



VOL. 89.

Banner of Light Publishing Co.,
204 Dartmouth St., Boston, Mass.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1901

\$5.00 Per Annum.
Postage Free.

NO. 6.

BROTHERHOOD.

BY J. A. EDGERTON.

I cannot sing the songs that others sing,
The life's songs of pleasure, love and mirth,
While all the lands are full of sorrowing
And hate and tyranny encompass earth.

I cannot close my eyes to sights of pain;
I cannot shut my ears to sounds of woe;
The grief I see fills up my heart and brain,
The wrongs that others bear I feel and know.

The want and the privations of the poor,
The shame and the remorse of those who fall,
The aching back of labor—I endure
Their hardships and I suffer with them all.

My heart goes out to all their wretchedness,
Partakes of their soul hunger and their grief,
Bleeds at their misery and their distress,
And bears their burdens, nor can find relief.

I do not know why God has made it so
That some the harvest of all pain must reap
And share the common grief; I only know
That in my brother's sorrow I must weep.

Sometimes I long to bar the gruesome sight;
I would that I to suffering were blind;
I yearn to know the music and the light
And not the hurts and heartaches of my kind.

But over all I hear the still, sad song,
The moans of the down-trodden and the weak,
The cries of those beneath the feet of wrong;
And something in me forces me to speak.

As through the night I hear their voices plead,
They rise up a tyrant in my breast,
That ever whispers of their pain and need,
That drives me on and will not let me rest.

The tragedy and pity of it all
Intrude themselves forever in my sight;
And voices to my spirit seem to call,
As if from the eternal realm of light.

They bid me sing the death of hate and wrong;
They bid me sing the birth of love and good;
And through my soul they pour a sweet, new song—
The sacred symphony of Brotherhood.

2201 Hooker St., Denver, Colo.

Nature Sublime and Beautiful.

BY ERNEST C. GAFFIELD.

Its most sublime and beautiful expressions, however, are not upon the objective planes, but in the polarities of the soul, where the spirit acts in conjunctive harmony with mind centered in spiritual aspirations.

The perceptions of the divinity of spirit, perceived as revelations by those in darkness, through the actual experiences of earth conditions, often serve as beautiful object lessons, teaching others yet held in bondage through ignorance of the law, how to attain freedom.

All manifestations of the supremacy of spirit in natural phenomena may well excite the wonder, admiration and blind worship of the ignorant.

Only through knowledge of spiritual law can the Great Author of Cosmos be even approximately understood.

It is upon the lower planes of spiritual understanding only, that the unthinking mind, swayed by exoteric influences, held by material karmas, without ability to transcend the limitations of time and sense, denies the existence of Infinite Intelligence, and the sovereignty of law in nature.

The very sublimity of the vast laboratory of cosmic creation and grandeur, perceived in the visible and invisible forces of nature, though often misunderstood, operates to excite the imagination and confuse the ignorant.

Such phenomena of the unchanging law may excite adoration, but while in ignorance of the existence of any correlation or exact definition of them through spiritual correspondences, the spirit cannot realize all its latent and potential possibilities.

Unable to synthesize or correctly relate phenomena to spiritual truth and power, he may through successive ages be held captive, often the victim of illusion, subject to the exploitation of others for personal aggrandizement.

Such intellectual and spiritual bondage could not, nor would obtain were the unchanging law of spirit, its true definition and relation to consciousness more clearly perceived. There can be no perfect understanding of the phenomena of nature until the spirit shall have evolved a complete consciousness of its regal authority in the sphere of present existence, acquired through wisdom.

Through such evolutionary conditions are created rendering possible a more complete understanding of the Law in higher states of existence. Thus man achieves an eternal and progressive experience and finally attains the wisdom of the spheres.

The first primary teachings are in the order of nature necessary, the beginning of an evolution finally ending in the absolute vision and perfect understanding of the law of being upon highest planes of spiritual consciousness, where only spirit may realize in their full significance and beauty the attributes of Divinity.

Upon such realization in spiritual consciousness, what now appears wondrous, incomprehensible, beyond finite capacity, will be perceived as a natural result of pre-existing causes, all needful for education in lower conditions of life.

For through the phenomena of nature, which

are but expressions of the law, is the spirit taught, led and made aware of its origin and final destiny. Even when man has attained to the higher conditions of consciousness, he senses the phenomena of nature as object lessons unto Spirit, and as he receives them so is he educated and prepared for a fuller comprehension of the sublime and beautiful experiences awaiting his transition to other and more extended fields of investigation and realization.

In spirit every experience unfolds new and definite objects; its part in universal life, its relation to the Infinite, its enlarged opportunities for service, and consequently increased responsibilities, the necessity of earnest, faithful labor in chosen fields, that it may successfully teach and lead others into a knowledge of the truth.

Let no one suppose that he has fulfilled the objects of existence when he has acquired comparative control over the limitations of self, and as it were completed his graduation from nature's university.

He has but commenced his real and eternal career of progressive usefulness.

He has not yet learned the law of spiritual expansion, nor the mathematical relations he sustains to it.

In the spiritual existence, as upon earth, the law of equity obtains, and as the individual spirit evolves more perfect states of harmony, the clearer it perceives its relations to that law. He also perfectly understands the great rewards obtainable under it by service in the universal vineyard of spiritual effort.

As in heaven so in earth. The limitations of spiritual expression in the mortal frame do not abrogate the spirit from responsibility to do all that may be accomplished for the cause of universal truth and the upliftment of the race.

Is not every child of earth spirit and therefore destined to an eternal inheritance? Is he not a subject of the unchanging law? Has nature set meets and bounds to his spiritual possibilities? Are not nature's laws universal, offering unto all opportunities to learn first lessons of the cosmic grandeur?

Nature is sublime and beautiful according to the individual realizations of its students. She speaks to the spiritually wise in audible tones, but sometimes only in whispers to others. Let those that hear the voice proclaim the truth.

Inspiration.

40 India St., Boston.

Spiritism.

BY MARGARET VIRGINIA M. CABE.

The veil that intervenes between the unseen, intangible spirit-land is a veil that mind and mind alone can push aside, and that to some has been given the power to see and know has become an indisputable fact. To the few and not the many!

The old evolution theory of the "survival of the fittest" is again before us, and if we only take the trouble to investigate and read, we will find the waves of spiritism have been growing in intensity, until every creature feels a "stir of might—an instinct within that reaches and towers"—and the scoffers stoops to ridicule because the wave has reached him but he dare not look onward because Reason teaches him to believe only what his physical senses say are natural. The atheist and agnostic have aided in this progression by tearing down the old narrowness of church creeds. They have torn down and God has bled a Hope within every human heart for Immortality. Ingersoll granted this Hope, and said, "Hope sees a star, and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing."

If we were not so enthralled with the struggle for human rights we might sit quietly and not only hear the rustle of a wing but see and know that the Star of Hope has risen.

Believers and worshipers of the Bible select only what is their personal wish to believe—unless acted upon and guided by the creed of the church, they have not learned to think for themselves, but accept blindly. The lesson of Immortality is taught from the beginning—and the promise of "I will give my angels charge over thee" is forgotten. But the spirit-land is all about us, and when we attune our souls to the key of concentrated readiness—we gain the whispers and guiding hand of the loved ones waiting on the silent shore.

When we consider the countless throng who have passed the boundary line we wonder and theorize, and are lost in speculation, but the old, worn out argument of none returning to tell us aught is not correct, for they do return and will always return if we will but accept, and allow them to enter. Accepting the Duality of Body and Spirit, we say the Body is acted upon by the laws of nature; but for the God-man—the Spirit—the Soul that lives on after death—we cast that aside and live out our miserable days without counting this God nature excepting as we think we do our duty by associating

with some church. The most ordinary music breathing the voice of the soul can lift man nearer God than all the orthodox hymns strung out methodically.

"The sounds that cannot lie with all their sweet beguiling
The language one need never hear, but only feel and know."

Charlatans and fakirs exist in every financial question of life; and the dove sellers in the temple are no questions of illogical theories, for they are universal. But there do exist—and the numbers increase—minds so attuned to the Divine harmony that they can silence the mortal consciousness and allow the spirit nature to assert its Divine prerogative and hold sweet comforting converse with the souls freed from the body. This is Independent Mediumship—and the highest power yet attained. It is only accomplished by minds strong enough to stand alone and affirm and control their own investigations without fear of consequences—admitting to their consciousness only spirits of advanced and pure natures—bidding them enter the circle and gain and give assistance; for as the Body conforms to and grows by physical laws, so the Spirit lives and increases in power and strength by spirit laws.

Controlled mediums who enter the trance state run terrible risks of being controlled by spirits of lesser degree, and the prevailing attribute of a soul in life will seek and find its same associations when Death opens the door; therefore a medium thus controlled loses her individuality, lessens her own power, and is not only liable to give voice to falsehoods and flattery—but decidedly hinders her own physical health. People seeking such a medium get only what they carry, because a spirit free from the body can see and know all things unconditionally, and entering the body of one in a trance gives back to the curiosity seeker just the flattery and lies they carry. The only way to test this fully is to go and investigate thoroughly for yourselves. Let nothing daunt you—keep on investigating—and it is no act of credulity to be able to detect the right and wrong. Of the lesser order of mediums and tricksters I have nothing to say. They do exist and they always will, as a money making scheme, and so widely is this wave of investigating spiritism extending, that every one sooner or later does visit a medium.

But let your investigation rise to the highest plane, accept your own soul's power, receive your own impressions, collect and admit your own guiding band of spirits, and then visit any true medium and he will tell you that it is useless to try to read for you because you have that power yourself. This is not putting in authority as a superior, but meeting as peers, individualized Souls. It is no lack of brain power but a great increase to be able to enter spirit land while in the body. It is no decrease of Reason, for it is Reason personified. It is no lessening of your independent will to ask impressions and guidance from those who see everything, but it is acknowledging your great soul superiority to all the trivial jealousies of weak, erring human nature. To walk with God until the face shines with the reflection of the soul's freedom is to lift your head to the everlasting sun-kissed heights.

Seek the highest and have nothing else. Assert your grand, great mind's prerogative and be only Independent Mediums—uncontrolled through any trance—but with every faculty alert select your own spirit band as any general his staff, any president his Cabinet, and permit your own to be with you and speak to you and teach you while you are still in the body with all your senses under your control.

Minot Savage says truly that we are just the same five minutes after death as we were five minutes before. Death is but the snapping of the cord that holds the Body and Soul together—and as the Body drops down, the Soul is left just where it was before to finish its progression. If it be a leaning soul it will not be able to stand alone, but must rest on one on earth until it gains strength to realize itself. If death comes quickly and suddenly it seeks for a mind unconscious of its own power and lives on that individual. If it be a strong, independent nature it will fight its own way by degrees. But if death were lingering it will become so wrapped around its attendant that it becomes almost a part of that individual, and this is the cause of so much of the prostration that exists after death and the seeming care is over—the care is only increased and the uncanny, mysterious nervousness is only the result of the liberated soul clinging to the living material one. If this were only more universally understood and believed—our own powers of mind could set us free from the burden—and help the departed soul more quickly realize its freedom and thus aid our own progression and further the soul on the other side. It will come some day, for it is already known and felt by many, and to those who do know and have been through the crucial test it is a fountain of Divine inspiration and a source of life giving thought.

Souls there be who have gone out of life

with minds fully developed in all save Psychology—that is, knowledge of their own Divine natures—and Souls there be who have passed out from the lowest planes of evolution. Evolution has reached its highest physical plane in man, but evolution is not stranded because it must continue and does continue psychically. Progression there must always be, and lessons to be learned—and to these souls there is given the power to occupy other bodies through cycles of progression until their incarnations be complete and they need return no more. The lives of the prophets are theories of evolution and Theosophy until Jesus as the Divine Example of Independent Mediumship attained the right to be "the first begotten of the dead" and became one with the Father, and he left this message clearly "That greater works might be done."

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting. The soul that rises with us—our life's star—

"Hath had elsewhere its setting
And cometh from afar.
Not in entire forgetfulness
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home."

Fragments from the Masters.

Live each day and each moment of the day by the light within, fixing your gaze upon it with faith and love.

When the hours of darkness come and you see it not, wait in patience and contentment, knowing it still burns, and that when morning dawns, if your watch has been constant, you will see it burning, perchance more brightly than before. The darkest hour is before the dawn; grieve not, therefore, nor feel one moment's disquietude; your lamp is lit; tend it faithfully; it matters not that the outer eyes do not behold it. Those who know and love you can always see it, and it may also be shining in some other heart which as yet has no light of its own.

The lodge waits and watches ever, and ever, ever works. Think you not we have patience? And those who serve us must have the same.

We are closer than you know, and love and thought bring us still nearer.

BY YOUR OWN SUPREME ACT OF FAITH you must claim and hold these things.

Look ever back to that which shines; no sorrow, no disappointment lie there, but a fullness of realization of which you have no conception, and a power and strength which shall lift you above these confusions to a sure place of your own.

Treat your mind as a child. Lead it firmly but gently, and in all ways and at all times strengthen your faith.

Through these tears of blood you will learn; through this suffering you will gain the power to aid your fellows. What to you is the approbation or disapprobation of anyone? Work and wait on and all will be well.

Sink into the very depths of your being, you will find all there. Be a follower of no man. Follow the inner voice. The truest happiness is to be found in the deep interior study of the great mysteries of nature and life, seeking thus to find the best manner in which the soul may express itself and in a constant fulfillment of this manner of expression when found. If they can be taught to see and feel this and the true meaning of it, the work is done. Labor, therefore, faithfully to accomplish this in yourself, for we can teach others only what we ourselves know, and this knowledge is one with experience. The Divine Light burns for all; take your part of it, and illuminating first your own heart, the power will then be yours to illumine others.

Remember, words are not needed. In the silence these things are done. Those in whose midst you may live, quiet and unknown, will have the radiance cast upon them merely by your presence. It is not what you say and do, but what you are that tells, and that will leave its ineffable mark upon each character you meet as upon all time.

The soul desires to express itself in its reflection, your life. So live that it may do so. So think and act that you may become a channel for higher things to descend to lower planes. Duty is not an ogre but an angel. How few understand this! Most confuse it as they do conscience.

Sorrows, crosses, these are our opportunities, could we but see life so. But he is far along who does so see it. He has attained who fully realizes it.

The Lodge-force, working in a pure, devoted heart, sets free the soul and lets it speak. The eternal verities resound forever upon the spiritual planes, and when the mind is pure and will bearken, the soul echoes them.

What of the darkness? What of the light? They are one to those who see. How plain these matters are in higher moments, how drearily obscure at other times! This will show you the value of higher moments, perhaps, and what those always living in them enjoy.

For what you love, strive after what you find beautiful and high, and let the rest go. Harmony, sacrifice, devotion; take these for keywords; express them everywhere, and in the highest possible way. The beauty of a life like that, the power of it, who can measure or set bounds to?

Can you not live so as to feel the great throbbing heart around you, so as to express that feeling in even the smallest detail? Let there be nothing cynical in your view of life. Sense the pathos and the pity of it, trusting that some day, to your now darkened eyes, the mystery and the pain will be untangled. Feel, feel, with everything that cries, with everything that suffers, and in the most broken fragment of a life, find some beauty. Let your own quivering heart-strings teach you the anguish in other hearts and live to ease it. Pain is our best teacher. Do not dread nor flee her, therefore; she comes in mercy. Go forth to meet her, trembling perhaps, but reverently, patiently, unflinchingly; only so can the lesson be learned; and from the dark hours spent with her, a light shall arise, showing the way to stumbling feet, giving the power to comfort and console. And in the peace of that, your heart shall understand and be satisfied.

Remember, O Disciple, that in the silence these things are performed and recognized, and in the silence alone. Few indeed understand how complete that silence must be; few save those who have at some time known the peace of it.

All excitement is psychic, and though these whirlwinds of force descend, you must learn to hold yourself still in their midst, feeling neither attraction nor repulsion, else chains are forged to draw you to them. The Great Force acts doubly, and you must stand still, not passive or inactive, but unwavering. You must learn to take psychic emotions in hand as well as physical.

Hold your purpose and your ideals clearly and steadily before you. Desiring truth, you shall surely have it; intending righteousness, you shall surely so perform, though all things seem to conspire against you. In time of confusion and difficulty, rest upon that, and you may then, unshaken, see no achievement, no light ahead.

Forget not this lesson,—that everyone is so placed in this world as to exhibit his worst qualities. The purpose of this life is to strengthen the weak places of the spiritual man. His external life is for this only; therefore all are seen at a disadvantage.

Mr. Mattie E. Hall will discuss "The Heartside of Spiritualism" in our birthday edition. She is a writer of power and you ought to know what she has to say. Read the Banner and find out.

Sounding Sea-Shells.

BY AUGUSTA ADAMS.

I tremble to myself when speaks the All I ever hold. The spider-webs that I have tangled round, are melted dreams when groves this sun. Words cannot doer this vision to my world and music strains but faintly all its peace. In wondrous wonder I glistening on, and to the harkening hours pressed to tell some message I have grown.

'Tis strange that Truth should ride alone. The dying echoes of Earth's faint halloo doth pause her not. Like winged messengers she stretches on, and man may court or blame, she still is queen o'er all himself and speaks him strangeness be must ever grow.

Heaven nor hell gives no reward. I carry both. If speech could give me all my own, I yet am littler than this well whose cavern I proclaim, for, down its mighty depths are worlds whose speechless presence strain mine own, and passing wonder 'tis that I should sit in romance so unweird.

I have a bird in my summer that sings me joy. Its notes are soft as leaves that bend their whisperings in still winds. The islands of its song are high in air, and I to know must soar its way.

'Tis whispered in the stillness of my soul that this enchanter is a god who molasses his soul to peace mine own. Fair suns go sailing past all clouds, and in the transports of delight that ravish me unto their heaven I know myself as angel kin to him.

Upon the pillow of All Rest I sleep. The nights would fain persuade me of its peace, the days lament doth soften me unto its softer fold. The peines hung above the dawning hours, I walk to catch, doth little see my greatness, and in the winds that blow me what is true I sing the halcyon that closer draws, forgetting what would haunt me in this Pillowed Rest that once its name through voice of dove and registers the universe adorns its heart.

Mr. Lyman C. Howe will tell the world of "The Inspiration of Spiritualism" in our birthday number. Every Spiritualist should read what he has to say. Order extra copies.

Spiritualist Societies.

SPIRIT Message Department.

MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE.

The following communications are given by Mrs. Soule while under the control of her own guides, or that of the individual spirits seeking to reach their friends on earth. The messages are reported stenographically by a special representative of the Banner of Light, and are given in the presence of other members of The Banner staff.

These Circles are not public.

To Our Readers.

We earnestly request our patrons to verify such communications as they know to be based upon fact as soon as they appear in these columns. This is not so much for the benefit of the management of the Banner of Light as it is for the good of the reading public. Truth is truth, and will bear its own weight whenever it is made known to the world.

In the cause of Truth, will you kindly assist us in finding those to whom the following messages are addressed? Many of them are not Spiritualists, or subscribers of the Banner of Light, hence we ask each of you to become a missionary for your particular locality.

Report of Seances held March 7, 1901, S. E. 53.

Invocation.

To the children of earth we come this morning with the sweet assurance of love and hope. To those in darkness and distress we would bring the light and the spiritual truth. To those aspiring ones who seek ever for new light, we would offer the good services and the thought of trust and love and tenderness. Sometimes when the shadows of earth hang darkly over us, we feel so much the need of the power of Omnipotence, of that sweet but strong spiritual force that shall penetrate through the gloom until the light shines everywhere. Somehow our hearts are touched by the sorrow in the world; the moans and sighs of separation waft themselves to us and something of the distress is ours, and with this in our hearts we return to help, to guide, and to strengthen. Help us in our effort, oh spirit of divine love. Send guardians close to us who from spheres above and beyond us have learned something more of the infinite wisdom to breathe on us and lift us at last to a better understanding of ourselves and those about us. Help the dear friends who come today with earnest thought and with endeavor to reach their own, to be very clear and strong. Help them to express themselves as they would if they could speak face to face with their loved ones. May the tears be dried, may the smiles of happiness once more come into their lives and may they be able to express and understand through this hour how better to reach their own in their homes and at their abiding places. Amen.

MESSAGES.

John Wilkins.

The first spirit who comes to me this morning is a man about fifty-five years old. He has a full gray beard, blue eyes, and wears glasses. His hair is pushed back from his forehead. He says: "My name is John Wilkins and I have been looking for this opportunity to give evidence of my existence for some time. I have made more or less of a study of this. I used to live in Madison, Wis., and I felt that if it were possible when I went away for me to return that it would be the first thing I would do and yet it has been a long, long time, and no word has been given by me to those in the earth life. I was rather religious in my views and I used to look into this subject more because I wanted to see what light it would throw on my life and on my conditions than because I believed in it and it was quite a revelation to me to find when I came over, the knowledge so general among the spirits of the higher life upon returning. I want very much to get to Ann. She is my sister. Her last name is Keenan and she is quite anxious about her own conditions, her property, and what is to be done with it after she comes over here. Tell her for me that she need not give herself any uneasiness. It will be disposed of just as she wishes and she won't have the same feeling about it after she gets here that she now thinks she will have. I have my brother with me and I also have Amos Joy and he says that he is always making puns on his name now just the same as he used to be when he was in earth-life, and consequently it gives him great joy to come."

Harry Flagg.

I see a young man about thirty-two or three years old. He is very dark, dark hair and eyes and a long, thin, dark face. He seems rather weak in his effort to come and he says: "My last sickness hangs over me, for I am not yet so accustomed to the life and the conditions but what it gives me more or less concern to return. My name is Harry Flagg and I came from Dover, N. H. I have many friends there and desire so much to return though the specific messages that I had hoped to give fade away into thin air as I find myself talking. I would give anything to express definitely some word to my people. I want to go to Clara and to Lizzy and I want to say to them that I am awfully near and that when they feel so despondent and depressed if they would only try to give me a chance, it would be better for all of us. Aunt Susan is with me and she says, 'Tell the girls that it is so beautiful over here, I wouldn't return if I could.' Tell them too, that she doesn't have to work so hard and that gives her great pleasure for she was tired just about to death most all the time."

Allie Brown.

I now see a lady I should think about forty-two or three years old, or somewhere along there. She is short and plump and has a hearty face. Her eyes are blue; her hair is brown and is done up prettily. She looks well dressed and as if she took a good deal of pains with her dress and herself. She says: "Little one if I could sit down to that piano and play you would be pleased indeed because I was a piano teacher when I was here in earth life and I have gone on in the study until now I can make music that is music and that would please you I am sure. My name is Allie Brown and I lived in Glen

Falls, N. Y. I always had a dream of doing something so great and consequently I cling to life and its opportunities. I believe the thing that makes people fear death most is because they see their opportunities for happiness, for growth, and for all the conditions they love, slip away from them, and it is such a joy to come into the spirit and find nothing of this kind, but every avenue and every opportunity for study and growth open to us as we are able to grasp it. I have with me a little sister whom I never knew. She tells me to tell the rest that she is little Elizabeth and that it is a pleasure to her to give them evidence of her life even though it was short on the earth plane. My mother is alive and she would like to hear from us but she doesn't quite understand that it is the natural thing and so is afraid she may be harming us if she attempts to get any word. Give her my love and tell her that not a day passes by that I am not anxious and eager to give her the evidence of my presence."

Charlie Appleton.

Now I see a man about thirty-eight years old. He is very light, light brown hair which is curly, blue eyes, and a light mustache, and such a jolly way, just jumps right in here with a little smile and says: "Well, I don't want to come here with any tale of woe of how sad I am or how much trouble I have had, but rather how happy I am that I can come. Dear me, it seems about a century since I died, and to think that I am really here, able to send a message back, is the happiest moment I have had since I came over, and I have had some very happy ones, too. I was one of the kind of people who make the best of things as they come along. If the sun didn't shine, I couldn't see that there was any use in finding fault, and if the sun did shine and it was too hot, why I didn't see any use in finding fault, because one would find fault anyway. I came over to spirit life rather suddenly and it was quite a shock to me and to my friends, but I am glad now that it is over, and I find so much pleasure in getting ready for those who are left. My name is Charlie Appleton and I used to live in Saugus, Mass. I often go there now to see what is going on and I have a desire to send a word to Allie Benton, who is living there."

Ralph Harvey.

I see now a little boy. I should not think he was over nine years old. He is quite dark, has dark hair and eyes and a little round, dark face. He is not very stout and comes right up to me in oh such an earnest little way, as though he wanted me to help him to get to his people. The first thing he says is: "My name is Ralph Harvey and I lived in Columbus, Ohio. I want to get to my father whose name is William Harvey, to tell him that I did not go away from him when they thought I did. Oh dear, oh dear, they all cry so much that it just seems as if I couldn't stand it when I go there, and I thought if I could just send a word to them that perhaps they would make it easy for me to come in the home. They just look at my picture all the time and talk as if I had gone so far away from them that it makes me cry when I go there. I want my mother to know that when her heart aches so I will try to help her, and my grandmother who comes with me says, 'Tell them, dear, that I will take care of you, and that they need not fear we will find a way to give them comfort if they will only give us a chance.' They don't know anything about this and I would like so much to have them. Can't you send some word to them that will make them understand how much I want them to go somewhere and learn about me? Oh, I can't be real happy until I have told them that I am with them. I love flowers just as much as I did when I was here, but I don't want them to put them out on the grave. Ed like to have them keep them in the house, because I can see them."

John Henry Sedgewick.

I see two spirits who come together. One is a young man, I should think about nineteen, with dark blue eyes and dark hair. He has a long, thin face and is rather tall, but oh was so sick before he went away, seems as if he did not have a particle of strength left. He says to me: "Oh do say that my name is John Henry Sedgewick, and that I lived in Hartford, Conn. I have with me my sister, whose name is Alice, and she is so anxious to get back to our people, because they need us, and because it will be easier and better for them too in this new life if they understand something about it before they come. We don't want to talk much about our work, but we do want to say much about our love. Our love is just as strong and just as true as before we came, and although it has been some time now since we left our people, we come together as we went, for it was not far apart that we died, and we come together to give this expression of our interest and our love. I was so interested in books and wanted so much to have them all the time, and even when I was so weak that I couldn't read, I had them about me on the bed. I have had so much help from the books, because I studied enough to understand some of the conditions over here."

Jennie Rhininger.

The next spirit is a girl about eighteen years old. She has brown eyes, brown hair and a very fair, pale skin. She is just as nervous as she can be and comes in oh, just in that little, quick fashion, and says, "Don't keep me longer. It seems as though I must be as quick as I can. My name is Jennie Rhininger and I lived in Toledo, Ohio, and I want to get to Julius and he will know what it is I want to say. He has been worried, afraid that I was perhaps put away before I ought to have been. I looked so well and there seemed so much indecision as to whether I was really dead or not, and I give this word to bring comfort that they may rest assured that life had left the body, and gone into the spiritual body in which I now live. My little girl is alive and I want Julius

to be good to her and to teach her that her mother still lives and gives her tender, unending love to them both."

Isaiah Goodnow.

I see a man about forty-five years old. He is tall, thin and cadaverous looking. He seems so sober as if he could not smile for anything. He is an Adventist and he has been brought here by his friends because they were bound he should at least understand something of his new condition. I am sure that this man made more or less effort to convert people to his way of thinking and that he is ashamed to acknowledge that he has been wrong and so just stands with that soberness and despair, almost indecision. He looks at me and without his saying a word I read across him this name, Isaiah Goodnow, and he throws up his hands when I speak it and says: "Is it possible that I am known and am known by these people who are still alive? I tried to do what was right, tried to lead people to an understanding of Jesus and his life, and thought I was doing his work when I taught them to take his words literally and look for his coming. I was disappointed because I expected him and when I came over here I said to myself that I would probably return with him when he did go to earth to gather his own to himself but so far I haven't seen him nor the condition which I expected carried out but I find myself shut out from opportunities that might be mine if I only applied myself from day to day to the work that is before me. I have with me Georgiana and she gets along faster than I do. She believed as I do but somehow she was more ready to accept what was an evident truth than I have ever been. I wish I might be able to do some work among my good people but the very words I left with them shut the doors to the investigator and so I don't see as there is anything I can do except to stand still and await results. I used to live in Troy, N. Y."

Abby Duffield.

Now I see an old lady, oh, she must be eighty years old. She is short and fat and has the smallest black eyes you ever saw. Her hair is just as brown as a nut and I think it must have been colored to keep its color so well. She has a little way of putting her hands up over it and smoothing it down every minute or two as if she were so particular over it. She is dressed very plainly and seems to be very particular about everything. She brushes herself and puts her hand up to her collar which is a small lace one with a big round pin and says: "Come, come, come, don't try to give too many of the details of my dress but just let me get my message in before I forget it. My name is Abby Duffield. Everybody always asked me to spell it so I do now. I didn't live very far from here. Boston is more or less familiar to me because I lived in Milton. Boston wasn't then as it is now. Indeed I think it was better because you could get round the streets and not be knocked down and round until you had no energy left to do your shopping or when one of your friends stopped to speak to you, to have to dodge some team or other and sneak around to save your life. I was interested more in the material things of life than I was in the spiritual. Seemed to me that God put us here, gave us bodies, to take care of, bodies which needed homes, clothes, food, that that was our work, to take care of them. I am not sure but I was as near right as some of these people who soar far into the spirit and want to be angels all the time, and forget that they have a family or friends to look after. I never found a time to put on any angelic robe yet, I expect I will stick to my feet and let the wings wait for some years to come. I no longer get settled down in one condition and think that I have done all I can for the family than somebody else comes peeping in and they have to be taken care of and fixed up, so it keeps me busy all the time. We often talk over these conditions of return and I say, 'Well, before I came over here I was too busy, too much occupied in the material things to try to look ahead and now I am too busy, too much occupied in material things over here to try to look back,' so I just stay in the condition, but today I was urged by my friend to give my views of this life over here and so I have given them. I have some friends with you, I have Robert, I don't care particularly about telling him everything that has happened or getting very near to him, as I said before, I am too busy, but I would just like to have you folks know that he is the man I send my message to and not to your paper just to fill up your columns."

Mrs. Colby Luther.

There comes now an old lady about sixty years old. She is tall and dignified looking. She has soft white hair parted in the middle and waved all down on the side. Her eyes are as clear blue as the sky; her face looks fair and her mouth is firm. She stands up with such a graceful air as though she wanted me to express for her with all the dignity and strength of which she was capable, the word she would give. She says: "I was a worker in this Cause. For a long time I felt that everything was given out from me that could be. My friends have wondered what condition I was in because I was troubled in the way I was before I went and I want to say that the years of work for the spirit under their supervision and direction fitted me to take a position of which I am justly proud. I sit in the halls of reason and feast on what is given me there and I yearn sometimes to speak again to my fellowmen and lift them to the understanding of the highest. I found my guides had not withdrawn their influence from me but had reserved a power with which to receive me. My brain gave way under the strain, not that I became insane, I was conscious of what was going on and conscious of the struggle for life, but my old power of retaining my grasp on conditions and that which the spirits presented to me was gone, and I seemed like a traveler bereft and I come with rejoicing to say that I am as

free, as much interested in Spiritualism, and in the work as it is being presented from its several points as I was before I came away and I say, 'God bless the dear old Banner,' and my name in Colby Luther, Mrs. Colby Luther."

J. J. Morse, E. W. Wallis, E. Dawson Rogers, and Will Phillips of the Spiritualist Press in England will all have something to say in the Banner's birthday number. Secure copies of the same in advance.

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY EIGHT.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In a place of honor on the upper shelf of my writing desk, and where my eyes may rest upon it as I look upward in the midst of my writing is the picture of a gentleman, cut out, if I mistake not, from "Light." It has been there a number of months, and always gives me pleasure by its cultured and sympathetic presence. Beneath the name is the legend: "Born Feb. 6, 1845, at Keswick, England. Translated to the higher life, Jan. 17, 1901, in Rome, Italy."

The name is F. W. H. Myers.

The head bends slightly forward, owing to the habitual fullness of thought, as well as to the innate modesty of the man. The features are well cut, the eyes are intent, and the whole face betokens mastery and self-reliance, mingled with caution, and hinting, in spite of his natural reserve, at a sympathy as tender as that of a woman, and yet broad enough to embrace the human race. This noble head is set on shoulders powerful with the vigor of a well-trained Englishman.

The simple engraving represents what has been described, but my fancy easily mantes the cheek with the flush which so readily rose there in life, endows the eyes and the sensitive mouth with life, and recalls the eloquent voice, on whose accents thousands hung; for I studied his personality well as he held his dignified post on the platform, during the week of the World's Psychical Congress in the autumn of 1893.

He was to me the most interesting of all the men who were assembled on that occasion. He was also the most influential over the audience, and memory will always retain the picture of that great throng of three thousand thinking men and women, who hung breathless on his accents as he proved from modern and scientific data that when a man dies he shall surely live again, in the closing address made before that great Congress in Chicago. Radiant with confidence, he still reminded us that it is only by strenuous endeavor, and through a slowly opening way, that we can rise upward. He declared that the evolution of each immortal soul depends on its own persistent effort.

The Congress closed, and Mr. Myers disappeared from my mortal vision, but I have always followed him with interest, have noted his firm and gradual advance onto the solid ground afforded by the researches of Spiritualism, noted his appreciation of other mediums besides the able and far-famed Mrs. Piper, and read with interest any scraps that came from his pen. Recalling his apparently vigorous physique, and forgetting the tell-tale hectic flush upon his cheek, it did not once occur to me that he might be called hence. So when I read in "Light" of Jan. 26 that he had actually put on immortality, I experienced a shock of surprise as well as a pang of selfish regret.

A sonnet is not an easy thing to write. In form it must have only fourteen lines, of a prescribed length, and rhyming peculiarly, according to whatever style may be adopted by the poet. It must have one special and well-defined thought, which must be expressed with poetic fervor, and yet with literary finish. A good sonnet is a complete thing in itself, requires not one word more, and there is no word in it that one would wish to alter.

Milton and Wordsworth wrote perfect sonnets, Shakespeare wrote many of varying degrees of artistic merit. Mrs. Browning wrote many, but its close form is not adapted to the nature of her genius. Many poets have tried their hand at the same, but we think no one has made a more telling success in this difficult style of writing than Mr. Myers has done in his sonnet entitled "Immortality."

This little poem describes the sensations of the newly arisen soul, and now that we know that he has himself experienced those sensations, we re-read it with intensified interest. I read it in the pleasant days of last September, little dreaming that he knew that his earthly life was near its close, and that his fancy had anticipated the reality by only a few short months.

An old writer has said: "Let me remember the two magnitudes: the littleness of time, and the greatness of eternity."

Mr. Myers has hinted a similar thought in this poetic gem, voicing it in these exquisite lines:—

"Lo, all that age" (time) "is as a speck of sand
Lost on the long beach where the tides are free,
And no man meets it in his hollow hand
Nor cares to ponder it, how small it be;
At ebb it lies forgotten on the land,
And at full tide forgotten in the sea."

It seems to me more and more that we shall forget those many of the details which seem to us so important in our earthly career, and that we shall preferably carry with us the memories and experiences which have helped to chisel away the excrescences which hinder the expression of the beautiful soul which exists in our original involution. What a blessed thought that we minor workers can each for himself gradually make to appear the exquisite thing that the infinite creative Soul secreted from itself and assigned to our own individuality! As I write this, I am forced to add: "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

Returning to the mortal experiences of our newly arisen angel, I well remember the touching simplicity with which he advised us in Chicago to prepare a writing in absolute secrecy, to seal it, and to send it to be opened in connection with Mrs. Piper after our

death, in the hope of affording a proof of our immortality to those who should survive us. His exclusive trust, at that time, in Mrs. Piper, seemed very touching to me. I attributed it, not only to her own ability as a medium, but to the admirable safeguards that the Psychical Research Society have set about her. Would that all our sensitives might be guarded in the same way, and be as well provided for! We can all recall finely gifted mediums whose powers have fallen into disrepute and even ignominy, because "no man cared for their souls." Mediums have souls. Let us seek to brighten them, and not let that which should shine so clear, fade away into darkness!

Some time ago, Mr. Myers described the satisfaction he had experienced in sittings with Mrs. Thompson, a trance medium, who has been developed both psychically and spiritually. Through her, he obtained an absolute conviction of the reality of heavenly things that he had not acquired before. It is indeed pleasant to reflect that his great soul gained a certitude that sweetened his last days on earth.

Since Mr. Myers' transition, it appears that he wrote to Mrs. Thompson from the sunny clime of San Remo in December, 1899, how much he was touched and even awed by one of her visions. He was glad that she had been able to enter into fellowship with spirits of such lofty purity. And again he wrote her that her letter made him feel that the universe is very sacred and wonderful. He felt they had been singled out for a "grace" beyond their deserts, and thought the sense of it would keep them humble lest the glory be hid from them again.

This tone of mind can be read in Mr. Myers' picture before me, and I am personally thankful that this pure medium could reveal such blessedness to his lofty soul before he left the scenes of earth.

His last interview with Mrs. Thompson took place in his own garden at Cambridge on the fifth of last December, only six weeks before his transition in Rome. She knew then that this would be the last time she should see him in the flesh, and he remarked to her, "Death for me is no more than walking into another room."

He hoped then that he would be permitted to communicate with the world through her after his decease. His only fear was that he might become unconscious at the last. But the day after his decease his daughter wrote to Mrs. Thompson that her dear father was quite conscious to the last, that they all sat round him, and he talked to them calmly and even cheerfully. Her mother never left him for an instant, and kept reminding him of all the friends he was going to meet. His daughter added:

"The remembrance of it all will be with me my whole life."

All this is very interesting to me, for though he knew naught of me, I have a high regard for his character, and rejoice that the glorious certitude afforded by Spiritualism made him approach death with rejoicing confidence.

In Mr. Myers' address before the Society for Psychical Research last August, he said that we should rejoice with the departed in their enfranchisement, and should know that they desire to have us share in their joy. He declared that our response, our devotion is a needful element in their ascending joy, so that it is provided that without our co-operation their joy cannot be perfected.

His Spiritualism was of a lofty cast. His aim was to work to perfect his own character, while here below, and to induce all whom he could influence to do the same. Instead of remaining in the doorway of the phenomena, he used them as a door, went through, and walked in the paradise beyond.

The phenomena form the foundation. But if we do not build on the foundation, we shall never have a house. The foundation may be solid, deep, and absolutely impregnable. It rests on terra firma, and is clearly essential to the house. But if we do not build walls above, and erect stairways on which we can ascend to higher regions, we might as well live on the ground itself. In the upper stories, there are vast halls for instruction and philosophy, there are inner rooms where we may feast on love, there are rooms where we can receive soul nourishment, and there are galleries whence communicating wires can convey both knowledge and affection to other souls.

And the higher we build, the closer becomes our contact with progressing, discarnate spirits. So by and by, when we have to leave our house, we shall not have to feel our way like a mole from the basement; but from one of the aerial chambers of upper air, we shall plume our wings, spread them, and joyfully soar with the angels we love into the very portals of heaven.

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,
Abby A. Judson.
Arlington, N. J., March 23, 1901.

Read the splendid article of Hon. A. B. Richmond on "The Ethics of Spiritualism," in our "Birthday Banner." You will miss a rare treat if you do not secure copies of this article.

Man has evolved into a creative being. The real sources of happiness are those of his own creation. Another cannot evolve or create for him. Human beings suffer or enjoy according to their own creation. Channel plotters seldom reach for anything higher or better. The door for a higher and better creation has never been closed. Recognition is the key to the Infinite; it is the key to all that is or can be.—Marion Enterprise.

The Banner of Light is a first-class paper of its class and leads for the finer and better. It does not follow in rut. It branches out and aims to aid in building stronger, better men and women. It ignores fraud in everything. Send for sample copy to Boston, Mass.—Ex.

Our "Birthday Banner" will contain greetings from Thomas G. Newman of the Philosophical Journal, and Dr. Dean Clarke, the quondam pro tem Editor of the Banner of Light.

Children's Spiritualism.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY L. C. L. EVANS.

On earth beneath, or heaven above,
Can angels exceed a mother's love?
A love that dwells in every sense,
A love that seeks no recompense,
Save that which to the mother heart
Such true affection may impart.

O'er all the world, in every land,
Her love is like a magic wand.
To cheer the sick, relieve the pain,
And soothe their throbbing, fevered brain.
With fervent, never ceasing care
As scarce is faith when anywhere.

The troubles of childhood days
She arbitrates in various ways
And sets at naught, or puts to flight,
The visions of a sleepless night.
Or finds us many ways of joy
Our halting moments to employ.

We go to her when weighed with care
And in her countenance so fair
Find comfort for whatever befall,
Even though our ills be large or small,
For she can soothe the troubled ways
Of many toils or childish plays.

No tie is nearer than her child,
And though the night be fierce and wild,
If danger threatens to her own,
Her love in mothered undertone
Bespeaks itself and boldly she
Defies the tempest's mastery.

For what will not a mother do
To prove her loyalty so true
And show her mother love's true worth
For those whom she has given birth?
Nor pain, nor torture can deter
The love that no one knows but her.

Her heart rebounds with earnest joy
When fortune smiles upon her boy—
She raises high her hands to bless
Her daughter in her happiness,
But should they meet with a reverse
She keenly feels the blighting curse.

In gladness, therefore, we revere
The mother love and hold it dear,
Or less and honor, as is due,
Her loyal heart, so fond and true,
As in the past, whenever her name
Will echo in the realms of fame.

Washington, D. C.

Leona's Birthday.

Dear Banner Children:

Today is our little Leona's birthday and I am sure you will all want to know something more about her. She has been busy at work the whole year entwining her beautiful self into our hearts, and today we feel that she is the sunshine of our homes. I wish you might all look in and see her sweet wondering eyes and laughing face; she is a bright, healthy, happy baby; the happy little white teeth and when we ask her where they are, she will quickly open her mouth and put one finger upon them.

Of course she will do ever so many nice things like all babies; she can stand alone, but does not yet dare venture to walk. She is dearly beloved by her little brothers, sister and cousin, and today, in honor of the anniversary of her coming to us, they made a wreath of cedar to put around her neck, put a crown upon her head, gave her some small gifts, and marched around her singing this little verse:

We're a band of happy children
Marching round Leona;
Striving each to make her happy
While we stay together.

She smiled sweetly as they marched, and held out her little hands to each one.

I know there must be ever so many beautiful babies among our Banner children and I think it would be so nice if we could all come in touch with all of them, for they will soon take their places in life's broad field of action, and the sweet thoughts gleaned from the Banner friends would help to mould each life more perfectly.

We thank all the kind friends who have sent to little Leona their sweet thoughts. We hope she may always remain under the sweet, holy, inspiring influence of the Dear Banner of Light. That her life may be well rounded out in all that is good and beautiful.

Dear Banner children, I love you all and send to you my thoughts of love, hoping that you may all learn beautiful lessons in the school of life. Dear children, do not try to get ready for Heaven by and by, but live in Heaven each day by doing kind deeds, speaking pleasant words and wearing sunny faces. Gather all the beautiful flowers that you can along life's way by making good use of each golden moment. Ever think beautiful thoughts, for beautiful thoughts make a beautiful face, and remember, dear children, that Love is a beautiful flower that blooms in the heart of kindness. "Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful we must carry it with us, or we find it not."

So I hope, dear children, that you will all carry with you each day the beautiful which shall brighten your lives and make all who love you happy. May your hands be the helpful hands, which shall lighten other's burdens.

Our dear little Leona sends to each one a loving smile, and may she hold ever a place in your happy thoughts.

With kindest wishes and love to each little reader of the Banner, I am sincerely yours,
Aunt Mary.

Mason, Me., Mar. 23.

Good-day to You.

Dear Children All:

The Banner has just reached me at Needham, and I read our special column for the first time. The Star Party was about the nicest I ever attended. Shall you ever look at the beautiful stars again without thinking about it and remembering that you are each a little human star, and if you let your light go out, it will be just so much darker for those around you, and perhaps for many who are ever so far away from you.

If you ever again hear me say I am ill you will have reason to think it is because I do not want to be well. How can I help feeling happy and strong when such friends as dear little Alice and my other Banner children are praying for me? It is all wrong to be sick, and we want everything to be right in our Banner family, don't we? So we will all look up at the sun every morning and take deep breaths so full of sunshine and pure air that our faces, which Anita Trueman says are masks of the spirit, you know, will shine so brightly we'll have just like the Mother-Star. Is it agreed?

Alice's mamma sent me a bunch of bright yellow jonquils that she had picked near Sea-Cove Lodge. They came all the way from Cardinal, Virginia, and when they reached Needham last Saturday they were as fresh as if they had just been gathered.

Were you not pleased to hear from the Western children, Elizabeth Cain and Anna E. Stewart? We welcome them gladly, and

Edna, too, and we shall look eagerly for other letters. We will learn something from Anna when she writes about the State of Wisconsin. Elizabeth gave such a clear description of herself that it was almost the same as having a photograph.

We have the picture of a baby from West Superior, Wisconsin, but we are waiting until her mamma tells us more about her short earth life, before we show it to you.

Xilia has found the "X" to her "yes," and hums a little tune, besides doing a very accurate and wonderful thing of the late. She is growing rapidly on the love you send her. Your love gets into the food she drinks. Then it shines out of her eyes; she breathes it out of her little nose; it comes in little coos and trills out of her mouth; she waves it about her head with her hands, which are like fairy wands, and it seems as if I see all your smiling faces. Leona looks like the Mother-Star and you are her children. Her love is yours. Indeed, I can not find words to describe it.

Your friend, M. C. Barrett.
P. S.—Let us hear from all the children, the older ones as well as the youngest.

A Little Boy's Touching Message.

A pathetic incident occurred the other day in Baltimore at the funeral of a Mrs. Vogtman. Little Willie Baker, the 6-year-old son of a neighbor, came to Mr. Louis Vogtman, husband of the dead woman, a few moments before the funeral cortege started and requested him to give a letter to Mrs. Vogtman to take to his mother. The letter said: "Dear mamma, I am praying for you daily. Your loving son, Willie." The mother of the child died about a week ago, and he wanted the letter sent to her in Heaven.

Dear little Willie! Your mother received your loving thought, though she got not the letter. You will surely become a Spiritualist ere you grow to manhood.

"The Comfort of Spiritualism," this will be Paul F. De Gournay's topic in the great edition of the Banner, on its forty-fourth birthday. Read his words of consolation for yourselves. You will find them only in the Banner of Light.

Literary Department.

BY ARTHUR C. SMITH.

Books Here Reviewed are Sold at Banner of Light Bookstore.

PSYCHO PALMISTRY KEY: Blanca De Ovier, 336 pages. Price \$2.50. "Psycho palmistry is the science of reading character and events in a person's life by means of lines, depressions and symbols, which are to be found in every hand," so says the author in the preface to her work.

From the time of Hardieff the monk publisher of the earliest book on palmistry before the use of movable types till the present, no book has been published. At least none has come to my notice, that equals in scope, in fullness and philosophical thought as well as detail and illustration, Miss De Ovier's Psycho palmistry key.

Such is the amount of matter given in the work that the whole space of this review might be taken up with a table of contents. Instead, I will give only a part of the more general headings and allow the purchaser, and you want to be one of the number if you are interested in a study of the characteristics of the creature man, to find for himself the lesser headings of the chapters as well as the text of the book. Chapter I has to do with the "Color" title, "Astrology," "The Lines and Symbols" then come in for their share of notice, followed by a chapter on the "Types of Criminals," then "Insanity of Hands," "Pictures in the Hand." Part VI is given to a study of the hands of different classes of professional people. Many pictures of the different hands read are here presented, entertaining and instructive to profession and laity alike. I was ever fond of looking at pictures. They tell so quickly, so unmistakably, the story which words may but partially tell, and the pictures here introduced accompanied by text is the best possible way of conveying the desired knowledge. The author not only gives the characteristics of the possessor of hands pictured, but she tells where the indications of such characteristics are found, and how related to other portions of the hand and character.

Emerson said something about all parts of nature being relative and offset. "The key" deals not alone with hands but has chapters on "Limbs," "Psychology," "Wheel of Life," "Tree of Life," "Writing," "Visions," "Astrology."

Medicine is considered, and diagnosis by palmistry, also "Palmistry of the Bible." In the chapter on the hands of psychics are cute and descriptions of the hands of the following well known people in our ranks: Moses, Hail, A. Gaston, Mrs. Richmond, Mrs. Twing, the Cammells, Allen and Charles, P. L. O. A. Keeler, May Wallis and Jordan Cavan.

In this work are included all I have ever found in any other book on palmistry. Here we have something of phrenology, of physiognomy, much of Desartean philosophy, and all combined in a way that appeals to the reason, that should teach the folly of attempting to hide or to shrink any of our acts. Emerson says "Play the fool in a desert and every grain of sand will blab it." Our author says plainly that no other witness than ourselves is required in the case of the hand. The work on our character and our hands is stamped the record of our folly.

Much of the matter relating to the readings seems beyond the simple power of the palmist, perhaps if I knew how, it would all be as plain as daylight, for the Countess is able to explain where she finds the basis for any statement she makes, and claims that any one of ordinary perception by a careful study of the key can do the same as she does and it may be, for after Columbus taught the wise men they were able to make an egg stand on its end.

WHAT A MAN OF 45 OUGHT TO KNOW. Sylvanus Stall, D. D. 234 pp. Price, \$1.50.

It has been aptly said that a man at forty-five is either a fool or a physician. In the earlier books of this Self and Sex Series, the author, Sylvanus Stall, D. D., associate editor of the *Lancet*, has shown how to save young boys, young men and young husbands from mistakes which can only be avoided by intelligence. Few men know that great physical changes await them at middle life. Perhaps it may be truthfully said that men of forty-five are as ignorant of the nature of the changes which await them as they are passing as boys at the period of adolescence. In this book, Dr. Stall, in that honest, frank and fearless, but pure and matterless way which distinguishes the earlier books of the series, sets forth the character of the changes which occur in the physical life of both men and women. The author makes out a clear case; appraises laymen of what all intelligent physicians admit; prepares his readers to solve the mysteries of those changes and by intelligence to escape the sad consequences of ignorance. To many

men the guidance of this book will be a timely benediction.

From the wealth of the book we borrow but a little, one quotation to show the hopeful, inspiring words of the author to those whose faces are lighted by a western sun, those no longer on the ascent in the vital life of manhood.

After telling of the lessening powers and the bitterness that often offends, Dr. Stall says, "The while that we have said is true, nature brings returns which fully compensate for what one has lost. The fact is that a man whose life has been correct, whose years have been given to thoughtful study, never attains his very best until he has passed this period of middle life. When the physical masculine nature has received its modification, the real man within rises in a might and majesty never before possible."

THE APRIL "MIND." The readers of this able exponent of the "New Thought" will be glad to know that the Rev. R. Heber Newton, D. D., contributes the first of another series of papers to the April issue. His subject is "The Training Circle Thought as a Life Force." "Mental Influences" is the title of an article, which is also the first of a series on metaphysical topics, by Charles Brodie Patterson, one of the editors. Alwyn M. Thurber, late editor of *Universal Truth* (recently absorbed by *Mind*), writes upon "Our Safety in Thought and Action." J. A. Plummer answers Platte's query, "What is Truth?" in a most suggestive way. Alida Chanler Emmet contributes some extremely plain talk "concerning woman." "Domination," a poem by M. P. Stanton, precedes an encouraging article on "Universality in Religion" by H. W. Graves. W. H. Phillips presents some striking comments on the question, "Are We Free?" which is followed by a beautiful allegory from the pen of A. A. Haines, entitled "The Sun and the Oak." Mrs. Ingle's "Occult story" is continued, and the Rev. Helen Van-Anderson contributes some luminous metaphysical "answers to correspondence," in the "Family Circle" department.

John Emery McLean has four editorials and some instructive reviews of new books. The eighth volume opens with this number. \$2.00 a year; 20 cents a copy, at news stands. The Alliance Publishing Company, New York.

BOOKS RECEIVED.—Political Economy of Humanism (Henry Wood), 329 pp.; cloth, \$1.25; paper, 50c.

"Devotion," Mrs. Emma Rood Tuttle, William Branton and Mrs. Minnie M. Soule, will be our birthday edition poets. They always have something to say, hence you should read their offerings first-hand. Order extra copies of the Banner.

Old Indian Woman Viki's Exposition.

Mrs. Jane Dextater, accompanied by her granddaughter, visited the Six Nations Village at the Pan-American Exposition grounds, Buffalo, recently. Mrs. Dextater is the daughter of Mrs. Nancy Johnson, the Indian squaw whose century-old cabin was taken from the Tonawanda Reservation and re-erected on the Exposition grounds.

Mrs. Dextater was born near Genesee some time between 1800 and 1805. She is therefore between 95 and 100 years old. She will accompany her mother, who is about 120 years of age, to the Exposition next summer. She had no difficulty in walking from Amherst street, through the snow, to the part of the Exposition grounds where the Six Nations Exhibit is located, a distance of half a mile, and return.

She remembers when the Indians lived in bark houses and wore skins and nothing on their feet but buckskin moccasins; and when they subsisted chiefly on the game which they could kill with their bows and arrows.

Mrs. Dextater has three children living.

Mrs. May S. Pepper, J. Clegg Wright, Geo. W. Kates, Rev. B. P. Austin, Mrs. Minnie M. Soule, and many others are all expected to greet the readers of the Banner in our birthday edition. Every Spiritualist should know what they have to say.

Judicious Use of the Corset.

Dr. Gallant has told women about "the judicious use of the corset."

In our opinion, the best way of using the corset "judiciously" is to use it for kindling a fire.

It is said that some women, flabby and misshapen, would be hideous to look upon without corsets. And that is true.

But if corsets were unknown, women would not permit themselves to become flabby and hideous. At any cost they would keep thin, normal and graceful, and the race would be vastly improved by their desperate efforts. As long as a woman is permitted to take a corset and lace herself up into an imitation of a partridge stuffed with truffles she will allow herself to become fat and hideous.

But take away her steels, her whalebones, her laces, and she will devote her mind to acquiring the shape of a human being, instead of devoting her muscle to squeezing her poor liver into fatty inactivity.

The only good thing that has ever been said for the corset is this:

By squeezing in the lower part of the body it forces women to use the upper part of the lungs in breathing.

Consumption usually begins in neglect of the upper portions of the lungs, and consumption is much rarer among women than among men.

We don't believe that this argument for the corset amounts to anything. Women, being emotional, use the upper part of the lungs anyhow, for in emotional breathing it is the upper part of the lungs that does the work.

Even admitting all that may be said about consumption, there is no doubt that lacing shortens the lives of hundreds of women where consumption would not affect tens of them.

Corsets worn in youth are paid for dearly



Ladies, at luncheon parties and at all home-meals, will find a delicacy of flavor in all dishes savored with this sauce for soups, fish, meats, gravy, game, salads etc.

By middle life, preventing normal transitions and normal developments and changes.

Of course, we do not expect women who have worn corsets for years to give them up suddenly. The muscles around their waists, atrophied by disuse, would not properly support them.

But they might at least wear corsets as loose as possible, gradually increasing the looseness as the muscles gain strength.

Above all, they should discourage the wearing of corsets among young girls.

The figure of a woman, as nature made it and as Greek sculpture shows it, is a more beautiful creation than the French "figure," which makes a woman look like a man's with a piece of tape tied around the middle.

—Chicago American.

A Leader is Always Found

When the People are Ready.

W. H. MEADSB.

A young Senator from the West declares that the Democracy of the United States has no leader at present.

He mounts points out the absolute rule of trusts, of the military instinct, of money, and its interests generally.

He thinks that the Democracy is drifting helplessly around, and that it will be at the mercy of money for many years to come.

When you find a great party, any great section of the people without a leader, you may be sure that the leaderless ones are themselves at fault. A leader of men is, after all, only the expression of human principles and enthusiasm.

When the fruit is ripe, the apple falls from the tree. That apple is the "leader" among apples, but it leads, not because of any special power within its individual self, but because the fruit is ripe and the time has come.

The same rule holds good among men. When they are ripe for action, when they have really proved and fully developed the enthusiasm which needs expression, a leader is found to express them.

There is no lack of leaders among the great body of the people.

It is true that these people are not led today, that they have little to say in the management of the country. But the trouble is with themselves; they do not know what they want. They have no united opinions. They are all pulling in different directions. A leader, to lead all of them, would have to lead in fifty different directions at once.

The very poor man blindly and stupidly wants division of property. He thinks he is a socialist, and really only makes socialism ridiculous.

Another man among the discontented wishes to hold responsible those who have succeeded where he has failed. He is poor and they are rich, and he would like to see them suffer. He belongs to the foolish, ignorant, anarchist class.

Another has a little money, a mere pittance, in the savings bank; or some pitiful little place that pays him just enough to get along. This meagre, half-way competence is more important to him than everything else in the world put together. Rather than risk it by supporting a new idea, he will maintain the present status indefinitely.

The unthinking zealots, anarchists and others; the timid, thoughtless, nondescript incompetents, the egotistical dreamers, make up a very poor following. They are not worth a leader, and will not produce any. When they get together and develop earnest thought, they will develop leaders without trouble.

In 1776 the people of this country knew what they wanted, and although they did not have the rich classes or a majority of the educated classes with them, they succeeded in their aims. They found plenty of leaders. Franklin, Jefferson, Patrick Henry, Washington, all of these were unknown before the need for them was developed.

In the United States today there are plenty of such men waiting for a chance to lead. When public opinion, intelligence and the sense of justice shall have crystallized into definite shape, new leaders will appear.—N. Y. Evening Journal, Mar. 8.

About Bats.

We have no animal more interesting and probably none more valuable, and certainly none less understood and more abused than the bat. They are easily tamed, absolutely harmless when gently handled, and make pets as funny as any monkeys. As destroyers of many of our most pestiferous night-flying insects, like mosquitoes, the bat is almost our sole dependence, and, as he is known to hunt insects aloft as well as on the wing, he is also of some value for larvae that do not fly.

My attention was turned to the bat through the codlin moth, the insect to blame for most worm-eaten apples. In an orchard near my home I found nine of the grubs of this insect in a minute. Chancing to go into another orchard, hardly a mile away, I found only four of the grubs in an hour's search. There is an old barn near by, in which live a colony of between seventy-five and one hundred bats. The owner informed me that his apples were always free from worms.—Prof. Hodge in *The American Boy*.

Purchase the "Birthday Banner" and read William J. Hall's ringing words upon "Aitruism, the Outcome of Spiritualism."

MEDIUMSHIP AND ITS DEVELOPMENT.

By W. H. BACH. This book is written for the express purpose of furnishing mediums, and those who wish to develop mediumship, with a key to assist the business in bringing about the desired results. The methods required to bring about the different results are explained, with directions for preparing any necessary devices. It contains a record of the history of Mediumship, and the investigator is seeking information concerning the different phases of Mediumship will find them very clearly defined in this work. OBSERVATION is treated in a practical way, and complete instructions are given for avoiding the influence of disincarnate spirits and for breaking their control. HYPNOTISM is treated in a clear, concise manner, and complete instructions are given for using this marvelous power of suggestibility in a practical way. The book is followed by 100 to 150 pages of illustrations. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.



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