

SPIRIT VOICES.

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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LEMIRA WILLIAMSON;

OR THE

WEB AND WOOF OF AN EVENTFUL LIFE.

CHAPTER II.

One hundred years ago the north-eastern portion of Vermont was a dense wilderness, a wild mountainous region, covered with an old growth forest. This land was all owned by the government, and was offered at a very low rate to responsible parties who were willing to form a nucleus for a settlement. The little settlement of which I have already spoken had been started by descendants from good old Puritan stock. Their ancestors had landed at Plymouth in 1620, and thence found their way to Connecticut, and from there to the wilderness of Vermont. How industriously they labored to build their homes from the logs cut by their own hands, and thus gradually large fields were cleared and planted that life might be sustained. Think of those sturdy backwoodsmen going out in the frosty mornings of winter, carrying both axe and musket with them; for they little knew whether they should be able to carry forward their labor in felling the giants of the forest or be called upon to defend themselves from the attacks of the ferocious bear, wolves or wildcats. These men were fearless and hard to conquer; it almost seemed as if they were made of the same stuff that composed the rugged hills of their new found home. Whatsoever they resolved to do was always accomplished, it mattered little how many obstacles confronted them. Nothing could prevent them, for they were men and women of iron will. They knew no fear save that of God; they were industrious, and their wants were few and easily supplied. Therefore they were able to lay the foundation of future success, and also beget sons and daughters that would be a glory to the race.

How lonely must the spring-time have been to these mountaineers of the days gone by! We, who are surrounded with all the pleasures and even the luxuries of life, hardly note its approach. But they must have longed for its advent through the long, cold and dreary winter season and hailed with joy its first appearance. How Nature herself seems to rejoice! The long naked branches on the old forest trees are clothed, as it were by magic, with garments of living green. And in sunny places, from over-arching rocks, the graceful fronds of ferns unroll and the star-eyed adonis, the loveliest flower of all, seems to steal its fragrance and its pure white petals

from the spirit of the snow-drift. But such scenes, like the happy moments of our daily life, are evanescent, and soon are blighted by the chilling winds of Autumn.

Let us turn away from the beauties of nature and look in once more upon Farmer Smith, and behold the peace and contentment that abides within that humble home. A model home, such as the king in his palace might envy. Here love reigned, and peace, such as "passeth all understanding," found an abiding place. The log house was located on a hill-side commanding an extensive and lovely view; a poet would have been charmed with the spot. In the distance stood the stately maples that for centuries had thrown their shadows over the vale below. A tiny brooklet wound its way through a soft green pasture making ever in the distance a narrow line of still brighter verdure.

We enter his humble home and we find it neatly yet simply furnished. And in the windows are choice wild-flowers, culled by tiny hands, which more than repaid for the care bestowed, by their fragrance and the loveliness of their many forms and the delicacy of their tints. The occupants of the room are Mr. and Mrs. Smith, their five daughters, and baby brother. Let us look at Mr. Smith. He is of medium height, straight and well-proportioned, and his face is round and full and though tanned with the sun of many Summers, is full of expression. Mrs. Smith is seated near him in a low rocking chair, with one foot resting upon a stick of wood for a footstool, and her sweet babe is lying across her lap. Mrs. Smith has evidently endured much toil and exposure, as the traces of hardship are plainly depicted upon her otherwise beautiful face. When young she was considered the belle of the town, but married at eighteen, and being obliged to attend to manifold duties that devolve upon a farmer's wife, she had changed greatly. Such changes are discernible all around us in the different walks of our busy life. The lot of woman is hard even when her pathway is lightened by the influence of love.

As we look over this family we notice that the oldest daughter, May, is very busy with her books, preparing to teach the summer school. Her education has been the best that the schools afforded in those days, so she was considered capable of filling in a satisfactory manner the position of school teacher. She was a lovely girl, just blossoming into womanhood. She had inherited all the refinement of her noble mother, and physically speaking her features and her form were almost perfect. Her sisters were also fair and might have been called handsome. Susie and Anna were both busy at the wheel, while Bertha and Emma were occupied with their play-houses on the floor. In fact, the whole family presented a picture of New England life such as was lived in the days of our grand-parents. But I must leave this scene where I would delight to linger, and relate other scenes and incidents of frontier life.

(To be continued.)

SPIRITUALISM can stand against any opposition from the outside world, but in many places it has hard work to wade through the mud thrown by gossipy Spiritualists. When the question is asked, "Who shall stand on the hill of the Lord?" the answer is, "He that taketh not up reproach against his neighbor."—*The New Thought*.

REAL LIFE IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

[A graphic record of actual experiences in spirit-life, given by the Guides of W. J. COLVILLE, through his mediumship.]

Having been requested — not only by one but by many friends, not only in England but wherever we have performed any amount of work — to give some practical and personal account of experiences while passing out of the material body and immediately upon entering spirit-life, we herewith append a brief narrative of the actual sensations of one on whose trustworthiness we can rely, and whose narrative appeals to us as of great interest and considerable importance, as it throws much light upon a subject of the deepest interest to all reflective minds.

We wish it to be distinctly borne in mind by all readers, that the spirit who here describes his own sensations and experiences does not in any way commit himself to the supposition that the experiences of all spirits are similar to his own; and therefore this little story of actual life is in no way intended to supplant or cast the slightest shadow of discredit on any published or private account of spirit experiences. It is only one spirit's contribution to a literature which possibly needs enrichment by the free introduction of such records, rather than by more controversy concerning dogmas.

CHAPTER I.—THE CHANGE CALLED DEATH.

This is not a novel, and yet to the majority of readers, certainly to the bulk of those who are not Spiritualists, this little story will seem a romance. I hope those who think it such will read it as well as those who are disposed to regard it more seriously, as my object in writing is to inculcate truth solely. Ideas speak for themselves, and no matter in what dress they may be robed, they penetrate their garments, shining through the drapery of speech, enkindling responsive echoes in all minds who are in greater or lesser degree prepared to consider them.

I am a spirit; but so, my dear readers, are you. The difference between us is this: you still continue to dwell in a fleshy tabernacle, and I once dwelt in one; but some while ago I cast it off, or rather, it was taken from me, and that by means of what you call an accident.

I was drowned while rowing in a little boat in the neighborhood of Venice. I will not describe to you much of my earthly life, for that was not singular, and you are, I know, far more anxious to hear of my disembodiment and my experiences in a new-found state of existence.

I was an Italian by parentage and birth, a native of Tuscany. My father before me was a singer, and all our family were musical. I raised my childish voice in song in many a church and theatre before I had entered my teens. The entire duration of my earthly life was only twenty-three years, but we Italians mature early, under the genial influence of a southern sky. We soon ripen intellectually as well as physically. We are as receptive as well as an emotional people, and when opportunities for education are placed in our way, we are not slow to take advantage of them.

I was a student of languages and of arts. I could converse with some degree of ease and fluency in two or three languages, and could paint moderately well; but

music was my forte and joy, and to excel in my profession I would have braved and risked everything. I had strong affections, and loved my mother dearly, though between my father and myself only a very slender bond of sympathy existed.

I tell you these few particulars of myself, that you may know a little of my character and disposition: and as I find no statement is truer than that so often reiterated, that character more than anything else shapes our destiny, my character and discipline while on earth have no doubt, to a considerable degree, occasioned and modified my own peculiar experiences in spirit-life.

Young, ardent, full of life and vigor, with a good flow of animal spirits, with many attractions to the material world, with high hopes and lofty ambitions, I was peremptorily summoned to a life beyond the grave. You may be sure, as the love of life was strong in me — though I had no horror of death — I did not yield up my physical form without an effort. The manner of my death was not very uncommon, but it was very sudden. I was taking a vacation during a portion of my last summer on earth, residing for a few weeks at a charming villa on the outskirts of Venice, and as is the custom in a city where the streets are canals, I very frequently betook myself to the water. I was a good rower, and could generally cruise, even in a pretty rough sea, without incurring danger, but on this particular occasion, when my earth life terminated, I know not how or why I suddenly lost all control of the oars; my boat was capsized, and before I knew anything I was in the water.

The sudden plunge into the cool, deep stream did not at all frighten me. I was a fair swimmer, not unaccustomed to being up to my neck, and often over head in water; still, I felt myself sinking. I had lost all power to battle with the current, and should certainly have been instantly drowned had not a fellow rower, a friend, who occupied a neighboring boat, come at once to my assistance, and dragged me forcibly out of the water.

Though I recovered consciousness long enough to summon some friends around me, and arrange for the disposition of my worldly goods among those whom I was most anxious should possess them, the effects of my accident were such, that I knew from the first I should not and could not recover, and though very young and in the full tide of health, strength and growing popularity, I was not at all afraid to die.

I cannot say I wished to go, neither did I dread or greatly shrink from the change most people instinctively dread so much. My life had been one in which the sweets of existence had preponderated over the bitters, and though the cup from which I drank was not always a flowing bowl, running over with the nectar the gods distil for their favorites on earth, it was so well supplied with the pleasures of existence, that were immortality a dream, and the life beyond the grave merely a shadow cast by fervid imagination, I should have no right to impugn at the bar of justice, or even mercy, the power which brought me into being. I was certainly endowed with a cheerful disposition. I could not have been contented with nothing, or even next to nothing, yet great and glorious wealth and estates I never coveted, and often felt how vastly superior is the Bohemian's simple life over that of the landed aristocracy and titled nobility, whose very gold seems to be cast in the form of bars to secure them in a sumptuous prison.

My disposition was a curious one, that is to say, curiosity played a considerable

part in my make-up. Anything marvellous or unusual attracted me. I had a strong emotional nature and considerable love of sensation, thus I was not very conservative, neither was I aggressively radical in my opinions or behavior. I rejoiced in the conquests of freedom over tyranny. I could have fought with Garibaldi for the emancipation of Italy, and yet I did not *hate* the Vatican. I wanted freedom for myself and all others, and seeing so much restraint and narrow-mindedness all around me upon earth, I felt curious to know how matters stood in the Spirit-world which I was so early called to enter.

I may here say, that from childhood my native mediumistic powers had often asserted themselves, and frequently stood me in good stead. I was so intuitive and impressional that I could often read the thoughts of my companions, and know what they were doing hundreds of miles away. At such times I felt sure of immortality, and an insatiable longing possessed me, if only for a moment, to peer into the mysteries of the Unseen Realm.

I was therefore not very reluctant when straightway I was introduced to them, and found myself neither in one nor another of the four places to which the Church consigns the whole human family. I had often wished to fly, now I was flying without wings or the aid of any machinery, and I was flying over my own body, and yet I had a body in which I flew. I put my hand to my face, and both were solid. I cannot tell you how actually real is the spirit-body, unless you know what it is to travel in your astral form, and leave your body peacefully reclining somewhere while you gaze upon it as though it were some one else's.

A charming sense of freedom was my first sensation, but soon afterwards a feeling of loneliness and fatigue oppressed me. I was not quite happy, and seemed like a child who had wandered away from home, overtaken by approaching darkness, and not knowing the way back, and I was in the strait of finding no one to interrogate. Then with marvellous distinctness my earthly life passed before me; and not only did I see myself as a boy and a young man but also as an infant, and distinctly did I remember how I felt as an infant. The whole of my life stood before me as a picture in which no one part stood out more vividly than all the others. Every incident seemed fresh and present, time was gone. Distance had disappeared, and I was in a world where I lived and felt that it was impossible not to live. Still nothing seemed past, and I had no intimations of a future. My life and myself were one. I was my life and my life was me. Every action was a member of myself and formed a part of me.

I need not tell you that this absolute revelation of one's self to one's self is not altogether consolatory or satisfying, and as I know you must all endure it sooner or later, therefore I warn you to be careful how you live, for you are making yourselves, and you will have to live with yourself no matter how independent you may be of all others.

This isolation and introspection continued so long as to almost alarm me. I began to feel cold and hungry and sadly in need of rest, and above all things I desired the companionship of some living thing; the society of any creature would have been acceptable, yea, most welcome. Soon I felt a consciousness of something near me, drawing gradually closer, and I prayed fervently that some one might be guided to me

whose speech I could understand and who would assist me to procure at least the necessities of which I stood in need.

Just as the night seemed closing in, a bright, beautiful little boy stood beside me, whom I at once recognized as a little fellow I had been kind to at Cordova. On one occasion I was singing at a theatre there, and a little boy, far too young to be alone and unprotected, fell through a trap-door which had been carelessly left open on the stage, and he was picked up so wounded and stunned that he could not answer a question as to where he lived. I instantly took charge of him, took him home with me, and tended him night and day till he passed out of his poor little suffering earthly body. He was very patient, docile and clever, and whenever he was not in pain extremely interesting. He had a winsome countenance, well-bred manners and a precocious talent for music and acting. He must have made a fortune had he lived to acquire celebrity. I learned from him during the three weeks through which he lingered, that both his parents had died of fever within a few weeks of each other, and had left him a penniless orphan to battle with the world as best he could. He grew to love me devotedly, and I reciprocated fully his affection, and cried like a child when I saw his little body buried. He seemed to suffer very little while I was with him, and he passed away in my arms one beautiful summer evening, with the words on his lips, "When I go to Paradise, I shall sit all day watching for you at the gate, that whenever you come you may find your little Fernando ready to serve you." He would never treat me as anything other than a superior being. He said God was kind, and I was the only person who had ever been kind to him, so I must be a son of God. I believe he thought I was some great personage on earth. He would lie awake and look at me with eyes full of mingled love and adoration until I felt utterly ashamed of myself for being no nearer what the child thought me than I really was. But I was always tender and good to him; I do not say this to praise myself; I do not speak of it as of anything meritorious; I could not help it: he touched my heart, and I was the one person and the only one from whom he seemed able to derive any comfort or relief. When I was compelled to leave him he would try not to cry, but the tears filled his eyes, and when I came back he looked wan and haggard and seemed frightened. As soon as I returned he would kiss me and go at once to sleep, and sleep all night if I was only with him. He died without effort in my arms, pressed close to my breast, breathing out his whole soul in gratitude and prayers for my welfare. He never thought of himself.

It was not surprising then that he should be the first to meet me in the Spirit-world. He had redeemed his promise. He had never forgotten or lost sight of me, his only friend and benefactor, while I had never been of so much service to any other creature, and none had loved me so dearly as he. He was scarcely eight years old when he left the earth, three years before myself, and looked scarcely any older or larger when I met him in spirit; but so healthy, bright and blooming, it would have done your hearts good to have seen him. He declared he loved me still, and more than ever, and that ever since he had been in Spirit-life, he had been working very hard to prepare a home where we might live together. He said he could not find his parents, and he had seen no one in Spirit-life except an old music-master who gave him lessons on the organ and helped him to cultivate his voice.

And then he sang to me a song of such exquisite sweetness, the memory of it will, I am sure, remain with me forever. I did not dare to try to raise my voice, I knew it could only sound harsh as a raven's croak or a rook's caw by the side of that heavenly melody. As he sang he breathed upon my eyes, and they gradually opened. I was no longer in the dark, but in the midst of a most luxuriant country. Corn-fields were waving, vineyards yielded a rich profusion of delicious grapes, rivers were gliding by, and all things seemed happy and glad, endowed with perennial youth and beauty. But I saw no one except my little friend, who, though he seemed to have outgrown his blind idolatry, still treated me as though I were an angel with whom he was on terms of friendship.

I followed him without difficulty to a beautiful grotto, fashioned naturally in a rock, from which soft music came. Everything was musical about us, and my companion, who was now my guide and teacher, told me we were in the Musician's Heaven, but only at its threshold. Language would utterly fail me were I to endeavor to describe the beauty of this home to which I was led. Everything was fashioned with the utmost care and arranged with superb taste. Here my little friend abode alone, quite untended and yet fearless and contented, always expecting and preparing for my arrival.

He told me that in Spirit-life spirits cannot live together unless they love each other, and that when they try to do so they are driven apart like metals which are not affinities. Our beings seemed at once to coalesce. An influence went forth from him that permeated every fibre of my body, and he told me the force which I generated supplied him with the one necessity to complete strength and happiness which he had hitherto lacked.

Offering me delicious fruits, of which I eagerly partook, and magnetizing me gently as I reclined on a soft luxuriant couch he lulled me quickly to sleep, and as I passed into dreamland I heard his voice singing still more sweetly and clearly than before. As its charming notes died on the breeze, I passed into a slumber sweeter and deeper than any I had previously imagined, and yet it was a conscious sleep. I knew that I slept. I rested absolutely, and was consciously capable of enjoying my repose. How long I remained in that refreshing and serene condition I cannot tell. When I awoke Fernando was still sitting beside me, and as soon as I was fully awake, he again gave me fruits and begged me to arise and follow him out to see something of the natural scenery with which we were surrounded.

Here in this wonderful world, which seemed like fairyland in beauty though quite solid and substantial, we roamed together over hill and dale. We rowed in swift gondolas down the eddying currents which took their rise in the far hills I could just discern in the distance. I could only see a faint outline of their shapes, while my companion saw beyond them, so he told me, and gave me thrilling descriptions of the brighter sphere which lay beyond them. He told me we were in the first division of the Musician's Heaven attached to the earth, and that there were seven divisions of this heaven, or as you might say seven distinct heavens, as there are seven notes in the musical scale. Our experience in the first division would end when we could climb those mountains and pass through them without their offering any resistance to our passage, as those solid, apparently granite elevations, were built up of

the thought substance that was travelling towards us from those in the higher state.

I could see nothing whatever beyond the mountains, though my little guide declared them to be transparent to his vision. He had suffered more than I : his was the riper mind, the more unfolded spirit, and when I was listening to the words of wisdom which fell from his lips, I realized for the first time what the Gospel means when it tells us to become as little children. In a moment all my past theories, the result of earthly relationships and limitations, were overthrown, and the luminous glory of a new spiritual revelation swept over me, bathing my whole being in its refulgence.

Coincident with this quickening of my own powers of spiritual perception, I observed the presence of a tall and venerable man gliding towards us through the atmosphere. He was proceeding in the direction from which I felt the breeze from the mountains. Quiet, calm, resolute, firm, yet kind, he answered fully to my ideal of a perfect teacher. This was the one whom Fernando had mentioned to me as the old music-master. He and Fernando never forgot their relations as master and pupil, but there was evidently between them a deep bond of affection : parental on one hand and filial on the other.

For the moment I was almost awestruck in presence of so majestic and wise a personage, but I was quickly reassured as the venerable face bent down towards me and breathed a blessing which Fernando translated to me. Then his lips moved in song, and Fernando answered him in song also. They seemed to be practising an intricate melody. Fernando's clear, bell-like tones I could hear distinctly, and every note pierced me like a spark of fire which seemed at once to purify and warm me, and to arouse my intellect from the quiescent condition into which it had fallen ; but the Master's voice I could not hear at all, and the boy, I noticed, would often stretch forward and listen with great intentness lest he should lose a note. The voice I could not hear because it sang in registers beyond my aural compass : the vibrations it caused could not make any impressions on the drum of my ear, and my brain was not highly developed enough to realize that sounds were being produced. I could, however, see the motion of the lips, and the air was gently stirred around me.

While they were rehearsing their song, entirely new ideas concerning music came into my mind, and I began to understand what had always seemed an impenetrable mystery to me : how Beethoven could compose perfect melodies and yet be deaf. My eyes began to do duty instead of my ears, and I saw color instead of hearing sounds, still I lost much by my obtuseness as regards hearing ; for when Fernando sang I could both hear and see, but I saw nothing when he sang till I had first come under the influence of his teacher's spirit. I then was having a lesson, and though I seemed to be but a silent listener and spectator, I was in school and drinking in knowledge in some subtle and mysterious way entirely foreign to the methods of the schools on earth.

The lesson and practice seemed to last but a very short time, but long enough to fill me with new, strange and delightful emotions, and to force me when the teacher had left us, after again blessing me, to ask Fernando no end of questions about the novel mode of instruction, by means of which I had just felt myself so greatly benefited. These questions and the answers I received to them will be the subject of

my next communication. I have given you in this opening chapter of my experiences a faint glimpse of the life I have now been living for over twenty years of earthly time, and if I can proceed with my story, I am sure I shall be able to clear up some difficulties which beset many an anxious inquirer concerning our homes and activities in the Spheres of Spirit, which are directly and intimately connected with the outer earth and its inhabitants.

One lesson I learned on my first introduction to this new-found realm of existence, which you will all do well to remember and profit by: it is the important and everlasting truth, that those who give us pleasure and help us forward in the life after death, are those whom we have served and helped on earth. Had I left a poor little boy to starve and die in his affliction, instead of tending him and helping to smooth his pathway to the tomb, I might have been alone and friendless when I found myself beyond the gates of death. How sweet it is and yet how solemn, when we realize that as we have done unto others so will others do unto us. Here is the moral of my first chapter.

(To be continued.)

THE ANNALS OF THE TLASKANS, OR THE HISTORY OF TLASKANATA.

WRITTEN BY GEO. A. FULLER, UNDER SPIRIT CONTROL.

CHAPTER IX. *(Concluded.)*

4012 - 4075, *A.T.* Ansatlquin Son of Chionlan, ruled sixty-three years. He was a very ignorant man. Although king of the Tlaskans he was not free, for his actions were all controlled by the priesthood. He tried hard to please all, and at heart was a good man. In the year 4051 a vast army from the north-west came pouring in upon the kingdom. Ansatlquin by advice of the priesthood, collected a large army and met the invading forces near Tseatlque, and after a bloody encounter, succeeded in driving them away from Tlaskan territory. But the Leuntels retreated only to gather re-inforcements, and then marched back to Tseatlque to continue the combat. After three days of hard fighting the city fell into the hands of the enemy. Then a part of the army marches forth even to the gates of Thalomque where another battle occurs. Here the Leuntels are forced to retreat to Tseatlque, which they still hold. From this point, which is held as a centre of activities, this race wages continual warfare with the Tlaskans. They, from time to time, receive re-inforcements from the north-west, and slowly encroach by conquest upon the Tlaskans territory. For town after town and city after city falls into their hands. Wheresoever they gain a foothold they destroy the religion of Tlaskans and supplant it with their own, a rude, but simple star worship. Thus gradually both the temporal and spiritual power of the Tlaskan priesthood is destroyed. Theontque is the second city conquered; Zantlque next; then Neontque, and Leront, and after many years of warfare Thalomque, the pride of the Tlaskan race falls into their hands. And in the last battle fought outside of its gates Ansatlquen falls.

Thus terminated the second kingdom and thus fell the new order of Zertoulem. Although the Leuntels supplanted the religion of Zertoulem with their own, they did

not seek to destroy the sacred writings of the nation. The people were all made slaves. Their condition was but a little worse than when under the priesthood. Yet before the conquest there was a little spark of liberty, a faint, yet unexpressed hope that the nation some day might be free from inhuman rulers and priestly designers. But now all hope was gone and the people without hardly a murmur of complaint submitted heroically to their destiny. Although in public they were forced to worship the new deities of their conqueror, yet in private the religion of their fathers was kept alive; and there was born among this enslaved race a new order of Zertoulemites like unto the one of old, and all its meetings were kept a profound secret. Although all hope of ever gaining their freedom was gone, yet this indomitable race would ever be alert for an opportunity that might bring once more the power into their hands. They could endure from the hands of their own countrymen almost any conceivable kind of treatment, but they would not submit to foreign rule, even if it were seasoned with justice and mercy, if an avenue of escape should present itself.

Thus as the dark night of slavery settled down upon them, and faith and hope had fled, the children of Omn and Tha, were busy laying the foundation of a government they could not have imagined would ever be their destiny to enjoy. Let us drop the curtain upon them and thus cover all their hopes and fears and turn to the race now in power, and trace as briefly as possible the course of events.

THE "RIGHTS" OF WOMEN.

THE NEW DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

We have for a long time been looking for the new Declaration of Independence. Our spirit guides informed us that it would surely be given to the world and through the hand of woman. We fondly hoped that it would be given through some of the members of the N. D. C., and have waited with great impatience to receive it; but it appears that it is otherwise ordered, and that the *true* Declaration comes this time from the extreme "West." We hail it with joy, and hope that it will be thus received by all our journals devoted to placing women upon an equality with man in every respect. The following was clipped from the "Golden Gate," and we can say that we give every word of it our unqualified endorsement. One thing is certain, the long looked for millennium can never come upon earth until woman is made the equal of man.

No wonder that she is placed beside the broken column in our Masonic mysteries. It is her place, and will be until she is restored to her place upon the top of the restored column as she is represented in the higher degrees of Masonry. Our place as workers for the redemption of man is with the weakest, and the weakest party just now is *woman*. We were early shown our work in this direction and are now putting forth our voice for "equal rights for all." We believe that the person who was influenced to write the following was directly inspired by the Grand Architect of the Universe and wish every word of it was written in letters of fire upon the heavens where all the inhabitants of earth could read them. Work, women, for in your hands is the sal-

vation of the human race from disease and physical death. We have more to say upon this subject in future numbers of SPIRIT VOICES.

When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people, or sex, to arise to the political level of another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect for the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the proposed action.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: That all men and women are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness: that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men and women, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a change of government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as shall seem to them most likely to effect their safety and happiness. All experience hath shown that women are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, holds them under a political despotism, it is their right, and it becomes their duty, to throw off such government and to provide new guards or their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of the women of the United States, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to demand an alteration in the system of government which imposes laws and penalties upon one-half of a sovereign people without according the right to personal representation. The history of men's governing power in these United States is a history of repeated injuries and usurpation, resulting in the establishment of an absolute despotism over the women of these States, to whom is denied all choice but submission. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world:

Our brother man has refused to pass or assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good, and has utterly neglected measures of vital importance to the people at large.

He has refused to pass laws for the personal representation of over twenty millions of women — a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

He has subjected us to a jurisdiction foreign to the spirit of freedom and denounced by laws of his own making.

For imposing taxes on us without our consent:

For depriving us, in all instances, of the right of trial by a jury of our peers:

For declaring himself invested with the power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever:

For robbing us of the control of two-thirds of the property rightfully belonging to us in case of widowhood, and controlling our entire earnings while married:

He has made us political, financial and personal nonentities.

Professing the utmost regard for us, he nevertheless classes us in the legal and political category with criminals, insane persons, children, idiots and Chinamen.

He has given our colored brethren the same power to impose taxes upon us without our consent that he has usurped for himself.

He has excited domestic insurrection among us by depriving us of the control of our own earnings when married.

He has denied us the right to offer testimony before the courts in cases wherein only ourselves are the interested parties.

In every stage of these oppressions we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms. But our repeated petitions have been answered by repeated injuries. A class of persons whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant is not fit to rule over a free people.

Nor have we been wanting in attentions to our voting brethren. We have warned them from time to time of attempts by their Legislatures, both State and Federal, to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred to disavow these usurpations which inevitably tend to work hardships upon us without benefit to themselves. They have been deaf to the voice of consanguinity and justice.

We protest against class legislation in all forms; and especially do we protest against such legislation as tends to the building up of an aristocracy of sex.

We, therefore, representatives of the politically unrepresented women of the United States of America, in general conference assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good women of these States, solemnly publish and declare that women are and of right ought to be FREE AND INDEPENDENT; that all political distinctions between us and the other sovereign people of this nation ought to be wholly abolished; that we ought to be recognized as co-laborers with themselves with equal right with them to aid in levying war, concluding peace, contracting alliances, establishing commerce, and engaging in all other acts in which independent people may of right engage. And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance upon Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor.—*Golden Gate*.

THE *Golden Gate* (San Francisco) reports Mgr. Capel as saying—

"With those departed ones (that is, the souls in heaven and in purgatory) we (the Catholic Church) hold close intimate relations."

The same paper comments as follows—

"If members of the Catholic Church may hold communion with their departed ones in purgatory 'whose love for us,' says the Mgr., 'is more intense than it ever could have been on earth,' why may we not communicate with *our* loved ones who have passed on—not to a state of perfect happiness, for there is no such thing as absolute perfection of the true spirit, but to a world of growth, of progress, of purgatory if you choose to call it by that word." To us it seems absurd for one class of people to claim exclusive privileges for themselves. That God favors one church more than another we have no evidence, neither have we any evidence that spirit manifestations are confined to the domain of the Mother Church. Love recognizes no narrow sectarian boundary lines, and it is by this power we enter into communion with those who have been emancipated from earthly bodies. It is too late in the history of Spiritualism for the Catholic Church to put up bars, and claim its royalty from all who would commune with Heaven. She never can gain again the hold she exercised in the past over the minds of men. When the star of free-thought appeared in the Western horizon, her glory began to wane, and ere long she must get in the night of her own self-imposed ignorance.

In the *Phrenological Journal* for October, we find recorded a very interesting vision. It reads as follows:

"The late President Lincoln had a vision, thus described by himself: 'On the evening of the day when I received news of my election, worn out by excitement and fatigue, I threw myself on a lounge in my bedroom to rest. Just opposite to me was a swinging glass, and looking in it, I noticed two separate and distinct images of

myself. A little bothered and perhaps startled, I got up and went to the glass, but the illusion vanished. Lying down, I saw it again, but noticed that one of the faces was paler than the other, and had a blood stain on it. When my wife came in I told her of the vision, and she, who had great faith in signs, and generally attached some meaning to them, said, 'It means you will be elected to a second term, but will not live through it.'

We quote from *Spiritual Stray Leaves* by Peary Mans, with a heathen prayer, and ask our readers to note the difference between this and the average Christian prayer. "My prayer is that I may really be possessed of the suffering of all, that we may be free from it." No selfishness here, but instead, the manifestations of a spirit of self-sacrifice.

TO WYOMING TERRITORY belongs the credit of leading the sisterhood of States and the step-sisterhood of Territories in awarding the female teachers equal salaries with male teachers of the same grade. The just, yet chivalrous, because novel, example of the frontier has now been emulated by the municipal authorities of Omaha, Nebraska, and the *Woman's Journal* is naturally elated and encouraged. Here in the East a taint of Oriental barbarism lingers in our habit of discriminating against women, even when they render services fully equal if not superior to those of male competitors. Service should be the criterion, irrespective of sex.—*N. Y. Daily Graphic, Friday, August 21.*

FROM the *New York Truth Seeker* we clip the following passage, which, in itself is a sad commentary upon the creeds of Christendom :

A SAN FRANCISCO paper says that not long ago a lady of San Francisco was suddenly overwhelmed by a great, crushing affliction, that, coming like a thunderbolt upon her, for a time threatened her life. Her son, and only child, had gone on a short business journey, expecting soon to return. Sudden and fatal illness overtook him, and a brief telegram announced the dreadful tidings to his heart-broken mother. The terrors of the Calvinistic creed, in which she had been brought up, and according to which, as she well knew, there was no hope of future happiness for the unconverted young man, added greatly to her agonizing grief over his death, until her friends feared that her reason, if not her life, would be destroyed. A lady friend, who had sympathized deeply with and vainly sought to console her, informed Colonel Ingersoll, and begged him, if possible, to write something which might at least relieve in a measure the terrible apprehension as to the fate of her son, under which she was suffering. The following is his letter :—

"MY DEAR MADAM: Mrs. C. has told me the sad story of your almost infinite sorrow. I am not foolish enough to suppose that I can say or do anything to lessen your great grief, your anguish for his loss; but maybe I can say something to drive from your poor heart the fiend of fear—fear for him. If there is a God, let us believe that he is good, and if he is good, the good have nothing to fear. I have been told that your son was kind and generous; that he was filled with charity and sympathy. Now, we know that in this world, like begets like, kindness produces kindness, and all good bears the fruit of joy; belief is nothing—deeds are everything; and if your son was kind he will naturally find kindness wherever he may be. You would not inflict endless pain upon your worst enemy. Is God worse than you? You could not bear to see a viper suffer forever. Is it possible that God will doom a kind and generous boy to everlasting pain? Nothing can be more monstrously

absurd and cruel. The truth is, that no human being knows anything of what is beyond the grave. If nothing is known, then it is not honest for any one to pretend that he does know. If nothing is known, then we can hope only for the good. If there be a God your boy is no more in his power now than he was before his death—no more than you are at this moment. Why should we fear God more after death than before? Does the feeling of God toward his children change the moment they die? While we are alive they say God loves us; when will he cease to love us? True love never changes. I beg of you to throw away all fear. Take counsel of your own heart. If God exists, your heart is the best revelation of him, and your heart could never send your boy to endless pain. After all, no one knows. The ministers know nothing. All the churches in the world know no more on this subject than the ants on the anthills. Creeds are good for nothing except to break the hearts of the loving. Let us have courage. Under the seven-hued arch of hope let the dead sleep. I do not pretend to know, but I do know that others do not know. Listen to your heart, believe what it says, and wait with patience and without fear for what the future has for all. If we get no comfort from what people know, let us avoid being driven to despair by what they do not know. I wish I could say something that would put a star in your night of grief—a little flower in your lonely path—and if an unbeliever has such a wish, surely an infinitely good being never made a soul to be the food of pain through countless years.

"Sincerely yours,

R. G. INGERSOLL."

This letter, says the San Francisco paper, was in a good measure effective. "On reading it," the lady wrote, "the first peace I had known—real peace—since the terrible blow came to me." What a commentary on Calvinism! Crazy by the thoughts inspired by Christian teachings, the stricken mother finds consolation in the words of one who disbelieves in the God she has all her life feared. Surely it is humanity triumphing over religion.

Our esteemed contemporary, the *Banner of Light*, is always on the side of justice, and its editor is the warm friend of our much wronged Indian brothers and sisters. We would beg leave to quote the following editorial in full:—

Senator Dawes brings the charge openly against Congress that it has not only deprived the Chippewa Indians of the lands set apart to them by a solemn national covenant, giving them barren and undesirable lands in return, but that it has now covered their lands with an overflow of water by the erection of government works designed to benefit rich mill owners and lumbermen, refusing to make the Indians any recompense for their loss, and leaving them in a state of destitution. The Chippewas are a peaceable tribe, and formerly were abundantly able to support themselves. They are located in North Minnesota. Congress has been erecting storage reservoirs on the upper Mississippi River, and a commission was appointed to award suitable damages to the Chippewas for the overflow of their lands in consequence of the construction of the government works. An award that was as far as possible from the facts was rejected, and another Commission appointed that should act more fairly. The latter made a meagre award down, and the sum of \$29,800 annually for the support of these fifteen hundred Chippewas, who had been driven from their homes. But although the Commissioner has continued to urge the payment of the award, Congress has done nothing about it and the Chippewas are without both food and shelter in consequence. They will surely perish unless an active benevolence shall provide for them before winter's cold sets in. The blame rests wholly on Congress.

N. D. C. Department.

EQUAL WAGES.

BY JAMES A. BLISS.

THE N. D. C. "AXE LAID AT THE ROOT OF THE 'SOCIAL EVIL' TREE."

"That she is entitled to equal wages with man when she performs the same work."—*Objects National Developing Circle.*

There is a radical reformation in the direction of compensation for woman's work that the National Developing Circle propose to inaugurate at an early day. We believe that the "social evil" can be entirely rooted out of society if every woman is allowed to receive just compensation for daily labor performed by her. It is a common thing now for our daily newspapers to insert advertisements in their columns, offering young ladies situations in stores and offices for which the paltry sum of from two to three dollars per week is offered as a salary. Very often the answers to such advertisements are received that can be counted by hundreds. If a young lady has just graduated from school, and is fortunate enough to have parents that can afford to give her board and lodging, possibly she can clothe herself upon the salary paid her by her employer; but on the other hand, suppose she is an orphan, or that her parents have labored under the iron hand of poverty to give her an education and are obliged to educate younger children in the family, what then? It will cost the young lady all that she receives to pay her board, and "poor living" at that; and what, pray, is to provide her with decent, not to say fashionable clothing, to appear at the store or office of her employer?

Young ladies of to-day possess a certain amount of pride, and love to dress as well, even if they are poor, as their more fortunate sisters. This pride is not to be condemned, or should not be at any rate. Now we ask, what shall our poor sisters and daughters do for their clothes? Their wages have been spent for food; pride will not down under any condition. What shall they do? Get married? Some young ladies of the present day will reply to that proposition that they are not desirous of changing their condition in that way. They have not met the man that they dare risk their life's happiness with. What, then, shall be done? What is being done by thousands of our girls that would not be done if they received proper compensation for labor performed?

We claim that nine-tenths of the women that walk the streets of all our large cities and towns have been first compelled to do so through necessity, and we further lay the responsibility of their downfall directly to the door of rich men that have employed these women at starvation prices. The temptations in the path of the young and innocent girls are many, and where want and starvation stare them in the face they are more likely to fall an easy prey to the beings that are ever ready to destroy them, body and soul. It is a well-known fact, that if a woman "falls" she has fallen forever and is looked upon as past redemption. No matter how many sacred, solemn promises have been made to her, only to be ruthlessly broken; no

matter how many flattering prospects have been held out to her by her seducer, if she becomes the victim and yields to temptation, she is *lost forever*. No matter, where she goes her (?) sin is sure to find her out. Her downward career is rapid, and from bad to worse she goes, until she is only to happy to end her sorrows by her own hand.

Side by side with intemperance, this crying evil stands, carrying annually to dishonored graves thousands of the fairest and by nature the best women of our land, and to the door of *man* is laid the main cause of her downfall, because he has withheld from her just recompense for services rendered.

We do not deny that some women adopt a life of shame from choice; but the number of such is very small. We believe, also, that there are thousands of poor but virtuous working girls that in spite of all their hardships, that will do anything honorable even though they work into the small hours of the morning to maintain their honor and virtue. We do not wish it understood that we are claiming that *all* our girls are bad, no, no! far from it. We know how hard they labor and we know how many ways they contrive to make over clothes to appear "decent" in. We appeal to those that employ our girls, to do their part in throwing every safeguard around the "weaker sex" by raising their present wages so that when they perform the same labor as man that they shall receive equal wages.

It is argued by some that our girls ought to go into kitchens and do housework. Well, that will do for some of them that enjoy good health, but there are thousands that are not physically strong enough to do this kind of work. These should not be obliged to do it, but should have work assigned to them that they are by nature fitted to perform.

No man would think of harnessing a race-horse into a coal-cart, nor a coal-cart horse into a gig; neither should a delicately organized young lady, especially fitted by nature and education for store or office work, go into a kitchen to perform the work of a strong Irish girl.

We believe it is easier to prevent wrongs, rather than try to correct them after they have been committed. We cannot believe that all the employers of young ladies wilfully wish to see them depart from a life of virtue, and we further believe all true men will do all they can to correct the great injustice of which we complain. It may be urged by some that there is now so much competition in trade that the employer cannot pay wages that are just and live. Then we would say, for Heaven's sake make a break somewhere, and by united effort in the cause of virtue, raise the prices of goods until you can afford to pay just wages. If you fail in this, *change your business and do something else where you will not be the means of destroying innocence.*

Women can do more in this reform than men; they can use their influence with their husbands in the home circle; they can form societies for the prevention of crime rather than societies that are useless to the "fallen" after crime has been committed. We know our voice in this direction is feeble but we would be false to our mission if we did not enter our protest against this crying evil.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE DEVELOPING MEDIUM OF THE NATIONAL DEVELOPING CIRCLE.

HEADQUARTERS N. D. C., U. S. OF N. A.,
OCT. 16th (1885), N. D. C. Year 2.

To the Officers and Members of the N. D. C., Greeting:

One year has passed since the birth of the N. D. C. Movement, and it becomes my duty to make an Annual Report of the work that has been accomplished. I am so worn out with hard work that I must be excused from making lengthy, detailed statements. The movement commenced without a penny, and has been successfully carried on to date upon the funds raised by membership fees, contributions, and subscriptions to our loved exponent, SPIRIT VOICES.

By examination of the following Financial Reports of the Receipts and Expenditures, you will find our exact financial standing. Hundreds of circles have been organized all over our land, and many hundreds of mediums have been developed by becoming members of the N. D. C., and receiving its powerful developing influences.

SPIRIT VOICES has now reached its eleventh number, and has never failed to reach its subscribers monthly before the month upon which it was issued closed. The N. D. C. is now in debt \$337.15 for printing bills and rent. I most earnestly appeal to the liberal members of the N. D. C. for immediate help, by contributions, to clear up this old debt of the year, that we may stand square with the world. Unless our members respond to this call at once we will be under the necessity of temporarily suspending our magazine, for I am determined that this work shall stand clear of debt. If we are obliged to temporarily suspend SPIRIT VOICES it will only be for such a length of time that the debt can be cleared by future N. D. C. membership fees, subscriptions to magazine, and contributions from members. Those that "love the appearing" of *Spirit Voices* every month should bear the above in mind. Personally, I am laboring hard night and day, contributing every dollar I can obtain honorably to sustain the work; but the burden is heavy, when carried by myself and a few other liberal friends. I do not feel that this is a begging appeal, but that I shall only be obliged to let our members know of the danger of the suspension of SPIRIT VOICES and they will immediately respond liberally to the call for help.

SPIRIT VOICES should be published weekly instead of monthly, and I promise, if the debt is cleared before Jan. 1st, 1886 (N. D. C. Year 2), that it shall be published weekly, on and after that date. This would necessitate a change of form from a magazine to a four or eight-page paper.

Since the summer months have closed, the membership has gradually increased, and I have great hopes of the future.

No doubt the death-blow aimed at the N. D. C., in the shape of charges that our movement was inspired by Jesuit spirits, temporarily injured it; but since the time that the charge was made, we have had ample opportunity to prove its entire falsity in every respect.

The N. D. C. movement is a distinct movement, rejecting only error and receiv-

ing truth from any and every source from whence it comes. It recognizes all "isms" and creeds in the world where they claim that "the world is my country and to do good my religion;" also the honest endeavor of all religions upon earth to arrive at truth, no matter how they obtain it in the end. It will not "down" at the bidding of bigots, be they Christians or Spiritualists. It recognizes the right of man to "know himself," and claims direct inspiration, through mediumship, from the Grand Architect of the Universe. It recognizes *man* as the *Son of God* and that he (man) is the noblest work of God in the Universe.

It is but an act of justice, before I close this report, to notice the liberality of Messrs. COCHRANE & Co., our printers, for the interest they have shown in our work, and the confidence they have manifested in the N. D. C. movement, by becoming its creditors for so large an amount of money. Every member should appreciate it, even as I do, and feel it their duty to assist in clearing up this just debt.

The work of another year is before us. May we be sustained in the future, as we have been in the past, is my most earnest prayer.

Respectfully submitted,

JAMES A. BLISS, ♀

Developing Medium,

N. D. C. of U. S. of N. A.

RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES OF THE NATIONAL DEVELOPING CIRCLE U. S. OF N. A., FROM OCT. 16th, N. D. C. YEAR 1 (1884), to OCT. 16th, N. D. C. YEAR 2 (1885).

RECEIPTS.		EXPENDITURES.	
1885.		1885.	
Oct. 16.	Membership fees to date, . . . \$859.45	Oct. 16.	As per Report Dec. 31, 1884, . . . \$159.12
"	<i>Spirit Voices</i> —	"	" Feb. 1, 1885, . . . 196.15
"	Subscriptions, " . . . 665.67	"	" M'ch 1, " . . . 278.17
"	Advertisements, " . . . 66.78	"	" April 1, " . . . 235.90
"	Collections,—Sunday Circles, . . . 74.89		From April 1 to Oct. 16, " . . . 964.62
"	Postage stamps sold, . . . 5.00		
"	Contributions—		
	As per Dec. 31 Report, . . . 10.98		
	" Feb. 1 " . . . 19.50		
	" M'ch 1 " . . . 4.00		
	" April 1 " . . . 1.00		
	A. Page,24		
	H. Sanders, Savannah, Ga., . . . 5.00		
	Calvin Rumrill, . . . 5.00		
	Mrs. A. E. Batchelder, . . . 11.00		
	Jas. A. Bliss, . . . 105.45		
	<u>\$1833.96</u>		<u>\$1833.96</u>

DEBT.

Oct. 16.	Owe Cochrane & Co., . . .	\$292.15
"	Mrs. Bliss, Rent from June 10, '85, to Sept. 21, '85, . . .	45.00
		<u>\$337.15</u>
	On Temple at Rindge, N. H., . . .	30.00
		<u>\$367.15</u>

N. D. C. TEMPLE AT RINDGE, N. H.—RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES.

RECEIPTS.		EXPENDITURES.	
Oct. 16, '85.	Cash contribut'ns, rent of Temple, &c., \$209.11	Oct. 16, '85.	Lumber, labor, insurance, &c., . . . \$465.85
	Contribution, James A. Bliss, . . . 256.77		
	<u>\$465.85</u>		<u>\$465.85</u>

DEBT.

Balance Cleveland bill, . . .	\$10.00
" Jaques bill, . . .	20.00
	<u>\$30.00</u>

Valuation of N. D. C. Temple and land, \$515.85, subject to debt of \$30.00.

[Our exchanges will do us a great favor if they will give the above a place in their columns, and we will gladly reciprocate any time called upon by them for the same space.—ED.]

CONVERSATION UPON DEVELOPMENT OF MEDIUMSHIP.

BY JAMES A. BLISS.

Visitor. Good morning, Doctor. Are you engaged at present?

Doctor. Well, no, not just this moment. What can I do for you?

V. Well, Doctor, I have had some strange experiences lately; my friends are much exercised and I am not a little worried myself. I have been a sceptic in regard to Spiritualism; but lately a few friends of mine urged me to join them as they sat around the table, and I experienced some strange sensations.

Dr. Well, I have a few moments I can spare just as well as not; just tell me how you were affected, and perhaps I can give you a little advice that my long experience in developing mediums may make very valuable to you.

V. Ah! thank you. I hope I shall not weary you, or take up too much of your valuable time. As we sat down to the table a few evenings ago and placed our hands upon it, it seemed ludicrous to me. There were large and small hands, all joined in a circle (to form a battery, suggested a lady by my side) and all the peculiarities of each individual were shown by the shape of the hands. A lady began to sing a familiar air, and we all joined in the chorus. In a few moments I felt a cold breeze blowing over my hands, then I felt a prickling sensation from my finger tips to my elbows, then my right hand began to beat the table, and to save myself, I could not stop it, for I tried hard enough to do it. One of my friends mildly suggested she was "impressed" that I would become a fine writing medium. I said to her I thought it strange that I, such a sceptic, should become a medium. I took a pencil and paper from my pocket and all at once the pencil I held in my hand began to make marks. The paper was entirely covered with these marks, and while they were unintelligible to me, I noticed there was a singular, uniform appearance to them. Soon the influence left my arm and went to my head. I felt as if it was in a vise; my breath became short, and great drops of perspiration stood out on my forehead. I felt as though I was drifting away from the circle, and although I was in a conscious condition, I had no power to prevent the sensation. In a few moments I felt something like a hand placed upon my throat, and then my tongue was influenced and I was made to speak in a language I could not understand. Some present thought it was an Indian that was trying to speak through me. This lasted for about five minutes, and then I felt relieved of all this strange influence. Then it seemed to me that if I tried I could have prevented the whole thing from taking place. Now, what do you think of it, Doctor? Do you think I can become a medium?

Dr. By all means; you are a medium now, and I think all you need is a few private sittings with a good Developing Medium, and you will become a fine subject for spirits to control. The cold breeze you felt upon your hands indicates that you possess physical power, *i.e.*, for rapping, tipping, and other electrical manifestations. The "prickling sensation" was the magnetism of the circle that found in you a good battery to operate upon. The motion of the hands was produced by spirits

that sought to use your hands to write their communications to their friends in the circle. Your scepticism was no barrier, unless you had set your will against the controlling spirits of the circle and sought to prevent the manifestations from taking place. In that case, in all probability, you would have found that the influence would have left you entirely. The marks produced upon the paper might have been produced by ancient spirits, and they might have been the first experimental manifestations of spirits to get control of the hands for future work. If you will submit the writing to a good psychometrist he will either interpret the writing, or, at any rate, explain what the spirits intended to write. If the characters were "Ancient" writings, you will do well to submit them to Dr. James Cooper, of Bellefontaine, Ohio, for he is one of the most reliable ancient writing interpreters in the world. He will sit especially for that writing and send you the result by mail. When the influence was felt in your head it is a sure sign that you would become a trance medium. If you ask how long it would be before you became entirely unconscious, I must reply it is impossible to inform you. I am well aware the spirits prefer the entirely unconscious medium to speak through, but they are not always able to accomplish that feat in one sitting. It takes time and patience to develop any kind of mediumship, and the more you have of the latter the better the spirits will like you. It is not strange that you felt that you could have prevented the manifestation if you had seen fit to do so. But let me warn you not to do it, for I have known many good mediums that have thus entirely destroyed their mediumship. You should never trifle with the spirits, but on the contrary you should seek to make yourself as negative as possible to their influences, and when under control, you should seek to "become as clay in the hands of the potter," and leave the results with the controlling intelligences. You should always remember that when you sit down to a table to become controlled by spirits, that in response to your request, hundreds of "the gone before" are by your side and that they are there for the express purpose of using you to communicate with their friends. The more negative you become to them the more positive and reliable will the manifestations of their presence be given through you.

V. Thank you, Doctor, for the information. Do you think I could develop fully if I had a course of sittings with you?

Dr. It seems as though I was advertising myself when I say to you: "Yes, I would advise it," but never mind if it does. I am here as a developing medium, to assist spirits to control their mediums, and I propose to do all I can for them. I think a course of six sittings would give you an opportunity to judge of the progress you make; and if you were not satisfied you could then discontinue them. I surely advise you to have the sittings if it is possible. If you live too far away, then I would advise you to become a member of the N. D. C., and sit at home when that circle convenes.

V. Strange, Doctor, that you believe it possible to transmit developing magnetism to great distances with any kind of effect upon the subject.

Dr. Not so strange after you think the matter over. Thousands of invalids have been cured of all kinds of diseases through magnetized letters, paper, and fabrics. Why is it not just as reasonable to assert that developing power be trans-

mitted in the same manner? Another evidence is, that hundreds of persons have tried the experiment and have found out that it was true that mediums could be developed in this way.

V. When can I commence sitting with you, and how often?

Dr. Any time you see fit. One or two sittings a week will be enough to commence with.

V. I shall commence at once; but let me assure you, Doctor, that I do not want to become a medium to make money out of it, but more for my own satisfaction than anything else.

Dr. I would advise you to sit to become a medium, not for yourself, but for the sake of others around that are now living in ignorance of a life beyond this. Make up your mind to become the willing servant of the spirit-friends, and if they wish to use you they will provide a way for you. As for "making money," you will not be troubled with too much money, I assure you. You will find out if you are to become a medium for the spirit-world that you will be unfitted for other work and that you have a right to demand pay for your time. Yes, *your time!* that investigators use while sitting with you. Spiritualists do not provide parsonages or churches for their mediums, and you will find that you will have to look out for yourself. So get over your sensitiveness upon the money question, and those who come to see you will appreciate you better as a medium if you make it cost them something.

V. Don't know but what you are right, after all. I shall give you a call early next week. Any charge for this information?

Dr. Oh, no; remember I told you that I would *give* you this advice. If you want to sit with me, and thus take up my time, I assure you I shall charge you for it.

V. Thanks. Good morning.

Dr. Good morning.

WILLIAM S. ROBERTS.

We propose to give this man a free advertisement in this number of SPIRIT VOICES. His advertisement appears in the columns of the *Banner of Light* as a materializing medium of New York city. That his claim is a false one, we can prove by his own words *under oath* in the court room in Philadelphia, when he said there was no such thing as materialization, and that *he carried clothes to represent different spirits next to his flesh underneath his shirt*. He gave pretended exposures in one of Philadelphia's largest halls, and now claims to be a materialization medium. We hope our exchanges will assist us in letting daylight in upon his fraudulent pretensions to mediumship. We stand ready to make affidavit to the above any time when called upon to do so.

We are pleased to note the success of Mr. James R. Cocke as a medium. He was developed by us in one sitting as a musical medium, although it was claimed by many prominent musical professors at that time that he had received many years' careful musical training prior to his development as a medium. Mr. Cocke at the time informed us it was false, and we believed him.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

This Number of SPIRIT VOICES closes our first volume. After mature deliberation we have decided to make the November and December numbers complete in one issue. Our reasons for so doing are as follows :

1st. It is our desire to have our Volumes uniform in number of pages, thus,—
 $32 \times 12 = 384$ pages per annum.

2nd. We desire to issue our January number before January 1st. 1886, and believe by issuing the double number we shall gain time.

3rd. We desire, if possible, on and after January 1st., to issue SPIRIT VOICES as a weekly paper, and we desire to know if our subscribers will stand by us financially so that we can make the change from a monthly to a weekly journal.

We hope every member of the N. D. C. will be interested in this notice and give us their opinions as well as their renewal of subscriptions.

JAMES A. BLISS, *Publisher Spirit Voices.*

N. D. C. READING ROOM.

The following notice has been sent to a few of our first-class publishers, and will explain itself.

"HEAD-QUARTERS NATIONAL DEVELOPING CIRCLE,
 718 Washington St., Boston, Oct. 9th 1885.

To the Publisher:—The N. D. C. of Boston has leased a fine suite of offices at 718 Washington St., Boston, Mass., and have fitted up one of them to be especially used as a FREE READING ROOM. We wish to have your publication upon our tables, and will, in return for the favor, solicit by judicious advertising and notices, subscriptions for the same. Hoping you will be favorably impressed with our offer, we remain truly yours,

JAMES A. BLISS, Developing Medium, N. D. C.

N. B. Address all publications "N. D. C. Reading Room," 718 Washington St., Boston, Mass."

Our commencement may at present be small, but we hope in time to establish a Free Reading Room that will be second to none in the country. Nothing of a cheap, trashy nature will be allowed upon our tables, but works that are devoted to Science, Art, Education, Morality, Free Thought and Spiritual Enlightenment and development of man will always be welcome. The rooms will be open free to the public daily (except Sunday) from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

Members of the N. D. C. are specially invited to make use of the rooms.

Subscriptions received for all the publications found on our list.

The following have responded to our request and are weekly or monthly represented :

MASONIC.—Masonic Token, The Freemason, Corner Stone, The Masonic Chronicle, Masonic Home Journal.

ODD FELLOWSHIP.—The Companion and American Odd Fellow, The Odd Fellows' Herald, The New Monthly, The Guide, Odd Fellows' Advocate.

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.—Veterans' Advocate, National Tribune, The Soldiers' Friend, Grand Army Scout and Soldiers' Mail, Grand Army Sentinel.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.—The Knight, The Knight's Sword and Helmet, The Knights of Pythias Magazine.

MISCELLANEOUS SOCIETY JOURNALS.—Camp News, American Mechanics' Advocate, American Legion of Honor Journal, The Wampum Belt, Knights of Honor Reporter, Fraternal Record, The Brotherhood, St. George's Journal.

SPIRITUALISTIC.—Spirit Voices, Banner of Light, New York Beacon Light, Golden Gate, The Word, The Rostrum, Light for Thinkers.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Popular Science News, The Alpha, Woman's Exponent, The Art Union, Signs of the Times, The Naturalist in Florida, The Future, Tidings from Nature, The Woman's Tribune, The Investigator,

The Laws of Life, The Worthington Advance, International Standard, Mind in Nature, The Bookmart, Dubuque Trade Journal, The Sociologist, The Altruist, Miscellaneous Notes and Queries, The Peace Maker, The Michigan Horticulturist, The Indicator, and American Analyst.

These papers will confer a great favor upon us if they will announce in their columns that their paper can be found on our tables and that we are duly authorized to receive subscriptions for the same.

From the *Spiritual Offering* we quote the following pertinent paragraph from a Boston letter written by that veteran exponent of our philosophy, Warren Chase:—

I went to the grand spiritual Temple recently finished, and dedicated I suppose to the Lord, as one speaker said it was the Lord's house, as other churches are called in this pious city. We were informed that Christ would speak in it through a medium next Sunday evening, and at some future day without a medium as materialization was to be completed there at some time in the near future. The services were almost exactly like those in many churches in the city, except the operatic singing, which was good of its kind, but the meeting, two hours long, closed by Old Hundred, sung in the old words, as directed by the spirit and sung by many in the large audience; all were requested to join, but I did not, as I could not tune my voice to those words. It is a beautiful and costly temple, but I could not avoid thinking how strange it was that Jesus, who had no better place to speak in than I did when I began to lecture on this philosophy, when I spoke in shops and even in a sheep pen, barns, and once in a blacksmith shop, should in returning (if he does) have waited for this earthly temple, and have so changed (according to the record) that he now was in full fellowship with the rich and their earthly temples. But strange events transpire, and it may be that these events may convince me that such a person did live and was the Christ, or sixteenth crucified savior of mankind, of none of which events I had found the evidence before, or have yet; some things I know, and some I believe on evidence that is sufficient to convince me, and in others the evidence is "too thin," and as my belief is involuntary I cannot be justly blamed for not believing. I could not avoid thinking as I looked on and listened to these late and new converts running this grand temple, of the old poetical adage applied to learning, and which I change to Spiritualism, as follows:

"A little Spiritualism is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep or taste not this Pierian spring,
Here shallow draughts intoxicate the brain
But drinking largely sobers us again."

It looked singular, to say the least, to see some dozen or more of the old pioneer speakers and workers in this cause sitting in the audience and listening to two novices in the work, nearly an hour each, mostly glorifying God for the glorious temple, and his presence in the second person in the holy trinity, but they explained it by the scripture passage about the glorious gospel that was to be revealed to babes and sucklings, etc., so I saw the point. I am a learner, and there is much for me to learn yet, so I will keep on searching for new truths, and take them when they come, if I can recognize them; but I do not recognize Jesus yet, perhaps I shall when he materializes, if he looks like the Catholic pictures of Him.

The remarks of Bro. Chase are wholesome and timely. Those who have recently embraced Spiritualism, in their own estimation know more of its teachings and the genius of the movement than those who have labored long in the field. The old brethren are almost crowded off from our platform to make room for the new-fangled

notions of novices. But soon the old ship will right itself, and then much that now goes under the name of Spiritualism will be thrown overboard.

We read in that excellent exponent of Spiritualism, *Light for Thinkers*, of the inauguration of Spiritualist Meetings in Atlanta, Georgia. During the month of October most successful meetings have been held in Good Templar's Hall. G. W. Kates, the editor of above-mentioned paper gave the opening address of the season, and was followed by Miss Laida Brown, under spirit control. The hall was fairly crowded with earnest seekers after Spiritual truths, and the local papers gave excellent notices of the meetings. We trust that these meetings so auspiciously inaugurated, will meet with continued favor, and that the mediums will be forthcoming to make them a financial success. The burden of carrying on our meetings should not rest upon a few, but should be shared by all who believe in our philosophy.

PROTEST OF MRS. BESTE.

An article in the *Boston Herald* of October 8, 1885, received by me on the 13th of the same month, gave a long account of a Seance held in Hartford on the evening of October 7, 1885, in which I was the medium.

My visit to Hartford was to fulfill an engagement made with Mrs. James McManus, some months previously. It is unnecessary for me to mention the contents of the many letters sent by these parties, urging my visit. I had no desire to see the place, went simply to fulfill an engagement.

The *Herald* states that "Mrs. McManus invited Mrs. Beste to Hartford, believing that most of the *manifestations* were *fraudulent*. Mrs. McManus also states that a *place* was *secured* for Mrs. Beste at the residence of Mrs. House on Trumbull St. Mrs. McManus then joined with other ladies in arranging for (what she calls) the *exposé*. Mrs. House, with Miss Sadie Williams and Mrs. Wrisly, who reside with her, were in the plot, and watched the woman carefully during the day-time; they saw enough, as they thought, in her strange behavior to convince them that, while she was a good *actress*, she was at the same time a *consummate fraud*." Several seances (says Mrs. McManus) were held without interference; at the second seance two ladies criticised the spirit voices, and the medium immediately closed the seance. (It was near eleven o'clock and time to close). "The ladies promptly joined Mrs. McManus" (so reads the *Herald*) "in her project, and the *exposé* was arranged for last night."

I will state, as correctly as possible, the particulars of an almost *fatal* tragedy. On the occasion referred to, I entered rooms prepared for me. I do not remember feeling timid or uneasy; I was perfectly negative.

The so-called sheeting was a narrow strip of cheese-cloth, covering a fine copper wire to be used instead of taking hold of hands (as is customary in seances). The joining of hands is sometimes very unpleasant to sitters; so I made use of the covered wire to avoid the contact of hands; the muslin was to protect the *delicate fingers* of my *sitters* from contact with the wire. It seems to me any one with a grain of common sense could not attribute protection to the medium as a reason for this fragile arrangement. The room was crowded.

The sitters were arranged in three rows, Mrs. House at one end of the circle and her sister, Mrs. Wrisly, at the other. This was the front row. Mrs. House attended to the seating of her friends. I paid no attention to the kitchen door, though I knew it was closed to keep the heat from us, there being a warm place reserved (I suppose) for the two stalwart men secreted there.

After arranging everything as on the previous evening, Mrs. House collected the money for the seats; I cannot tell how much, for I never received it. After seating myself in the cabinet, I soon went under control as I always do, and I have no idea as to the time I so continued. I was aroused by a great and horrible din; it seemed to me I was in the arms of *great giants*. I heard the words, "Jail! jail! fraud! fraud! Where do you get the voices? How do you make them?" Then I seemed to be sinking down, down, with great and horrible heads bending over me. I next remember that some one placed a tumbler of brandy, or some other kind of liquid, to my lips and said, "Drink! drink, quick!" I drained it, then I seemed to revive; but the tumult began again; then I felt myself sink down, down; everything was growing dark, and more liquid was given me. I cannot tell what transpired after this until I was in the depot.

I now say to the Spiritualists of America and elsewhere that I am a medium, as most of you have heard, for independent voices, both for singing and speaking; that in the past, before this alleged phase came, I gave seances in *gas-light*, accounts of which have, from time time, been given by those who understood what they were writing about.

I am entirely *unconscious* while *controlled*, and know nothing of what takes place during these sittings. I have no voice (as friends of years' standing can testify) except for singing some very simple air—am not what a sensible person would call a musician. I am not a linguist except under spirit control. I know nothing of the Boston mediums, except that I hear that their powers are *perfectly marvelous*; and I would in no way, were it in my power (and it is not), injure them or the work carried on in ways so strange and incomprehensible to mortal ways, by powers unseen, and likely to remain unknown until, in the great Hereafter, the mysteries of *Life* shall be revealed.

I have only to ask, first that all spiritualists, and others who have had experience in spiritual laws as to the mode in which the phenomena are produced, to *notice* the mode adopted by my accusers to bring about the result they so much craved.

"I AM INNOCENT OF ANY FRAUD or of any action on my part with intent to deceive, and in my *now normal* condition, I disavow every word that is stated in what is said to be my sworn statement, as published in the "Boston Herald," and I declare the signature appended thereto not to be the signature that I would have made if in full possession of my faculties: therefore I make this renewed *protest*, and trust to many friends and guardian spirits to undo the machinations of the enemies, who so shamefully abused my trust in them and in the hospitality of the city of Hartford as extended to me, through the party who beguiled me there.

M. EUGENIE BESTE.

Sworn and subscribed to before me this 16th day of October 1885.

ROBERT HUTCHINSON, *Notary Public*.



The Riddle of the American Spiritual Sphinx; or, The "Lost Key" Found.

Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Occultists, Priests, Ministers, Patriots, and Men, Women and Children in every Nation upon Earth, are invited to solve this riddle. The true answer will bring to Earth Harmony and Everlasting Peace.

(COPYRIGHTED.)

JAMES A. BLISS, ♀ Medium.

THE RIDDLE OF THE AMERICAN SPIRITUAL SPHINX.

The Ancient Mythological Sphinx according to Zell's Encyclopedia was "A fabulous monster, said to have had the head and bust of a woman, a dog's body, the wings of a bird, and the tail of a serpent. It was sent by Juno to punish the Thebans by propounding riddles to all passers by, and devouring all who were unable to interpret her enigmas. Ædipus, however, explained all her riddles, when the monster immediately flung herself into the sea and perished. The form of the so-called Egyptian Sphinx is that of a winged lion with a human head and bust, always in a lying attitude, whereas the Greek Sphinx is represented in any attitude which might suit the poet. THE EGYPTIAN FIGURES SEEM TO HAVE BEEN SET UP IN AVENUES FORMING APPROACHES TO THE GREAT TEMPLES." The "American Spiritual Sphinx" presents its riddle for all to solve who are searching for Truth. No doubt it will be a "stumbling block" to those that are "wise above what is written." The riddle is presented to all with the best of intentions and its solution will bring to you knowledge of yourself as an individual and your relations to the Grand Architect of the Universe. This riddle you must solve for yourself and no two answers will be alike. DO NOT LOSE SIGHT OF THE "TRUE KEY" IN YOUR ATTEMPTS TO SOLVE IT. As helps to your own individual solution of it, I refer you to other solutions that have been given that can be found in SPIRIT VOICES, April No., p. 143; a very fine solution by Mrs. W. H. Richmond; also the editorial upon same on page 142; also Mr. W. J. Colville's lecture upon page 117; also John Hall's solution in July No., SPIRIT VOICES, page 247. Our solution of this grand riddle, which commenced in the September number of SPIRIT VOICES, with the article found on p.

305, entitled "Mediumship: the Key to the Kingdom of Heaven;" the next was in October number, entitled "Man; the visible manifestation of God in the Flesh," found on page 342.

We are well aware of the prejudice that exists against "signs," "wonders" and "mystery," but we believe the signs given are simply helps to arrive at the bottom of the mystery of Life, and thus honestly present the Riddle to our readers and the world for their solution. We will publish in SPIRIT VOICES all solutions sent to us. Remember, it is not necessary that you should be strictly orthodox as a Spiritualist to solve it. It is open to the whole world.

Here is one sent us from across the water:

58 TOXTETH ST., DROYLSTON, MANCHESTER, ENG.

To Editor "*Spirit Voices*:"

DEAR SIR,—Enclosed are some few words expressive of my conceptions of the N. D. C.'s Riddle, which you will please correct, and put to what use your best judgment may dictate.

That your labors may be crowned with success, is my earnest desire, as systematic development is very much needed. So many sensitive persons are constantly being ruined by irregular, promiscuous sittings, sitting at places which are detrimental to the higher development of spirit mediumship. I shall hail with gladness a summons to cross the Atlantic Ocean, that I may have an opportunity of cultivating a personal acquaintance with so interested and noble a band of workers.

Fraternally and Faithfully Yours,

TOM ROSCOE.

ANOTHER RENDERING OF THE N. D. C. RIDDLE.

In ancient times, a promotion to a higher office, or an improvement in social position, was accompanied with a presentation of a key, which, in early times, usually took the form of a cross; hence to be in possession of a cross or key was an indication of power, in some particular form.

Therefore the priesthood have clung most tenaciously to the sign of the cross, or key, by which they claim to have the power to admit souls to heaven, or prevent them entering therein.

This symbol speaks loudly of their prerogative in governing the inhabitants of the world, represented by the dark sphere surmounted by the cross, or key, which is above the dark sphere. The darkness of this sphere is a token of the ignorance and superstition which is supposed to prevail among the inhabitants of the dark sphere. The small white spot may be representative of a little true spiritual light among the inhabitants of the dark sphere, and will ultimately spread its waves of light to the outer circle of this dark sphere, when the cross will then fall from its now false position to its true position, namely, to the under-side of the sphere, when the darkness will be dissipated, and the tyrannical power of the dogmatic priesthood destroyed.

The priesthood have ever opposed freedom of thought, and a cultivation of scientific investigation into natural, physical and spiritual phenomena, which is derogative to their despotic potency.

The large circle may be the symbol of the universe, or the earth's inhabitants,



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which shows rays of light and darkness, indicating the true position, or condition, of the inhabitants, some having a little more light (shown by the light rays) or knowledge, while others are not so well enlightened, as shown by the dark rays. These inhabitants are to be enlightened by the influence of the N. D. C., which is to touch the outer and the inner limits of these dark and light rays.

The three links of chain placed upon a position of the rayed circle, shows the power of the priestly tyranny over portions of the people represented by the partially enlightened and the ignorant, as shown by the dark and lighter rays. The axe in the position of severing those links, may reasonably be symbolical of spiritual mediumship destroying the dogmatic tyranny of the priest by opening men's minds to their true relationship to the divine Fatherhood of God. This is indicated by the magnetic rays of light emanating from the axe, as it is in the act of separating the links.

The sign of the square in the light inner circle, may point out the universal fraternal relations of men and women of all nations,—the square always being a token of brotherhood.

The compass may be interpreted as a sign of the influence of true mediumship giving the requisite conditions of gaining knowledge of science, thus showing that mediumship will give the key whereby the ignorant may become possessed of that knowledge which will bring man to the conscious and incontrovertible relationship with Deity.

The *eye*, in the centre of the *five* pointed star, may indicate the never sleeping power of the almighty spiritual power, which, being set in the *five* pointed, or radiated star, indicates the government of the earth sphere, by the power of spirit, seeing that the number five is an old sign of government.

When this is fulfilled then shall we have arrived at the grand climax, as is shown by the light sphere, being raised above the cross, when the inhabitants of the earth are ruled by love, the attribute of the eternal Father God, as shown by the sign of Venus.

TOM ROSCOE.

MAGNETIZED WATCHES.—Some very curious things concerning watches come under a watchmaker's observation at times. I remember a lady who used to bring me her watch sometimes as often as once a week—it was either too fast or too slow with her; while it hung up in the shop it ran as steady as the state house clock. I studied with that watch, and one day I came across something in an English horological magazine that opened my eyes. It was simply a little item saying that sometimes delicately-adjusted watches were affected by the temperament of their wearers—affected by personal magnetism. The whole thing flashed upon me in a moment. The woman's watch was affected by herself. I found out that she was of a highly nervous temperament, but would at times suffer from attacks of despondency. The watch only recorded her temperament. When she was vivacious it went fast, but when she was in a low mood it went slow. Very often it is impossible to regulate a watch for some men by keeping the timepiece in the shop. There is some physical peculiarity about the man; it may be his gait, his temperament, or an excess of bodily electricity. In these cases I let the man wear the watch continually, and then regulate it to his peculiarities. Bodily electricity is very marked in certain persons. I knew a young watchmaker in whom it became so strong that he was obliged to give up that branch of the trade because it was found that he magnetized the delicate hair-springs."—*Boston Commonwealth*.

Spirit Message Department.

Capt. MATT CLARY, Controlling Spirit.

EDWIN H. BLISS, Spirit Amanuensis.

JAMES A. BLISS, Medium.

[By request of the spirit-band of the N. D. C., this department has been added to our magazine. The communications are given while our medium is in a deeply entranced, unconscious condition, and he must not be held responsible for the truth or falsity they contain.]—ED.

CATHCART TAYLOR.

Like every square man, I am willing to admit when I am convinced that I am wrong. I opposed mediums when I was in the form, first, because I thought they were frauds; second, because I was paid by my employers to do it. I became convinced before I left the mortal form that the first reason was incorrect, and that the second was no excuse to offer for my outrageous conduct. I fought against the medium I am now glad to control, and did my best to imprison him. I failed because he was in the right of it while I was all wrong. I never fully recovered from the remorse of conscience my acts produced, and when I fully realized the wrong I had done him, I could not rest nights. I wanted to go to him and make bare the vile scheme that I had been a party to ruin him, an innocent man. I heard voices around me every time I tried to go to sleep. They said to me that I must make right that wrong. I refused to do so from sheer moral cowardice, and, as a relief from that terrible condition, I in a moment of time blew my brains out. I find in spirit there is no way out of this condition unless I come back, and through him make these matters right. I fully confess that I knew before I passed away that he was innocent of all attempts to produce spirit manifestations by fraudulent means. I wish now I had gone to him like a man and told him this before I left the form. I advise Lou and Phil to come out like men and help me make this wrong right before they come here. It will be easier. Lou and Harrison cut the hole in the floor themselves, and they know it. I knew it after the trial, but not before. My employers were not in the dark in regard to these doings. Come out like a man, Lou, and tell the truth and you will feel better about it, I assure you. Good night.

PETER GANNON.

It is now years since I entered upon my life as a spirit. I know I was condemned by many persons because I hastened my departure. I do not propose to defend myself to-day, but I do propose to say I had as a spirit entirely outgrown earthly conditions, and felt relieved when I had got through. I suppose some spiritualists will say when they read this message that I had better stay away because I do not say falsely that I was plunged into dense spiritual darkness by that act. I cannot help it if they do; I assure you that such was not my case. I found my dear spirit mother ready to receive me, and her welcome was most affectionate. I do not, however, advise others to do as I did, but would rather urge them to make the best of their conditions until nature relieves them. No doubt they will go into a happier condition in spirit life. I wish to be remembered to my friends in Kansas City, Philadelphia, New York and Boston. I think they will recognize me by this communication. Good-bye.

PETER.

TUNIE DENSMORE.

DEAR FRIENDS,—Father Densmore informs me that some of you would be pleased to hear from me. I am here for that purpose. I want to send just one word to

"West Ingle." We have not forgotten her kind assistance when we were in the Voice Band, and we assure her that our power in spirit is not broken even if our "Voice" is now silent. When father came here with us, we lost the great magnet that held us together as a spirit band, and consequently, the "Voice" began to pine away and die. Auntie Sprague did her best to keep it alive, and we say God bless her for it; but when it got out into selfish hands that thought to make it a paying thing, then it could not stand such harsh treatment, and of course died. We do not condemn any one — O, no. A child that is adopted by another is not like an own child, and we could not expect any one to love the "Voice" as father and his guides did. We are still at work, but we do miss our paper and the means to communicate to mortals. Good-bye.

TUNIE.

ADAH ISAACS MENKEN.

Good evening. How little this world knows of the inner life of mortals. Persons are judged by the outward appearance, and how often mistakes are made. I was judged as a person that lived for nothing but notoriety; but I assure you that was a great mistake.

I was a medium and a very sensitive one at that, and I was operated upon by the psychological power of spirits in the mortal form as much as I was by those out of it. I lived an independent life and defied the world to interfere with my actions. I was a spiritualist long before I passed through the change called death, and knew for a fact that I should return to earth life and communicate with my friends. You may think from what people say of my record that my whole life was that of gaiety, but I assure you that you make a mistake. I many times would sit down alone, and then the hollowness of my life would be so terribly demonstrated to me that I would rush away into the whirl and excitement of life to drown my meditations. I find that life in my spirit home gives me plenty of opportunities to change my conditions, and I cannot say that I am very unhappy. I find much that I can do to assist others to progress out of their darkened conditions, and I find as often as I assist others I progress myself. I feel that if mortals would be more willing to give spirits the credit of improvement over their former earthly conditions and surroundings, that they would not be so troubled with fear of obsessing spirits. I know that I have not stood still in spirit since my entrance to this life; on the contrary I have moved steadily onward, getting rid of many of my old earthly conditions that once made people think I was an unprincipled woman.

ADAH ISAACS MENKEN.

MARY STEARNS.

"Aunt Mary Stearns" accepts the invitation to use this opportunity to say a few words to her friends. I have watched with great interest the spread of Spiritualism in Boston since I left my mortal body. It has made rapid strides, but it grieves me not to see more harmony of action among the different bodies of spiritualists. Why is it not possible for all to lay aside their differences of opinion once in a while and come together at least once a year, and have a grand meeting or convention as we did in days past. I only hint at this and hope the leaders of the different meetings held in Boston will take the matter into consideration. I think the best time would be when the Ladies Aid Society have their Memorial Sunday. Then all can meet together and have a social reunion. I am still laboring for you all, and I assure you that "Aunt Mary" will never do aught to interfere with the harmony of all. God bless you.

"AUNT" MARY STEARNS.

MOTHER McCARTY.

Well, good evening. God bless ye. Now, Mr. Bliss, I want to have you write my message in good English, and not be particular to spell the words as if I was Irish.

I am glad to come, for I have a great respect for Captain Clary, and I think while such a fine gentleman as he will take pains to take charge of this department of the magazine, that we as spirits should assist him. I am glad to know Mrs. Batchelder has consented to be editor, or whatever you call it. She is a good, pure woman, and will be an honor to it. I am glad I shall soon be able to speak for myself in Mrs. Bliss' seances, and I assure you that I shall always try to heal all the differences between people, rather than to aggravate them, as it seems now to be a rule among mortals. I always brought Patrick up that way, and sure he is an honor to his mother. Well, I'll not stay to stop others from coming, so I'll bid ye all good bye. God bless ye.

MRS. MCCARTY.

N. D. C. DEBT \$367.15

What can you do towards liquidating the debt upon our movement? We pledge a collection from the Boston N. D. C. of \$20.00 towards it. Can your circle do something in this direction? Never mind if the amount is small and if you are only individual to send it. Send it as soon as possible. We pledge ourselves not to "beg" again if you will aid in squaring this account. Do all you can for us and at once. All contributions will be acknowledged in *SPIRIT VOICES* as fast as received.

WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?—The following advertisement appeared in the *Banner of Light*, October 31st:

"*The working Union of Progressive Spiritualists.*—A reunion of the members and friends of this society will be held at the Ladies' Aid Parlors, 1031 Washington Street, Boston, Monday evening, November 2nd, at 7.30 o'clock. All friends of the Harmonial Spiritual Progression are invited to be present.

"Per order the Secretary."

If we are not greatly mistaken, this society, of which M. S. Ayer, of "M. S. Ayer Temple" fame, was president, laid the corner stone of the M. S. Ayer Temple and were presented with the new grand temple by that gentleman. Why is it that the society are compelled to go outside and hire a hall to hold a reunion when so many vacant rooms are to be found in the Temple? Things are getting mixed, decidedly, and we wish somebody would straighten them out for us. If we are not mistaken, the society known as "The Working Union of Progressive Spiritualists" was incorporated under the laws of this State, with Mr. M. S. Ayer as president? If "The Working Union of Progressive Spiritualists" is not connected with the "M. S. Ayer Temple," then please inform us what is the legal name of the society that now occupies the "M. S. Ayer Temple?" The reason we ask these questions is that the society known as "The Working Union of Progressive Spiritualists" was originated and organized in our seance room, and we are trying to keep track of its wanderings since it left that place.

The advertisements of our Boston mediums that appear weekly in the *Banner of Light* are as thick as "flies in the summer time." The investigator that fails to be suited should "go west."

AMONG OUR WORKERS.

During the month of October we were very busy in Vermont. We were at Bellows Falls until the 10th, and Dr. Amsden held several seances at Mr. C. L. Bowen's and Mr. Alden E. Lamb's. These were very satisfactory. We also had several patients at this place. I lectured at Tyson the 11th. Dr. Amsden held seances at Mr. A. F. Hubbard's the 10th, 11th and 12th. He also had many patients at this place; for two days all of his time was taken. The 14th another seance at Cuttingsville, and the 15th I lectured at Mt. Holly. The 16th a seance at Shrewsbury, and the 17th and 18th, seances at Mr. A. E. Manum's at Bristol. The 18th I also lectured in the elegant new town hall, before a large and most intelligent audience. After leaving Bristol, we visited for one week Dr. Amsden's old home at Walden. We found the Dr.'s parents well-to-do farmers, respected by all who know them; and, although they hold to the Methodist faith, are very respectful toward other forms of belief. We enjoyed our stay here very much indeed. On the 26th we left for Boston, arriving there at night, and we can assure all our readers that we were glad once more to be in our native state after a three months' absence.

Mrs. C. L. Bowen of Bellows Falls, Vt., is rapidly developing as an artist medium. She has never taken any lessons either in painting or drawing, and yet under influence of her guide executed finely in oil colors. Our desk is ornamented with two of her paintings, gifts from this lady's controlling influences to the Dr. and myself. One is a bouquet of pansies, and the other a cluster of full-blown roses and buds. Both are very beautiful and promise much for the future.

We clip the following from the Los Angeles (Cal.) *Evening Express* for October 7th:

"Mr. Raymond, the principal mover in the Raymond Hotel scheme, at South Pasadena, and father of W. Raymond, the excursion manager, arrived at San Gabriel on Tuesday, accompanied by Mr. Muchmore and family, who has charge of the mammoth caravansary. Mr. M. is from Lebanon, N. H. In this same party from Lebanon were Mr. E. J. Durant and wife, and Mrs. Gilbert, their daughter. Mr. Durant was a leading merchant of Lebanon, and is here for his health. Mrs. Gilbert is a fine soprano singer, having sung three years in opera. This family intend spending the winter in Los Angeles, and at present have rooms at the Hollenbeck Block."

We know that all of our readers will be pleased to know the whereabouts of these earnest workers in our cause. Mrs. Durant is an able exponent of our philosophy, and Mr. D. for many years has been President of the New Hampshire State Association of Spiritualists. We sincerely hope that the balmy air of Southern California will completely restore the health of Mr. Durant, and that he will return to us in the spring with renewed vigor, and ready as ever in the past to labor for the advancement of Spiritualism. Mrs. Gilbert is a most cultured singer and a perfect lady. We hope to meet her at our summer gatherings another year. We hope the entire family will have a most pleasant winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Jackson Davis have taken rooms at 46 Clarendon St., Boston, and would be pleased to receive callers professionally. Mr. Davis is a most wonderful seer. The works that he has written will ever stand as a lasting monument of the new spiritual dispensation.

P. C. Mills is very busy lecturing in Nebraska. He should be kept very busy all of the time. His address is Sargent, Custer Co., Nebraska.

E. W. Emerson's engagements for December are as follows: the 6th Marblehead, Mass.; 13th, Amesbury, Mass.; 20th and 27th, Providence, R. I. His address is 240 Lowell St., Manchester, N. H.

THE NEW YORK TRUTH SEEKER (33 Clinton Place) for Oct. 17 prints the Editor's Report of the Ninth Annual Congress of the National Liberal League, held at Cleveland, Ohio, October 9, 20 and 21. Also an article by the Hon. A. B. Bradford on "Constructive Liberalism;" "An Open Letter to Mgr. Capel," by "Mr. Arthur," on the subject of martyrs; "The Annual Idler," by G. E. Macdonald, being notes and observations made during a vacation in New Hampshire; and "Biblical Absurdities," by W. H. Petree. Other articles are, "If I Believed as You Do," report of the 383d regular meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club; Notes, Letters from Correspondents, etc. Subscription price of THE TRUTH SEEKER, \$5 per year.

OUR LETTER-BOX.

CALIFORNIA.—*Courtland*.—Mrs. J. B. Greene writes: "Although we cannot be in Boston to enjoy the feast of lectures and seances, yet we read everything with regard to them published in SPIRIT VOICES and the *Banner of Light*, and are very grateful for these reports, although they are not quite equal to being present, and listening to the soul-inspiring sentiments as they fall from the lips of our gifted lecturers. I think the Message Department a great addition to SPIRIT VOICES, and I hope the time will soon come when *our pet magazine* will be double its present size. Shall renew my subscription when the year closes and shall try and induce others to subscribe."

San Buenaventura.—A. Comstock writes: "In addition to 'How to Become a Medium,' I have to-day received a copy of SPIRIT VOICES, a good deal for three two-cent stamps, and calling for at least appreciative acknowledgment additional. I was somewhat inclined to think the N. D. C. had rather a strong leaning toward mystification, with its signs, symbols and ceremonies, and also that it was claiming a good deal for itself as a central controlling power, but the earnest spirit displayed in SPIRIT VOICES leads me to think that you feel sure you are building on a solid foundation, and I hope it is so. There are two reasons for my not joining the N. D. C. The first is I have always felt that I am under control of a power that marks out my course *for* me, and leads me whither *it* will. I am always told that I have a special work to do for which I am being prepared. I am an earnest admirer of Thomas Paine, and feel deeply the wrong and ingratitude his memory has suffered at the hand of a people who should have deified him. There is no spirit in heaven or earth whose bidding I would rather obey than his,—the champion of human liberty. I have felt at times under his control—or at least imbued with his spirit from a power outside of myself,—that is, 'caught up into the third heaven' of patriotism, and Thomas Paine at such times would seem the personified genius of liberty. In this the N. D. C. and myself are associated—admiration of that noble soul whose motto, 'The world is my country, to do good my religion,' is worthy to be inserted in letters of gold on every spiritual temple in the land. My other reason for not joining your circle is, I wish to do all I can to advance the cause locally, and my means being limited, were I to pledge myself to the N. D. C., I fear it would limit my abilities for home work, unless the unseen could give me assurance that it would not, by giving me double power to work with. The *Golden Gate*, our spiritual paper on this coast, is doing great good. It accepts in a kind and liberal spirit the good in all, and seems to meet the demands of thinking people, gradually drawing them by its kindly spirit to 'prove all things and hold fast that which is good.' I shall feel interested in the future of the N. D. C., and trust to spirit guidance as to what is best in the matter. I am a widow and am just looking to the next year closing an indebtedness incurred in the education of a son at Jefferson Medical College, and otherwise assisting my family to make themselves self-helpful and I hope a benefit to the community, and as I feel that I must be just before generous, I will decline at present committing myself, or at least wait Blackfoot's orders."

SOUTHERN ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.—At the annual meeting of the Southern Association of Spiritualists, held at Atlanta, Georgia, August 29, 1885, they resolved to celebrate the thirty-eighth anniversary of Modern Spiritualism by a grand reunion at Louisville, Ky., to commence March 28, and continue eight days. The local society at Louisville are making generous preparations, having rented Liederkrantz Hall, securing hotel rates, preparing a choir and engaging free entertainment for speakers and mediums, etc. It is necessary that our Association shall make this meeting a great success. We need money to secure the necessary mediums and speakers. In order to be able to do so, this appeal to your assistance is made. *Please forward your names as members and the annual dues of one dollar, and also send whatever extra donation you can.* Secure new members to the Association and collect the annual fee of one dollar from each. Do not delay, for the necessary funds are needed at once, in order to perfect arrangements. The attendance of all friends is earnestly hoped for. Please notify us of the number of persons we may expect from your locality. Address, yours fraternally,

G. W. KATES, Secretary,
Atlanta, Ga.

SWIFT-ARROW.*

[Poem read at Queen City Park, Burlington, Vt., at the Benefit Entertainment tendered by the Association to Mr. Joseph D. Stiles, of Weymouth, Mass., by his friend, Dr. H. B. STORER, of Boston.]

When clouds are dense, and all the heavens above us
 Seem a black vault, from which the night comes down
 To wrap the earth in sombre shades of sadness,
 And symbol only God's eternal frown;
 Our paths are darkened as the day-time glory
 Fadeth from mountain, valley, stream and lake,—
 And creeping slowly, all our way uncertain,
 We cling to earth for very safety's sake.
 But when at length the clouds are slowly lifted,
 And thro' a rift the bright-eyed stars shine out,
 Our feet, once more in paths of safety guided,
 Bring us away from darkness and from doubt.

"Swift-Arrows" fall from out the star-lit spaces,
 Unto the night a softened splendor brings;
 While from the gloom of myriad darkened places,
 A radiant light from shore and lake upsprings.
 So to the saddened hearts of mourning mortals,
 When clouds of grief shut out the lights of heaven,
 The way seems dark, and night obscures the portals
 Of that bright world, from whence all help is given.

"Swift-arrow," then, withdraws the sable curtain
 That hides the Immortals from our mortal sight,
 Revealing to us glorious constellations
 Of living souls, radiant in spirit-light.
 Then from the darkened minds and sombre-hearts
 Responsive gleams of bright-winged hopes arise,
 And sweet affections glow with old-time fervor
 Towards soul companions in the upper skies.

Along the confines of the spheres immortal
 We walk in twilight, while the star-eyed host
 Calmly come forth in still-increasing beauty,
 To greet with welcome those who need them most;
 And sprinkled far beyond our human seeing,
 The constellations of the blest stretch on,
 The numberless — the glorified — the mighty —
 Who in all time from this our world have gone.

Blessed are they who bring unto our knowledge
 The living presence of this countless throng,—
 The spirit-messengers and mortal mediums
 Who bring us gladness for our evening song.

* The Indian control of Mr. J. D. Stiles.

ARBITRATION.

10. To advocate that all wars shall cease, and that *all quarrels shall be settled by arbitration*; and that "as ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them," should be the rule to guide us in all our work upon earth.—OBJECTS NATIONAL DEVELOPING CIRCLE.

We clip the following from *The Peace-Maker*, and endorse every word it contains:

We live in an age of general activity and restlessness. This is true in every department of human endeavor. In the last two decades more discoveries have been made in the scientific world than during any period of centuries in the mediæval ages. In every direction, the race, stimulated by new impulses and led by original and invasive minds, is casting aside the bondage of the past, loosing the fetters of tradition and asserting the inalienable birthright of freedom in personal opinion. We may call this general impulse in the endeavor to throw aside all that the race has received from mere authority, a revolution, an uprising and revolt against the rule—nay, quite the tyranny or bad rule of the past.

It is said that "revolutions never go backward." If this is true, and then if they widen in their sweep, the revolution that has now commenced in the world must be very far-reaching in the sweep of its final practical results. Not only must the thoughts of the race be revolutionized, but its institutions must as well. The politics, the civil institutions, the state, the civilization, must each feel the new power, yield to the impulse, and become conformed in its nature to the spirit of the new endeavor.

According to the laws involved, the effect of the overturnings will be the greatest and most marked where the authority of tradition has been most powerful and unquestioned. And no one will probably question that this has been in the direction of war, civil law and theology. And so the revolt will in the final sweep be more destructive to these than to those things which have stood less specifically on mere authority and tradition.

In relation to law, it is well known that there is a wide-spread distrust and dissatisfaction amongst the people. The delay in the courts, the heavy costs incurred, the uncertainty of the law as derived from the obscurity of precedents and decisions founded not in reason and right, but in some party or state policy; the machinery and technicalities of the law, the unreliable character of the action of juries—in fact, their total incompetency and unfitness for the duties involved, owing to want of mental and moral training, together with the known cunning and trickery of the bar, and the influence certain members of the bar may exert over the minds of judges,—have generated almost universal distrust in the civil courts, causing the people to look about for some more speedy, certain and satisfactory method of settling the unfortunate disputes and differences which arise in the very imperfect state of our society and civilization. And in the condition of general dissatisfaction, the tendency of the age is to look to arbitration as a substitute for the courts of civil law.

Of course, arbitrators will have the finiteness and infirmity of human nature; but they can be freed from the embarrassments which hinder the courts by the force of mere precedent and the authority of very conflicting decisions. The courts have never aimed, startling as the idea may be, to make their decisions conform to exact equity and moral right; but have in numerous instances disregarded these, to pursue some local and temporary expediency. Then the decision reached became authority as a precedent, when applied to facts dissimilar in character; and this state of things has gone on till the general dissatisfaction mentioned above now prevails in the better circles of the public mind.

Now, if courts of arbitration should become prevalent, there would be many important advantages over the civil courts, now almost wholly guided by technical rules and the precedents of decisions. Among these advantages may be named:

1. All arbitrary technical rules will be totally disregarded, considered as means of delay, or as means of reaching decisions.
2. Laying aside these arbitrary rules, the sole purpose would be to do exact justice

and equity to all the parties in interest, uninfluenced by decisions made upon a different state of facts and made to meet some supposed policy of the time.

3. The delays which are often so disastrous in these civil courts, which, in many instances, are so corrupting to public morals.

4. Much of the millions given annually to attorneys could be saved to the people. There are about fifty thousand attorneys in the United States. If each one, on an average, makes annually \$1,000, the cost to the people, in this respect, is \$50,000,000.

5. In many instances, the differing parties meeting before the arbitrators and talking over their differences in an amicable spirit, will come to terms of settlement, even without arbitration. And thus the people would learn forbearance and thoughtfulness, and the general tone of society would be elevated.

6. The spirit and manner of the arbitrators in settling differences would cause persons to think over the rights of others as well as to think of their own supposed rights, thus begetting in the public mind a spirit of conciliation, and not a spirit of contention, tending to strife and litigation. And the thoughtful reader can pursue the subject and find more advantages in arbitration over litigation. J. M. W.

IN the January number of SPIRIT VOICES we shall publish a finely written article from the pen of Prof. W. L. Thompson, entitled "Some Recollections of a Mining Camp in Nevada." We are pleased to inform our readers that Prof. Thompson will shortly become one of our regular contributors, and we are certain his contributions will be appreciated by our members.

VICTOR HUGO says, in the *Annales Politiques et Littéraires*: "The butterfly is the caterpillar transformed, but it is still so much the caterpillar that every part of the creeping creature is, on examination, found in the winged creature: yet so complete is the transformation that, to appearance, it is a new creature. So, in our life beyond the grave, we shall not be bodiless spirits: such a term conveys no form to be reasoned upon. What could a life be without organs of life? What is a personality without form defining and fixing it? We shall probably have another body, radiant, divine, and, so to speak, a spiritual transformation of our earthly body." — *L. Spiritisme.*

SPIRIT VOICES A MAGNETIZED MAGAZINE.

MR. EDITOR.—In October number of SPIRIT VOICES, there is a short item in regard to SPIRIT VOICES being a magnetized paper. Allow me to say that SPIRIT VOICES is magnetized, and strongly too. I caught it up this morning and took off the wrapper, and as I held it in my hands a thrill ran through my frame like an electric shock. Whoever takes SPIRIT VOICES in their hand for five minutes, and does not get a shock from the spirit forces around him, or her, is not in a proper condition to receive messages from the spirit world; but whoever does receive said shock or feel the least uneasy sensation is a proper person to become a Spirit Medium of some force, and right soon too. There are other publications that are magnetized, but none compare with SPIRIT VOICES. If a person trying this experiment does not get the shock at once let him sit alone when it is quiet and read the contents for 15 or 20 minutes, and pay attention to what he is reading, and to nothing else, and he will get news from over there, or else he is unapproachable to a streak of lightning.

Yours,

J. W. DENNIS, 120 Thirteenth St., Buffalo, N. Y.

BELVIDERE SEMINARY.—We take great pleasure in recommending the Belvidere Seminary to all parents in search of a liberal school for their children. Those who have this institution in charge need your assistance. Sectarianism would crush it out if possible. Liberals should give it their patronage. We would call the attention of all our readers to its circular printed below:—

This institution, established in 1867, is located at Belvidere, Warren County, New Jersey, twelve miles from Delaware Water Gap. The following are some of the advantages offered its students: It is most favorably located in regard to healthfulness of climate and beauty of surroundings. It is easy of access by railway, being only three hours ride from New York and Philadelphia. Its buildings are attractive, and situated on an eminence overlooking a broad and picturesque extent of country. It offers to every student home comforts, with the highest moral and social influences. *It is entirely unsectarian.* In government it is in general opposed to the law of force, discountenances all unkind criticism, idle gossiping and all uncharitableness, aiming to establish, by the most humane means, that degree of self-respect among its pupils, which is the foundation of the wisest self-control. Especial attention is paid to the health of pupils, and their physical culture is promoted by a course of training in light gymnastic exercises or more vigorous out-door sports. Moral lessons, illustrated by the examples of noble men and women, whose lives of purity and loving service to mankind have enriched the world, are frequently given. The best result of a school education is a capacity for self-support and self-culture, moral and intellectual. To this result, the excitements and frivolities of the day are opposed. The Principals earnestly ask the co-operation of Parents, in resisting them for their children. Pupils can take a full course of four years, or an elective course of two, receiving therefor a diploma. The school year is divided into two sessions of twenty weeks each, beginning the third Monday in September and closing the third week in June.

TERMS FOR BOARDING PUPILS.—Board and Tuition in English, per annum \$250.00; Music, with use of Piano, \$40.00; Ancient and Modern Languages, each \$40.00; Drawing and Painting \$40.00; Board for Visitors \$1.00 per day, for Summer Boarders \$5.00 per week and upwards.

Washing (limited to one dozen pieces per week), fuel and lights included in the above charges. Pupils will furnish the usual table appointments, also pillow cases, sheets and towels. Bills are payable quarterly in advance. Domestic Department: All the regular students will board in the institution, and will aid in some of the lighter domestic work of the family. They will also take a practical part in systematic house-keeping, including the important art of cooking.

THE GLEANERS, an organization composed of the young people of the Methodist church, had their first social entertainment of the season, in the church vestries last evening. Notwithstanding the stormy condition of the weather there was a very large attendance of the members of the parish and their friends. The evening's entertainment was of a very superior kind. There were three tableaux, "Moonmaid," "Sick Child" and "Game of Life." The Italian quartette discoursed some very beautiful music, which is highly spoken of. Supper, during the evening, was participated in by all those present, and was under the management of Samuel Meserve, who has no superior in such cases. There were ice cream, candy, fruit and flower tables, under the management of the following ladies: Ice Cream table, Miss Fannie Grant; Flower Pagoda, Miss Carrie Meserve and Miss Lettie Shapleigh; Candy table, Misses Minnie Morrill and Ida Foot. Miss Annie M. Bliss was general superintendent. Those ladies to whom was assigned the responsible portion of the work are to be congratulated on the success attending the whole affair.

The above was clipped from a Dover, N. H., paper. The President of "The Gleaners" is our eldest and loved daughter. She is in her seventeenth year, and has commenced her public work young. May she ever be appreciated in her labors.

FAMOUS MEDICINE MEN.—Messrs. Root and Tinker, of New York City, who have published from time to time handsome lithograph portraits of the prominent journalists of the United States and great Britain, have just issued a very attractive engraving, 22 by 28 inches, of the leading Proprietary Medicine Manufacturers of the United States, including Dr. J. C. Ayer, C. I. Hood, Dr. Hostetter of "Hostetter's Bitters," John Hodge of "Merchant's Gargling Oil," Mr. Scott of "Scott's Emulsion," Dr. J. H. Schenck, H. E. Bucklen of "Electric Bitters," Mr. Powell of "Iron Bitters," Dr. Tutt, Dr. Brandreth of "Brandreth's Pills," and H. H. Warner of "Warner's Safe Cure" and "Tippencanoe" fame. We doubt if a more attractive looking group of eleven men could be got together from any one walk of life. As is quite appropriate, the central figure is H. H. Warner, the back-ground of whose vignette is his trade mark of an iron safe, inscribed with the names of the famous Warner's Safe Remedies. Mr. Warner is the most prominent as well as the most successful proprietary medicine manufacturer this country has yet produced, and his zeal in the prosecution of his business grew out of the fact, in large measure, that he himself, when given up to die as incurable of an extreme kidney disorder, in 1879, was cured by the remedy to which he has given the world-wide fame—"Warner's Safe Cure." The sale of the "Warner's Safe Remedies" has been so widely extended that warehouses and laboratories for their manufacture have been established in all quarters of the globe, not the least prosperous being one in far distant Australia. People have erroneous notions, both of the motives and character of proprietary medicine men. As a rule they are solid, substantial, trustworthy, citizens who win the success that comes to them purely on the merit of the

goods they produce and of the work they perform. This is especially true of the central figure of this group. This picture, hanging side by side with prominent journalists, religious, political and foreign, will probably attract more attention than those famous editorial writers, because there is hardly a person who walks the street, who has not either used some of the remedies manufactured by these men, or had their interest stimulated in the gentlemen themselves by the record made by their remedies among personal friends. This picture is sent out with the compliments of Mr. H. H. Warner, who, besides having won such distinguished fame as the manufacturer of "Warner's Safe Cure," is well known as the founder of the "Warner Astronomical Observatory," Rochester, N. Y., and the "Warner Astronomical Prizes," for cometary discovery, so eagerly sought for by astronomers all over the world. Mr. Warner is a self-made man, and those who know him best say that the success which he has won thus early in life (he being at present not over 45 years of age), is in all respects eminently deserved, for he is a man of very broad views and wide-extended liberality.

TESTIMONIALS OF THE MARVELOUS CURATIVE POWER OF BLACKFOOT'S MAGNETIZED PAPER.

VARNA, N. Y., Nov. 2, 1885.

DR. BLISS. *Dear Sir*,—I sent to you six years ago for magnetized paper for my sister, who had been stricken with Paralysis. She could not rest day or night. I sent for those papers and we were truly surprised at the result. She rested well nights after we used them and lived five years. Now, I have a neighbor who is sick, very nervous, does not rest much, sort of general debility. His wife is also anxious to try your paper.

MRS. E. M. PURIGA.

PROSPECT PARK, Ill., Oct. 3, 1885.

BRO. BLISS. *Dear Sir*,—Enclosed find funds for another supply of Blackfoot's Magnetized Paper. Think it is doing the child much good.

MRS. HENRY JONES.

CHEWLAH, Wash. Territory.

DR. JAMES A. BLISS.—Please find inclosed 50 cts. for more magnetized papers. I am very much improved by the use of those others.

Yours respectfully,

MRS. RHODA STORY.

OTISFIELD, Maine, Nov. 8th 1885.

DR. BLISS.—I will now tell you some of the cures your Magnetized Paper has done for me. I had a lame arm. It commenced to be lame one year ago last summer between the elbow and the shoulder. It seemed to be in the bone. I tried three or four different kinds of oils, liniments, and as many kinds of bitters. None or them did me any good. I could not lift it up to my head for over eight months. I used your paper on it three or four weeks last spring, and it entirely cured it so it has been just as well this summer as ever it was, and I have worked hard all summer on a farm and my arm is all right. I have been trimming apple trees for two days in succession. It is my right arm that I use my saw in, so you can understand it is perfectly cured. I pruned over three hundred trees, very hard ones at that, as they had not been pruned for quite a while. I have also cured one complaint that I have not seen advertised to cure, and that is corns. I cured five on my feet, pretty sore ones, by two or three applications, and my sister's that she had for years. I use it for all aches and pains and find it the best thing I have ever found. If you want to use my name to advertise it you can. If people doubt the truth, tell them to write to me at Otisfield, Maine.

Yours,

A. McNEAL.

WEST GLOUCESTER, Mass., Oct. 31, 1885.

DR. BLISS. *Dear Sir*,—I send you \$1.00 for another lot of "Dr. Blackfoot's Magnetized Paper. I THINK THE DOZEN I HAD BEFORE DID ME MORE GOOD THAN ALL THE MEDICINES I HAVE TAKEN FOR TEN YEARS.

Yours respectfully,

MRS. A. S. HANSON.

Advertisements.

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A weekly Journal devoted to the interests and development of Freemasonry Literature. Published every Saturday. Editor, Charles Latour, 50 West Larned Street, Detroit, Mich. Terms of subscription \$1.00 per annum, single copies 5 cents.

[Send for a sample copy, it is a first-class journal.]

JAMES A. BLISS.]

FRANCIS L. KING,

Counsellor-at-Law.

Wills, Deeds and Agreements carefully drawn up. Patents Solicited and Sales Negotiated.

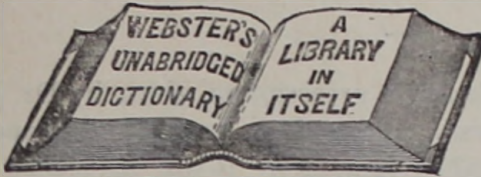
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T. ROSCOE,

Inspirational Lecturer and Psychometrist,

is at liberty to accept engagements for public lectures on Sundays. He has spoken several times in the principal towns of Yorkshire and Lancashire, England, has good range of subjects and speaks with clearness and power, sometimes choosing the subject on entering the rostrum, but often giving the audience the choice of the subject. For particulars address T. ROSCOE, care of Colby & Rich, Bosworth Street, Boston, Mass.

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