We must meet and conquer them, or let them conquer us; but we need not waste our strength in borrowing trouble or in going more than half way to meet it.—Camden Outlook.

Rugged strength and radiant beauty, These were one in nature's plan; Humble toil and heavenly duty, These will form the perfect man.

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