

SUNSHINE AFTER DARKNESS.

BY MRS. A. E. PORTER

God is the master of the scenes; we must not choose which part we shall act; it concerns us only to be careful that we do it well, always saying, "If this please God, let it be as it is."—JEREMY TAYLOR.

Launching the Vessel.

Daisy: I'm not a girl, I'm a woman.

little complaint to make.

BY THOMAS R. HAZARD.

PART I

Although such a righteous defence may not
 avail to protect the innocent before a court and
 jury selected and perhaps packed from the priestly
 and other professional-ridden masses of New
 York, the occasion may nevertheless be used to
 scatter the seeds of truth with great effect in the
 way of showing, through the testimony of living
 witnesses, the comparative success of healing
 the sick after the mode prescribed and practiced

* I was present on two occasions when the most drastic and out of course most renowned of these Dr. *Singra* procedures were performed. The first was on a young, beautiful, unmarried girl, whose case was by much gravely pronounced on his first visit to be very critical, but thought it possible that she might be saved. The doctor, however, after being exposed to blood-letting, the doctor postponed operation until the next day. In the meantime, my father, suspecting that the girl was dying, gave her a dose of a dozen or fifteen pills. On the afternoon of the following day, Dr. *Singra* appeared at the door with a sledge-hammer in his hand, and after a few minutes' waiting, he made a few indifferent observations, asked how the sick girl was, and my father told him that he gave her a dose of old Dr. *Ehrlich's* pills. He then said that he would not be able to do any work in the kitchen, and apparently left. The doctor then dropped his head in a musing attitude for a few moments, and then he said that he would give her a dose of a few pills. "Ehrlich's pills are devilish things," he said. "No doubt, a copious blood-letting or a dose of Dover powders, none of which I have, would be a great deal better. But I have rendered the simple *Liquor*, or castor oil, a fatal attack."

[illegible]

TRADITION OF CONQUEST

His Grace of Marlborough, legends say,
Though battle lightning proved his worth,
Was smothered, like others in his day,
By fiercer fires at his own hearth.

The patient chief, thus sadly tried—
"I cannot the Duchess serve as yet,"
In Bethlehem's hon'rs felt less pride
Than in the lady's lovely hair.

Once (shown, as she had coiled it there to wound
Her lord when he should pass, his faith),
Shine across his eyes, his soul, his sound
The glory of the woman's head.

No sudden word, no sudden look
In all his after days confessed
He had indeed the chance to lose
A scar's pale shade within his breast,

I think she longed to have him blame,
And soothe him with imperious tears—
As if her beauty were the same,
He had had her through more cruel years.

But when the soldier's arm was dust,
Among the dead men's treasures, where
He laid it as from ill and right,
And his blood on the floor as sweet hair—

Mrs. S. M. B. Platt in the Galaxy for February.

Women's Rights as Medical Practitioners.

It would appear that women have always had a legal right to obtain a diploma from the Royal College of Surgeons, authorizing them to practice as midwives. The college has been advised to include a clause in its charter was expressly drawn up to admit women, the word "persons" being employed instead of "men," and according to the *British Medical Journal*, the Council has decided in submission. This is a mere step toward the acknowledgment of a right, but it is a long one since it places women among recognized medical practitioners, with whom surgeons must consult.

"No, no, no," said Daisy, "asking before Jim had a chance. I think I like my world just as it is, for something that I want that you do not get for me. If all the little girls in the world had an Uncle Joe, would it be splendid, Jim?"

"There's no one in wishing that," Daisy. John Stone went to come to the launch.

"Yes, indeed," said Daisy, "he must come. I think he is a perfect little gentleman."

Jim didn't look well pleased at this compliment.

"Susan Parker, too. Will you have her?"

"Yes," said Daisy, "and we will invite Dr. Naevet, but we must be very civil and proper, for he is the most polite gentleman in town."

Uncle Joe sat down with paper and pencil and wrote a list of names for the party. There was to be a launch, and then a little sail up the river in a small yacht.

Daisy was so excited that day that she had great difficulty with her French verbs, and was very glad when the lesson was over. She was to name the vessel, and had not yet revealed her secret to any one, not even Uncle Joe.

"I am afraid they will not like it," she said to herself many times that day. "I think there is no one but Uncle Joe that will be pleased, but I care not for him, so it does not so much matter about the others."

She was undecided whether she should speak the name herself, or write it on a paper and hand it just as the man should break the bottle. On the whole she thought it would be better to write it, so she practiced for half an hour, and at last a card with the name in large easy-hand lay ready in her bureau drawer.

There was bustle and merriment in the kitchen, the next morning. Breakfast was to be an hour earlier, and as Betty said she should cook a Thanksgiving breakfast, which meant chicken and toast, with a variety of other dishes that custom made important, she was up long before the sun. Peter's usual business was forgotten, and he was up before him, busy with the horses. Daisy went to bed an hour earlier that night, and thus opened her eyes at five instead of six o'clock the next morning.

She sprung out of bed and drew aside the curtain. The sky was clear, and the light in the east gave promise of the sun. She danced a little merrily in her night robe, and then whispered through the key-hole, "Uncle Joe, it is going to be a pleasant day."

"Yes, Daisy, are you dressed?"

"No, but I will be soon, Uncle Joe; I am going to wear my blue morning. Blue is the color to day."

"Then I will wear a blue-ribbon in my button-hole."

"No, Uncle, a little blue-rossette on the coat hannel. I have one made all ready for you."

"All right, Daisy."

"Isn't that charming?" said the little girl to herself, as she rolled her curls over her fingers, taking a dancing step now and then to express her pleasure. "Jim Wood will wear one, and John Stone, because they say it is my color, but I didn't think Uncle Joe would do it!"

The family appeared at the breakfast table dressed for the day. Mrs. Doane wore blue ribbons. Dickie's white marcellus was trimmed with blue-bows, and Mr. Sam, finding himself the only one not in uniform, begged a rosette.

When the carriage came round, Daisy's delight was increased to see the horses wearing blue favors also, and looking in their shining coats and bright harnesses as if they understood the occasion. If they didn't it was not because Peter had not told them of it again and again. Betty and Jenny, driven by Caesar, Mr. Tracy's coachman, Jenny's lover, were in the little blue wagon, their faces glossy as black satin, and their eyes shining like black diamonds. They found most of the party already in the shipyard waiting for "Squire Joe" to precede them to the deck of the ship.

The young folks were wondering what the name would be. "Why, Daisy, or Alice, or course," said Jim Wood. "Don't you see we are all wearing her color?" and Mr. Joe said he would like it to be Alice Doane's.

Jim was supposed to be good authority, and all concluded he was right.

Dr. Naevet accompanied his friends, Miss Sybil and Miss Patsy, a charming, quaint trio, dressed in a style that had prevailed thirty years before, but with great neatness and taste. The Doctor in a broad brimmed hat, powdered hair, a blue coat with brass buttons, drab small clothes and French boots; the ladies in beaver hats, trimmed with ostrich plumes, and black satin short cloaks with genuine old lace around them. The Doctor carried a bouquet of violets, which he presented to Daisy.

The ship-carpenter had taken pains to make the ascent to the ship very easy, and the guests soon found themselves enjoying the fine view which was to be had from the stern. There were at this time no permanent ways in the yard, such as are now common, but the workmen had prepared the cradle, we have described, and had bound its two ends at the bow and stern tightly across the keel with chains. Some of the workmen were already knocking away the blocks on which the ship rested. The shores were nearly all removed. Two shores called dog shores still remained.

The tide was slowly rising, and the workmen watching for the word of command to knock the last one away, when Uncle Joe, the Doctor and Daisy were seen talking earnestly together, near the bow of the ship, away from the rest of the party. An old sailor with a bottle in his hand was the only person near them.

"Very good, very good, Daisy; I like it; but I had thought you might prefer your own name."

"Miss Joan wished me not to name it for myself, Uncle Joe, and I thought if I named it for your favorite princess it would please you."

"It does, my child. Next to your own name I would prefer this."

"May I suggest," said the Doctor in French, "that we say *Carlotta*? *C'est plus jolie*."

"Very good," said Uncle Joe. "How does that please you, Daisy? It is the same word, you know, but as the Doctor would say in our language, a little prettier."

"I like it very much," said Daisy.

The man with the bottle repeated the word slowly to himself two or three times, then went to the bow of the ship just over the figure-head. There was silence for a moment, when suddenly there came a shout from the crowd who were gathered about the ship and on the wharves and timbers in the vicinity.

"She is moving!" exclaimed a number of voices. The old sailor broke his bottle, its contents falling upon the figure-head, and as he did so he cried out in a loud voice, "I name thee *Carlotta*!" The motion of the vessel became more rapid, the ways smoked with the pressure

of the great moving mass, and in a twinkling the noble ship left its birthplace and entered joyously upon the water, throwing up a great wave as she plunged in. Cheer after cheer went up from the crowd, ladies waved their handkerchiefs and men swung their hats, till the old shipyard resounded with the joy. It was a grand sight. The sun shone brightly, a soft, spring air breathed on the crowd, and no accident marred the pleasure of the day. The ship floated grandly on the water, and before many hours lay at Marquand's wharf ready to be rigged for her voyage. There was a merry party in the sail boat, which included Jim and Mary Wood, and a few of Daisy's schoolmates, the Doctor and his two friends, and the whole Doane family. The lunch was served here, much to Betty's delight, for, as Peter said, "she got so many compliments she would be as much set up and as arbitrary as King George."

No persons felt the importance of the day more than Betty and Peter. Their tongues ran till night came, all about "our ship" and how grandly she behaved, and what wonderful things she would bring from over the seas.

Jim Wood was disappointed in the name of the ship. What cared he for kings, queens or princesses? The name should have been Alice Doane, and he couldn't bring himself to think that any other name was the right one.

He might have felt better about the matter if he had known that Alice in her own heart valued too, she was very sure that it was from no unkind feelings toward herself that Miss Joan objected to Alice Doane as the name of the ship, for she had become more and more kind to the little girl. There was a strange softness about her of late, which was noticed by all the household.

It was almost dusk when Daisy returned home. She was tired and sleepy, but her first thought was of poor Miss Joan, who liked ships so much, and yet had been deprived of the great pleasure. She went to her room and found her alone. A lamp was burning on the table and the invalid was surrounded with papers, memoranda and little account books. She looked tired and pale.

"Daisy, will you put these papers away in the third drawer of the secretary, and come and sit with me awhile?"

The child obeyed, but when she sat down Miss Joan looked so worn and sad that she did not venture to speak. After a few minutes the invalid turned her eyes toward her, and at the same time laid her left hand on Daisy's arm.

"Ship—all right?"

"Yes, Miss Joan; we have had a charming day. There was no accident; she went off just as if she was alive, and knew where she was going. At first slowly, and then faster and faster, till at last she made one great plunge, and the waves parted to receive her. I wish you could have been there."

"Have—seen—many. Father owned twenty."

"Yes, Miss Joan; but I think I should like to see another very much."

"Name?" said Miss Joan.

"Carlotta. Dr. Naevet wanted it this, instead of the English *Charlotte*."

"Same thing—same, Daisy—right name. Sad life—early death—blasted hopes."

Poor Daisy was very uncomfortable. She hoped that Miss Joan would forget her prejudice against the ship, now that she was launched, but there remained the same opposition—more quiet, but as positive.

The little girl told her of all the guests, described the dress of Dr. Naevet and his two friends. "Those girls always did like dress—lace cost twenty dollars a yard—forty years old."

Never before had Daisy heard Miss Joan put so many words together in one sentence as at this time; she must be getting better, the child thought.

When Daisy had told her all about the launch, she asked her to read the fifty-first psalm. It is as the reader will remember, one of the penitential psalms of David, written under the pressure of remorse for a great sin. The soul in its sorrow bows down before its Maker, bringing no plea for itself, no justification for its guilt. "Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest."

Then the soul pleads for mercy as to one who delights in pardoning the sinner—"thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it." "Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy Holy Spirit from me." While Daisy read, slowly, as Miss Joan had requested, the stricken arm of the invalid lay passive at her side, and her eyes were closed. Once Daisy thought there were tears in those eyes.

When the psalm was ended, "Call my brother Joe," Miss Joan said, "and come yourself."

When they entered, Joan extended her left hand and clasped her brother's hand. "When I die—the furniture of this room—all in it—belongs to Daisy."

"I understand," said her brother; "you give them to Alice Doane, to be hers alone?"

"Right," said Joan, and added, "I have no fear that my will can be broken."

"Not if Judge Minot drew it up," said Joe.

Joan nodded to imply assent. No more was said upon this subject. Her brother sat by her side and read aloud the newspaper, while Daisy went down to her supper. When she returned she bade Miss Joan good night. As she did so her hands met. Something in the face of Joan, a gentle look not wont to be there, led the child to stoop and kiss her. It was the first time she had ever done so, and for an instant she feared that she might have displeased the sick woman, but the latter pressed her hand, and said, "Good night; you have been a great comfort to me."

The tears came into the child's eyes as she said, "I am so glad, Miss Joan. I will come to-morrow and read about Napoleon in *St. Helena*."

Miss Joan made no reply. Daisy passed on to her room, and ten minutes afterwards was fast asleep.

No happier little woman laid her head on a pillow that night. It was a blessed sleep, and well for the child that in her innocent slumber she was far away, sailing over sunny seas, and felt not the presence of the death-angel as he hovered with sable wings over that household. Mr. Joe continued to sit by the side of his sister. She wished it. Toward midnight she was restless and suffered much.

Then in a few minutes she became more quiet, and seemed to be sleeping, but the brother kept his watch. Something in the face of the sleeper held him there. She awoke again, and now he knew it was death. He called his brother and his wife, but she did not recognize them. There was but one struggle, and life was ended.

As the great ship went out upon the tide, so had this strong, stern soul gone out upon unknown waters! And the prayer had scarcely died upon her lips: "Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities."

A short time after the funeral, a search was made for Miss Joan's will, among the drawers and boxes in her room. It was not found. Mr. Joe went to the executor of Judge Minot's estate, supposing it might have been deposited with his papers. It was not there. Fully convinced that a will had been made, the brothers made such disposition of her property that whenever the will came to light they could execute it according to her wishes. Meantime her room was put in order, and Uncle Joe held the key until such time as Daisy should feel like claiming her legacy. The little girl shrank from going into the room, and begged Uncle Joe to retain the articles for her till she should "be grown up," she said.

Down in the shipyard a great change was seen. As one man expressed it, it was as if the Market House had suddenly moved off and left the people staring at the great hole which had been made.

At home there was also a great vacancy. Joan was the oldest child of the family; the brothers had never known the house without her presence. True, she had been a harsh woman. She had wronged one brother grievously, but she had become sensible of her wrong, and had sought to repair it. God in his love had overruled all for the happiness of the family, and now, when she had passed away from them, they felt more and more how bright little Daisy made their home, and especially when Mr. Sam and his wife saw that Uncle Joe's life, otherwise so lonely, was full of sweet content in Daisy, they said, "All is well. Let us thank God for past trials, out of which such sweetness has come."

When Daisy told them of the psalm Joan had wished read to her, they felt that he who knew their weakness and our temptations, had forgiven the sin of the haughty soul.

[Continued.]

Banner Correspondence.

Spiritual Matters in Chicago.

As "the work goes bravely on," in this city, permit me through the medium of the Banner of Light to notify the many friends abroad what the First Society of Spiritualists of Chicago is doing this winter for the dissemination of the truths of our glorious philosophy.

A recent election resulted in the choice of the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Dr. W. N. Hambleton; vice-president, W. T. Jones; secretary, E. F. Sloan; treasurer, Daniel D. Hale; trustees, Collins Eaton and J. J. Wells.

Miss Susie M. Johnson has been our regular speaker through January, and elicited the highest sympathy and applause of her increasing audience, as the following resolution, unanimously adopted at the close of her engagement, and her encouragement for March next, abundantly testify.

Whereas, Miss Susie M. Johnson having filled an engagement with the First Society of Spiritualists of Chicago, to the great satisfaction of her audience; be it therefore resolved, That we hereby tender her our heartfelt thanks as an instrument in the hands of the angel-world, for her very able and instructive lectures, and that we thoroughly appreciate and commend her, as a valuable worker in our good cause, and bid her God speed, wherever she may go.

Miss Johnson goes home to Rockford, Ill. Her permanent address is 116 Nineteenth street, Detroit, Mich. And we would cheerfully recommend all Spiritualist societies to correspond with her. In an eloquent discourse last Sunday week, upon the topic, "Shall we drift with the current, or carve out new channels for ourselves?" she struck the keynote of all true reform, and elicited the heartfelt applause of her audience.

On last Sunday evening we had the pleasure of greeting, and were cheered by the thrilling eloquence of that stanch veteran in the spiritual platoon, Thomas Cates Forster. And as we listened to his pathetic narration of his struggles, and scarcely successful efforts, even under the protecting arms of a special policeman, to present the spiritual philosophy to a Chicago audience twenty-three years ago, and his contrast 'twixt then and now, we had a most telling demonstration that "the world does move."

Mr. Forster and his wife are just en route from Texas—whether they have been seeking health—to their eastern home. Their many friends will be pleased to learn that his health is very much improved, although he does not deem it prudent yet to engage in any very protracted efforts at speaking, though still hopeful that he will be able to do so ere long.

E. V. Wilson is our speaker for this month, giving one of his very interesting discourses each Sunday evening. Prof. William Denton has engaged to give us a few lectures at least, as he returns from Minneapolis and vicinity to the East, though owing to the brisk demand for his services there, it seems quite uncertain yet just when he will get back to our city. The indications are quite unquestionable that there is a growing demand here, as elsewhere, for a knowledge of the demonstrations of a future life, which Spiritualism alone can give.

Feb. 2d, 1876.

DR. W. N. HAMBLETON,
85 S. Clark street.

Maryland.

BALTIMORE.—Frank T. Ripley writes to us Jan. 29th, sending kindly remembrances to his friends in the North, and bearing witness to the sustaining power of his spirit guides. He also returns his thanks to the Spiritualists of Baltimore, who have welcomed him to their midst as a brother, and have made his residence thus far a season of most unprecedented success. He further says: "In this locality the fields are ripening fast for the harvest, which must soon come; there is perhaps not one of the larger cities of this country in which religious prejudices have been more deeply rooted than in this, and none in which it has been so difficult to get a foothold for Spiritualism, or in which it has been so unfashionable; but the elements of opposition are being fast dissipated, and the people of all grades of society are disposed to listen to and inquire concerning the subject of Spiritualism."

Our spirit-friends say there is something in this location which is peculiarly favorable to the development of mediums and of Spiritualism. There are many persons here with whom I have met, who, if they would make the effort, could, doubtless, in a short time be developed as mediums; some of them display extraordinary powers; but they are church-going people and move in fashionable society; hence they hold back and refuse to be developed.

The meetings at the Lyceum have been largely attended, and I am encouraged to hope that they have successfully awakened the attention of the people to the cause of Spiritualism. I have succeeded, in many cases, in giving to skeptics such indisputable tests as have brought them to admit that there is, after all, something in Spiritualism. The sciences of Mrs. Hardy were eminently succeeded by what they saw there. They did not even attempt to charge collusion or trickery; they were so effectually confounded that they could only mutter, "It is strange! We cannot comprehend it!"

My guides have been doing good work in the way of relieving the sick; many persons have been thereby benefited. The most remarkable case was that of a Mr. T. S. Taylor, aged about thirty-three years, who had been suffering from disease of the kidneys, and had been given up by his doctors to die. When I first saw him he was

much emaciated, and looked as though the mortal part of him would soon be laid in the grave; but, by the use of the preparation given me by my invisible friends, and which you were so kind as to notice in your columns, to-day he looks like another man—he is restored to health, and will soon resume his business again."

Maine.

DEERING.—Mrs. E. A. Cox writes, Jan. 28th: Being a patient of Dr. Robert Thayer White, magnetic physician, I feel strongly impelled to give to the world, through your valuable paper, the knowledge of his growing success and wonderful cures, during the two years he has been in the city of Portland. The recent case of a lady patient from Union, Me., Mrs. Ellen H. Morse, interested me exceedingly. I was informed that when she came to the doctor's office for treatment a few weeks since, she had a tumor of immense size upon her left shoulder. This tumor had been growing for three years, and extended around and under the arm. She had consulted the best physicians throughout Maine and Boston. All, without one exception, pronounced her case incurable. On her first coming to the doctor's office she had no faith in his treatment, but sought it as a last resort. Both physically and mentally she was greatly prostrated, and had suffered continued pain for months from this disease, which the hand and arm were useless, and rested most of the time on a pillow. After the first treatment the pain wholly ceased, and in two weeks the pillow was thrown aside, the tumor began to decrease and has continued to do so ever since, while her whole system has been rapidly gaining new strength and vigor. In conversation with the lady in question, I remarked, "This power, as exhibited in your case, seems more than wonderful." She replied, "I think so, and yet perhaps no more so than the numerous other cases which come within his skill, such as rheumatism, either acute or chronic, fevers, also, and in fact every disease which may be all cured, quickly passes away when coming within his touch." The restoration of lost voices for months, even for years, is no uncommon thing. And all this is accomplished without any advertising. I have seen much of this treatment, and have been greatly benefited by it, but have never met any one superior in power or reliability to Doctor White, and I think, with hundreds of his patients throughout Maine, that he is second to none, and words can never express the gratitude felt by all for the benefit they have received. Would that the sick and suffering everywhere could be soothed and relieved by his magnetic touch, this God-given power, the outgrowth of all the divine principles of nature.

AUGUSTA.—A correspondent writes Jan. 9th concerning the work in this place of L. A. Edminister, M. D.: "His father, Mr. Lemuel Edminister, and his mother, Mrs. Emily Edminister, who are now in spirit-life, being both healers and clairvoyants, have given him that power to a large degree. He came to this place some seven months since. In that time he has convinced many members of the different churches even that healing the sick by the laying on of hands is a fact. He is in possession of testimonials that will convince the most skeptical of his powers. In these days, when all things are in the changing process, men have hard work to decide what is right, and death and insanity are the results. Patients who have visited him with their minds so harassed by care and trouble, have found that they were lifted, and although the physical causes were not removed, still they felt cheerful and trusting. The pressure upon the intellect of man from the higher life is one cause of so many disasters of the mind. Some very advanced spirits in human bodies see so much of the truth they accept part of it, and try to reject the rest, but sooner or later the mind begins to grow, and if the body does not grow with it, it bursts the bonds of the spirit-life. Such cases he relieves by clearing the channels where the thoughts flow. A severe discipline under the control of his guides has made him a fit instrument for this use."

Michigan.

BREEDSVILLE.—R. Baker writes: It is a long time since I have seen any communication in the Banner relative to the cause of Spiritualism in Van Buren County, Michigan. Allow me to say that there is still an interest among Spiritualists in the welfare and good of the Harmonical Philosophy, but a great lack of earnest, active workers. Some stimulus is needed to arouse us to animation, something to awaken in us a sense of duty to the public at large. Such cases he relieves by clearing the channels where the thoughts flow. A severe discipline under the control of his guides has made him a fit instrument for this use."

In Breedsville, this County, a Children's Lyceum was organized, flourished for a brief period, then drooped and died. One year ago the present winter, a Society was formed, called the "Young Folks' Improvement Society." Large numbers joined, and a goodly number manifested deep interest in its welfare, but a much larger proportion violated the pledge they took with impunity, showing how little they regarded principle and morality. This Society kept up its meetings until warm weather and short evenings arrived, when it was adjourned to meet again in September last, but from the same lukewarm and lethargic state which characterizes reforms in general in this community, it did not reopen its meetings.

Our last Quarterly Meeting was held in Skimming's Hall, Breedsville, Mich., on the 11th and 12th of December. The meeting was very timely attended, owing to the inclemency of the weather. We have now commenced a series of Conference meetings, in which a goodly interest thus far is manifested. We hope they may prove profitable to those who are endeavoring to do something for the elevation of themselves and consequently to others with whom they mingle.

I wish to call attention, before closing this article, to the good work being accomplished by our esteemed Brother, Dr. Nelson of Paw Paw, whose powers as a magnetic healer, combined with medical aid, are creating a good deal of interest. Numbers, both in this vicinity and other parts of the country, can cheerfully testify of his success. His usefulness is destined to become greatly extended, if life and health are spared him.

I wish also to offer a word of commendation to the very able manner in which the Banner is conducted. It is considered the leading organ of the Spiritualists in this section. Long may it wave in freedom, carrying practical truths to its many readers.

Illinois.

CHICAGO.—W. B. Farnham, 212 North Clark street, writes: Having been a faithful reader of your glorious paper for the past seven years, I have been kept well posted on the different phases of mediumship that are so frequently being developed throughout our country. We think Chicago has its quota of good and reliable mediums, as well as the honor of having as a resident the world-renowned Maud E. Lord, through whose mediumship more departed spirits have returned to bless and make happy their friends and relatives than perhaps any other in our land. There are thousands whose hearts overflow with gratitude toward her for serving as a channel for communion with the angel world. We also have a new light recently come among us from the east, a Mrs. Hyde, who deserves especial mention at this time. Hitherto having shrank from the public, she has given her séances all gratis to the believers and skeptic alike, but has now, with great reluctance, consented to let her light shine in a more public manner, that she may do the greater good for humanity. The invisibles make their own conditions by tying the medium's hands behind her, and fast to the chair; then, accompanying singing, can be heard the guitar, and bells float around the room and often strike the ceiling. Next may be heard the resonant

voice of one long departed, answering questions, scientific and otherwise, to the delight and satisfaction of all present. Beautiful lights like shooting stars often astonish the beholder. It is a glorious privilege to have the spirits converse in an audible and distinct voice for an hour at a time, which has frequently been my happy lot through this heavenly gifted medium. As she has consented to go before the public, I trust she may receive the patronage which her truly genuine mediumship deserves.

New York.

NEW YORK CITY.—A. A. Thurbur writes, Feb. 1st, as follows: We had a very pleasant séance at 209 West 32d street, last week, where a number of intelligent and honest-minded people were assembled for the purpose of hearing from their departed friends. Among the number was an entire stranger to us all—a gentleman from Texas. His spirit-wife was described minutely by an audible spirit-voice, and a flower was placed in his hand, which, on lighting up, proved to be a white rosebud. When the light was again extinguished, the spirit-wife spoke to him audibly, and informed him that she brought that emblem, as it represented her spirit-name, "White Rosebud." She then told her earth-name, and also his name, and mentioned many other familiar things, known only to himself. She spoke of their only child, a son; said he was soon to be married, which act she fully approved of; that she was happy to know he had given up his materialistic views about a hereafter; that she was at all times around him, and knew all his acts, and impressed him to come where she could prove to him she still lived.

What a glorious boon we are the recipients of in this nineteenth century!

A Mr. Demorest's spirit-daughter came to him and gave him a communication in poetry, in which she mentioned the names of all her brothers, sisters and mother. I have a friend whose wife has passed over; she was a very zealous church-member and used to get terribly out of temper with Spiritualists, believing they were in league with the devil; she manifested at one of our circles and asked us to forgive her for such harsh conduct toward us, as she then did not realize what she was doing; but now she saw her error and craved forgiveness, which we most willingly granted.

I could write you page after page of what we are getting by a spirit-voice *audibly and independently* of the medium, who is fully entranced during the séance and knows nothing of what is spoken. Sweet and melodious singing by the invisibles is heard at each sitting, from male and female voices.

Vermont.

GLOVER.—Orin French writes, Jan. 24th: The unorganized band of Spiritualists of Glover have secured the services of Mrs. E. L. Paul as lecturer for five months—two Sundays in each month—to commence the second Sunday in May. There is a poor and few in number, we cannot do without the gospel of Spiritualism. Our little village has been besieged for the last two or three weeks by the combined efforts of old theology, called Gospel Workers, from St. Johnsbury, Newport and Boston; but the people are too intelligent for them to have any success; they have given up the job, and retired from the field, and reported a failure. Cause, too many Spiritualists.

Foreign Correspondence.

London Letter—The British National Association of Spiritualists.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

SIR—I have received much kindness and civility from many Spiritualists in different parts of the United States, yourself, sir, not least in this respect, and would fain tender my warmest thanks to all through your columns.

In return, I would also, in the name of the British National Association of Spiritualists, most cordially invite all American Spiritualists, without distinction, who may visit England, to call at our offices, No. 38 Great Russell street, Bloomsbury, London, opposite the British Museum. There are other Spiritual establishments in London, but this is the only one where, from 10½ A. M. to 10½ P. M., Saturdays and Sundays excepted, true information, unaltered by any personal or party feeling, or trade interests, can be obtained on all subjects connected with Spiritualism in England and abroad. The Association is founded on the most radical basis. All British Spiritualists are eligible as ordinary members, and each member has an equal vote. All foreign Spiritualists are eligible as honorary members. The Association is not connected, directly or indirectly, with any publishing, or book-selling, or other commercial business. It will be readily understood that any information given by the officers of the Association, as well as the action of the Association generally, is therefore likely to be disinterested.

The objects of the Association are, briefly: 1. To unite Spiritualists of every variety of opinion, with the view (among others) of organizing a systematic and comprehensive investigation of the facts of Spiritualism, and of presenting those facts to the public under circumstances which are likely to insure their being received with respect by many who have hitherto been repelled by the many offensive excrecences which, in England as in the United States, have been fostered, *volens nolens*, upon this divine science.

2. By these means to secure for Spiritualism that weight in England, and through England in the rest of the world, to which its divine mission entitles it.

3. To take any other steps that may seem calculated to promote Spiritualism, or necessary for the protection of Spiritualists at home or abroad.

The Association seeks only to promote a free study of FACTS. It endorses NO THEORY and has NO CREED, unless it be that perfect freedom is necessary for the attainment of that modicum of truth which each individual is capable of assimilating.

I am sorry to be obliged to caution strangers against a certain bogus institution in London, the plausible proprietor of which deals largely in misrepresentation, especially with reference to our Association, which he hates because he was not made president of it, and modestly proposes to be, and because he found that he could not manipulate it for his own purposes. Among other misstatements, he is particularly fond of saying that we have tried to injure him in his business. I solemnly assure you and your readers, sir, that we have never done anything of the kind, but on the contrary have done all we could to assist him, as has also, to my knowledge, the editor of *The Spiritualist*, of whom he makes the same false statements, and whom he himself has done his worst to injure in every possible way.

Sir, there was once a certain silversmith named Demetrius, who opposed the reformers of his day because he feared they should interfere with his trade. This Demetrius of our day, who gets his living by Spiritualism, opposes and misrepresents us (as he has opposed and misrepresented them) all the leaders and fathers of Spiritualism) because he thinks that we divert funds which properly belong to him as the heaven-appointed leader of Spiritualism and Spiritualists of the United Kingdom. As he is quite unscrupulous, and has had for many years a monopoly of the spiritual book-selling and news-agency in England, besides being the proprietor of two periodicals, it is not surprising that he has been more or less successful.

I must, however, confess to feeling some surprise when I see a man like Dr. Hallock lead astray, and Mrs. Hardy, whom I know to have accepted kindnesses at the hands of the Association, writing a letter to the editor of the Medium, in which, while she thanks him and others for kindness received, she makes no allusion to the Association, and has not done so through any other channel so far as I know.

Yours faithfully, ALGERNON JOY

rather kindness, ought then to be, as it were, the foundation of our hearts, and should be, at the same time, the magnetic attraction by which we draw the hearts of our fellow-creatures toward us.—*Boswell.*

FREE-MEETING.

“A presumptuous skepticism,” says Humboldt, “that rejects facts without examination of their truth, is, in some respects more injurious than unquestioning credulity. Some of our hypercritical (not hypocritical) contemporaries should bear this fact in mind if they undertake to condemn so readily that which they know nothing of.

PROF. LISTER, ASTROLOGER, can be consulted by addressing for a Circular P. O. Box 4823, New York. 44 years' practice, 27 in Boston. He reads or writes from the position of the planets at birth.
Jan. 8.—12wis

— BY EPES SARGENT.

We need not commend this carefully worded paper to public attention. After hesitating in vain to return the Publisher's unsolicited offer of editorialism, Mr. Sargent takes the same or a somewhat different line, and says of "the problem and potency of matter," as the sufficient factor in explanation of the mind manifest in the universe, and presents some pretty strong proofs of Mr. Tyndal's superficial accomplishment in metaphysical science. This reply will, we think, call a good deal of attention, not only from Spiritualists, but from the religious public, as it shows strikingly some of the weak points of modern materialism.

Price 6 cents, postage 1 cent.

For sale, at the book store of **COLBY & RICH,** 102 N. Montgomery Place, corner of Prince's street (low floor), Boston, Mass.

