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LITERARY.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

FALLING LEAVES.

THROUGH TRYPHENA O. PARDEE.

As the shadows, chasing slowly on downy-scented air,
Sweet with breath of blossoms that made the earth so fair,
Bedimming the light, so recently bright—
Softly whispered music dreamily echoes through the shadow;
"Beauty trailing, softly sailing, fading with all that fades;
All taking their flight to eludes out of sight."
'Tis the song of the leaves, the drifting leaves;
The harvest is ended, and gathered the sheaves;
Summer's last painting, the falling leaves,
Golden and crimson, a parting lay weaves.

Oh, Autumn's sighing murmurs are touching to the heart,
And the mournful stubble strains moisten tears that start,
Reminding us all of Nature's last call—
Simply telling truly "fleeting the hours of time;
Skies are changing, clouds are ranging—Life now seems
sublime"—
To great and small, speak leaves as they fall.

How the phantom voices waver on fitful rays of light,
As some lonely leaflet falls, a mimic cloudlet bright,
Just borrowed awhile, like Love's dying smile;
Transient glories are they, nestling to heal the bitter ground,
Never, never will they ever return a sight or sound;
They bless the soil, and rest from their toil.

From the vernal zephyr's kissing, that wakened them to life,
Through hot Summer's scorching noon, they've foremost
at the strife,
Now shaking their hand, the woods they have fanned—
Bore the lightning's blazing temper, the howling tempest's
force,
And the drizzling showers of raining sent in their harmless
course—
Crown'd as they planned they've met o'er the land.

Never slow'd or oped its petals but by their tender lore,
Every violet trembling with pulsings from above,
Inviting the hues that each one imbues;
While with sheltered peeping nestlings safe hidden 'neath
their care,
And the fountain, near the mountain, danc'd merry with
them there,
The penelope muse thus welcome reclines.

Think ye, mothers, singing sweetly your pleasant lullaby,
While your busy fingers knit the stocking for your boys,
How steadily they sing forth from each tree;
While the golden fruit is ripening they're charming wood
lands through—
Purple berries, reddening cherries, are cherished by them
too;
With labor free, for good to be.

When the tuneful songsters warble upon the swinging
sprays,
'Tis but trilling measures answered to Nature's fondest
praise,
Sweet blessings of thought by leafy tongues wrought;
From the hearts of stout old monarchs—the oak, pine, beech
and ash—
Ever swelling, anthems telling, God's love-work, first and
last—
From deeps unsought, enjoyment untaught.

Like the stirring bosoms sending thoughts they know not
where,
So the looms of nature weave life-missions for the air;
There's nothing that's lost—God counts all the cost—
And the spicy fragrance rising is spirit's daily food;
Purest nectars for the spectres are drawn from all that's
good—
Sunshine and frost feed man and his ghost.

When the falling leaves remind us of Winter's driven snow,
Think they follow lovely life-germs, caressingly they go
To shield them safe there, from Frost's icy glare;
While the silent essence rising aloft to angel towers,
Burst in blooming, choice perfuming, to deck immortal
bowers—
Blessings most rare, that never impair.

Changing seasons only bringing the lilies once a year—
Once the luscious fruitage ripens for our tasty palate's
cheer—
But once mortal life, its thoughts, joys and strife,
Only has its passing seasons, then floats like leaves away;
Haughty and lowly, fast and slow, must lie as low as
they;
"But never dies," God's wisdom replies.
Let us sing while we work, like the fluttering leaves,
Each doing some good for God's harvesting sheaves;
Some word of kind cheer, when his small child grieves,
May prove the rich song that eternally lives.

ELLINGTON, N. Y., Nov. 14, 1878.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

PLAIN TALKS ON HEALTH.

BY THE MEDICAL CONTROL OF M. T. SHELHAMER.
PART FIRST.

In this series of articles on health, which we
intend to place before the readers of the *VOICE OF ANGELS*, we propose to speak so plainly and
to use such terms that all may understand.
The subject of Hygiene is of such vital import-
ance to mankind that its discussion and elabora-
tion by men of medical knowledge should be
made so plain that "all who run may read."
Therefore, we shall speak of neither the *epigas-*

trium nor *diaphragm*, the *pylorus* nor *sphincter
recti*; nor indeed shall we use any technical
term in this connection; but when we have
cause to mention any set of organs of the hu-
man body, and their peculiar functions, we shall
employ those words best adapted to the under-
standing of the people.

We have neither the time nor space to enter
into any elaborate details concerning the form,
structure and parts of the physical body; nor,
indeed, is this necessary. Works abound and
are accessible by nearly every one, which treat
of the use and make-up of the human frame,
in full.

Our purpose is to place before our readers a
few plain facts, trusting that common sense
and reason will lead them to adopt in a measure
the suggestions here thrown out.

Hippocrates truly says, "All men ought to
be acquainted with the medical art. I believe
that knowledge of medicine is the sister com-
panion of wisdom." And we would add, all
men and all women ought to become so well
acquainted with the requirements of their phys-
ical frames, and should so study the laws of
health, as to understand what is beneficial and
what hurtful to them; and having done so,
should live in accordance with those laws.

The art of preserving, not the art of restor-
ing health, is what mankind needs to know, to-
gether with the acquirement of that wisdom
and prudence which will bring that knowledge
into practical use.

We will first begin with the stomach, upon
the power and strength of which organ depends
by far the largest share of the health and hap-
piness of mankind. As all our readers, doubt-
less, are aware, the stomach is a large recepta-
cle for food, varying in capacity in different in-
dividuals, and situated under the left side of
the midriff, which is a membrane separating
the heart and lungs from the bowels and other
abdominal viscera—its left side touching the
spleen, and its right covered by the thin edge
of the liver. The stomach is composed of three
coats or membranes. The uses of the stomach
are to excite hunger, and partly thirst, to re-
ceive food and retain it, till by the motions of
that organ, and the admixture of various fluids,

it becomes fit to pass the right orifice of the stomach, and afford chyle to the intestines for the nutrition of the body. Now, in order to preserve good health, it is important that we keep the stomach in good repair, and retain its action, and to do this we must attend to our digestion.

The chief agent in the process of digestion unquestionably is the gastric juice, a fluid secreted in the glands of the stomach, and possessing great power over certain animal and vegetable substances. After mastication, and the admixture with a portion of saliva, the food is propelled into the stomach, where it is converted into a pulpy mass called chyme, which passes into the small intestines, where it is mixed with bile, and separated into two portions, one of which is very white, and called chyle, and the other passes off as dead matter. The chyle is taken up by absorbing vessels called lacteals, where it is mixed with the blood, and so on.

Now, in all this arrangement it is readily seen that to preserve a healthy tone to the stomach we must keep our digestion good, and in order to do this there are several little matters to be attended to; among the first of which is a thorough mastication of food. Remember this bit of homely truth, that to have health you must *chew your food well*, and when you think you have thoroughly masticated it, it will do no harm to turn the food over in your mouth and chew it again. In this process of mastication you require very little drink. Nature has supplied the glands of the mouth with a fluid called saliva, which is all sufficient for moistening the food, and which is necessary to convert said food into proper aliment for the system. He who washes his food down with copious draughts of drink, interferes with Nature's law, and so dilutes and vitiates the natural fluid of the mouth, that only harm can result.

Take into your mouth a piece of bread; you will observe that the longer you chew it, the sweeter it becomes. It is the saliva converting the indigestible starch of the flour into digestible sugar. Should you attempt to hasten the process by drinking, you only retard digestion, and hasten an unhealthy state of the stomach.

But, you exclaim, are we then never to drink anything? Oh, yes; drink a glass of water in the morning, another at night, if you will. Drink a little before eating; rinse and wash your mouth out after eating. I will recommend you to drink milk whenever you like, provided you do not eat hearty food with it. Milk in itself contains a large percentage of nutriment, and when taken in connection with hearty food becomes too heavy for the stomach, and you complain that "milk does not agree with you."

Tea and coffee I look upon as two great evils, producing unhealthy stomachs everywhere—tea by causing indigestion, and coffee by producing torpidity of the liver.

Spirituous and malt liquors I pronounce unhealthy in the extreme, vitiating the blood, and sometimes producing an increase of false, flabby flesh.

So much for ~~our~~ opinion on drink. The food question ~~we~~ will discuss in our next.

In order to be able to thoroughly masticate our food, upon which so much depends, we must have a good set of teeth, with which we are kindly furnished in the beginning.

Now, it is necessary that we keep our teeth in good sound condition, and to do this we should never allow any food to remain between them; for if we do, it will speedily decay—owing to the extreme warmth of the temperature of the mouth—and will be sure to do harm. We should therefore always use a quill or wood pick after eating, and rinse the mouth also. We can never preserve good teeth by eating acids and sweets indiscriminately, as many do; nor by taking first hot and then cold food and drink into the mouth; such, for instance, as by eating hot meat and washing it down with ice-water; nor by using them for nut-crackers, or any of the little practices so universally employed.

It has been stated by a modern writer, and from observation we can endorse his statement, that the following preparation makes a good dentifrice and preservative for the teeth—"Thoroughly mix equal parts of pulverized soap, powdered orris-root, precipitated chalk and pulverized camphor; use with a brush daily."

Next to thorough mastication, and a concomitant of it, comes slowness in eating. No man can continue in health who bolts his dinner in five minutes. Eat leisurely, interspersing smiles, laughter, and cheerful conversation between the bites, and my word for it, dyspepsia will not intrude upon you.

Be regular at your meals; have a stated time for supplying the body with nutriment, and do not fail to be punctual. If tired and heated, rest a few moments before eating; and if possible, rest again after partaking of food.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[For the Voice of Angels.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR BROTHER DENSMORE.—As your gems from the Spirit-shore are given in the spirit of wisdom and love, to enlighten the benighted wanderer in dark and gloomy paths, and lift the veil that separates the material from the Spiritual world, I can but rejoice that the heaven-born truth of Spirit-communication between this sphere and the next is fast making its way into all classes of society and into every locality. In view of this, I seek no higher aim than to give light and truth, so far as conditions may be perfect, to create in the mind of the honest investigator a desire to reach into the vast field of Nature for that counsel which Christianity has failed to give.

As hereditary disposition and prejudice have so much to do with the development of the present age, in every grade of organization there must be as many different processes of growth as organisms, which to the casual observer seems erroneous; and even in our own ranks we find many that are creatures of pity to us, as they have such an abhorrence for any

manifestations of Spirit-power, unless it comes through their own channel of thought, and they are ready to denounce it as a humbug.

Great God! are we anything but infants, in reality? Are we sure of those old-time marks of ignorance? When we survey Nature and her vast resources, and the evolutions which develop the germ, can we see why they are not done as we think they might be? Can we see why the buds unfold flowers on some kinds of vegetation, before the leaf appears, and again the leaf unfolds before the flower?

Have our teachers taught us why some vegetation requires longer periods of time to mature, and why some growths of vegetable matter require darkness for their development?

If I had Solomon's wisdom, I should feel myself inadequate to the herculean task of harmonizing the people's views on these great questions of life. I have every evidence I ask as proof that the world will have to move on in the same ratio it has for fifty years past, for a half-century more, before we shall realize our true mission on earth. Then we can exclaim, "Get from behind me, ignorance."

Can we look about us and find a family in the land that has not some Medium for communication between the World of Spirits and this? Why should we, who love the truth for its own sake, which makes us free, deny the source, because it is forced upon us through some opposite channel from our own convictions?

How absurd we must look to those Spirit-Messengers that come to lighten our burdens! Brothers and sisters in the grand cause of Progression and Reform, let us unite in casting our bread upon the waters for those who are sinking beneath life's trials; let us lift up from the mire and dirt those fallen ones that have been shipwrecked by the high tides of Christianity, to lead them into smoother paths. We are only human beings, the creatures of one cause, the same as they.

Let us be ready to be smitten first on one cheek and then on the other also; for forbearance is a chief virtue. Let charity be the greatest.

May the good angels guide us aright, and may we, who have been persecuted for our love for truth, be able to hear the welcome words, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant! thou hast inherited a crown everlasting." Surely the recompense here will amply repay us; for who of us ever censure ourselves for doing good?—and without the thorns of life we could have no crown. Who could wish to scale the hill of progress without their falls? We are born into this life to prepare for a future existence, and may we all be able to realize some of the heavenly joys here by developing our Spiritual natures, where all the religion that ever existed originated from.

Beautiful angels, transparent lakes, rivers and valleys appear before me now! Such heavenly scenes transplant me to other climes for a season, and when I look back, and find the thread of life drawing me earthward, I am loth to return and take up my daily routine of trials. But I witness my friends depart, one by one, from earth-form, and would fain give them up

The ties of relationship bind us near to them. A few weeks ago, I witnessed the departure of a dear father, whose life had ebbed away little by little, until his cup was full. This happy spirit bade farewell to earthly scenes, while joy unspeakable lightened his features with a halo of glory. How sad and how glad his freed Spirit was to meet his friends he had thought gone to return no more to earth! How like an angel do one's friends appear, when the change is at hand!

Failing to do justice to the cause, and to you, Brother Densmore, I will suspend any further remarks; knowing that I am too unworthy to occupy space in your columns, when it has such gifted correspondents as I have heard from.

I have no inclination to become a writer; but being by nature strongly impressed to write, I give way to my impressions, whether they are correct or not, hoping to improve by so doing.

Yours for the truth,

M. J. WHITE.

FANDON, McDonough Co., Ill.

UNTIL DEATH.

MAKE me no vows of constancy, dear friend,
To love me, though I die, thy whole life long,
And love no other till thy days shall end—
Nay, it were rash and wrong.

If thou canst love another, be it so;
I would not reach out of my quiet grave
To bind thy heart, if it should choose to go—
Love should not be a slave.

My placid ghost, I trust, will walk serene
In clearer light than gilds those earthly morns,
Above the jealousies and envies keen
Which sow this life with thorns.

Thou wouldst not feel my shadowy caross,
If, after death, my soul should linger here;
Men's hearts crave tangible, close tenderness,
Love's presence, warm and near.

It would not make me sleep more peacefully
That thou wert wasting all thy life in woe
For my poor sake; what love thou hast for me,
Bestow it ere I go!

Carve not upon a stone when I am dead
The praises which remorseful mourners give
To women's graves—a tardy recompense—
But speak them while I live.

Heap not the heavy marble on my head,
To shut away the sunshine and the dew;
Let small blossoms grow there, and let grasses wave,
And rain-drops filter through.

Thou wilt meet many fairer and more gay
Than I; but trust me, thou canst never find
One who will love and serve thee, night and day,
With a more single mind.

Forget me when I die! The violets
Above my rest will blossom just as blue,
Nor miss my tears; e'en Nature's self forgets;—
But while I live, be true!

Fr. m Songs of Three Centuries.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

LANSING, Mich., Nov. 2, 1878.

D. C. DENSMORE:—Dear Sir,—In the VOICE OF ANGELS for September 15th, I find a communication through West Ingle, "from John Graham to his wife." I fully recognized all that it contains, and truly felt it was an "angel's voice."

There is a mistake in the ages—twenty-seven should have been thirty-seven, and twenty-nine should have been thirty-nine.

He tells me that more of my friends

will soon find ways to let me know they still live. I shall be very thankful to hear more of their "angel voices."

I wish also to recognize a message through the same Medium, which came through your columns, of July 1st, from Daniel H. Crane to his children. I am his child, Mary, of whom he speaks. I feel you are doing a noble work for humanity.

Yours for the truth,

Mrs. MARY E. GRAHAM.

WHAT EVERY WRITER SHOULD KNOW.

"Causeur" knows that he will deserve and win the thanks of all managing editors if he can but impress these few simple rules upon the minds of those who write occasionally for the press:

I. Write upon *one side* of the leaf only. *Why?* Because it is often necessary to cut the pages into "takes" for the compositors, and this cannot be done when both sides are written upon.

II. Write clearly and distinctly, being particularly careful in the matter of proper names and words from foreign languages. *Why?* Because you have no right to ask either editor or compositor, to waste his time puzzling out the results of your selfish carelessness.

III. Don't write in a microscopic hand. *Why?* Because the compositor has to read it across his case, at a distance of nearly two feet. Also, because the editor often wants to make additions and other changes.

IV. Don't begin at the very top of the first page. *Why?* Because, if you have written a head for your article, the editor will probably want to change it, and if you have not—which is the better way—he must write one. Besides, he wants room in which to write his instructions to the printer as to the type to be used, where and when the proof is to be sent, etc.

V. Never *roll* your manuscript. *Why?* Because it maddens and exasperates every one who touches it—editor, compositor and proof-reader.

VI. Be brief. *Why?* Because people don't read long stories. The number of readers which any two articles have is inversely proportioned to the *square* of their respective lengths. That is, a half-column article is read by *four* times as many people as one of double that length.

VII. Have the fear of the waste basket constantly and steadily before your eyes. *Why?* Because it will save you a vast amount of useless labor, to say nothing of paper and postage.

VIII. Always write your *full name and address* plainly at the end of your letter. *Why?* Because it will often happen that the editor will want to communicate with you, and because he needs to know the writer's name as a guarantee of good faith. If you use a pseudonym or initials, write your own name and address below it. It will never be divulged.

IX. "These precepts in thy memory keep,"

and, for fear you might forget them, cut them out and put them where you can readily run through them when tempted to spill innocent ink.

"Causeur's" word for it, those who heed these rules will be beloved and favored in every editorial *sanctum*.—*Boston Transcript*.

[From the Banner of Light.]

WHY I GAVE UP TESTING MEDIUMS.

FOR some years after I commenced investigating the spiritual phenomena, I was as rigid a tester as our most accomplished experts in the sublime art of torturing and over-awing Mediums could wish to see. During this bewildering period I never got fully satisfied. What assurance I obtained at one séance would be lost at the next. I finally concluded to give up all my testing apparatus and propensities of every description, and endeavor to place myself, when in the presence of media, in the position of a confiding child, reserving to myself the right to accept only those communications that accorded with my highest convictions of truth, leaving all others in abeyance, without presuming to judge either the Spirits or the Medium through whom they were given forth. I was quickly made aware of the wisdom of such a procedure, and found, now that the negative serenity of the mind of the Medium was no longer disturbed by the captious positiveness of my own, that the Spirits were enabled to use it as a clear mirror from which to reflect to my senses and understanding an hundred convincing tests wherebefore they were able to give me one. I found, in short, that the Medium's mind, when under Spirit-control, was like a sheet of clear water, beneath the surface of which, when calm and unruffled, truth, like the superscription on a coin, can be clearly and exactly reflected to the surface, from a great depth; but let a by-stander drop but the smallest pebble therein, and the superscription but now so legible will in an instant be scattered in shadowy ripples over the surface, and no longer convey to the eye or the mind any proof of its real identity, although it would, nevertheless, be a mocking reflection of the same thing still. So with the mind of the Medium: if placed under perfectly harmonious conditions, Spirits may reflect their ideas or thoughts to mortals with almost perfect accuracy; but let that be ruffled or disturbed by the doubt or suspicion (answering to the pebble) of a person present, and the same truthful reflection may be instantaneously made to assume a shadowy, uncertain image, like the coin in the water.

Since then I have learned that the law that governs ordinary Spirit-communications and manifestations operates with ten-fold effect upon Spirit-materializations. I may say that I had most astonishing proof of this while attending, last spring, twelve different seances at the Bliss-esses, in Philadelphia, a part of which were public, when discordant influences sometimes marred the work of the Spirits, and a part were conducted when I alone was present. Sure I am that no truthful, intelligent person could have witnessed what I did, when sitting with the

Biases alone, without at once perceiving and acknowledging how much more conclusive were the tests given by the Spirits through an unhampered, unconstrained Medium, than any that have been obtained through the mediumship of an instrument placed under torturing restraint and conditions that alike disqualify the Medium and the Spirits from performing their parts.

Some of your correspondents seem to think that by abandoning the ordinary methods of testing Mediums, and leaving it with the Spirits to arrange and give the tests of their presence or identity, a wide door for fraud would be opened. I hold to just the contrary, and that by leaving the whole matter in the charge of the controlling Spirits, the door through which probably nearly every real fraudulent manifestation now enters would be effectually closed! I think I may be as conversant with Spirit-materialization as most Spiritualists, and perhaps am nearly as capable of estimating evidence as are the average of mortals, and, therefore do not speak altogether without practical knowledge, as I think it must be evident to most experienced Spiritualists some do who presume to pass counter dogmatic opinions on the complex subject.

Some skeptical minds charge that no less than nine out of ten of the Spirit-materializations are fraudulent representations of alleged Spirits. On the contrary, from my varied experiences before materializing Mediums, I have become pretty well satisfied that out of ten frauds charged on Mediums, as many as nine are really genuine manifestations, distorted and made shadowy by surrounding conditions, whilst a very large proportion of those that are really fraudulent may be justly attributed to the presence of the class of men and women at seances by whom the charges are preferred! I will not attempt to show how this is at present, though I think the facts are susceptible of positive demonstration.

Some seem to think that even should we leave the testing to the guides and guardians of the Medium, as I suggest, it would be no safeguard against fraud, as the Spirits themselves often cheat. I answer that my many experiences have taught me that at circles for materializations the old adage, "like master like man," (when transposed) holds good, and that like the persons who attend a seance so generally are the Spirits who come to manifest. If truth only is sought, truthful Spirits only will find admittance, and if persons seeking fraud and falsehood attend the seances, corresponding Spirits will be present, and, if possessed with much physiological or mesmeric power, will cause the Medium to minister to their behests, unless there are truthful influences present sufficient to hold the evil in subjection.

The declaration in Scripture, that "there was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon, and the dragon fought and his angels," is not altogether a myth, as I have at times witnessed at Spirit-circles, where conditions were unfavorable or disturbed by the presence of suspicious, uncongenial or malignant minds. I may add that I have, under

such circumstances, sometimes seen one side victorious, and then again the other, though generally the dragon prevails, as one of his angels seems generally to carry sufficient poison and spiritual stench with him to put an hundred more elevated and refined Spirits to flight.

I have often conversed with Mediums after they have passed to the higher life, and I do not remember an instance wherein they did not condemn the testing of Mediums after the modes that have been adopted by investigators. Not long since I had a communication from an intelligence that purported to be the Spirit of the late Mary Hardy Perkins. Said the Spirit, "When I was in earth-life I was always willing to be tested, and wanted other Mediums also to be tested. I now find that I made a great mistake, for when I come into the presence of mortals, in materialized form, the presence of test conditions opens a door for the entrance of adverse influences to disturb in many ways. The very thought of testing carries with it an accusation of dishonesty, and the Medium is compelled to place him or herself before such an audience in the position of a self-acknowledged trickster, that they may disprove the accusation by producing genuine manifestations. I have learned this since I came to Spirit life, and I know whereof I speak."

Such, I think, will be found to be the testimony of most or all advanced Spirits on the subject of testing physical Mediums.

THOMAS R. HAZARD.

CHILDREN'S EVENING SONG.

CLOSE, little weary eyes,
The day at last is over;
Tonight no more surprise
Shall they discover.
Nor bird nor butterfly,
Nor unfamiliar flower,
Nor picture in the sky,
Nor fairy in the bower.

Rest, little tired feet,
The woods are dark and lonely;
The little birds rest sweet.
The owl is watching only.
No buttercup is seen,
Nor daisy in the meadow;
Their gold and white and green
Are turned to purple shadow.

Fold, little busy hands,
Day is the time for doing;
The boats lie on the sands,
The mill-wheels are not going:
Within the darksome mine
Are hushed the spade and hammer;
The cattle rest supine,
The cock withholds his clamor.

Still, little restless heart,
Be still until the morrow;
Till then thou hast no part
In either joy or sorrow;
To new and joyous day
Shall little birds awake thee;
Again to work and play,
With strength renewed, betake thee.

M. Betham-Edwards, in Good Words.

THE IMMANENT DEITY.

I SOMETIMES wonder that the human mind,
In searching for creation's hidden things,
Should miss that high intelligence which springs
From that which is not seen, but is divined.
Does knowing much of Nature make us blind
To Nature's better self? The Greek could see
A conscious life in every stream and tree—
Some nymph or God. Our broader faith should find
A life divine, whose fine pulsations roll
In endless surges through the secret veins

Of earth and sky, which hidden still remains
Sane to the instinct of the reverent soul;
Should know that everything, from lowest sod
To farthest star, thrills with the life of God.

T. R. Bacon, in the Atlantic Monthly for October.

SPIRIT-COMMUNICATIONS.

THROUGH WEST INGLE.

FROM CHARLES A. PETRE, IN SPIRIT-LIFE, TO
HIS FRIEND, EMMETTE E. PHILLIPS,
SOMERSET, N. Y.

This is a pleasure, indeed, and none the less enjoyed because unexpected, old friend. I have tried to speak, Emmette, and many times have given you impressions of my presence; but until this effort I have not been able to give you a satisfactory message. I have not been able to keep my promise. My death was an event unexpected, and I really did not want to die. Nobody does. I know how folks are often talked into saying they are willing and resigned to God's will; but the proof is always weak, when the real trial comes off. I wanted to live. You know my conditions. You know what my prospects of happiness and success were, and you also know how I died, when and where; and reason will tell you I was not satisfied to drop all and leave my life-work half done. I had ability, intelligence and knowledge, and a soul which craved more than can be crowded into a common life-time. I may have said I was willing to go at any time, and there may have been hours when physical suffering made death look cool and sweet; but, my dear friend, truth is truth; I did not want to go, for all that. Now I am here, I will make the best of it, and try to give you a faint idea of life from the immortal standpoint.

I was surprised when I found my Spirit actually free from the body, and for one brief moment I tried to regain my lost temple. I heard the sound of voices which had been long strangers to my ears, and my dear friends gathered around me in earnest joy; and strange as it may seem, I was yet so near the earth that my hands could touch the body lying like an empty box so near me. I was so bewildered that I could not seem to comprehend anything, and two bright forms began to fan me gently, which put me into a sound sleep, for I became unconscious, and was doubtless in a dreamless sleep, which lasted for a long time. When I awoke, all was changed. I could still hear the sound of earth-life, could hear the noise of life-battles being fought, and now and then a loved voice uttering wails of sorrow, or expressing thoughts connected with passing events. My body was laid away, and the place left vacant

by my departure seemed to be filled up, and that was all of poor Charlie, as far as my friends knew, though some of them faintly hoped I was safely housed somewhere in one of the many mansions of the Father's House, as I had been a good sort of a fellow as the world goes.

You wanted to know more in regard to me and my immortal destiny. I will try to tell you how it fares with me here in this "Land of Mystery." I say mystery, because so few have any real knowledge of what awaits them this side of the Marble Gateway. Two facts are certain, my dear old friend, and you shall hear from me just what they are. The soul lives on after the body moulders back to dust, and is much happier after the change than before. This is one sure fact, and the only punishment the soul can ever receive is found when it is awakened to a consciousness of neglected opportunities for doing good while in earth-life. Every unselfish deed of kindness done to one's fellow-men is recorded in Spirit-Life, and when there is a long, bright record in one's favor, that gives happiness enough, I think. You know where I stand now.

Emmette, my friend, let me say to you, as one brother might say to another—you know I mean all I say when I call you brother—don't mind creeds and theories, nor the philosophy of modern teachers. Your own soul sees as far as theirs; your own convictions are safer guides than all creeds. Your own common sense is better than the theories of those who seek to lead you. I know your heart. I know all your religious, Spiritual and social wants, and also know you will find all you need if you follow the truth. The writings of the evangelists and the apostles of the Old World constitute all that is known to the present world as Christianity, and those same writers were but Mediums inspired by the Spirit-World to do the work which has been progressing for countless ages. Each generation of men have had their divine teachers. How many of them can record more truths than the Mediums now producing modern revelations of Spirit-power? The human mind is continually changing and progressing, and there are constant cries for more light, which must be found, according to the wants and capacities of the human family, and thus you will see how necessary it is for more active, clear-sighted, intelligent Mediums.

The Spirit-World has called the name of Martha, your wife, and it takes a half century to develop her for her mission. She will be educated by her Spirit-guides

to do her work. There are others who must do Spiritual work, for there will be a sifting out of the true from the false. The good and pure must be left. And I have been told by those who know that a new revelation is to be given the coming year. You are one of those who can never be led into darkness. Your path will be light. Perplexities may be many, but you will never be left alone to brave misfortune. You have called me, and now I have answered, and the gate can never more be closed between us, never more be closed between you and your Spirit-friends.

Though your own family cannot help you Spiritually—I mean those in Spirit-Life—you need those who have been for centuries in Spirit-spheres, and as your future life requires great knowledge and sound judgment, you have been placed in the care of some of the gifted ones of a past age. You will prosper better from this date, and your influence will be widespread and powerful, and later you will be active in all the political reforms of the day. Don't shrug your shoulders, old friend. I know just what is coming. I am neither dead nor asleep. I am Charlie Petre still, and I never yet forgot a favor.

If my own friends wanted me, they would have asked for me long before this date. You have called for me, and I will do all I can to let you know how deep my love runs. It is deeper than the grave and broader than eternity.

Remember me to all who care to know I am still around, and set me down hereafter as one of your family guides. Call on me when I am needed, and you will find me still your friend, Chas. A. Petre.

SYBIL JONES.

My name is Sybil Jones. Thee may tell my nephew, William Magoon, that I am still in the missionary work; and if he liketh he can hear from his other friends by addressing the Medium, who has ever been the friend of those in trouble. She sitteth long by the *Border-Side*, waiting for messages, and transmitteth all that is given with truth and honesty.

William, knowest thou not that the ways of the world are not the will of the Almighty? Knowest thou not that there are better days in store for thee? Crosses and losses are not all God designeth for man. I know he willeth thee better things. And, William, it becometh thee to seek to know what God willeth. Thou hast followed the dictates of thine own heart. Where has it left thee? Art thou at peace, William? Hast thou done all God required

of thee? Say, nephew William, hast thou done all God required of thee?

In truth,

SYBIL JONES.

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

WHISPERS OF LOVE.

THROUGH MRS. SUSAN GOODHUE WAGNER.

Oh, pal-less heart, thou wilt not beat again,
In love for me, one thrill of heaven-born ecstasy;
For thou art dead! Oh, softly I may tread
Where thou dost sleep; and thou may'st smile, perchance,
While I may weep. Well, be it so. God knoweth all I
Know—even my woe. Those sicken losses that I once
Cared not, cling to thy marble brow. Oh, sweet wert thou!
Father, forgive me now, for I am weak. I would be meek,
And consolation at thy higher courts to seek.
Ah, this is only death! Love hath breathed a breath
Of kisses or of tears, of hopes and fears.
I know the flowers are sweet; loved syllables repeat
The sound of following feet, the bird's note in the wood—
Heart-music under-tonal—when the soul starves for food!
The loving leaves its nest, but cooeth back to rest,
As if it still possessed love's own bequest.
Tokens are always left, though we may be bereft—
Heart-pictures sweet and fair—the lock of shining hair,
The sunlight over there. Only the pal-less clay
The shrine receives today—the spirit far away—
Only the sweet surprise to greet his opening eyes.
Green vales of paradise, beneath the summer skies,
This night he glorifies.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

STAND UPRIGHT.

BY DR. D. AMBROSE DAVIS.

STAND upright, my mortal brother,
Nobly act and do thy part!
Cast no burden on another,
Let it fall upon thy heart.
Cast thou forth no barbed arrow,
Lest the same to thee return;
And thou findest to thy sorrow
Just the wages thou didst earn.

For the law of compensation
Is God's ever just decree;
And in its administration
It will justly deal with thee.
Then, but oh, how sweet the token,
As if all the heav'ns smiled,
If the language shall be spoken—
"Nobly done, my blessing child!"

A FRAGMENT.

OUR struggles through earth-life, though grievous and trying,

Have always their purpose of good in the end;
Some needs of our souls they are kindly supplying.
As sure as that God is our father and friend.

DR. D. AMBROSE DAVIS.

It is the con-vent's thought that gives us power;
It is the power alone—the science all our own;
When every nerve beats to a newer thrill,
And thought retains we would reject at will.

SUSAN GOODHUE WAGNER.

EVERY man takes care that his neighbor shall not cheat him. But a day comes when he begins to take care that he does not cheat his neighbor. Then all goes well. He has changed his market-cart into a chariot of the sun.—*Emerson*.

ACCORDING to Brayer, "cunning leads to knavery"; and his explanation is good: "It is but a step from one to the other, and that may be slippery; lying only makes the difference; add that to cunning, and it is knavery."

Beware of those who are homeless by choice! You have no hold on a man whose affections have no tap-root.—*Southey*.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

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REMOVAL.

The VOICE OF ANGELS, formerly issued at 5 Dwight street, Boston, will hereafter be published at FAIR VIEW HOUSE,

NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS.

All letters and papers, to secure attention, must be directed as above, to

D. C. DENSMORE.

N. B.—In remitting by mail, a Post Office Money-Order on Boston, or a draft on some bank or banking house in Boston, payable to the order of the undersigned, is preferable to bank-notes, for the reason that should the draft or order be lost, it could be renewed without loss.

D. C. DENSMORE,

Editor "Voice of Angels."

NOTE.—Letters sent to 5 Dwight street, prior to this notice, from our patrons and subscribers, will be forwarded.

EDITORIAL.

EXPERIENCES.

WHAT a storehouse of knowledge and experience the human mind may become!—a storehouse replete with treasures, from which may be drawn light and truth, not only for ourselves, but also for the benefit and advancement of our neighbors!

The human mind is a repository of wealth, from which exhaustless stores may be drawn, without draining it of its richness, but on the contrary multiplying it; but if we are unmindful of this mine, and draw not from its depths, it will cease to yield its supplies, and grow barren and unfruitful.

Every life must pass from the unripe to the perfect condition, and in order to do this, it must have its experiences—experiences that may be of good or of so-called evil, but which nevertheless develop the life from its crude, imperfect condition ultimately into a higher, nobler state of being.

But our experiences are valuable only so far as we learn or profit by them; for the every day events of our lives are teachers, stern and harsh though they be, that are training our souls with that course of discipline which is for their highest good.

Thence as teachers, we should not close our eyes to our experiences, nor go on regardless of them; for then the lessons of

life would be of no value to us, and we would continue to err through ignorance.

As experiences are necessary in teaching us to avoid the pitfalls of life, to avoid mistakes and to tread the noblest path, so change—progress or growth—is necessary to the soul; for as we gain knowledge, we lay aside our old opinions, our narrow or one-sided prejudices, and take up the broad, open, comprehensive view that can find and recognize good in everything, truth everywhere, and can mark the flowing in, as well as the ebbing of the tide.

We sometimes hear the remark, "I thought at the time, I was right; now I know I was wrong;" a remark that shows us the soul has progressed from its narrow, cramped condition into a broader, freer atmosphere, where, by the light of reason and truth, it can view plainly and squarely each issue and question which presents itself, and while claiming the right to exercise its own judgment, it accords the same right to others.

"I once thought I was right, now I know I was wrong;" this admission proves you have passed through changes, and been ripened by experience; proves that you have not failed to take cognizance of the events of life, and that you have been an attentive and apt scholar in life's great school.

The admission that you were wrong, proves that much of the egotism and self-satisfaction which ever clings to those who seek the advice and opinion of no one, has been abstracted from your mind, and that you have grown wiser by the lessons of life, and although you feel that through your past weakness and ignorance you have made mistakes, yet if you strive to retrace the false steps you have made, you will find life not a weary burden of sorrow and woe, but that it is and ever will be "a joy unspeakable and full of glory."

None can tread the earthly path without slipping and making missteps. Into the web of life we steadily weave day by day the threads of our thoughts and actions. When the sun of prosperity shines warmly down upon us, when the musical murmur of joy's liquid stream and the sweet outpourings of love's eternal anthems strike upon our hearing, when the fragrant blossoms of peace and hope bloom along our path, then the threads we weave catch a gleam of the sunlight, a sweetness from the music, and fragrance from the flowers that delight our souls.

But the spirit has days when no light, beauty nor fragrance thrill it with glory—days when dark clouds overcast the horizon—when naught is heard but the roar

and rush of angry waters, and weeds alone grow along the banks.

Surely the filling catches a darkness and gloom from the surrounding conditions, and steadily weaving on, we work in the unsightly threads.

But if we strive to do our duty well, if we try to do what'er is right, surely a loving Father will look upon the darkness in our lives with the same kindness that he does upon the brighter spots; for, knowing that the darkness only serves to make the light shine brighter, and that they are the evidences of a soul's passage through sorrow and affliction and despair, will he not bestow a holier benison upon the life that has wrought the light out of darkness, good out of evil, than though no gloom nor temptations had beset its way?

Will not the good Father take note of the struggles for right, the sighs and tears for something better, and the efforts we make to attain a higher standard of good? We think so, and that his loving and divine benediction will fall the sweeter upon our lives.

What though we have made mistakes? What though our garments are seamed and patched? If we have striven to rectify the mistakes, and have carefully gathered up our dropped stitches, our efforts are not all in vain.

These experiences, they are indeed lessons of wisdom, knowledge and understanding; and although they may seem painful and harsh to our external lives, yet to the soul they ever prove a blessing; for they assist it to burst the shell confining it, and to expand outward and upward into a pure and perfect condition.

NOTICE TO OUR FRIENDS AND PATRONS.

I HAVE been impressed of late that the VOICE OF ANGELS would be again enlarged to sixteen pages, if our mail list warranted it, at the same price it has been the present year; and, as the next issue is the last number of the present volume, it is necessary to ascertain before it is printed, whether or not we are justified in making the enlargement. Now, if you will let me know, by card or otherwise, before the last number is out, whether you intend to renew your subscriptions; also, whether delinquents, who are behind in their payments, intend to liquidate their liabilities, and continue their favors; I can determine in our next whether our little paper shall assume proportions equal to the most favored of the spiritual journals, or not.

If each of our friends would bestir themselves, and send us a new subscriber, or even half a one, we could make the enlargement at a reduced price from what it has been the present year.

Thanking you for what you have already done, and from that knowing you will do all in your power to promote its usefulness, I subscribe myself your friend and co-worker,

D. C. DENSMORE.

NOTICE.

If our exchanges would be kind enough to notice our removal from 5 Dwight St., Boston, to this place, they would save us a little inconvenience.

D. C. DENSMORE,

Pub. Voice of Angels.

FAIR VIEW HOUSE, North Weymouth, Mass.

SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE,
Nov. 3, 1878,

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELLHAMER.

INVOCATION, BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

INFINITE source of infinite love, we, thy children, assembled before thee to-night, offer our songs of praise as incense upon thine altar. We review our past lives, and recognize, while so doing, thy loving kindness and guardian care; and we thank thee, our Father God, for all that we are or may become.

We know that we are journeying to the river, beyond which the angels are waiting to receive us, and we bless thee for the sweet, consoling knowledge. We adore thee, great God, for the unity pervading this assembly, as we recognize not only the presence of the angels, but feel thy holy presence giving unto our souls a foretaste of thy heaven above.

Blest ones who are with us here tonight, aid the sorrowing, succor the needy, and bring light to those dwelling in darkness; scatter love, hope and comfort before the souls of the lonely and sad.

We look to the mourning hearts of earth, and we feel to say, Bless, oh, bless every instrumentality for bringing the hope and light and joy of immortal life, and the sweet certainty of reunion with those gone before, to mankind!

Bless, oh, bless the VOICE OF ANGELS! Bless, oh, bless the *Banner of Light*! And let their light and their truth stream in upon the darkness of earth, scattering the clouds and revealing the perfect glory of God's eternal love.

WILLIAM BROWN.

How do you do? I have listened to your songs, to the words of cheer and prayer, until my soul is made glorious. It is like an old-fashioned love feast, or a good soulful prayer-meeting, with the Methodism left out.

I knew about this. I believed it with my whole soul, and I know where I am.

Bless God, it's all true. I have met the loved ones, and there is no deception.

I was pretty old, as you call it, pretty old; but I'm young enough, now. I was directed here by one of my fellow-townsmen, who has been here, and I thought I'd like to put in an appearance.

My name is William Brown. I belong to Keene, N. H. I tried to do the best I could when here, and I hope to keep on doing so. I don't keep much account of time, now, but think it's not far from two years since I passed out. Thank you, thank you.

CAPTAIN THOMAS SMITH.

Excuse me, friend. I am piloted here by my little girl, and if you will allow me to say a word, I will promise not to harm the lady, and will be very much obliged. [You are welcome.]

I hail from Augusta, Maine. I have been a year in Spirit-Life, up aloft as we say, and I find it a snug harbor and a safe one. My name is Captain Thomas Smith. To tell the truth, I would have preferred to have passed out upon my native soil, or at least in home waters; but we cannot always choose, and I suppose it's all right.

I have a dear family in heaven, and a blessed family on earth. I can come to them, but would like to send them love from here, and to say that the light of home still shines across the waters, lighting up with hope the mariner's onward way, and guiding his Spirit back to love and rest.

Bless you, Philomelia, and may the future bring that peace and rest you need. We often whisper words of cheer and comfort to you, and tell you of that port where no dire disease comes to burn the blood and waste the forms of those we love.

[Please forward to Mrs. Capt. Thos. Smith, Augusta, Me.]

LILLA M. MORSE.

I WOULD like to send a message. [You are welcome.] I am sixteen years old, now, and oh, so strong and well. My name is Lilla M. Morse. [Where from?] Hopkinton, Mass. It was Summer when I went away; but I was so sick and felt so bad, I didn't enjoy the weather. It's all beautiful, now. Mother knew better than any one else how bad I was, and that I'd never been well if I'd stayed.

But I am happy now, and come with deep, sweet, precious love for them all, and to say that times haven't been so bright as we could wish for them; but the angels love, sympathize with and bless

you, and for all the sadness and pain, you will find happiness and peace.

My mother, dear darling mother, is named Susan E. Morse. My father is Willard. Thank you.

[Please send to Mr. Willard Morse, or Mrs. Susan E. Morse, Hopkinton, Mass.]

ANNIE BRAMBALL.

THE doctor-man said no more ought to come; but I want to send just a little message. Grandma says to mamma, "Don't fret, dear child; cheer up; by-and-bye the clouds will pass away, and all that belongs to you will come back again. Shadows will intervene, perhaps, but they must flee by-and-bye." Grandma's all right, now. She sends love to mamma and auntie and little brother, and to mamma's auntie, too; and so do I, heaps. I love 'em all; and I want to ask mamma's auntie if she wouldn't like to hear from little Georgie, who went away years ago, some time.

I'm Annie Bramhall. Mamma is Laura—at Mount Pleasant, I guess. Good-bye.

MESSAGES GIVEN NOVEMBER 10, 1878.

TUNIE DENSMORE.

GOOD evening. I came to bring a number of Spirits here tonight, and to say just a word. I find that the responses to my appeal for aid to the sick man, J. J. Miller, Hazlehurst, Copiah County, Miss., have been very few and the donations exceedingly small. If the gentleman was not in such need, I wouldn't say any more, as the times are so hard; but I do hope some one will interest themselves in his case. The time appointed for the people to give thanks and praise for their blessings is near—the time when mirth and gladness abound; and I do hope those who have an abundance will spare just a little to this sick man, that he too may have cause to rejoice and to give thanks that he is not forsaken. Our teacher says, "The poor ye have always with you," and that their needs should open our hearts to sympathy and helpfulness.

I have brought Spirits here to control tonight, and am going to bring others to the next circle. I send my love to father and all friends, and I will do what I can to bring them words of comfort from beyond the tide. I am going to try and manifest to father tonight. It's a long journey, but not to a Spirit. Willie Travis sends her love to her Medium, and tells her to wait patiently. I am Tunie. Good-bye.

STEPHEN T. CORNELL.

I COME, sir, to send a message of love

to my dear, dear mother. I have been an inhabitant of the Spirit-spheres many long, long years. I have learned nearly all that I know in that great school of life beyond the mortal; but I have not forgotten nor outgrown the love born within me for my darling mother. Although but a tiny child when I passed away, yet my death fell like a blight upon her heart, from the effects of which she has never entirely recovered. Dear mother, you were young then, too young to bear the cruel sorrows of life; now the silvery threads have appeared upon your brow, and you are nearing the Summer-Land; but do not fear, we will cheer you and guide you home.

I am with you every Christmas day, not with the fever-fire burning in my veins, but well and strong, bringing you rest and peace. I am with you always on that other day in early Summer, which recalls the day of my mortal birth. I am often with you. Oh, could you feel the touch of my hand, as I place it upon your head, or hear the words of love I whisper to your Spirit, your heart would feel comforted and blest. Your little Stephie still brings you the love and blessings of an only son, and though you have no child here to soothe your declining years, yet you have one beyond who will guide and guard you through the valley, and be the first to welcome you on the other side.

Father sends you his deep, abiding love. He sometimes comes to bless you with his presence, and to bless him who has been your guide and companion in these later years. Father is never idle. He is not one of that kind. He is interesting himself, not only in examining into and applying himself to the use of Spirit-mechanism, but is busy ever in helping others.

Grandfather and grandmother send their love to all. Uncle John, who seems to me more like a brother, sends his deep love to all, and especially to aunt Mary, conveying a message tender and true to her.

With ever abiding love, I am your own son, Stephen T. Cornell, who passed away at Van Buren, New York. I will come again, if possible.

GEORGE W. GARDNER.

My name, sir, is George W. Gardner. I have been gone about three years and a half. I am first rate and doing well, only physically I feel a little sore and uncomfortable in coming.

I want to send my love to all the family. Every one are very, very dear to me. In Spirit we realize it so much more.

I am one of a large family who would be glad to hear from me, and to have me assure them I am often with them, always when all are gathered in the dear old home I love so well. And I feel that if they will convene together and sit for manifestations, that after a while we shall manage to come; for I am sure my youngest sister is a Medium. Our family is very harmonious, and all we need is sitting for practice, like.

The 25th day of February I mean to be with them, if possible. I want all to be together, as I intend to hold a kind of Spiritual levee. When one reaches his majority, he likes to celebrate it for himself in some way, as I hope to do for my dear, dear parents, brothers and sisters. I want to send remembrances to all I knew and loved, and to say that the passing out was not hard, after all; and just at the last I clasped hands with the angels.

Thank you, sir. The Spirit-lady says direct to sister Sophia L. Kenyon, Hayes P. O., Clark Co., Wash. Territory.

FLORA B. CARTMILL.

[THE chairman was obliged to rub the Medium's throat, before this Spirit could speak.]

Good evening. I do so want to send a letter. I want to bring my love and my sister's love to my brother and parents. The anniversary of our deaths is near, and they all feel sad at home, and we want to comfort them.

My name is Flora B. Cartmill. I am nineteen, now. Last Christmas was the saddest mother ever knew. We were at home, and we brought love and sympathy, as we often do. We impress them with thoughts of our beautiful home and the idea that we are happy. I want them all to be happy and cheerful, and to feel that their blossoms are blooming for them, more brightly, more sweetly in the Summer-life.

We have found friends. We are cared for, and are in the angel's keeping. Oh, I wish I could express the love of our spirits for you all. Dear, darling mother, heaven bless you! Eva and Mary join me in this message of love.

Thank you, sir. I haven't been gone quite a year. Please direct to William F. Cartmill, Tulare City, Cal.

TO LOUIS FROM HIS FATHER.

You will excuse me, sir, if I do not give my name. It is for the interest of my son Louis that I withhold it; but I would like to say a word.

I overheard you say, my son, that you

would not wish to have a message published for you, as it might interfere with your business; therefore I give nothing by which we may be known. I come, however, to advise you as one of your guides. Look about you and you will see that I am right. Do not make any important change as yet. Lighten your burdens, if you will. We wish you would, as it would be for your good, physically speaking. But do not throw up the business as yet. S——e and L——r's business is to come up and increase. If you will follow your impressions, you will do all we wish. Remain where you are for the present. You will learn much and gain experience. When you do change, we will bring out and develop powers you are holding in abeyance that will be of good. In all things, my son, seek the truth, and do that which will bless humanity and your own soul. Those with me send love as does your father, B.

MINNIE WALTERS.

I WANT to come. I want to come to auntie. I'm eight years old. Auntie's name is Lottie Andrews, and she's way off; but I guess she'll get it, all the same. I want to send love, and say I've found mamma, and I bring her a kiss and wish her Merry Christmas. That's all. Good-bye. My name is Minnie Walters. I came from Vicksburg.

MESSAGES GIVEN NOV. 17, 1878.

PHOEBE J. PORTER.

PLEASE, sir, to say that Phoebe J. Porter, who passed away but a short time since, comes to send her love to her dear friends in Michigan. I have found all my dear ones. All those we love and who we mourned so long, and sometimes almost hopelessly. The reunion was sweet and would have been perfect but for the sadness of loved and loving ones on earth.

Oh, Lucy; oh, each and every one, cheer up; be happy. I have found all the sorrow and pain of earth-life is more than compensated for, more than swallowed up in bliss—in the perfect joy of knowing all are safe and sure to meet again, never to part. I bring deep, enduring love from mother, father, brothers, friends, and all to each one of you; and also the blessing and undying affection of your sister, companion and friend, Phoebe.

ELMER FALES.

CAN I come? [Yes, indeed.] I want to write a letter. I've been gone more'n a year. I'm a little boy, but I've learnt lots since I've been in the pretty Spirit-

World with the beautiful angels. They are all so kind, and they help ma lots. They are going to do more, too. My name's Elmer. [Elmer?] Yes, sir—Elmer Fales. My ma writes for the paper. [Does she?] Ume. I love her lots. I come close to mamma, and bring her the good Spirits to help her, 'cause she has trials and cares.

Dear, dear mamma, don't you know I've learned ever so much more since I've been in the Spirit-World, and can talk better than I could if I was here? Don't you know my teacher says that the experiences, the sorrows and trials of your life have ripened your Mediumship and developed its powers, which have all been manifested within the last three years, and that you will go on in spite of opposition, doing good to others and gaining good for yourself; and if you will but be faithful, the Spirits will open out ways and means by which you will still find support for those leaning upon you, as we have done in the past? That's what my teacher says, nister, and she says that God and the angels will bless "West Ingle" for her efforts for right. Let her only be faithful, and all will be well.

I come with Tunie, 'cause I want to send so much love to mamma, and so do all the Spirits. I'm not sick any, now, and I'm going to wait for ma, and help her all I can. Ma's name is Sue. [Where does she live?] She used to be in Boston.

GILBERT F. PHILLIPS.

I, too, would be pleased to send a few words of love to my mother. Unlike the little Spirit who has just preceded me, I am no child, having attained and passed the period of my forty-fourth year; yet, sir, my mother is anxious for a word from me, and I am here to give it, with my love.

Yes, mother—for mother I shall ever call you, wherever and whenever I come—I am here to bring you tidings from beyond, and to thank you for your steadfastness and faithfulness to the Spirit-band that surrounds you, in spite of disbelief and opposition. The dear girls are with me, and send love to their respective mothers, also. Let your light shine, my mother, and by-and-bye there will be more than one or two believers in our midst. Grandfather says be watchful and hopeful, Filie, for the day of compensation is soon to dawn, and we want to find you on the tower, watching for the signs of the coming day.

The young ladies will send messages to their friends as soon as they can, so they bid me say that Delta will ring by-and-

bye with glad tidings from beyond the tomb.

Please, sir, be careful and have my message written down correctly. My name is Gilbert F. Phillips. It is to Mrs. P. Phillips, Elmer Hill P. O., Delta, N. Y.

CORA STAFFORD.

[How do you do?] I don't know. I'm all burning up with the fever. (The Spirit seemed to be suffering a great deal with the head.) It was brain fever, and I feel it now. I came from San Francisco. I thought I'd try to send love to my mother, but it's hard to come. [You will feel better soon.] I am happy in the other world. It is beautiful and good. I want my folks to know it and believe. I want them to go where I can talk to them. I'll come if they will. My name is Cora Stafford. I am fifteen years old. Thank you.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

Good evening, chairman. [Good evening, sir.] This is what I like to see—harmony and peace the prevailing spirit. It's beautiful. Where two or three are gathered together in His name surely the angels will be in their midst, and the Christ principle of love must descend upon them. I am happy to be one of you, and to witness the Spirit here manifested to be of use to mankind. I came not merely to send my benediction of peace and good will out to mankind, to waft my blessing of love to the friends, but to send a word to one in particular, if you so please.

I am Henry C. Wright, and I hope we shall all be able to see right as far as it is possible for finite beings to do. [We are glad to meet you. What is the present prospect?] Good. Not only good, but encouraging. The opposition manifested towards the cause, appears to the Spirit-World but like the morning mist that seeks to veil the splendor of the sun. It is impossible to do so, and we know that all these obstacles will be obliged to flee before the glorious and triumphant advance of truth. Now, if my brothers will exercise the principles of toleration, charity and love, which our philosophy teach, and will, by striving to throw a little of their light upon the darkened path of those who oppose them, return good for evil, instead of turning round and pelting mud again, we will have such a demonstration of Spirit-love and power as will shake the dry bones of old Creedalism until they rattle again.

Now, I want to say to friend Brockway, that we have not forgotten our promise. We are looking about to see who we can find. There is a Medium over at Wash-

ington who we are trying to develope, and if we succeed, she will startle the natives. Spiritualism is yet to reach your town. Never fear. God speed and bless you!

MORNING

DAY is dawning. Slim and wide,
Through the mists that blind it,
Trembles up the rippling tide,
With the sea behind it.

Like a warrior-angel sped
On the mighty nelson,
Light and life about him shed
A transcendent vision.

Mailed in gold and fire he stands,
And, with splendors shaken,
Bids the sleeping seas and lands
Quicken and awaken.

Day is on us. Dreams are dumb,
Thought has light for neighbor.
Room!—the rival giants come—
Lo, the Sun and Labor.

W. E. Henley, in the Cornhill Magazine.

PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE

"WEST INGLE'S" DEPARTMENT.

TO DR. WM. DAIN, OF ADEN, MURDOCK CO., CAL., FROM HIS BELOVED SON, HARRY W. DAIN, WHO PASSED INTO SPIRIT-LIFE WHEN AN INFANT.

My blessed father, you will not be surprised to receive a message from your little boy, who left you grieving so long ago. I can come nearer to you than all the rest, for this reason: I have lived in Spirit-Life; have been developed and educated here among the disembodied minds of the past, when men did live and were governed by the Grand Power, who is the real source of all power, the source of all life, love and beauty.

My dear father, I am talking now to you, and not to another. I recognize all that mother can say, even if I could be placed at this moment a little babe upon her knees. She loved me and mourned for me, and when I was hidden from her sight, she thought I was gone to the "house of many mansions," where Christ holds the lambs of his flock in love and sweet security.

Oh, the blessed nurses of the Summer-Land! How tenderly they bring the children to their own parents, and hold them where they draw nourishment from the mother-soul. Infant Spirits require nourishment of a material nature, and they are left on the mother's bosom daily for the necessary food.

Blessed are you, my father. Amongst all the physicians of the earth you are blessed. Mothers rise up and bless you for the power you have imparted to them, and for the relief given them when the pangs of birth are upon them. And there are many who will rejoice when you come here, that they can help you Spiritually for aid given them physically. You have

been a blessing to many, and in turn you will be blessed. The few years left you on the earth will hold you until one is born who will grow and develop as a healer; and this embodied Spirit will be able to work out all the theories and thoughts which have been in your mind so long, and which you have tried so long to put in operation, and you will be looked upon as a man who did what he could for humanity in his day and generation. I know there are many trials through which men must pass, but I went from the earth before I knew what they were, or tasted the struggles of life. I might have been old and wearied now. I am young and strong to do the work appointed for the ministering angels of the Spirit-World.

You have been controlled by me often when called to heal the sick and afflicted, and others have aided me in imparting the knowledge which has ever made you successful. Grandfather and grandmother, and many of your early friends, are around you constantly, yet they are not your only guides. A band of spirits were appointed at your birth to attend you through life, and they have been faithful to you. Your name may not be known among the rich and great ones of the earth, but you are known and honored here in Spirit-Life, as one who has been true to his fellow-men. You have done more for your brothers in the flesh than the world can ever know. Here all records of good deeds are kept, and no good deeds are forgotten or lost.

Dear father, the humble ones on earth are the great ones here, where men are judged by the inner consciousness, and the souls of all are like printed books. I find my soul is now growing daily in Spiritual development. The nearer I come to you, the more the desire grows to be of greater service to mortals. I desire to bring our brother James and sister Lota and all the dear friends to whom your soul still clings, near to you. As you reach the inner gate where mortality is divided from the immortal, you will find your vision clear and your intuitions correct in regard to the new life and the home we are preparing for you here.

Oh, father, try to make home pleasant and harmonious, that we can come and stay with you. Do not mind what others say to you or of you. Keep your own heart pure and do your duty faithfully, and all will be well. Mother's soul goes back to the past and its cherished memories. Life has been dark to her, and the shadows of disappointment hover over

her still. All will be right when you get through with life on the earth. Think of me, not as a bright-eyed, helpless baby, but as a Spirit who has attained fully all manly principles and proportions. I am like James in most of my features. My eyes and hair are different from his. I am free from earthly cares, while he bears the scars of hard-fought battles. You will rejoice when your Spiritual eyes behold the friends who compose your family and guides—loving and sympathetic friends, who glory in all your noble achievements.

Do not allow your mind to become dark in regard to the theories of modern reformers. Go according to the impressions given you from the Deity, and you cannot be led into wrong paths. As the years go by, each one bringing you nearer the Spiritual, let your soul rest upon the divine promises to the faithful. With implicit confidence, labor to understand, first, the principles which have their foundations deep in the soul. Cherish all home affections and endeavor to draw those who oppose you nearer the fountain of thought and love. I know you will conquer all obstacles, and fulfill the end for which you were created. Our other friends do not remember me. Your heart and mother's alone remember, and never can forget.

I am your own son, and had I lived I should have been like you. You have never found what your soul needed in the life you have lived; you have never reached the high aspirations of your spirit. Come up higher, dear father. I will meet you and lead you into rest. All the friends here in Spirit-Life will write you messages of love. And your guide, the Doctor, will help you write your book, which will be written and printed the coming year. Keep cheerful and happy, and you will be comforted by all who love me, and chief among them all is your affectionate son, Harry William Dain.

CHARLIE BALDWIN TO HIS BROTHER.

I AM Charlie Baldwin, and I have a brother who keeps a book-store in Washington. My mother is here in Spirit-life. My father is an aged man, nearly ninety, and soon to pass away from the earth, and be free from all his troubles. His life has been long and useful. He has his own ideas of the gospel; and I know, as he will soon know, that his ideas are well enough, but not all true. I passed away when I was small—a little boy; and have grown to manhood in Spirit-life.

It is queer people think children remain children forever. I know it would be

better for the mind and stature of man, if they could get their growth in Spirit-life. They go through the world half-grown; their own foolishness keeps them stunted; or as some say, they are dwarfed in everything but evil. They all manage to get their full growth in that. I want you to give this short message to my brother, Samuel Baldwin, and you will greatly oblige
CHARLIE BALDWIN.

My dear brother Samuel, in the struggle of life, you have forgotten your brother, who died so long ago. I have not forgotten you, though; and have been often with you of late, when I see you struggling hard to stem the tide of difficulties which seem to block business and all things your soul is striving for.

You have been drifting, my brother—drifting with the tide. You must put your hands to the wheel, and demand your rights from all men. Do all you can for the cause; but you are not called to do more than is right. When the fall comes, you will change, and prosperity will be yours.

Our brother, who died at Richmond, is with me. Mother is also here, and there are many of your dear friends here; and all are trying to do you good.

I cannot talk much today, but I will come again, and I will help you.

Affectionately,

CHARLIE BALDWIN.

THROUGH S. A. ASHLEY, FELTON, CAL.

TUNIC.

DEAR PAPA,—Away off here, near the placid waters of the Pacific, in a snug little retreat, surrounded by beautiful hills, where Jack Frost for the first time this season has turned the leaves to a beautiful hue, and left the grand tall evergreens in all their beauty, to remind those of earth of the "beautiful evergreen shore," where their loved ones are waiting to waft them good news of cheer—in this silent and beautiful retreat, dear papa, I come to you, hoping, trusting and feeling as though I should have you here in person some time.

Oh, it would do you so much good to come here, and get rest in this silent retreat, where the angels could meet you face to face, in Nature's own domains.

Good papa, cheer up, and we will help you. Your work is hard, but it is fraught with many loving blessings. All over the land the prayers of blessing are on your head, and the beautiful mansions with evergreen bowers, fields of beautiful tinted verdure, are all being prepared for you in our Spirit-Home.

Not a house but some blessing for you is wafted to Spirit-Life, and it is planted in a fresh tree or flower. Oh, what a beautiful home is waiting for you, when your earth-work is done!

Mr. Pardee joins me in all I have said to you, and we have joys for you that you think not of.

Cheer up, loving papa, knowing we are ever near you, to love and caress.

LOVING TUNIE.

THROUGH ALFRED JAMES, PHILA,

[While entranced, written down as delivered by J. M. K.]

AMOS COMLY.

How dost thee do, friend? I am glad to see thee occupying thy time so well. Thee must live and learn. Thee must know that I do not come here to preach any particular religion. Thee must know that I believe in the life in Spirit-state as well as in the life in mortal state. I believe it is the duty of all not to trespass on the rights of their neighbors.

I do not know what to say about the life beyond, because I do not find it different from the life here. We shake hands, and call each other friends; and we live our calm, quiet lives, the same as we used to do here. I will say before I go that my name is Amos Comly, of Summerton, Buck County, Penn.

To tell you why I am here would be difficult, for really I do not know myself. It was simply a wish to demonstrate to thee that I live. It is about eight years since I passed away. The happiness that I enjoy is sufficient for me at present. They tell me a man must be dissatisfied before he can rise. I was well known at Summerton. I think they will recognize this communication as coming from me.

As to a desire for some higher Spirit-condition than that which I am now in, thee sees this: that I was satisfied with a moderate amount of enjoyment when here; and thee must see by what I have said that I find I have adjusted myself to just what suits me.

I think I was distantly related to John Comly, the grammarian.

JOHN JACKSON.

WELL, these Quakers are a queer kind of people, and I am a dreamy kind of a fellow, so I follow in his wake, (meaning the Spirit Amos Comly.) The way I came here is strange to you. There was a woman murdered in this town by her husband, and there has never been anything done with this man, somehow; and I guess you remember the circumstance. Her name was Oskins. She lived in South

street. Well, she told me to come here this morning. She told me she had tried it, and it had benefitted her. [The Spirit of this woman had communicated previously] She advised me to try it, and it would benefit me, too.

My name was John Jackson. I was a wanderer on the face of this earth in almost every clime, and in every nation. I had just sufficient money to follow this propensity out; but all the really valuable information I obtained did not amount to much. My travels were merely to gratify the physical senses, to sport away the time by change, with a dreamy, listless languor, and I find this same thing pursues me in the life beyond. One of your poets says:

I am impelled by steps
Unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting goal, which
Mocks me with the view.

That expresses my condition in Spirit-Life more clearly than I could otherwise give it to you. But before I ask a question of you, I will say that I wander in a circle, and it is becoming monotonous. Sir, can you tell me how I can break through this circle? My home was in Harlem, N. Y. [The writer gave him the counsel he sought.] I thank you for your advice, and will follow it.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Good morning, sir. Head this communication Sunnyside on the Hudson, State of New York.

I am a Spirit, and I am glad that I know it; for many do not and cannot understand it. I was not long in finding this out. I felt it almost instantaneously. A wise man has his lamp well filled with the oil of reason, and when he bridges the chasm of death, the light of reason will not keep him long in ignorance of being a Spirit. Elevation of character has enabled me to learn more of the life beyond than many who have been here an immense period of time. Oh, man, mortal man! you never can or will understand the infinite possibilities of that Divine essence within you. Keep this physical temple pure. Do not despise it, for it is the medium of the Spirit.

I meet with distinguished people from time to time, and find none who regret having travelled the road of knowledge. It has given them vast superiority; but many are tied down by their physical sense, and have not advanced on that account. Their ideas run in one groove, and this stops progression. If we could start without any prejudices whatever, no finite mind could comprehend, or dare to guess at what would be the result.

Sir, the atmosphere all about you contains disembodied Spirits who cannot get free from their physical passions. No intelligence of a bright kind can return to you but what has literally to force its way through this mass of unprogressed Spirits, in order to reach you; and during the time they are speaking to you through another individuality, if it was not for the Indian Spirit-guide of the Medium, our conversation would be a mere jumble of words.

Sir, look upward; the way is growing clearer. Persist in your work; let nothing turn you out of the royal road of truth. And lift up your heads, for the redemption of mankind is nigh. Give me your hand.

I was known as Washington Irving.

MILLISON HENRY.

I AM very weak. Sir, I do not like to intrude much upon your time; but mine was a sad life. A drunken husband—a drunken father wore me out, and I went to the grave before I was thirty years old.

Sir, that awful time is over, and I rise superior to my former condition, for I feel that I did my duty. There are many friends who help me in this life. They are gradually restoring me back to health and strength. I do not know much about this life, but it seems to me like a bright sun bursting through a dark cloud.

My two children passed to Spirit-Life before me. I have seen them, but I am so weak I cannot talk much to them. I wish to ask you one question before I tell you the rest. There is a man who I used to hear preach. They all said he was a good man. I want to know how it is that I can, from where I am, look down upon him beneath me, and see him associating with those I would blush to be seen with. How is this? [She was told that this man could not have been so good as he was supposed to have been.] Then he must have been a hypocrite. He was represented to be very pure and good. His name is James Martin. He was a Presbyterian.

My name was Millie Henry. I lived in Wheeling, West Virginia. I was brought here today by one Mr. Fleetwood, who has been here before.

[The Mr. Fleetwood referred to was the Rev. J. Fleetwood, who was the author of a Life of Christ, and a clergyman in the Baptist connection. He has himself communicated through Mr. James in a most impressive and instructive manner. If it is desired, the communication will be sent for publication in the VOICE OF ANGELS.—J. M. K.]

[The Medium was then controlled by his Indian-Guide, "Wild Cat," who said, in broken English, "There is a man here who calls himself the Rev. Thomas White. He is a minister, but he no call himself that. He say he was vicar and not minister. He preached at Dudley, Herefordshire, England, he say. He say he want to tell you just what him experience be from the time of death in Spirit-Life." Here the control changed, and the following communication was given:]

Good morning. I am very thankful that I have been introduced, for to introduce one's self is awkward business.

Of all religious beliefs, the Episcopalians have the most shadowy, the most indistinct idea of Spirit, it has been my fortune to meet, either as Spirits or mortals. They expect to go with all their earthly dross surrounding their Spirits, to the highest life, with one tremendous leap across the bridge of death. In preaching in this way today, I say to you right here that the result is frightful. Man has invented so many theories that they have left out one great book; and that book is the Book of Nature. Between the lids of that book, if you study it well, you will find an infallible guide, one that does not err, and that does not publish a theory today and reject it tomorrow.

The next question, whether it is light or whether it is dark where I am, I will answer. There is one statement that is true, and that is "In our Father's house there are many mansions,"—meaning conditions. I have so much to say today, and I do not like to tax you; but the principal thing I wished to say, was to state a startling question which was asked me the other day by a Spirit in Spirit-Life. I must confess that it staggered me. He showed me in the distance millions of Spirits in the lowest possible state, and he said to me, "Is God or man responsible for this?" This question was one that I would not, I told him, by any means attempt to answer; for I believed, and I intended to bold to it that God never created a human Spirit, but what there was a way to a higher light provided for that Spirit. Who am I that I should accuse God? What does this finite, called Spirit, know of the head of all intelligence?

Now, sir, to finish this communication. It was a dull day in October that I, Thos. White, left this earthly tenement for the life beyond. Many said that I was a good man. Some thought I had not performed my duty. But it is not the opinions of men that either clears your path or clouds it on your entrance into Spirit-

Life. It is only how far you have influenced evil results that tells against you. What you have done of good is your capital. What you have done of evil you must expiate. I found my judgment on awakening to consciousness. It was a mere suspense. It was something like a sleep, and I found that by the buoyancy of my Spirit it gravitated exactly to the spot where it belonged. Truth is mighty and must prevail over all theoretical barriers.

Sir, I hope you will place this communication of mine where it will reach the minds of thoughtful men and women, and I think it will be the means by which they will understand better how to cultivate their Spirit-natures, and to appreciate the joys eternal. Amen.

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M. T. SHELHAMER, having reason to believe that money sent to her address by mail has been lost, desires her patrons, and those intending to send to her for medical treatment, to please remit by money order on South Boston Post-office.

BRILLIANCY.—I do not know anything which more fascinates youth than what, for the want of a better word, we call brilliancy. Gradually, however, this peculiar kind of estimation changes very much. It is no longer those who are brilliant, those who affect to do the most and the best work with the least apparent pains and trouble, whom we are most inclined to admire. We eventually come to admire labor, and to respect it, the more openly it is proclaimed by the studious man to be the cause of success, if he has any success to boast of.—*Sir Arthur Helps.*

DEATH.—Life is the road to death. The Indians say: Death does not kill, it makes us invisible. It is the sorrow of survivors to see no more those whom they loved; but the first friend we lose gives a clearer vision to the soul. Every step towards death opens a little wider the gates of eternity.

UPON the unsteady flower that rocks in the breeze the bee makes her perch, and gathers her honey; thus man enjoys the fleeting things of earthly life while all things rock under his feet.—*Auerbach.*

THE fortunate man is he who, born poor or nobody, works gradually up to wealth and consideration, and having got them, dies before he finds they were not worth so much trouble.

FAULTS are pliable in infancy; changeable in childhood; more resolute in youth; firmly rooted in manhood; and inflexible in old age.

PLANETS govern not the soul nor guide the destinies of man, but trifles lighter than straw are levers in the building up of character.

EVERY spirit builds itself a house, and beyond its house a world; and beyond its world a heaven.

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