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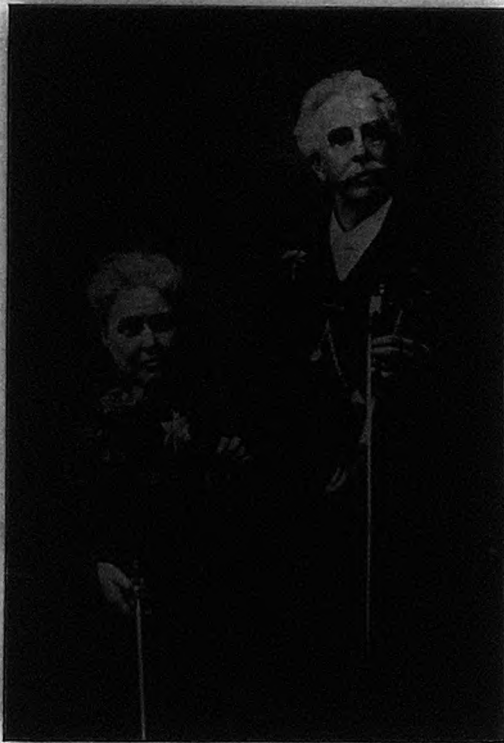
NO. 7

## Prof. J. Jay Watson and Daughter, Miss Annie A. Watson, Boston, Mass.

These musical artists who have so often and generously given their services to various spiritual gatherings, were heard with renewed pleasure at the Fifty-Fourth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism in Chickering Hall, on Sunday evening, March 30th, before one of the largest and most intelligent audiences of which Boston can boast. The exercises were unusually interesting. The address of President E. L. Allen, the sermon by Rev. F. A. Wiggins, the beautiful singing of the

Watson was surrounded upon the platform by such celebrities as Peter Cooper, William M. Evans, Gov. William Bigler of Pennsylvania, George Frances Train, Stewart L. Woodford, and many others, as she electrified an immense audience of nearly five thousand people. Miss Watson is still with her father, and directs the female department at the "Watson Musical Conservatory," 180 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass.

The professor and his daughter are anticipating a musical tour in the near future and we hope soon to again have the pleasure of listening to them, a pleasure which we are confident many of the readers of the Banner would also enjoy.



Ladies' Schubert Quartet, the reading of Miss Lillian Brainard, and artistic violin selections by Prof. Stanis Hoppe, were all well rendered. The performance of the musical composition entitled "Dreaming of Music," was rendered by Prof. and Miss Watson with such pathos as to draw tears of joy from their listeners.

Prof. and Miss Watson are both natives of Gloucester, Mass., and have long been extensively and favorably recognized by the public as musicians of rare culture. Prof. Watson (as is well known by many of the readers of the Banner), was for many years the friend, traveling companion and pupil of the once famous Norwegian violinist, Ole Bull, and is probably the only violinist now living who performs many of Ole Bull's movements upon the "King of Instruments."

Prof. Watson founded the "National University of Music and other Liberal Arts" in New York City, in 1872, and his musical institution was the first and only one in America to receive the unanimous approval of special State legislation, which was granted at Albany, N. Y. The objects of this university were to secure for the students of the beautiful liberal and other useful arts, the advantages which universities of musical philosophy and other sciences bestow.

Since the death of Prof. Watson's marvelously gifted son, Emmons Hamlin Watson, which occurred in New York at the early age of twenty, the Professor and his family have spent much of their time in New England, in the city of Boston, where he now resides and conducts his musical institution. The Professor's beautiful and accomplished wife, who was his helpmeet, counselor and guide for more than half a century, and who recently passed from earth life, shortly after the celebration of their "golden wedding" day, frequently accompanied him in his musical entertainments upon the guitar, an instrument upon which she played with rare grace.

Miss Annie A. Watson, the Professor's gifted daughter, as a pianist takes position in the front ranks. Her remarkable technique accompanied with rare musical intelligence has made her a favorite wherever she has been heard. Miss Watson was the pianist selected to play the solos upon that instrument at the great opening entertainment of the "Philadelphia Centennial," given at Steiway Hall, N. Y., in 1876, and although at the time a mere child, her performances received great praise from the press and the public.

Upon the occasion above mentioned, Miss

## ANOTHER TRIBUTE.

The evening session of the anniversary exercises of the Veteran Spiritualists' Union was made more attractive by the presence of Prof. J. Jay Watson and Miss Annie, his daughter. For a number of years they have been most liberal in their contributions of music to the Cause of Spiritualism, and particularly to the Veterans and while they might very naturally have been excused from further service, on the ground of a well earned respite, they, like the good soldiers that they are, explicitly stated that while there was ought to be done, they must do their part.

## Pres. Allen's Anniversary Address.

My words will be few. First I welcome you one and all to this our Fifty-fourth Birthday; next I congratulate the Boston Spiritual Temple Society upon its standing in the community, upon the lift it has given Spiritualism, upon the encouragement it has given the young people to wait on its teachings, upon its improved methods, upon its bright prospects for the future.

There has been no time since man came upon the earth when he was gathering knowledge so rapidly and getting so near to the truth, as the present time. He is learning to care for both soul and body. In a few years more he will be able to get along without the doctor and the minister; and in the course of time without the lawyer. Then he will have attained his majority; then he will live at peace with his neighbor; then he will do unto others as he would have others do unto him, and by that time the Boston Spiritual Temple will be absorbed in the great Temple of Humanity. Hoping you will enjoy this Anniversary occasion I ask for you the richest blessings of the spirit world.

"The Present only is ours."

"Become radiant with Spirituality."

"If you have not what you like, like what you have."

The laws of Nature are the thoughts of God—Oersted.

"How grand and sublime are the mighty orbs of the universe!"

Death and immortality both dwell in the body. Ignorance leads to the former; truth, to the latter.—Mahabharata.

## A PRESENT HEAVEN.

How lovely is this world of ours—  
From winter white to fall of leaf;  
How blue its birds and grass and flowers,  
And all its days or long or brief;  
It is so beautiful to be  
A part of nature's noble plan,  
And with the eyes of wonder see—  
The varied treasures meant for man!

Men have had sorrow, pain and care;  
They made our earth a scene of strife,  
Then wrestled with the thought in prayer,  
That only evil here was ripe;  
They deemed this world was doomed to sin,  
8) heaven could only be above;  
But now we hope that state to win—  
Because its blessedness is live!

God gave delight to life at first—  
To grow in goodness and in grace;  
No part of it by Him is curst.  
But each has pleasure in his place;  
'Tis wakened knowledge of this fact,  
That fills the spirit with high power,  
So that with joy we think and act,  
And spend in peace each passing hour!

Here faith grows great to loving eyes,  
Here patience wins the goal of good;  
Here countless blessings give surprise,  
While beauty waits on brotherhood;  
We live in thought of health and cheer,  
In friendship with the world of men,  
Believing heaven is now and here,  
To swell and broaden there and then!

—William Branton.

## The Forty-Fourth Anniversary of Spiritualism.

### VETERAN SPIRITUALISTS UNION.

The program as published was carried out with the exception of the address from Miss Harlow in the morning. She was detained by illness too severe to warrant exposure on such a stormy day; and Mrs. Loring in the afternoon was prevented from appearing through a relapse of Mr. Loring. All the workers were at their best, and so far as we could judge every one who faced the storm appreciated the action of the committee in giving the time over to a few workers capable of using it for a definite work instead of following a custom of crowding the program with so many that no one could have sufficient time to make a lasting impression.

Friends of the Union, old and new (may their numbers increase), will be glad to know the Union was aided financially by contributions (either for the General Treasury, or the Fund for clearing the Home from its mortgage debt, or for the permanent sinking fund) and collections of upwards of two hundred and fifty (\$250) dollars, most of it paid at the time or since—very small amount of pledges unredeemed.

You, dear reader, will, I am sure, be interested to know that a special fund, which has been started to pay the burdensome mortgage of \$5000, which has been crippling in its effect on the Union from the start, has already reached the half-way mark—a little over \$2500, having been subscribed, and Mr. Barrett, in whose hands the funds are placed, is instructed to hold them until the whole \$5000 is raised—then pay off the mortgage. What a relief it will be to have the thing taken away! How encouraging will be the outlook with the Home relieved from its troublesome debt! Then, if the Banner of Light Sinking Fund reaches anything like the proportions it should before it closes, at last the old V. S. U. will be established on permanent lines. Fellow-laymen, the call is for us. After you and I have given of our money and our time and our ability we cannot outstrip the average medium in his daily offering of service. Our business calls we meet or cannot continue business. As citizens we contribute to our city, county and state at the demand of our government. Shall we withhold our offerings from the one Cause that gives permanent value to our property and makes residence anywhere a thing of meaning, because the tax collector cannot levy on our holdings? Think this over a bit. See if you have given all you can for this purpose—then decide whether you think the payment of the mortgage the most important thing; or the Sinking Fund which you know will produce annually for the Union, as it is to be kept a steady investment, "yielding her fruit every month;" or if you wish to simplify the work of the directors in meeting the every day claims upon them, give to the secretary "for general use."

The first Tuesday in May will be the annual meeting for election of officers. Don't you think some of you who are outside ought to become members (\$1.00 per year), and have a vote at that meeting? When you take upon you the responsibilities of membership you can justly have the right to urge your methods and ideas on the body of which you are a member. The V. S. U. today has no school-boy's task before it, but it has an opportunity for service, on lines of practical humanitarianism, and I believe needs only your support and proper, consecrated officers and members when the "glad

note of her reasonable service" shall be heard throughout this continent.

I have the honor to be,

Your obedient servant in this work,  
Irving P. Symonds.

### A PLEASING INCIDENT.

A pleasing incident of the anniversary exercises of the Veteran Spiritualists' Union was the drawing of a sofa pillow top, made by a dear old lady in Manchester. Mrs. Stratton, who embroidered the pillow top is now about ninety years old and never did a bit of embroidery until she was eighty-six. She is a friend of the V. S. U. and has a desire to help swell the "Sinking Fund." Unable to give money she made the pillow top hoping to be able to convert it into money, but having failed she sent it to Mr. Symonds, president of the V. S. U., to give to his wife, as a token of her esteem for him. He, knowing the wish of Mrs. Stratton's heart, conceived the idea of selling it on shares.

This was done and five dollars and thirty cents were added to the "Fund," by this means. The fortunate winner presented it to the Home. Some of the ladies of the board of the V. S. U. have taken it and are to finish it and put a pillow in it for use at the Home, when it is opened.

Our grateful thanks are tendered to Mrs. Susan Stratton, of Manchester, N. H., for five dollars and thirty cents, which we received for her piece of work and for an unusually pretty pillow for the Home, which is doubly dear when we consider her age.

M. M. S.

### THE MASSACHUSETTS STATE ASSOCIATION

held anniversary exercises in Paine Hall, Monday afternoon, March 31. The hall was very beautifully decorated with many colors, and several bouquets of flowers graced the platform. The speaker for the day was Rev. B. F. Austin. Meeting opened at 2:30 and the president, George A. Fuller, M. D., welcomed the friends who were present in behalf of the State Association; he spoke of the pioneer workers and said: "The State Association is ever loyal to them for the work of the past and for their generous courtesies of the present." He explained that this Association held only one session because unable to secure a hall for evening session, it being Easter Monday, and all available halls were engaged. He continued: "I want to impress you all with the sacredness of Spiritualism, for as we grow nearer to that land unseen by many of us, our vision becomes clearer and our beautiful religion becomes dearer."

Mr. E. W. Hatch pleasantly rendered a vocal selection which was very well received, Miss Christine Brown, pianist. Mr. Charles L. C. Hatch favored the audience with a violin solo, which was heartily applauded. Dr. B. F. Austin read a poem; vocal selections, Miss Christine Brown; Miss Brown has a sweet, pure voice, which delighted her hearers.

Rev. B. F. Austin was introduced in a charming manner by the president, and the gentleman was greeted with much applause. After responding to the cordial greeting he took for his subject, "The Mission of Spiritualism to the Twentieth Century." His address was admirable and concise; his methods of answering all of the adverse criticism of the world, were unparalleled. We did not take a synopsis of the lecture, because we think in the near future the address will be printed for missionary distribution; certainly all who listened to this address felt benefited and we are glad to welcome such an advocate of Spiritualism to our ranks. The meeting closed with benediction.

Carrie J. Hatch, Sec'y.

### THE BOSTON SPIRITUAL LYCEUM

Sunday, March 30, Paine Hall. The Boston Spiritual Lyceum that meets in this hall every Sunday celebrated the anniversary of Modern Spiritualism. The question for the day was, "What are the Established Facts in Spiritualism?" Answers were very instructive, and those coming from the pupils showed a knowledge of spiritual things that would do credit to many an adult. The grand march was participated in, and every one felt the spirit of the occasion. Those taking part during the recreation time were: Recitations, Harry Gilmore Green, Ansel Haynes, Alice Hatch and Lois Hatch; reading response, Miss Alice Bill; piano solo, Miss Alice Ireland; song, Mr. Fred Taylor; violin solo, Charles L. C. Hatch; piano solo, William K. Sheldon; mandolin solo, Winale Ireland; song, Mrs. H. Greene; remarks, Mr. A. Danforth; song, E. W. Hatch.

Mr. C. W. Wellington, one of the old veterans gave a very interesting talk in regard to Easter. He had had the pleasure of addressing many Sunday schools during his lifetime and he wished to speak to a school of Spiritualists. His remarks were very interesting, and we hope to meet with him again.

An essay was read from Mr. Forrest Harding from Victoria, B. C. As the gentleman is still a member of our school, we were very pleased to feel that we were remembered by him at this anniversary time, also pleased

to learn that he is president of the Psychological Research Society of that place.

Mrs. Ada L. Pratt, one of our efficient teachers prepared the following essay upon our "Lyceum Work." We are always glad to have visitors, and our school is open, free to all.—Guardian.

### LYCEUM WORK

We often hear the question asked, "Who will take the places of the old workers as they fall out of the ranks of the Spiritualists?" Today, as we look into the bright faces of these young people, who are members of this Lyceum, the question does not seem a difficult one to answer. If the kind friends present this afternoon to assist us in our anniversary exercises, could realize what a pleasant and profitable hour we spend here every Sunday, they would encourage the efforts of these young students seeking for truth, and visit us oftener. The exercises of our school differ somewhat from other Lyceums. In fact it is unlike any other so-called Spiritualists' Sunday school. It is with pride I tell you, it is the best Lyceum in America or England. When I say that, I speak from personal experience, for I have visited many Lyceums in my travels across the continent, as well as in Liverpool, Manchester and London.

I would not have you misunderstand me, all of these schools are of great value as far as they go, but the intellectual methods as adopted by the Boston Spiritual Lyceum is far excellent. We do not confine our thought to any Lyceum Manual, but our lesson exercises are more an expression of original thought, and some of the debates our questions call out, as we agree to disagree in our opinions, would do credit to a debating club.

It may interest you to hear some of the live topics we have considered the last few months: "Which is the most important—this life or the one to come?"

"Of what benefit is the science of astronomy?"

"Where is the Spirit-world?"

"Is war justifiable from the standpoint of a Spiritualist?"

"Why do we love the American flag?"

"What was the influence of the life of George Washington, of Abraham Lincoln and of Thomas Paine?"

"Is genius a disease?"

"Can we love our neighbor as ourselves?"

"How can we make other lives better?"

"Is clairvoyance a natural gift or a phase of mediumship?"

"Do animals have a future life?"

"What do Spiritualists really know about the Spirit-world?"

Our lessons are not confined to Spiritualism alone, but embrace other lines of progressive thought. You can see without any further argument on my part how very interesting and instructive the various opinions given must be.

In addition to our question, some member of the school presents (either written or orally, a five minute essay on the most important event of the week. The essayist has unlimited latitude of selection, and often gives us a surprise, as we wonder whether it will be a local, national or an international subject. We have had essays presented on: "Booker T. Washington Dining at the White House," "The Defeat of Tammany," "The Salvation Army's Thanksgiving Dinner," "The Boer War," "Miss Stone's Abduction," "Dr. Pfeiffer's Visit to the Post House," "Vacination," "The Visit of Prince Henry," "The Late Strike in Boston," etc.

Some of the essays on these subjects would clearly show you that we regard the brotherhood of man as a reality and not a mere theory.

The first Sunday of each month is "Band of Mercy" Sunday. To become members of this noble institution, we pledge ourselves to protect all harmless, helpless animals. The lesson time is devoted to accounts of the affection and intelligence of our dumb friends. The children enjoy this session and the lesson of kindness is helpful to us all, for if we are kind to animals we surely will be kind to each other.

Have you ever visited a Lyceum that had better intellectual advantages than ours? If you have I hope you will join us, and help us to reach still higher in our quest for truth.

I need not dwell on the march or the literary and musical part of our program for they are familiar to all Lyceums. A session of our school is held in this pleasant hall every Sunday afternoon at 1:30 p. m. No matter how severe the weather has been during the winter, we have not had less than sixteen present, and the public can always depend upon a session, at the appointed time.

It seems a pity Spiritualists as a whole, have so little interest in Lyceum work. They applaud at conventions and on anniversary occasions, when a plea is made for the Lyceum, but they rarely sacrifice any time or money to help interest the young people in the truths of Spiritualism. Spiritualists of all people, if they know any thing about the next life, should realize the benefit Lyceums are to the children in spirit spheres. If

(Continued on page five.)



## "Just for To-day."

Lord, for to-morrow and its needs  
I do not pray;  
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin  
Just for to-day.

Let me both diligently work  
And duly pray,  
Let me be kind in word and deed,  
Just for to-day.

Let me be slow to urge my will,  
Prompt to obey;  
Help me to mortify my flesh,  
Just for to-day.

Let me no wrong or idle word  
Unhappily say,  
Set thou a seal upon my lips,  
Just for to-day.

Let me in season, Lord, be grave,  
In season gay;  
Let me be faithful to thy grace  
Just for to-day.

So, for to-morrow and its needs  
I do not pray,  
But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord,  
Just for to-day.

Build a little fence of trust  
Around to-day,  
Fill it with prayer and loving work,  
And therein stay;

Peer not through the sheltering bars  
At to-morrow,  
God will help thee bear whatever comes  
Of joy or sorrow.

—Selected.

## Autobiographical Sketch of W. J. Colville.

Now that the 25th anniversary of my introduction to the lecture platform of London is at hand, I have been importuned from all parts of the world, which I have visited, to present a sketch of my eventful public career to the reading public. As an introduction to an extended narrative, should time and opportunity favor its production, I herewith present a few salient facts, which will at least prevent misapprehension and perhaps whet popular curiosity for a fuller narrative.

My early childhood was not sufficiently eventful to make its history of any general interest. Let it suffice to say that I was very early left an orphan and was brought up by an elderly lady to whom my father left a handsome legacy, on condition that I should be carefully educated. I received a rudimentary education, and was at one time apprenticed to a firm of bookbinders for a short period; but, as my mother had been an actress, and I had a powerful voice, my own attractions were toward the choir and the theatre, more than in the direction of ordinary business.

From infancy I was what is now called a "sensitive." I possessed what is often designated "second sight" in a remarkable degree. When I was between five and six years of age I started my legal guardian by manifesting clairvoyance in a phenomenal degree. During the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-1, I made predictions which were astonishingly accurate; but being at that time very small and unknown, my predictions were not taken seriously. My extraordinary lucidity was mentioned only among a very small circle of acquaintances, who wondered and speculated, but came to no definite conclusions.

In 1874 one Sunday evening, May 24th, I slipped away from a church where I was singing and went to the concert hall, West street, Brighton, and heard Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond (then Mrs. Tappan) pour forth a remarkable tide of inspired eloquence, followed by an original poem on subjects suggested by her audience. When I returned home and gave an account of myself, I accepted a challenge to imitate Mrs. Tappan, and, greatly to my own as well as to others' astonishment, I actually did in some mysterious manner produce original verses on demand, though neither before nor after that date was I able to compose even a single verse of poetry in my ordinary condition. Brighton at that time was greatly interested in Spiritualism, and the newspapers extensively reported Mrs. Tappan's marvelous orations and commented freely on her extemporaneous poetry, so in the midst of the general excitement, connected with the subject, I was quickly brought to the notice of prominent private Spiritualists, and was encouraged to manifest what was called "gifts" in that possession, in the seclusion of sheltered drawing rooms; but my extreme youth and the refusal of my legal guardian to sanction any public appearances prevented my being introduced to the outside world till nearly three years later.

On Sunday, March 4, 1877, I was formally introduced, as a lecturer and impersonator to the London public. At that time I received the title of "The Kitten Orator," which I was quite content to bear on my extended tour through nearly the whole of England, immediately after I had completed a short metropolitan engagement, when I was a child, alone and unprotected, save for the guidance of the unseen. Like many other children I wished to appear "grown up;" so I told people I was several years older than my actual age, and many persons evidently believed I was twenty-one when I was between sixteen and seventeen. In that position I was for many years, but I had no intention to falsify; but I soon found that I was generally asseverated, and commanded more respect in my strange public position when my extreme youth was not made the subject of public comment. How I succeeded in capturing and holding immense public audiences at that early age I never knew. I was regarded as a phenomenon, and crowds flocked to hear me. On the whole, I was kindly and honorably treated; but a public life is never without its inconveniences and hardships. I grew wonderfully robust, though I had been a very delicate child, and I endured strains of travel and platform exercise long before I was sixteen, which many an accomplished lecturer, in the fullness of a mature prime, would regard as too onerous to be borne.

After about ten months of continuous work in England, I set out for America. I arrived in Boston, Oct. 30, 1878, and owing to the good offices of the famous Dr. J. M. Peabody and other prominent Americans, I had met in London, I at once secured profitable engagements and on the first Sunday of November, 1878, I addressed eight hundred people in Parker Memorial Hall, Boston. The "Banner of Light" reported my lectures in excess and the daily papers made most favorable comments upon my meteoric rise. In Jan., 1880, I found myself in Chicago occupying the platform usually filled by the world-famous Cora L. V. Richmond, through whose sublime eloquence I had been led to find my mission in life a few years previously. Since that date I have lectured, written, and traveled incessantly. I have stood on thousands of platforms and spoken from the pulpit of hundreds of churches. I have edited and contributed to numerous periodicals in all parts of the English-speaking world, and have produced enough books and pamphlets to almost constitute a library.

My life has always been a chequered one and its extreme publicity has brought me into near contact with the varied and manifold of the human mind, as well as the marvelous opportunities for personal insight into the inner, as well as outer workings of all the novel and progressive movements of the day. I have had experience with all phases of psychic phenomena, and owing to my continued connection with the press, I have easily gained acquaintance where the average enquirer into psychic mysteries would have found it difficult to gain an entrance.

What can I say regarding the multitudinous theories now set forth with a view to explaining the seemingly inexplicable? My matured judgment leads me to accept something in every rambling elucubration of stupendous wonders, but I would be other than sincere did I profess to believe that any body of persons organized into sect or party, stands for a complete solution of the mighty problems of being and existence. My own school of thought may be termed Eclectic Spiritual Philosophy, if any one insists in giving it a title, but I am sure we need to open our hearts and minds so widely to the revelations of this marvelous twentieth century that we steer clear of all ruts and refuse to confine ourselves within any narrow groove. Do not think any one of high or low, broad, progressive, deep or shallow, the noun thought, suffices to completely characterize the attitude of the ever-advancing thinker, because each of those worthy adjectives describes only a single phase of that all-including philosophy—union of Love with Wisdom, which is now surely filtering through mystic channels the way to enlighten the rapidly civilizing world.

Practical experience in many climes has taught me to estimate the value of the well-known saying: "The world is my country;" and I hope I can continue in the words of the same author: "To do good is my religion." From Thomas Paine to Emmanuel Swedenborg is a long step in philosophy and theology, but marvelous identity of essential concept is certainly suggested when one quotes after the foregoing sentence from Paine, the celebrated axiom of Swedenborg: "All religion has relation to life, and the life of religion is to do good." I have emphasized these two famous quotations because they constitute my particularly favorite topics of discourse, and from such exhaustive texts sermons and lectures unlimited can flow.

Certain episodes in my public life will always stand out in bold relief against the background of ordinary experience, for though I have been continuously successful, and have never known defeat or utter non-success in all my peregrinations there have been several specially brilliant places in my career which must ever linger as beacon light in memory. The first and second of my phenomenal periods I have already mentioned, the third was in 1886, shortly after I had investigated and began to teach the theory and practice of mental healing, of which I became a prominent exponent in Boston in 1885. It was in June, 1886, that I first saw California and my experiences in the Golden State during the eventful summer and early autumn of that momentous year far exceeded in elation my wildest expectations. San Francisco and Oakland opened their arms to my utterances so widely that in a few days the find halls large enough to accommodate the throngs which gathered day after day, and twice a day, to hear about the marvelous possibilities of human nature, and the power of mind over, so-called, matter. Leading physicians invited me to their houses and distinguished members of the medical profession, which is often supposed to be the relentless antagonist of super-medical modes of healing.

After five months of uninterrupted prosperity in California, during which I did a book business, amazing in its colossal proportions, in addition to my constant lecturing, I was forced to return to Boston, but I had caught what was facetiously termed the "California fever," so in less than a year I was back again in the Golden State, and I traveled all over it from San Diego to the border of Oregon; and then, in 1889, I found myself in Portland and went thence to Seattle, Tacoma and British Columbia, before returning to Boston and New York.

The fourth remarkable episode which I now recall was my summons to France, in 1895, when the Duchess de Pomar insisted upon my visiting her magnificent palace in Paris, and delivering a course of lectures in her magnificent ball room. I had sold many hundred copies of my famous book "The Mystery of the Ages" and was privileged to meet her on the occasion of my earlier visit to Paris, but I had never previously resided under her roof. Though my utterances were no more remarkable than at other times and in other places, the fact of their being given forth in a dual palace produced a ferment of excitement and interest, and I was immediately after my engagement to London, was over, I found myself in such demand and so much sought after by the elite of London society, that during July, 1895, my lectures were given nightly in the residences of the most fashionable dwellers in the West End of the British metropolis. I was in Scotland in 1897, as the guest of Lord and Lady Pitt-Rivers and then returned to London for the great festivities connected with the jubilee of our beloved Queen Victoria.

Back and forth between England and America I had been continuously travelling for many a year till 1899, when the first great episode in my career occurred. I was invited to visit the Antipodes, but now came a call to London and clear to be unheeded. I was in America when it came, and as I had important business to attend to in London, I went back to my best beloved city on Oct. 18, 1899, and took my departure for New York, via Marselles, to Australia, and other cities of Australia. I arrived in Sydney, March 12, and on the following day commenced a work in the Southern Hemisphere which was continued uninterruptedly in Australia and New Zealand till Nov. 30, 1901, when I made a reluctant adieu to beautiful Australia, where I have been hailed with the utmost hospitality by all sections of the community and whither I hope some day to return. Dec. 16 found me again in San Francisco, and though I could only remain in that great city till Jan. 2, 1902, I enjoyed quite a satisfactory reminder of my thrilling experiences of years gone by.

New York and London are again looming large before my mental vision and as far as I can see those two great cities will continue to be in the future, as they have been in the past, chief centres of my diversified activities. My psychic insight never deserts me, and I can truly say that by the aid of my wanderings I have always been guided by a tellerance far greater than I can rationally claim as exclusively my own. Let the brief record of my singular and intensely active, as well as strangely chequered, life be regarded as an offering to the public for study on the part of all students of the psychic realm.

I will simply add that though a delicate child, my constitution has grown woefully enervated in consequence of the mental strain of my life. I have been led to take through all these many years, of excellent health and have never suffered from any ailment since my childhood worse than an occasional "cold." I have proved to demonstration in my own experience that continuous mental

work with voice and pen, in all climates, can be found conducive to health and vigor in all directions.

## The Abbey Chimes, or the Mystery of Glen Avon.

MARCEL A. VAN NISE.

## CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

(Copyright 1901-'02.)

Uncle Dick swam to it, and with a little dexterity righted it, then springing in rescued one of the oars from the water and rowed quickly to the spot where the still form of Charles Avon lay. He found her unconscious. He lifted her up in his strong arms and placed her in the boat, then rowed with might and main (only one oar) and reached the opposite shore in a few seconds. Tenderly he bore her back to the house. Though the terrible experience Uncle Dick had just gone through made him seem aged to him, yet they had really been gone but little over half an hour. Marie had but just missed them and was instituting a search through the house, never dreaming that her uncle would be so foolish as to leave his guests for the purpose of going to lake at that late hour. She was just coming out of the reception room, when she encountered her uncle, all dripping wet as he was, with the still unconscious form of Charles Avon in his arms. To say that Marie was astonished would scarcely explain her feelings.

"Oh Uncle Dick," she cried, "what is it? Is she—Charles dead? How did it happen?" she asked, bursting into tears.

"Don't cry, Marie; save your tears till after you get me a doctor. Go quickly, order hot brandy and warm blankets, and don't, on your life, breathe a word of this accident to our guests. I will carry her up to her room."

But in stopping to give Marie his orders, he had already delayed too long, for as he turned to go up the stairs, he came face to face with Miss Pecksniff.

"Oh! Goodness gracious! What ever is the matter?" she cried.

Uncle Dick related past her, without deigning any reply, and rushed up stairs with his precious burden.

Miss Pecksniff flew back to the ball room, and pushing her way through the crowd of dancers sought out General Grassmere. Her ready black eyes fairly sparkled, so brimful was she of what she had to tell. Grasping without the least delay the arm of the man, she pulled him along until she finally got him back in the little curtained off recess.

"By Jupiter, and all the other gods!" thundered the general, "tell me what this unexpected conduct means?"

Without stopping to notice his rather profane remark, Miss Pecksniff burst out with a skeleton:

"There now! didn't I tell you there was a skeleton?" she almost shrieked.

"If it's as bony a one as you are it's a bonny," muttered the irate old gentleman.

"You're right," she said, "for the woman who pulled a tight grip on my arm, and told you there was, and there's something awfully strange about the whole family, I declare; for what do you think I've just seen? You'll guess in a month; such a sight!" Here she threw up her hands and eyes in quite a melodramatic way, so as to make her news all the more impressive.

"I actually saw Lady Avon's daughter carried up stairs in the arms of Mr. Richard Lejandre!" she paused a minute to see the effect her words had on her listener, and also to see if he had any remarks to make, but he only glared at her, as if he would like to shake either her life out of her or the rest of her story. But the joy and pleasure she was feeling in telling the general (who had been so perfectly polite to her) a nice little bit of scandal about the young lady, was cut suddenly short by Marie, who broke in upon them just at that moment.

"Oh, General Grassmere," she cried, "will you help me to tell our guests that there has been a terrible accident? Miss Charles Avon, my friend, who is at present staying with us, fell in the water, and Uncle Dick, my Uncle Dick (as if there was a special value set on her Uncle Dick) swam out and saved her. And, oh dear! I'm so upset. The doctor is here now (he's knocking) he thinks the shock to her nerves will kill her, he—he says she may die any moment!"

Miss Pecksniff did not wait to hear any more, but beat a hasty retreat.

"Dear me, Miss Marie," replied the general, "you're right! Certainly I'll tell them for you. You are to tell them, my dear child. Leave it to me. I'll do it. Dear, dear! I am sorry, very sorry. How on earth did it happen?" muttered the good-hearted old soldier, as he went back into the ball room, and in a few minutes he had disappeared.

Other guests chosen sentences informed the other guests of what had happened. He told it in such a way as to avoid casting any reflection on poor half-drowned Charles's fair name. In less than an hour afterwards all had left, and the ball room, so lately filled with life and beauty, was silent and deserted.

Until far into the night Uncle Dick paced up and down the hallway in front of his loved one's door, and not until the doctor peremptorily ordered him, did he attempt to retire. Even then he could not rest, but continued that restless paces up and down his room.

"Ah! If she should die, what shall I do? How account for her present sickness, without telling the truth?" he mentally exclaimed.

It was through me that it happened, but I lived another day without telling her of my love. 'Tis true she did not answer, there was no time. Oh! the cruel water! Why did I take her on it?" he exclaimed aloud, in an agitated voice. "But it is no use lamenting now. It is too late. Just then he heard the doctor come down stairs and mutter as he went past his door.

"Stupid affair, this. I should have thought Dick would have known better, the wind blowing north-east too. Lake indeed!" Dick listened till the doctor mumbled his horse and rode away.

"It is no use," cried Dick. "I cannot bear this cruel suspense. I must see her."

He took off his shoes and crept noiselessly out of his room, and up the short flight of stairs that led to the sick girl's room. He paused at the door and listened. Hearing no sound he knocked softly. Still no sound. He then turned the handle of the door and opened it gently. The room was, with the exception of the fire light, in darkness. Uncle Dick looked round the room until his anxious eyes finally rested on the bed. He crept nearer.

"How deathly pale she looks," he murmured. "And so still. Can she be already dead? Ah no," he almost cried out in his anguish, "she surely would not let her die!"

After sorrowfully contemplating the still, white face, he stooped over and pressed his lips to hers. Oh the mingled joy and sorrow of that kiss!

"Ah!" he murmured, as he noticed a slight fluttering of her eyelids. "She lives. Oh joy, joy!" He could have danced, he felt so relieved. Then, a pair of widely open bluebell eyes met his, and her white lips moved. Dick bent down to catch the softly whispered words.

"I am here, my Marcus!"

"The light is here, and the long, white, waxen face, Charles, no more on the edge of insensibility. Richard Lejandre sprang back from the bed. The happy exclamation had fled from his face. It was drawn with the intensity of his anguish as he realized the truth. Charles loved another! She could never be his, never! Back to his own room he went, and shutting himself in, he sat in a chair, and burying his face in his hands, he sobbed like a child, pitifully repeating over and over again, "Oh, my God! 'Tis Marcus she loves, not Dick!"

## CHAPTER V.

Charles Avon did not die. After tossing in a violent fever, accompanied by delirium for several days, he recovered consciousness. She was very weak. Poor, affectionate little Marie scarcely took any rest, but was there, and everywhere, for she was both housekeeper and nurse.

Charles's return to health was slow, notwithstanding the unremitting attentions of Doctor Ree and her friend, it was on a cold, dreary, rainy day in November, six weeks after the accident, that Charles, still looking pale and wan, sat rolled up in a fur-lined wrap, in Marie's cosy little parlor, that opened into her room. On a stand by her side lay a book of poems. Her slender white hands were folded idly in her lap. Charles was taking a quiet little after dinner nap, and lay comfortably back in the roomy armchair, with her eyes closed. There was a little knock, but she did not start. It was a sleeper, and looking up she saw Uncle Dick enter. It was the first time they had met since the fatal night of the ball. Charles flushed slightly, and smilingly held out her hand to welcome him. Dick took the little, soft hand carefully in his of his large palms and holding it thus a minute, waited for her to speak.

"I am glad you came," she said, simply, as she drew her hand gently away, and pointed to a chair near. Uncle Dick seated himself.

"The doctor thinks you be well enough to travel tomorrow, if I am well wrapped up, and Brother Lester is coming to fetch me. I expect him here tonight."

Uncle Dick opened his mouth as if to speak, but Charles continued (she was not going to give him the simple good-byes she could help it) "I have been a great deal of trouble to you all, I know. Dear little Marie has been more than a sister to me, and you have been very kind, Uncle Dick." (She had adopted the name of Uncle Dick.)

"I am very sorry," said Dick, somewhat bitterly. "And it is better it should come now."

Then there was complete silence, and the two sat looking at each other for some time. How Uncle Dick longed to take the fair, fragile form into the shelter of his strong arms and hold it there forever. But he knew that it could not be.

"The weather has been getting colder every hour, and the rain has turned to snow. Charles beat her blue eyes dreamily on the window and watched the soft, white flakes as they fell. Presently she looked furtively at Uncle Dick. How manly he is, she thought. What a kind, good face he has. Charles liked the simple, good-natured fellow, and she could love him, she thought, but not in the way Dick wished. Ah, no! She closed her eyes and laid wearily back in the cushions. When she ventured to open them again, Uncle Dick was speaking.

"I cannot help admiring your carelessness for having been the cause of your present sickness," he said, ruefully. "I ought to have persuaded you not to go, but I wanted—"

What Uncle Dick was going to say did not come, for the glass door of the conservatory opened, and a maid with a tray of tea and a flushed face, entered the room.

"What's the matter, my pet?" said her uncle as he drew her on his knee and patted her rosy cheeks. "You look scared like."

"You've seen a ghost, my little lassie? It is getting so dark, you would not go into your flower show any more at night if you paid me a spook, Avourneen?"

"Now stop, Uncle Dick. You know I hate it. No, I did not see a spook, but I went in there, and Charles was napping and threw myself on the lounge, just like she did when we had the seance, and rolled my head about. I waited a little while, then sat up, and stared with all my might through the window, just like I saw Clara do, until I thought my eyes were coming out, and I saw—"

"What?" cried her uncle and Charles, both at once.

"Nothing!" pouted Marie. "I'm dreadfully disappointed, that I am! Oh," she suddenly exclaimed, running to the window. "Hark! I hear the sound of horse hoofs. Yes, and there's a gentleman on a horseback coming down the road full pet! Bah! I wonder who he's coming here? Yes he is! Why, it's—"

"Oh—Marie drew back from the window, her face red as a peon. "Uncle Dick, go down and see who it is, it's Mr. Avon!"

Richard Lejandre, with his lips with vexation as he thought how soon the present with Charles would come now, but he hurried down the stairs, and was soon shaking Lester heartily by the hand, not waiting for an introduction, but welcoming him in true English fashion.

"We were all terribly upset about Charles, and thankful indeed that it did not end fatally," cried Lester. "Where is she?"

"I'll just send your horse round to the stable, and then conduct you to the girls. Sit down a minute," he replied Dick.

A few minutes later found Lester Avon seated in Marie's little parlor. Charles was glad to see her brother and welcomed him in her sweet, dignified way. Marie held out her hand to him, greatly worried for fear he should notice the undue redness of her face, and saying she would go and hurry up the supper, she made her escape from the room and took refuge in the kitchen.

Dick felt his duty to tell Lester just exactly how the accident occurred, so after supper, when the girls had retired to the parlor, while after hearing the story, then removing the cigar from his mouth he said:

"You say you saw Charles float, with her arms up, and a shining light all round her, to shore, the light continuing to shine until you reached her side, and then it disappeared? Well that is quite likely that you were somewhat puzzled as the cause of that light. I should not have been at all surprised knowing what wonderful psychic power she possesses. She has made quite a study of the invisible forces with the help of Mrs. Priestly. But I don't think my poor little sister will be for some time to come, replied Lester.

Uncle Dick ran his fingers through his thick, red-brown curly hair. He was evidently thinking how near poor Charles had come to losing her precious life, through his foolishness.

"Miss Avon told me she used to see visions of things long before they actually happened, when she was at school. Though she said at that time she did not understand the cause or meaning of the visions, and I suppose she may think of her and treat her as a lunatic. For my part this Spiritualism, Occultism, or Ghostism or whatever it is called, scares me. I don't like it at all. I am not afraid of anything I can see, but when I feel that I can't see and blood beings, talking to folks that I can't see, here up in the air, it gives me the creeps all over. All I hope is that their Ghostships won't want to talk to Dick Lejandre. If they do, they will surely get left because I'd run!"

Lester Avon laughed heartily at this funny speech of Dick's.

"Let us go up to Marie's parlor now," said Uncle Dick. "It is not often she allows a

great old-hopper like me up in her little nest." Though there was fully ten years' difference between the ages of these two men, Dick being thirty-five, and Lester twenty-five, Lester looked as old, if not older, than his more light-hearted companion.

When they entered the parlor Charles was still resting comfortably in her cushioned chair, her hand toyed carelessly with the black, curly hair of Marie, who reclined on the rug at her feet with her head on Charles's lap, resting her cheeks by the fire. She was "You will spoil your complexion, Miss Marie," said Lester, as he came in.

"Oh, dear!" cried the young girl, as she scrambled to her feet in confusion. "I did not hear you coming. We were so happy just then. Charles and I, we were so happy from home!"

"Nothing unusual has happened at Glen Avon since you have been away, except that father is sick. He seems to be getting along nicely now. Anna is much upset because Marie is away, and the household cares are quite weighing her down. She was talking of getting a regular housekeeper, when that scheme was knocked on the head by a letter from Mrs. Priestly, saying she was on her way back to Glen Avon. I expect to see her there tomorrow when we arrive home."

Uncle Dick drew a deep sigh at this. It reminded him of the time when he must say farewell to Charles, the only woman he had ever truly loved. He had loved in his youth, but it was with a transient, boyish love. Now he loved in earnest with a deep, true heart-felt passion of the man. There was a heaviness, indeed, in the thought that he must bury his love like a dead idol. He would smile and be cheerful. He would not help to make her down-hearted on this her last night at the Marsh Towers. Marie opened the piano and commenced playing a first favorite. Lester Avon seated himself near and turned over the leaves. Poor little Marie, how her fingers trembled and how quickly her smooth, round cheeks, poor child, she had determined that if it did not love her, she would keep her secret all to herself. No one should know that Marie Lejandre had given her maiden heart away, unasked!

We will now leave them to enjoy their last evening together, and take a look at Mrs. Priestly and Marcus.

It was early in the morning of the day on which our friends left the Marsh Towers that the Great Midland Railway Company's engine "Gypsy" steamed out of Cumberland, on its way to London, bearing with it Marian Priestly and Marcus.

The journey takes about four hours' swift riding through delightfully picturesque wooded country, with rivers here and there flowing on their shining way. At length our friends arrived at the great, busy station, King's Cross.

Mrs. Priestly seemed to know her way about pretty well, so thought Marcus to make first visit to the modern Babylon this way.

The noise and bustle bewildered him. His friend ordered a hansom, and after giving the driver directions to get them as quickly as possible to Victoria, she stepped in and motioned Marcus to follow her. He was through the big city was highly interesting to the young man, his companion pointing out all the noteworthy objects as they rolled onward. At Victoria Station they entered one of the fine dining rooms, and feeling both tired and hungry, they sat down to a well served luncheon, which they took in one of the London, Chatham and Dover line cars, and were soon fairly on the road to that famous little seaport.

It was far into the night when they arrived at Dover, where Mrs. Priestly found that the last Calais boat had gone, and there would not be another until nine o'clock the following morning. Hailing a conveyance, she drove to the nearest hotel and ordered two rooms. Then feeling thoroughly worn out she bade Marcus good night and immediately retired.

(To be continued.)

## Mediums' Home.

Spiritualists of the United States and Canada.

In the Progressive Thinker of March 1 is a splendid article by Mr. Mary T. Longley, Secretary of the N. S. A., in relation to the Mediums' Home at Reed City, Mich. I have no Spiritualist has failed to see this. If you have, send at once for a paper.

Right here let me say, I wish every Spiritualist, and lover of humanity in the world could take the hand of the great Theodore J. Mayer of Washington, who has a head, large and well proportioned. You see at a glance a man of large perceptive powers, great intuitions, with great business sagacity, backed by great firmness, true courage and bravery. But the best of all is, that added to this majestic brain is a heart of honor, truthfulness and integrity, with firmness and sagacity. Yet the great Jew in his character is his love for humanity, and his love of the good he can do. He has a large religious nature, with true benevolence. These attributes have been developed, and brought out by the mediumship of Spiritualism.

While he is a firm believer in Spiritualism, his Spiritualism has unfolded him to give his life, thought, mind and energies to the good he can do his fellow men. His heart, mind and being are touched and fired by the needs of others. He consecrates his business sagacity to using whatever means he has at hand to help the world, and daily toil in the world, the Cause of Spiritualism and the poor and needy.

The Home and Headquarters of Spiritualism, the N. S. Association in Washington, D. C., worth \$15,000 as you all know, was his gift. It is through him and others that this Mediums' Home was located at Reed City, Mich. Now he comes forward again and pledges \$750. Then another grand soul whose name is concealed, but I feel he is another grand man, like this man Mayer, pledges \$750 more. Now, Spiritualists, are you going to let this matter drop, or are you going to rally as with one accord, and push this along, and make a home for the needy and worthy in our ranks?

I would to God and His Angels I could do more than am doing. Yet I have put all I have into this enterprise for humanity in the way of my Sanitarium and all that I have and can earn and shall do it. I live. I have offered to board the inmates of the home at actual cost. I have pledged \$100 towards the endowment fund. I have given land worth \$500, so that plenty of room might exist to care for all. Now I am going still further; I will give \$100 toward the endowment fund each year while I live, and my health remains good, commencing when Home is ready for occupancy. If every man and woman in the country that is worth what I am worth give \$100, and those worth ten times as much as I, there would not be a home or care. I will go still further in every place that I lecture—at camp meetings or mass meetings—I will do all I can to raise funds for this Cause.

I wish to say, that several months ago before this Home was located, J. R. Francis of Chicago, editor of the Thinker, made me a present of \$50 to aid me in caring for Dr. Slade, and any one else that was needed. There is left of that \$50 (\$30.25), which I can turn in to the endowment fund, and



100

100



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Retrospection is sometimes a melancholy duty, yet it is a task that should be assigned to some who refuse to undertake it, with the understanding that they must follow on down the line of life until they have brought on into full view every experience that has been theirs since they undertook their present embodiments. It is neither wise nor safe to wholly ignore the past, nor should one undertake to avoid the impress of its lessons. A review of past mistakes often makes one more just and charitable in judging those of today who seem to be ensnared by Error. Yet it is not wise, neither is it safe to dwell too much in the Past, and be constantly mourning over the departure of the "good old days." There are brook-gladdened meadows ahead, mountains with lofty summits to be scaled, splendid victories to be won. All of these are to be gained, can be only gained by utilizing the living present. Today is the work-time of the soul. Yesterday belongs to the epochs of the Past. Tomorrow never comes, therefore time present is the only real time for labor. Time present, however, can only be wisely used by those who know their Past and have learned its lessons well. To wisely combine retrospection and present inspiration is the duty of the hour.

It has been wisely said that the Past is haunted, and that its malarial valleys should be shunned as one would shun a pestilence. There is a truth in this statement, yet it is only a half truth. It is unwise, yet unjust, to dwell in the sadnesses of life, and to seek to erect the temple of the soul among the tombs of vain regrets. The odors are not palatable, to say nothing of the gruesome surroundings. The wise man builds his house where the mingling of sunshine and shadow will give him enough of contrast to make life worth the living—where he can escape the glare of the one in the peace of the latter or the gloom of the latter in the brightness of the former. The happy medium between all extremes should be the dwelling place of the soul—in fact is the dwelling place of the soul. The soul is travel in its own way, to that broad camping ground where all balances may be adjusted, all measurements taken, and all relationships between daylight and darkness thoroughly understood. It is well, therefore, to be retrospective in so far as may be necessary to gain the inspiration that will enable one to overcome the results of misdirected energy, and to turn all momentum into the pathway of right.

The failures in seeming of former generations can be retrospective study be made stepping stones to glorious present day victories. The achievements of our ancestors under great difficulties should be to the people of today spurs to nobler action, incentives to purer living, obligations to better thinking. He who dwells constantly in the shadow will always find the sunlight obscured only by the enlarged image of himself. He who feels that all virtue, all honor, all opportunities, all moral power, all righteousness belong only to the Past, has his vision obscured by his own failure to embody those cardinal virtues in his own soul. He is standing in the shadow of his selfishness. The Past is secure. Its pages are filled, its lessons indelibly stamped upon the tablets of the soul. Those pages can and will make the living Present full of everything of good or seeming evil according to the study that is given to them. The civilization of the soul is yet to be found and established on earth. The Past is the age of war and bloodshed, and the Present is the era of commercialism. Out of these two unward conditions the age of Peace, Love and Justice is to be evolved. Study in retrospect the Past, but only for the good that may there be found as applied to present day needs. In the glorious work of establishing the true civilization of the soul over all the earth. Retrospect, calm contemplation and prospect are the true mental processes that lead up to the citadel of Truth from which the rays of light from the dynamos of wisdom will find their way into the recesses of every soul.

The reign of the Princess of Peace has long been anticipated by the children of men. Its coming has been foretold by poet, prophet and philosopher, yet that star-eyed goddess of the skies has never yet ascended her throne as the ruler of the lives of men. Philanthropists of all nations have pleaded in vain for the sons and daughters of earth to make her welcome in their lives. They have received applause with proper vigor, and have felt as if they had at last won the final victory, only to meet with bitter disappointment in the end. America's greatest sons have pleaded for years with tongue and pen. Washington, Franklin, Lincoln and Grant, the two greatest of our warriors and of our statesmen, expressed themselves alike on this great question, and are everywhere honored for their catholicity of spirit. Americans have applauded their words, and then deliberately insulted the memories of these illustrious men by taking exactly the opposite course. Peace is or should be the ultimate aim and object of every thinking being. War is wholesale murder, the most bloodthirsty tyrant that ever dwelt among men. Only murderers at heart can ever applaud war or sustain it. The man who loves peace is the true civilizer of the race, but why is he mocked at in America? Where is the treason in the demand for the abolition of war, for the beating of swords into plowshares, and sneers into pruning-hooks?

Today, and shame that it is so, many American citizens feel offended whenever a writer or speaker pleads for the cessation of war on all continents. It is considered treason by them whenever peace is mentioned, and they feel as if direct reference was made by any plan for peace to the struggles in North Africa and in the Philippine Islands. Peace as an abstract principle will be applauded by them, but as a concrete example is held to be treason. Peace is the only true patriot in all the world. He is the traitor who loves murder and seeks by force to rule his brother without that brother's consent. In government circles, it is held to be insubordination to suggest that the Philippines should be pacified. Those in England who suggest the same thing for the Transvaal and Orange River Free State are held to be traitors to their country. In America it won't do to have an honorable peace among the brown men of the seas. It is wrong to want to do something to end the war, but it is patriotism to kill the Filipinos and to sacrifice our noble sons in a contest unwarranted, one that could be settled if proper understanding were to be established between the contending parties. The Government will work out its own ends, and its severe discipline to those army officials who have the audacity to suggest a plan to conclude an honorable peace, needs no comment on the part of any lover of peace. It tells its own story. "System" is more than peace and the good will of the people who have been sinned against as well as sinning, is nothing to the people of America! Is this the Spiritualism of which the angels spoke in 1348, or through Isaiah or Jesus?

The first emotion that moves man to action when smarting under a sense of injustice is revenge. Every seeming wrong always awakens the desire to "get even," to make the other feel just what the sufferer has endured. In nine cases out of ten, the desire for revenge will spur man on for years, and lead him to accomplish seemingly impossible things in order to gain a victory over his enemy. His temples throb, the veins stand out like whipcords, as he contemplates the injury that has been done him. He bends his every energy to the task of securing his revenge. If all motives were analyzed I fear that revenge would be found to be the inspiration of many, if not a majority of them. It is with nations as it is with individuals; for nations are but combinations of men. The rulers and their satellites play upon the passions of the people until the desire for revenge for real or fancied wrongs is awakened, and the dogs of war are unleashed to work their cruel will. True spirituality never evolved through the cultivation of this or any similar emotion. Spirituality is born of Peace, and Peace is ever the twin sister of Love, through whose joint efforts the civilization of the soul world is to be established on earth. When the soul-man speaks, war will depart, and the rulership of the angels in progress in higher spheres will be the pattern for the nations of the earth.

I often wonder why the desire for revenge is allowed to sway the minds of men as it does, especially so when its opposite is ever striving to gain the ascendancy in man's life. "To err is human; to forgive divine," is an old and trite saying, yet it embodies the very element that is destined to destroy revenge, and to overcome the lower nature of man. This element is the divine principle of forgiveness. Emerson says with truth, "No man can injure me (or wrong me) excepting myself." When we apply these golden words to our own lives, we have the key that will make us masters of ourselves, and then the victory is ours. Conscience is ever a loving monitor, and we can always hear its warning voice if we will but reflect. A man attempts to overreach his neighbor; the neighbor desires revenge, and seeks to retaliate by a like injury in return. Conscience speaks the word "forgive," and if that command is heeded, how great the victory! The quondam enemy is overcome by kindness, made a friend, for life, and given a chance to atone for his mistaken application of his power. Forgiveness is the child of the soul, even as Conscience is the medium of the soul through which its child is to speak. The divinity within man pleads with him to forgive his erring brother, that the redemptory work of fitting him for angelhood may begin here on earth. Spiritualists, let us all learn to heed the voice of conscience that we may be led to reform ourselves through forgiving those whom we imagine to have injured us.

Many men and women look upon forgiveness as an indication of childishness. I wish there were more child-like men and women on earth today. The heart of a child is full of love and tenderness, until it is overcome by the shams and falsehoods of society. The child has his grievances, but is willing to forgive and forget, until he learns from his elders to cherish the desire for revenge. Many men take delight in inflicting torture upon their children in order to punish their wives, the mothers of those innocents whom they thus maltreat. Suspicion of infidelity not infrequently leads both sexes to engage in practices that they are bound to regret throughout their whole lives. It is the desire to "get even" that leads them to thus degrade themselves, and to thus defy the commands of the soul. If they were to pause ere they took the first misstep, if they would but consider the results of their actions, and seek to ascertain the causes of the mistakes they believe have been made, many of life's tragedies would be avoided. The men or women who suspect others of injuring them are gazing upon the distorted images of their own natures. They are making others do that which they themselves would do were they similarly circumstanced. Spurred on by this unworthy and distracting thought, they rush into wild excesses and create for themselves haunting phantoms of vain regrets by which they are tracked through life. This is the outcome of every attempt to obtain revenge. Conscience says "forgive," and lo! the veil lifts, and the soul shines forth in radiant splendor. Darkness flies and the angels of Peace and Love establish the new Heaven on earth, whose messenger spirit will ever be Forgiveness!

"Forgiveness? The condonation of a wrong?  
What then?  
Even the wrong-doers are but our brother  
men!"

Where perfect Love abides, there always  
 flows the blessedness of peace. That home  
 is secure whose cornerstone is Love, whose  
 light is the smile of the God within the Soul,  
 whose furnishings are the implements of the  
 spirit. The inmates of that home are the  
 children of the soul, twin selves of the same  
 Self, united for Eternity by the ties of affec-  
 tion. Such unions as these make it possible  
 for expressions of the noblest and most ad-  
 vanced souls in the world of the real to find  
 embodiments that they may add by experi-  
 ence to the sum total of knowledge that is  
 necessary for them to become the Gods, the  
 Creators, they are destined to be. There is  
 no reason why all unions of men and women  
 on earth may not be of the soul. So will  
 they be when mortals heed the commands of  
 the Soul-Self behind the veil, and turn away  
 from the world's desires of the material.

I wonder why Spiritualists forget to apply the teachings of their religion to their own lives? There is a heaven-sent philosophy, a divine revelation from the throne of Truth itself. It has abolished death, by solving the mystery of life, yet many outspoken Spiritualists are more devoted to money getting, to material gain, to physical desires, than they are to the revelations of the soul. To be sure, their neighbors of the Liberal and Orthodox Church are equally guilty in this respect. They are by no means alone in their failure to heed the divine commands of the Soul as uttered by Conscience. But theirs is the superior light, the greater opportunity hence theirs should be the nobler example. Health can be made as catching as infectious diseases are supposed to be, while spirituality can be absorbed and will be absorbed, as the earth drinks in the dew, by those who are in need of it, when it is radiated by those who have it to give forth.

A convert to Spiritualism, when the truth of his religion enters his soul, is a changed being. He not only ceases to fear death, but he also changes his life on earth. One such will illustrate my meaning. A gentleman who loved outdoor sports, such as hunting and fishing, became thoroughly convinced of the truths of Spiritualism. He had a fine kennel, a splendid hunting outfit, and the most approved stock of rifles, etc. As soon as he saw what Spiritualism meant, his dogs, guns, traps, etc., were at once disposed of, and he set to work to protect and preserve the lives of the lower orders of animals. The sanctity of life appealed to him, and the divine command, "Thou shalt not kill" included in its scope every living creature. Such a conversion is from within outward.

and not from the senses alone. It is such as he upon whom the world may look as a worthy representative of the beneficent influence of Spiritualism. He is one of nature's noblemen, and has found the way to his Soul! Would that there were a million more like him in our ranks today!

Speaking of death, I am reminded of the fact that the very word has only terror in it for the vast majority of our race. It has long been looked upon as the "King of Terrors," and this idea has been emphasized by priest and prelate for so many centuries that very nearly nine-tenths of the human family really believe it. They accept it as a fact without questioning the whys and wherefores that may lie behind it. The Apostle Paul had a happier view of death than this, and when he said "To die is gain," he gave the world a fore-shadowing of that happier time Spiritualism came to establish as a fact. Those Christians who believe that Jesus arose from the grave, and proved that his soul was superior to death, are inconsistent, to say the least, when made to apply that belief. If Jesus lived after death, if Paul is right in declaring that "to die is gain," why should death be feared? Where is there any need of grief, or doubt, or fear? Spiritualism alone demonstrates the triumph of the soul over death, and proves that Paul was right.

Can we avoid grieving when a loved one leaves us? -Yes, if we have developed our own spiritual senses so that we may perceive them with the eyes of the soul. We are prone to look upon the body as the all of our loved one, whereas it is only the machine he is using under the dynamic force of life. If we were to look within, we should see the wires that connects us with our Soul-Selves, and perceive all of its activities. It leads us back to parents in the Soul-world and keeps us forever in touch with them. Death is only the withdrawal of the electric life energy that the Soul has thrown upon its physical machine for a certain purpose, which, when outworked, no longer needs re-emphasizing. Grief is of the physical that causes men to weep for the loss of a loved one. Grief of the soul is never relieved by tears. The former passes away—the latter is enduring, and can never be described in words. It is well that we should cherish the memories of our loved ones, but we injure them by our bursts of grief, and drive them from us by our selfish strivings to hold them to us. Death is Life's twin, and is only kind in all of its dealings with the children of men.

Not long since, a friend whom I have known all my life, took leave of earth. I knew nothing of his departure for several weeks after he had left this lower sphere for his home beyond. The news came as a shock to me, and at first I could not make it seem right that he should go. His heart was ever kind and his soul most generous in its dealings with his fellow men. He had struggled with misfortune all his life. He had faced death on the battle field for the sake of our old flag, had fought on the briar deep to sustain its honor and had tasted the bitterness of life in Libby Prison in his efforts to sustain the right. He loved liberty, and he thirsted for knowledge. He followed the sea for many years, and rose to the position of Captain of one of the largest vessels in the merchant marine service. He made many voyages circumnavigating the globe six times, crossed the Atlantic more than one hundred times, journeyed from New York to San Francisco sixty-five times, and made many voyages from San Francisco to Yokohama. The best years of his life were spent at sea, but he gained much in knowledge by his experience with the men of other nations.

He retired at last and went into the lake region of Northern Maine to spend his last days. He had seen the results of the labor of years swept away by the treachery of one whom he loved, and then saw the one dear to his heart removed by death. Yet his spirit remained undimmed, and he met life's bitterest trials with a calmly hopeful smile. We met for the last time about thirteen years ago. The sunny side of his soul broke forth in the genial smile and good-natured fun that were always his, and never will that interview be forgotten. As we parted he placed a hand on either shoulder and said, with his great sob breaking out of his heart, "My boy, it will all be over some time, and then I shall know the meaning of all my sufferings, the cause of my heart-aches, and my pain."

We shall never meet again on earth. The last years of his life he lived alone in a little cottage on the shores of a beautiful lake. He had the books he loved so well, and every man, woman and child in the place was his friend. Night's purple curtain closed softly around him, and he slept the sleep that knows no earthly waking. Deserted by wife and children in the days of adversity, he set sail on his last voyage alone. Kindly hands cared for him, as he went forth into the "Great Unseen." A sweet smile wreathed itself about his face, indicative of the fact that he now knew the "meaning of it all." He had his faults in common with other men, but in his soul he was a man. Do I mourn for him, grieve for him? Tears will perish in falling as I think of his hard life struggles, but now I can see that Death, so-called, has been to him a true and tender friend. He has awakened this gallant sailor, the brave soldier, the unconquered man, from the dream of life, and given him into the care of his own soul. In common with others, who really knew him, I loved my friend, but now I rejoice with him in his release from all of the woes, the care, the sorrow and the heart-ache in the freedom of the world of souls. I bid him greeting, and say, "All hail, my brother, as I see the man, my friend, Captain Albin D. Washburn, set sail, with smiling face, upon his glorious voyage over the ocean of Eternity. Can we not say "Death, we deliver you," as we see with the eyes of the soul his life's real meaning?

"Life's purple autumn is better than spring,  
And the Soul flies away, like a sparrow  
to sing  
In a clime where the leaves never die!"

Thus sings the poet. Has any mortal a sunnier philosophy, a more wholesome religion than this? It means everything to those who are touched by sorrow, for it makes them conscious that their dear ones are better off. It is well with their souls, ay, it is well, for they have entered into possession of their own. They have found themselves, and in so finding they are able to determine the meaning of life. Their inheritance is the work of their own hands, and they are only in possession of that which they have earned. All of life's mystery can now be solved, for they have the magic key that will unlock the doors to the storehouses of wisdom. The birds with their sweet carollings, the balmy air redolent with the fragrance of flowers, the leaves of living green, the flowing rivers, the rhythmic music—all, all are theirs now, theirs to understand—theirs to apply. Up the river of Time, in the Island of "Long Ago," where the "Junes with the roses are straying," will be found the treasures of earth life, and their value in the coin of the soul realm. What will the harvest be? Spiritualists, it is yours to answer the question for the entire human race. Let it be your aim to set such an example that all of life's aching pain, its woes, its heartache, its anxiety, its care, its cruelty and injustice may be overcome here and the image of the heavenly, the Soul-Self, the real man be established in power and in glory in this, the world that is the portal to the life immortal, where Life and Love and Peace forever abide. Sweet the pleasure rich the treasure, full the measure of Love in triumph over Hate, Peace over War, and Life over Death! Hail to the spirit! The Soul, the real, the all has won!

BY SIGMA ZODIAC

In this enlightened age, and more especially since the subtleties of psychical influences are better understood, one would naturally think that insincerity and habitual hypocrisy would be abandoned. It is a mistake to suppose that you can, in secret thoughts, entertain false and evil feelings toward any one, while externally, you seem to be friendly, and not be found out. By physical wireless telegraphic impartation the secret hatred and the hypocritical feelings become perfectly known by the soul toward whom such wrongful feelings are actively fostered. As sure as fate you receive through the abounding atmosphere every feeling you have entertained toward any one soul or any number of souls. Many nervous and head diseases—such as biliousness and disordered organic functions—have no other origin or primary cause. And it is the climax of absurdity to charge, as many suffering punishment do, to the interposition of spirits who were once men and women.

Exceedingly unscientific, not to say excessively prudish and silly, is the prevailing fashion which, for long centuries past, compels women to ride a horse's back sideways. The saddle and in the straddle are no more exclusively masculine than is walking, running, dancing, etc., where it is necessary to move from side to side, or to plant one foot before the other. The old, narrow-minded physiologists insisted that it was injurious owing to the female structures and functions to bestride a horse and to ride "like a man." In order to make this edict effective in society, it was soon necessary to say that for women to "ride man-fashion" was the height of immodesty and glaringly indecent. This shallow assertion—emanating from the so-called scientific physiologists and family doctors—very soon was crowned with victory. Women obeyed the popular edict, and ever after mounted her charger in a silly and excessively ungraceful sidewise style. But the thousands of women, of every age and social status, who have for years mounted and ridden successfully the saddle of the bicycle exactly as all masculines ride, have effectually settled the question. It has in no case injured the female organism. The natural functions and the office of maternity have gone on without weakness or interruption.

The evidence is all in, and the verdict (among the truly enlightened) is ours! Henceforth we shall arrange our dress for riding our horses as we do on bicycles, astride and therefore with gracefulness and perfect safety. You noticed how recently Lady Constance MacKenzie's life was saved when her horse took a fearful leap and stumble. Why? Because she had sufficient intelligence and independence to ride as men ride. Next time you mount a horse do not violate the laws of grace and ordinary common sense. Let the old school doctors sneer and say what they will.

Did you hear the editor of this Banner on the anniversary of the Veteran Spiritualist Union? His memory and intellectual power seemed to glow with an extraordinary illumination. With oratorical speech he rapidly surveyed the whole historic field of Modern Spiritualism, doing justice to all who have either as mediums or as inspirational writers contributed to construct the present giant.

The Psychical Era Publishing Company of Pittsburgh, Pa., according to the recent manifesto, has entered upon a new and broader phase of public work. There is great need for such united and substantial establishments.

Easter was a brilliant day and all creation seemed to sing the songs of gladness. Every woman among us who could afford a new bonnet appeared to bloom in harmony with music. I just permitted myself to wonder if each soul was entertaining thoughts of the sublime and eternal. But how absurd to suppose one could be so lost to the blissful consciousness of being "well-dressed" as to meditate upon the up-springing lily unfoldings of the universal resurrection!

The problem is how to influence Spiritualists to "love one another," with a large, u



lifting, all-saving love. Shall we say that the central impediment is individualism? Christians do not cultivate this personal egotistic self-hood. And yet they do have a tough time trying (through fear of hell and therefore love of Jesus) to fulfill the new commandment. But Spiritualists being delivered from fear, and cultivating individualism to the fullest, deliver themselves over to independence of each other. Hence there is very little fraternal love and almost no co-operation in public work.

I may imagine it, but I really think there is a large crop of old-fashioned sectarianism among Spiritualists. They are intolerant. They do not like you if you do not accept their faith. Accept reincarnation, and you at once don't like any one who doesn't agree with you. Accept materialization, and you shrink from the other Spiritualist who repudiates it. This sort of intolerance is a real poison, and probably was inherited from the sectarianism of Christians.

The signs are: During 1902-3 there is to be a general revival in the departments of life, classified as scientific, social, commercial, political, religious, and psychic. In the latter department will be an unfolding in Spiritualism. A larger benevolence, a sweeter charity, a diviner expression of human love, descending to the lower kingdoms, ascending to the higher spheres of existence. Signs of possible wars, but more actual peace and universal good will.

(More anon.)

### The Forty-Fourth Anniversary of Spiritualism.

(Continued from page one.)

there were time I could tell of the advantage my six years' association with this school has been to my dear friend "Anita," a spirit Indian girl. She has become a teacher of spirit children. So you see, dear friends, we cannot estimate the value of our efforts, for often there are more unseen pupils present than we have in the form.

Who will be the future representatives of Spiritualism? I may not be competent to answer that to your satisfaction, but I can safely prophesy it will be a scholarly representation. The more we do to prepare the minds of the young for an understanding of the beautiful natural religion of Spiritualism the sooner will they perceive the real purpose of life, and the Godhood of humanity.—Ada L. Pratt.

SPRINGFIELD, MO

On March 29, I left Topeka for Springfield, Mo., where I had been called to assist in the celebration of the 44th anniversary of Modern Spiritualism. Arriving Sunday morning at the home of J. Madison and M. Theresa Allen, I found the family all busied and expectation over the anticipated good time in which a large number of Spiritualists of Springfield and vicinity would participate. After a warm welcome by this good couple and a few hours of rest, I accompanied them to the hall where the exercises were to be held. When we entered the hall a beautiful scene met our view. The crowd had begun to gather and stood or sat about in groups engaged in cheerful conversation while beyond was the stage decorated in artistic design. Plants and flowers played an important part in the decorations, while in front and at the center of the stage neatly wrought upon a dark background and bordered with smilax in which was set photographs of several of the arisen ones were these words: "To Our Arisen Loved Ones."

At about 3 p. m. M. Theresa Allen, president of the Southside Spiritualist Society, opened the meeting by a short and to the point speech. Then followed the afternoon's exercises, which consisted of invocation, instrumental and vocal music and addresses by J. Madison Allen and myself.

At the close of this session a long table was spread upon which was laid a sumptuous repast, prepared and served by the ladies of the society. Everybody feasted in high good humor on the good things given that afternoon for both the physical and spiritual man.

The evening's program was made up chiefly of recitations by the children, piano and violin solos, vocal solos and duets, tableaux, etc.

The feature of the day's exercises which struck me most forcibly and pleased me greatly was the important part taken in the same by the children and young people.

Sister Allen seems to have struck the keynote of success in the upbuilding of our Cause by gathering in the children and enlisting them as an actual, active element in the society.

At almost all the places I have been I have noticed a sad lack of children's faces, children's voices and pure, sweet influences at Spiritualist gatherings. Not so here. All the time between the afternoon and evening sessions beautiful children, clad in becoming garments, flitted to and fro. Not boisterous and troublesome, but smiling and happy in the knowledge that they were useful. They sat on the rostrum among the ferns and flowers, they sang and chatted until one could almost imagine that the heavenly host had descended to mingle with mortals on that glad day, and that to the cherubs had been given the power of becoming visible to us.

To our beloved co-workers, brother and sister Allen, is due great credit for their noble efforts for the world's betterment, and especially for their work at this place. Here they have labored against obstacles, yet with a worthy purpose and with honesty and conscientiousness they have persevered until they have succeeded in building up quite a strong society which represents and shows forth true Spiritualism.

The good attendance, and the deep interest manifested on this occasion by both old and young attest the fact that their labors here have not been in vain.—Laura B. Payne.

LAKE HOLEN, FLORIDA.

Although the regular camp-meeting season at "Southern Cassadaga," Lake Helen, Florida, closed March 18th, the 44th Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism was appro-

priately observed on Sunday, the 30th inst., by those remaining upon the grounds.

The day was perfect—although rather warm for real comfort. The auditorium was profusely decorated with roses of many varieties—grown in Nature's conservatory—lilies of mammoth size—gathered from one of the Florida lakes, by Mr. Hodgson of Deland—and various other floral tributes, arranged by loving hands. Every one seemed to be attuned to the harmonies of nature, and in close touch with the spirit and purpose of the day.

Mr. Bond, the able presiding officer of the camp, opened the meeting with brief, but timely remarks. Mrs. Carrie Twine made an appropriate address, followed by Mrs. Kate Stiles, whose address was prefaced by a poem written for the occasion.

In the evening there was a farewell gathering, at which a large number were present, and the meeting was opened by our venerable and highly esteemed friend, Judge Derby of Ohio, in a brief but forcible and sympathetic speech. Then followed readings and messages by Mrs. Stiles and Mrs. Twine, and with songs and benediction we closed the happy day.—K. H. Stiles.

#### EASTER AND ANNIVERSARY POEM

"He is risen" the people sing,  
And earth's choicest flowers they bring,  
As their Easter offering.

"He is risen" the crucified!  
He who for the people died,  
Has the power of death denied.

"He is risen" peal bell! peal peal!  
Let the steeple's "rock and reel,"  
As the tidings ye reveal.

"He is risen" loud swell the strain!  
Let it sound o'er hill and plain!  
Christ, the Lord, is risen again.

"He is risen" join in the song,  
All ye choirs! a mighty throng—  
Let your tones the strains prolong!

"He is risen" ah! then may we  
In his resurrection see  
That which for all men may be.

They have risen! Come, let us sing!  
Let the welkin loudly ring,  
With our Easter offering.

They have risen! Our household dead!  
They whose outward forms have fled,  
By their love are backward led.

They have risen! friends spirit born,  
Greet us on this Easter morn,  
Death is of its sadness shorn.

They have risen! Ah! nevermore  
Shall death bolt and bar the door,  
Open stands it evermore.

From the sepulchre of old,  
Has the Stone again been rolled,  
And our angels we behold.

Yea, we see them face to face,  
And receive their warm embrace,  
Change can ne'er their love efface.

Ring! O, Easter bells—ring clear!  
Sound upon life's atmosphere  
The glad news—the dead are here!

Bloom! O, Easter flowers! bloom sweet!  
Shed your fragrance! it is meet,  
As we our beloved greet!

Sing, O earth, the glad refrain,  
Death, the conqueror, is slain!  
Life, immortal life doth reign!

Swell the song, ye angel bands!  
Let it echo o'er all lands!  
Death is vanquished—Life commands!

They have risen! a deathless throng,  
Come to join us our song,  
Praises to the day belong.

Ring! ring joyously, ye bells!  
Sound your loudest, clearest swells,  
To the earth's remotest dells!

Bloom, O Easter flowers, bloom fair!  
Angels to the earth repair!  
Greet them with your fragrance rare.

KATE R. STILES.

SAN BERNARDINO, CAL.

Perhaps a short report of our work may interest your readers as well as the anniversary exercises of the San Bernardino Society of Spiritualists, which was the first organized spiritual society in California, and is over thirty years old—owning its own hall.

A basket lunch was given at noon on Sunday, March 29. Over seventy-five sat to tables well laden with good things to eat, many old members of the society coming from the surrounding towns of Redlands, Riverside, Colton and Rialto. At 2:30 President Boyd of Riverside called meeting to order and after a few remarks twenty-six children marched through the hall and took places on the platform; they sang two songs, which were encored. J. L. Dryden, who has been serving the San Diego Society through the winter and is to be the speaker here for the rest of the season, then gave an inspiring invocation. Short addresses were made by President Boyd, J. L. Dryden, Mrs. Marchant and Mrs. Howe, interspersed by music, under the direction of Miss Williams, instructor, by the Children's Guitars Club of Colton and the Young People's Guitars Club of Redlands; quartet singing by members of S. B. Society; messages by Maggie Potter of Riverside, Cal., and Mrs. Gilliland-Howe of Boston, Mass. A collection was taken for the defense fund of test case in Superior Court of Los Angeles (Mr. and Mrs. Chesbro, mediums). Evening meeting: Quartet singing, lecture and psychometric readings by Mrs. Howe of Boston. Thus ended one of the days long to be remembered. Many people outside of Spiritualists were in attendance and were much impressed.

Mr. Howe lectured for the Society of Truth Seekers in Los Angeles, Cal., on the anniversary, followed by Mr. Cannon of Los Angeles, with messages by Mrs. Vlasquez. We held Sunday afternoon meetings in Los Angeles from the first Sunday in October until Sunday, Feb. 23, when we removed to Pasadena, Cal., where we have since held our missionary work, leaving it in charge of Mr. M. R. Reed of San Diego. Mr. Howe served the San Bernardino Society Sunday, March 9, and I served them in lecture and messages March 16. Lecture by J. L. Dryden, March 23, messages by Mrs. Howe, and a grand union meeting the 30th. Sunday, April 6, officers were elected: J. L. Dryden, speaker. Mr. Howe and myself were engaged at Fullerton.—Mrs. Gilliland-Howe.

#### Announcements.

Mr. J. R. Scarlett, inspirational speaker and test medium will speak at a series of communications for the Cambridge Industrial Society, 631 Mass. Ave., Cambridge, Friday evening, April 11 at 8 o'clock. A supper will be served at 6:30 to which all are invited. Music by the orchestra. Mrs. H. E. Hall, Sec.

Mrs. B. W. Belcher, test medium, has the following open dates: April 12, 20, May 11, 25. Mrs. Belcher desires week evening engagements also. Address 293 Pleasant St., Marlboro, Mass.

The regular meeting of the Ladies' Lyceum

Union will be held at Dwight Hall, Wednesday, April 9. Whist from 2:45 to 4:45 p. m. with prizes. Business meeting called at 5 p. m. Supper served at 8:30 p. m. Evening session at 8 p. m. Good talent, good music, and an hour, from 7 to 8 o'clock, devoted to a social meeting. Laura F. Sloan, Rec. Sec. The Massachusetts State Association will hold a mass meeting in Haverhill, Friday, April 18, at Briton Hall, 36 Main St., by the courtesy of the Haverhill Spiritual Union. Among those who will be present and take part are: President, George A. Fuller, vice-president, Carrie F. Loring, president, N. S. A., Harrison D. Barrett, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Mrs. Minnie M. Soule, Mrs. L. F. Symonds, Mrs. S. C. Cunningham, Mrs. Dr. Cate, Mrs. Douglas, Mr. Spang and others whose names will be published in next paper. The train leaves the North Union Station 1:15 p. m. Meetings at 2:15 and 7 p. m. Carrie L. Hatch.

Lynn Spiritualists' Association, Cadet Hall, Dr. Caird, president, Sunday, April 13, Mrs. Sadie L. Hand of Boston at 2:30 and 7:30. Circles by various mediums will be held at the close of the afternoon service, followed by a song service. Unity quarter.

Miss Trueman continued her splendid work in Baltimore, Md., the first two weeks in April. Mrs. K. Stiles will serve us the last two weeks in April and the first two weeks in May. J. Clegg Wright will close this season with the last two weeks in May. Henry Scharfetter.

W. J. Colville's address till middle of July next is 22 University St., London, W. C. Numerous lectures have already been delivered to large and deeply interested audiences in Parrot Hall at above address. Visitors to London will find Banner of Light in the reading room there and a great variety of literature on psychic questions for sale and for perusal.

St. Louis, Mo. Officers elected at meeting held in De Hone's Hall, Olive street, for the State Association of Progressive Spiritualists:

G. W. Kates, N. S. A., chairman; Hon. Alonzo Thompson, Fulton, Mo., president; Mr. I. D. Sperry, Mrs. M. A. Grover, Mr. Jesse French, Mrs. Neidriahans, Dr. O. D. Whittier, Mrs. E. P. Thompson, vice-presidents; Mrs. E. J. Culver, treasurer; Dr. E. H. Green, secretary; Mrs. Capt. Fox, recording secretary; S. A. Hastings, legal adviser, Springfield, Mo.; Mrs. James Young, Mrs. Lonsden, Col. H. D. Mackay, Mrs. C. G. Götter, Dr. Hermann W. Faber, trustees.

The Boston Spiritual Lyceum meets in Paine Hall, 9 Appleton street, every Sunday. Question for Sunday, April 13. What should characterize every person who seeks the services of a medium?—Guardian.

Mrs. Carrie F. Taber of Brockton, test medium, will serve the First Spiritualist Society, Fitchburg, Mass., Sunday, April 13.

Mrs. Ida E. A. Whitlock will fill a return engagement at Paine Hall, 9 Appleton street, Sunday evening, April 13, for the Boston Spiritualist Society. Mrs. Whitlock's many friends will be pleased to know that they will have another opportunity of hearing her; she will follow her lecture with spirit messages. Fine musical program. Meeting opened at 7:45—J. B. Hatch, Jr., Chairman.

The Ladies' Aid Society of Manchester will conduct a sale of fancy articles May 2, for the benefit of the society. We would be pleased to hear from any one wishing to help us with contributions. Address Miss A. L. Warren, 82 A. St., Manchester, N. H.

Ette I. Webster of Lynn will conduct the Sunday service, April 13, for the Progressive Spiritualists of Manchester, N. H.

#### Mrs. Soule's Photographs.

The Banner of Light Publishing Company has secured the exclusive right to sell the photographs of our circle medium, Mrs. Minnie M. Soule, and offers them to its patrons at the exceptionally low price of twenty-five cents each. Every Spiritualist should have one of these photographs. All orders will be promptly filled. Send us twenty-five cents and secure an excellent likeness of this gifted medium.

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It has been termed the greatest pain reliever ever known. It is a very old natural manner of healing the system and restoring health. It makes no difference how serious or long the case may be, there is positive hope in this grand science. It has restored the deaf, blind and lame, cured the paralytic, the those suffering from Bright's Disease, Consumption, Stomach Trouble, Catarrh, Nervous Debility, Neuritis, Rheumatism, Eczema, Kidney Disease, Female Troubles, as well as men and women addicted to the liquor, morphine and other vile habits.

Geo. H. Weeks, of Cleveland, Ohio, sends heartfelt thanks for restoration to health after suffering from nervous prostration and insomnia for years; he says he now enjoys health and restful sleep every night. Mrs. J. A. East, of Haver, Minn., cured of uric acid poisoning in two months' treatment, writes: "I am better than in years, and each day brings new health and strength. I will refer all ailing ones to you." Mary A. Earle, Crawford, Mich., suffering from pronounced female difficulties and kidney disease, says: "I took your treatment three months, and it has been a success in my case. I am indeed grateful to you for my recovery." C. E. Davis, Woodman, N. H., who suffered all the miseries of a dyspeptic, writes that as the result of Dr. Peebles' treatment, he had not missed a meal since last March. D. W. Bridgman, of Del Norte, Cal., writing Sept. 30, after three months' course, writes: "When I began treatment with Dr. Peebles' Institute of Health I was a cripple, unable to walk but little with a cane. Now I am able to walk with ease some days ten or fifteen miles. My general health is excellent. I can hardly find words to express my gratitude, as previously I had tried everything I could hear of and got no relief." Mrs. Isaac Varney, Dover, N. H., a sufferer of spinal trouble and nerve exhaustion, writes that she would not go back to the state of health she was in before taking this treatment for all the world. Solomon Fried, of Vancouver, California, cured of neuritis and catarrh, says: "I am well and a thousand times obliged to you."

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Written by Dr. J. M. Peebles, in a plain and concise manner, tells you exactly how and where you can gain perfect health; in it it gives you the key to the greatest knowledge known to man. Remember, this book costs you nothing, and it reveals wonderful secrets and makes the impossibilities of yesterday realities of to-day. ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send your name and address and we will send you this book free. It is a book which any one may be proud of. Write today and receive "A Message of Hope" and diagnosis of your case absolutely free. Address

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OF  
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#### TRANSCENDENTAL PHYSICS.

An Account of Experimental Investigations on the Scientific Treatment of



Oh, this was the prayer sent heavenward,  
Week after week, day after day,  
Until at last the glad summons came, and  
Loving friends bore her away.



Price, cloth, 50 cents; paper, 35 cents.  
For sale by DIXON OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.



Children's Spiritualism.

THOUGHTS.

There is one heaven for all.  
No matter the road we may take,  
An Angel stands with outstretched hands  
To open the "Beautiful Gate."

And, if we have loved ones there,  
They will greet us, each one, with a smile;  
God's love is boundless and free,  
We tarry on earth but a while.

Let the question forever be dropped  
Between men on this finite earth;  
We know that God's love is for all,  
That He rules our death and our birth.

My baby has entered God's fold,  
He loved her too well to forget;  
He but lent her awhile here to us,  
Though, through love, she is our baby yet.

But now, her white soul, all unstained  
By the trials and discords of earth,  
Shall lead us the way to God's fold,  
Ah! Death is the Infinite Birth.

—R. M. B.

The Banner Post Office.

Dear Banner Friends:  
I want to write to you this snowy morning.  
I cannot go out doors to play, so mama said  
I might.

We are all quite well here on the "Green  
Hill" now, but my papa was sick a long time  
in the winter. Dear Grandma Drake is sick  
now. I want to ask the Banner friends to  
send their thoughts of healing to her, for we  
need to have her well so much. She loves  
the Banner and all its workers.

My Aunt Mattie was up from Dover lately  
and attended our Lyceum. She thought it  
nice, even though she does not believe in  
Spiritualism. She is very good and we children  
all love her and hope she will soon  
know how beautiful it is to have angels help us.

My little cousin Gaylon sends his love to  
all the Banner children. He and I have great  
fun together. I would like to have Mr. Bar-  
rett write a letter in the Banner for boys.  
Much love to all.

Harold R. Jenne.  
Monson, Me., March 10.

Dear Banner of Light:  
It is snowing very hard today. I hope it  
will stop soon. I am writing this letter all by  
myself.

Grandma has been getting better now, for many  
weeks, but she is still very sick, and we  
are all very glad that she is getting better.

I am very sorry Mrs. Barrett is sick, and  
hope she will be well soon.

Leona is very well, and so am I. I have  
been reading a book Mrs. Soule sent me. I  
liked it much.

I have seven hens and take care of them  
myself. One day they laid seven eggs. I  
talk to them and visit their coop very often.  
I have two nice sheep also. They will fol-  
low me all around.

Mama is down with Grandma since she  
has been sick.

My best love to Mrs. Barrett.

Elhanan D. Coy.  
Monson, Me., March 20.

Dear little Banner friends:  
I have not written to you in a long time.  
Mama was going to write a long time ago  
and send our dear little Ruthie's picture to  
be put in with the Banner babies, but our  
baby has gone to spirit life. She went very  
suddenly. She would have been two years  
old the 4th of April.

I hope dear little Xillia's mama will get  
well. I love Xillia and all the other Banner  
babies, and I hope they will live to grow up  
in earth life.

I read the Banner and think the stories are  
very nice. I love my love to Sunbeam and  
Leona, and all the rest.

I am very lonesome without little Ruth.  
She was a cunning little girl.

If my mother has the money I shall go to  
the Pratt Institute to finish my education. I  
wish all of us Banner children could go to-  
gether. We would not be lonesome, would  
we?

I earn money selling flowers in the summer.  
My mama grows them to sell. I may earn  
money to pay for my own education.

Do any of the Banner children come to  
Greenport? If you do I wish you would  
come to see me. I would be pleased to see  
you.

I am glad that spring will soon be here. I  
am glad when the hyacinths and tulips are  
in bloom and the birds come back. I like  
to hear them sing.

From your loving friend,  
Mary M. Saunders.  
Greenport, N. Y., Feb. 22.

Report of "The Bower of Beauty  
Lyceum."

FOR THE YEAR ENDING FEB 1902.

Dear Banner Friends:  
Thinking it might be an encouragement to  
some Spiritualists who are far removed from  
spiritual meetings and Lyceums (like our-  
selves), but who still desire to give unto  
their children the great benefits to be gleaned  
from a knowledge of its beautiful truths, I  
will give you the report of our little "Home  
Lyceum," which is composed of hardly more  
than a dozen members.

Six children have been given into our care,  
and we feel that we can give them no richer  
boon than a knowledge of Spiritualism, so we  
gather from Sunday to Sunday and read  
short stories with good morals, sing songs,  
recite poems, study from different subjects—  
sometimes from lives of noted men, some-  
times from nature, indeed, anything that is of  
an elevating character. We have received  
much help from "The Lyceum Guide," by  
Emma Rood Tuttle, and the children's col-  
umn in the Banner affords much food for  
thought. Sometimes we have a treat for the  
children and they are learning to think. The  
Lyceum at "Grammie's" is something nice  
that they love to go to. Our youngest mem-  
ber, little Leona Coy, is hardly two years  
old; our oldest member, Grandma Drake, is  
seventy-two years. He is always present.

During the entire year there has been but  
three Sundays that we have failed to meet—  
two Sundays that we were at Etina Camp  
and one when dear Aunt Lydia's weary  
earthly form was laid to rest in the bosom of  
mother earth. The superintendent of our

SURGICAL OPERATIONS

How Mrs. Bruce, a Noted Opera  
Singer, Escaped an Operation.  
Proof That Many Operations  
for Ovarian Troubles are Un-  
necessary.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Travelling  
for years on the road, with irregular  
meals and sleep and damp beds, broke  
down my health so completely two  
years ago that the physician advised a  
complete rest, and when I had gained



sufficient vitality, an operation for  
ovarian troubles. Not a very cheerful  
prospect, to be sure. I, however, was  
advised to try Lydia E. Pinkham's  
Vegetable Compound and San-  
ative Wash; I did so, fortunately  
for me. Before a month had passed, I  
felt that my general health had im-  
proved; in three months more I was  
cured, and I have been in perfect  
health since. I did not lose an engage-  
ment or miss a meal.

"Your Vegetable Compound is cer-  
tainly wonderful, and well worthy the  
praise your admiring friends who have  
been cured are ready to give you. I  
always speak highly of it, and you  
will admit I have good reason to do  
so."—Mrs. G. Bruce, Lansing, Mich.  
\$5000 forfeit if above testimonial is not genuine.

The fullest counsel on this  
subject can be secured without  
cost by writing to Mrs. Pinkham,  
Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be  
entirely confidential.

Lyceum is Grandma Strout, a sainted old man  
who passed to the "sunnier home" some  
years ago. He gives us many hints and sug-  
gestions from his higher home, and asked  
that he might be our leader for a season.  
He has served in that capacity from his  
higher sphere for over a year and was at a  
recent meeting, and was chosen by the  
children for the following year, so you can  
readily see how the children are learning to  
love him.

Our dear arisen friends will often lead us  
into broad, beautiful pathways if we will only  
open the door. We earnestly solicit the kind  
thoughts of our friends for the higher un-  
foldment of our little ones, and would thank-  
fully receive any lessons for their study, as  
we sometimes, in the midst of busy cares,  
find it hard to find interesting and profitable  
subjects for the study of the children.

"Thought Gems" did us great good in the  
brief time it was published and we deeply  
regretted the loss of it.

May Spiritualists soon awaken and see the  
great need of having a care for our children;  
that good seed may be sown in the good  
soil of their hearts, for all truth is closely  
enfolded in the arms of Spiritualism. Truth  
alone will lead us into all peace.

Ever yours for a higher Spiritualism,  
Mary Drake Jenne.

A Pleasant Occasion.

The First Spiritual Church of Buffalo, N. Y.,  
tendered its pastor, Rev. Moses Hull, and  
his wife, Mattie E. Hull, together with F.  
Corden White, who has been serving the  
society for the month of March, a reception  
at the Temple Thursday evening, April the  
1st, which was one of the most successful and  
enjoyable gatherings ever held in honor of  
any workers in the city of Buffalo.

The program was prettily decorated with  
palms and cut flowers. The success of the  
social gathering was largely due to Mr. Al-  
bert, the president of the church, whose gen-  
erous donations, in a financial way, are  
always equal to the occasion. The writer  
was appointed by the president to act as  
master of ceremonies. The program was  
quite lengthy, consisting of vocal and inst-  
rumental music, under the direction of Miss  
Bessie Starr, and short speeches by the  
officers and leading members of the church and  
others, after which the pastor responded in  
his usual humorous way apropos to the occa-  
sion, which was generally applauded. Mr.  
Hull, in her word-picturing response, spoke  
of the many tender associations in the church  
during the past four years, and lamented that  
they would soon have to depart to other  
fields. Mr. Corden White also  
lamented that he, too, had to leave other  
fields of labor, but then he said it made a  
little difference as he was, in common with  
other itinerant workers, only a tramp, at best.

Last but not least, the audience retired to  
the dining hall of the temple, and indulged  
in refreshments and a good social time. The  
attendance of about two hundred people ad-  
joined at twelve o'clock with many regrets  
that the midnight hour had come so soon.

W. V. Nicum.

Newburyport, Mass.

Our meetings for March have more than  
kept up the record given of January and  
February meetings.

Mr. J. Frank Baxter was with us the first  
Sunday, and gave us two most instructive  
and interesting services. The afternoon  
theme was "How Spiritualism Affects the  
Affairs of Men and Nations—Whether They  
Wish it or Not," and was most impressive.  
A long list of notable names of men and wo-  
men of world-wide reputation was given as  
being avowed Spiritualists. Mr. Baxter's  
original songs were the best ones given, es-  
pecially "The Banner of Truth," and "The  
Golden Age is Coming." No one gives  
as he does, and his descriptions were  
graphically given, and mostly recognized.  
Services closed with singing of "Psalm of  
Life," set to original music. The poem for  
the evening was a most unique one, "Not  
Has, but Is," and worthy a place in all pro-  
gressive papers. Subject for evening lecture  
was "The Philosophy and Naturalness of  
Mediumship, Spiritualism and Spiritualism,"  
followed by another fine "descriptive service."  
I count this a "red-letter day" in our sea-  
son's work. March 9, Mrs. Lizzie D. Butler  
of Lynn was with us, also on March 20, and  
did her usual satisfactory work for the large  
audiences present.

March 16 and 23 we were served by Mrs.  
Dr. Caird of Lynn in her usual quiet and ef-  
fective manner.

March is our benefit circle was on the new  
(to us) line of Astrology, conducted by Prof.  
E. Matlock from Boston. He seemed to be  
well qualified for his work, as he gave rapid  
readings to the fifty or more present.

March 28 Mrs. R. C. Cunningham very  
kindly gave us a "benefit." Our speakers for  
April will be Mrs. Edie Webster, Mrs. R. C.  
Cunningham, Mr. Edgar W. Emerson, Mrs.  
Lizzie D. Butler, S. A. Lowell, Sec.  
Banners for sale.

Interesting Historical Notes.

Bro. Titus Merritt of New York city sends  
us some interesting items that we will  
share with our readers. In 1852, Dr. Andrew  
Jackson Davis was publishing "The Herald  
of Progress," 274 Court street, New York  
city. Early in December he caused the fol-  
lowing to appear in its columns:—"On the  
first day of January, 1853, the emancipation  
proclamation takes effect, therefore we should  
commence a series of progressive meetings."  
Judge Edmonds, P. E. Farworth, Warren  
S. Bacon, Dr. Robert Hallock, Charles Par-  
tridge, Dr. Ralph Glover, and all pioneer  
workers then residing in New York, at once  
responded to the call. On Sunday, Jan. 4,  
1853, meetings opened in Dodsworth Hall, 806  
Broadway, adjoining Grace church. The  
Children's Progressive Lyceum was started  
Jan. 25, 1853, in the same hall.

The First Association of Spiritualists of  
New York city is the continuation of the so-  
ciety organized in the emancipation year by  
great Foughtkeepers Seer, A. J. Davis,  
Brother Merritt says that both he and his  
wife were present on that initial Sunday,  
they having arrived in New York about one  
year prior to that time. Mrs. Merritt entered  
spirit life July 20, 1864, and the kindness ex-  
tended to her and to him by Dr. Davis is  
most fittingly mentioned by Mr. Merritt.  
Bro. Merritt is a most earnest, a regu-  
lar attendant at all of the meetings and most  
faithfully serves the Cause in any way with  
his power. He has made Spiritualism the  
object of his tenderest love, and nobly has he  
served the angel world and its messengers  
since the past forty years. Long may he be  
found in the front of his post of duty, with  
the venerable First Association of N. Y. City.

Wisconsin Convention.

The Wisconsin State Spiritualist Associa-  
tion will hold its second annual conven-  
tion in Milwaukee, April 15, 16 and 17, in Lincoln  
Hall, on 6th street, near Grand avenue.  
Headquarters have been established at the  
Hankinson House, and moderate rates se-  
cured. The program for the convention is  
Y. whose logical discourses have claimed the  
attention of thinking people of all classes  
and denominations, has been secured as the  
main speaker for the three evening sessions.  
Sallie C. Mosier, of Kent, Ohio, who for  
four days was called dead by physicians and  
finally ordered by the medical authorities  
to be buried, but who like the "Widow's Son  
of Naim," was made alive by the power of the  
unseen, even when ready for the tomb, and  
who since that time converses with the in-  
habitants of that other land as she does with  
those in the physical life, the city of Wis-  
consin, will be the best medium for the  
three evenings. Dr. Geo. B. Warner, of  
Chicago, president of the Illinois State Associa-  
tion, will be present and take part in the  
meetings. Dr. Warner is a fine speaker and  
a consistent Spiritualist. Will J. Erwood,  
pastor of the first church of Spiritualists of  
La Crosse, will assist in speaking and giving  
psychometric readings. Mrs. Catherine Mc-  
Farlin, the Vice-pres. of the W. S. S. A., will  
also take part. She is well known through-  
out the state as a reliable medium. The of-  
ficers and home workers will all endeavor to  
make this convention the best held since the  
organization of the association. Every Spiritu-  
alist should endeavor to attend and have a  
voice in the legislation enacted for the good  
of the Cause in the future and the success  
of this session.

Missouri State Association.

A revival of this association was created  
in St. Louis, on Monday, March 31. An ex-  
cellent board of officers was elected. There  
was much interest manifested, and the at-  
tendance was greater than in the past, at  
least. Several local societies were re-  
ported ready to join as auxiliaries. This is  
a good sign. It is on earnest co-worker,  
Brother Alonzo Thompson, accepts the presi-  
dency, the State will soon be stirred and the  
N. S. A. missionaries will all be glad to help  
him.

The World's Fair will find a representative  
body, we trust, and the International Con-  
vention be realized as a result of the co-  
operative union of the N. S. A. and the Mis-  
souri State Association. Brother Thompson  
seems to be the right man to place at the  
helm just now.

Mrs. Kates and self hope to achieve some  
results in Missouri during May that will help  
the great work this State has now an oppor-  
tunity to care for. Every locality should as-  
sist us by holding some meetings.

Watch for an active campaign in Missouri.  
G. W. Kates.

Cancer, Tumor, Piles, Catarrh, Ul-  
cer and Skin Diseases.

Successfully cured by a combination of  
Medicated Oil. Thousands of persons come  
and go from Dr. Byre, of Kansas City, Mo., for  
this wonderful Oil. Many cases are treated  
at home without aid of a physician. Per-  
sons afflicted should write for illustrated  
book showing the various diseases before  
and after treatment. Physicians endorse this  
mild method of treatment. Call or address  
Dr. W. O. Byre, Cor. Ninth and Broadway,  
Kansas City, Mo.

Euthanasia.

There are not wanting in all civilized  
lands men who firmly believe in the exter-  
mination of the incurably diseased,  
the incurably insane, the incurably useless,  
the incurably vicious. They base their  
belief on the public policy, inasmuch as  
the support of these "useless members of  
society is a burden on the healthy, moral  
and industrious public, but on a private right  
of suicide. These people, they say, who oc-  
cupy our prisons, hospitals, asylums and  
almshouses, can take no joy of life; at  
least the heaviest burden, for their lives  
weigh heaviest upon the world. Death to  
them would be a happy release; hence both  
the sufferer and the world would be gainers.  
Again, there is the question of public safety,  
which is involved in the presence among us  
of desperadoes, of thieves, of irresponsible  
alcoholics and lunatics, of persons suffering from  
infectious and incurable diseases. And this  
also touches on the transmission of evil  
traits and a low vitality to offspring. It is  
for our future welfare, say the advocates of  
euthanasia, that the wicked and the weak  
should be destroyed, that the survivors may  
enjoy health and continue the forward move-  
ment of the race.

While the premises of the euthanists may

be considered true in a general sense, the  
moral sense of the world is slow to accept  
their conclusions, for it is well known that  
there are exceptions to their rules. It is  
known, for example, that notorious criminals  
have abandoned sin, and led upright lives;  
one prison warder, hardened in his senti-  
ments as one might suppose him to be, and  
made cynical and hopeless from his dealings  
with humanity in its worst aspects, doubts if  
there is such a thing as an incorrigible.  
It is known that many invalids, so far from  
becoming pessimistic under their affliction,  
radiate happiness like heat. It is known  
that many grivances have been dwarfed or  
malformed. It is known that among  
mental defectives there is often a seren-  
ity and a satisfaction impossible to the  
sane, who have to fight against the world's  
adversities, and that there is more singing  
and laughter in asylums for imbeciles than  
in our shops and offices.

And it is also to be remembered that the  
tendency of disease and weakness is toward  
extinction. Criminals are of such low  
vitality, as a rule, that they often transmit  
no offspring, or, if they do, beget children  
so feeble in body and mind that they give up  
the struggle for life almost before they have  
begun it. And, of course, this is the case  
with confirmed valetudinarians and the men-  
tally infirm.

But, suppose that the euthanists are right  
in a broad sense, shall we ever have the  
moral or legislative authority to put their  
schemes into practice? We kill a wretch  
who has murdered his brother. Shall we  
ever say the brother by killing the moral  
lunatic first? Shall we even admit the  
despairing to the privilege of destruction by  
artificial means? The ingenious Alfred  
Nobis devised an euthanasia house which he  
offered to build in Rome and Milan, at his  
own expense, to cost \$50,000 each, where  
anybody who wanted to be rid of himself, or  
anyone that the community had agreed to  
spare, would be received, treated to a fine  
dinner, accompanied by rare wines and good  
music, and to induce that state of dreamy  
satisfaction in which one does not greatly  
care whether the sky falls or not, and while  
smoking complacently, a subtle gas would  
pour into the room, which would be breath-  
ed by the patient, without pain, and he would  
fall into his last sleep as easily as he passed  
into unconsciousness at night. Then his  
body would be cremated, and so on end.

We all agree that some thousands now  
burdening the earth would be better dead,  
and we know that many would take death  
of their own choice rather than suffer the  
slings and arrows of outrageous fortune any  
longer. Shall we ever be so complacently  
scientific that we can build death houses  
where such can be sent to their repose? It  
may be a long time hence. If the com-  
munist tendency of the day continues, we  
may even expect it, for society will then be-  
come an ordered and artificial machine,  
for it will be necessary to eliminate every  
rusty, ill-made, useless article. If, on the  
contrary, we are working toward a higher  
confidence in the needlessness of authority;  
if every individual is to have a broader freedom  
in the future, if the tendency of progress and  
a hope that extends even beyond the things  
of earth, the utmost respect will be given to  
life, in all its forms, and instead of facilitat-  
ing its end we shall devote ourselves more  
strenuously to its enhancements and its  
prolongation.—The Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

WHEN LINCOLN AND BEECHER  
PRAYED TOGETHER.—Samuel Scoville,  
N. Y.—During the year 1862, the hopes of the  
North were at their lowest ebb. It was in  
that year that the second battle of Bull Run  
had been fought and lost, McClellan was en-  
trenched before Richmond and the strength  
and resources of the nation seemed to have  
been fruitlessly wasted. Henry Ward  
Beecher was then in Brooklyn, and was per-  
haps more prominently associated with the  
cause of the North at that time than any  
minister of the gospel. He had  
preached and lectured and fought his battles  
in pulpit and platform over the country, had  
ransomed slaves from over the country, and his  
victories and feelings were everywhere known.  
Late one evening a stranger called at his  
home and asked to see him. Mr. Beecher  
was working alone in his study, as was his  
custom, and this stranger refused to  
send up his name, and came muffled in a  
military cloak which completely hid his face.  
Mrs. Beecher's suspicions were aroused, and  
she was very unwilling that he should have  
the interview which he requested, especially  
as Mr. Beecher's life had been frequently  
threatened by sympathizers with the South.  
The latter, however, insisted that his visitor  
be shown to the door, and for hours the  
wife below could hear the voices and their  
footsteps as they paced back and forth.  
Finally, toward midnight, the mysterious vis-  
itor went out, still muffled in his cloak, so  
that it was impossible to gain any idea of  
his features.

The next day, when the war was finished,  
the President had suffered martyrdom at his  
post, and it was not until shortly before Mr.  
Beecher's death, over twenty years later,  
that it was known that the mysterious stran-  
ger who had called on the stormy winter  
night was Abraham Lincoln. The stress and  
strain of those days and nights of struggle,  
with all the responsibility and sorrows of  
a nation fighting for its life thrust upon him,  
had broken down his strength, and for a  
time undermined even his courage. He had  
traveled alone in disguise and at night from  
Washington to Brooklyn to gain the sym-  
pathy and help of one whom he knew as a  
man of the people, and who had been a  
man in which he had the least. Alone for  
hours that night the two had wrestled to-  
gether in prayer with the God of battles,  
and the Watcher over the right, until they  
had received the help which he had promised  
to those who seek His aid. Whatever were  
the convictions and religious belief of Ab-  
raham Lincoln, they do not doubt that he be-  
lieved in prayer, and made that the source of  
his strength.—From the Sunday School  
Times.

Mr. Scoville is a grandson of Henry Ward  
Beecher.—The Editor.

OUR VANISHING IDEALS.—We begin  
by believing that the way of life is by ac-  
quisition, by what the world reckons pro-  
gress. We live to learn that it is by abandon-  
ment, by the ability to do without rather  
than by the capability to gain, by the grow-  
ing away from ideals rather than by fulfill-  
ment of them, and this not necessarily by a  
benignant one.

I wish biography, even autobiography,  
were more explicit on this point. And so  
wishing, so thinking, I began to put down  
the poor, bare, utterly commonplace little  
outline I know "best of all," as Mrs. Bur-  
nett says, and looking backward as best I  
could, my recollection flew, straight as a  
magnetic needle to the north, to the time  
when I used, as a little girl, to look forward  
with a chill agony of foreboding to the in-  
evitable time when I should be "too big" to  
play with dolls. I felt sure that when such  
a time came to me I should want to die; life  
would hold no further incentives to go on  
living. I really suffered in this anticipation,  
imagining that some day, in the full flush of

my passionate love for my dolls, someone  
would come to me and make me put my  
treasures away from me forever, and my  
heart would surely break in one great ache  
of agony. But I can't even remember how  
or when I stopped playing with dolls. My  
interest in them, my passion for them, their  
power to absorb and satisfy me, faded so  
gradually, so gently, into other interests,  
other passions, that there was no wrench in  
the transition; it was evolution, and as quiet  
as the creeping of grass, the unfolding of buds,  
as the creeping of time.—From "The Evolution  
of a Girl's Life," by Clara E. Laugh-  
lin, in the April Scribner.

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