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LITERARY.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

ON THE DEATH OF AGGIE DOW,

YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF WIDOW DOW, OF CLEAR CREEK, CHAUTAUQUE CO., N. Y., WHICH HAPPENED ON THE 4TH OF NOVEMBER, 1878.

THROUGH TRYPHENA C. PARDEE.

MOTHER, I would now draw near you,
With my heart's best love to cheer you,
And fill the vacant chair once more;
Whispering peace as angels whisper,
To bless you, and my lonely sister,
With gladness from the heavenly shore.

Mortals, think not of the pleasure
That awaits beyond the azure,
With captivating powers of song,
Floating round the throne of glory.
Where "Welcome" is the rapturous story
That echoes from the greeting throng.

Death is not a monster frightful,
But with balms the most delightful
The weary suffering ones restore;
Not with flattery deceiving,
But truth from every fear relieving,
Assures us Life forevermore.

Pain and sorrow then we banish,
Doubt and darkness also vanish,
And loving friends clasp joyful hands;
Blissful is the reuniting—
Father, Frankie, both reciting
The choicest words that love commands.

Then we turn to griefed hearts breaking,
O'er the sleep that knows no waking,
The silent clay so cold and still—
Feeling for their desolation,
We come to bring them consolation
And bend them to God's holy will.

Now we range the plains celestial,
Yet we love our home terrestrial,
And down the starry slopes we come,
Bearing from the groves supernal
Sweet fancies bloom and branches vernal,
To wreath my picture in my room.

When you look upon my likeness,
Never think that I am lifeless,
But raise your thoughts to realms above:
See me there, your Aggie tender,
Decked in Life's immortal splendor,
Possessing still my precious love.

When you plant the flowers and roses,
Where my faded form reposes,
My spirit then will be your stay;
Their buds shall be to you a token
Of my joys that can't be spoken,
Where fragrant beauties ne'er decay.

Oh, how swiftly time is fleeting!
Soon, oh, soon our happy meeting
Will make us all our woes forget.
Now take my love, my dearest mother,
My darling sister, and my brother,
And kiss for me our little pet.

ELLINGTON, N. Y., Dec. 21, 1878.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

PLAIN TALKS ON HEALTH.

BY THE MEDICAL CONTROL OF M. T. SHELHAMER.

PART THIRD.

We have said that a disordered stomach is often the cause of taking cold, and the reason of this is, that when the stomach becomes disordered, it tends to weaken and relax the whole system, leaving it exposed to whatever strikes against it.

It is presumed that sensible people have no desire to live in opposition to the laws of health, and that most persons will gladly conform to hygienic rules and regulations, when possible to do so.

The coating of fat that forms over all kinds of fried food, together with the stiffening process, and the loss of nutriment which it undergoes in frying, renders it extremely indigestible and unhealthy for the stomach. Vegetables may be either steamed, roasted or boiled, though in our opinion steamed vegetables are to be preferred. Meats should be broiled, roasted or boiled, according to their nature.

It is now well known, that in boiling meat, if the design is to cook it for the sake of the meat alone, it should be plunged at once into hot water, and the temperature of the water kept up until it is done, in order to retain its juices; but if it is intended for broths, soups, and so forth, it should be placed in cool water

and brought gradually to a boil, thus extracting the juices, etc.

It is surprising to find in this enlightened age (?) what quantities of condiments are yearly consumed by the people—condiments that tend to stimulate the nervous system, heat the body to an unnatural degree, and dry the blood—condiments, that weaken the action of the kidney and produce diseased livers.

We contend that all spices, seasoning herbs, etc., should never be used upon food, but should only be used occasionally as medicine, when something stimulating is needed.

Let the only seasoning of your meals be a good appetite and a cheerful mind, that is content with what is set before you, and we will engage to warrant you better health of body and mind.

We might go on almost *ad infinitum* upon this question of food, the care of the stomach and digestive organs, without exhausting the subject, but in these latter days so much has been said and written upon this very matter, that he who really cares to learn, can readily inform himself concerning this subject.

Habitual constipation seems to trouble a large percentage of our people, and to effect a radical cure, it will take time, patience, attention to diet, exercise, bathing, etc.

In cases of this kind, and where flatulency is frequent, the stomach should be vigorously rubbed daily. A cold tea made of boneset sweetened with molasses, and drank occasionally, will tend to keep the bowels open; or a tea made of elderflowers. One part each of jalap and pulverized peppermint, and two parts senna, all united thoroughly together, makes a cathartic that operates very easily, and is not unpleasant to take; it is very efficacious for children and adults; in common cases, where anything of the kind is required, nearly if not quite a teaspoonful is a dose.

We do not believe as a general thing in physicking the system, although at times we know it to be essential, but we have rarely failed to find obstinate cases, even, of constipation, yielding to care, exercise and diet.

In bowel complaints it is necessary at times to make use of a corrector, to remove the cause

of the trouble and change the appearance and consistence of the passages, and we know the following to be as efficacious today, as it was in the days when we practiced upon the earth in our own person. Take equal parts pulverized rhubarb, saleratus, peppermint and cinnamon, add half a pint of hot water and sweeten with loaf sugar; when cool, add if convenient two large spoonfuls of best French brandy. Of this give one or two great-spoonfuls every hour, until the nature of the trouble is changed. (Good in Summer complaints, etc.)

One of the best correctors for acidity of the stomach, foul breath, and so forth, is charcoal. In our day, it was disagreeable to the sight and taste; but in these modern times, it is prepared in the form of a lozenge, agreeable to the sight, and pleasant to the palate, and as these lozenges are sold by druggists, they are obtainable by all.

But there are other necessary rules to be followed in order to preserve our health, and cleanliness of person is a most important one. It is estimated, ~~and by reliable parties,~~ that there are 2800 pores to the square inch in the skin of the human body. Now, these numerous pores are so many little mouths, that require air and water to feed them; they absorb the moisture from the surface of the skin, and they also throw off the excretory matter of the body, that has become dead and injurious to the system.

Hence, if this dead matter is not frequently carried off by the application of soap and water, together with vigorous rubbing with the hand, or a rough towel, these little openings become closed, the respiratory and perspiratory processes are impeded, and circulation checked, and the body will be thrown out of balance, from its accumulated load of waste matter.

Hence the bath is an important auxiliary to good health. Robust constitutions require the cold bath, but delicate organisms cannot stand this; therefore the warm or tepid bath will be best for them. Some need to immerse their bodies in the bathing tub, and can remain there for a length of time; others get along best with the sponge bath. All must determine these matters for themselves; but however taken, all will agree that frequent bathing of the entire system, with vigorous rubbing afterward, until the skin is in a perfect glow, is conducive not only to health, but comfort. To our mind, old brown Windsor soap is best for this purpose, and Castile soap, when pure, comes next.

Then comes attention to clothing. See to it that the body is properly clothed; let the garments be warm, but not too heavy. Most persons need to wear flannel next the skin, all the year round, in this changeable climate. Avoid all weight upon and dragging down of the hips; it is very injurious, especially to delicate females, who generally have the most of it, and which will enhance their delicacy.

Beware of tight bands and strictures of any kind about the body; they impede circulation, and are the cause of many diseases. Varicose veins, "which are swellings in the veins, caused by interruptions in the circulation of the venous blood," are frequently produced by tight bands, as well as by habitual standing.

The same clothing should never be worn at night that is worn during the day; it should be taken off, turned, shaken, and left exposed to the air, to get rid of its load of matter, which the numerous pores of the skin have given off during the day; and of course, the clothing should be changed quite often.

An important element in the preservation of health is bodily exercise—exercise in the sunlight and air. Those whose daily tasks call them to labor in the open air, are the best off; and those whose work keeps them within doors, and who lead sedentary lives, should embrace every opportunity to walk out; and when walking out, walk in the sunlight. A good daily sun-bath would cure many an ill. The sun is only injurious in the extreme heat of Summer, and even then a share of it is beneficial. While on this matter, we would say, Mind what you do. Keep in the sunlight; let the sunshine stream into your rooms, and especially your sleeping apartments; let it peer down into your cellars, if possible. Place a gauze screen in your windows, to keep the insects out, if you will; but keep your blinds open. Let the sun drive away the darkness and dampness, that make your homes unhealthy. It is a golden panacea for many a mortal ill.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION AND CATARRH.

WITH the hope of doing some service to those afflicted with Catarrh, permit me to bear testimony of the relief to be derived in this complaint from the use of Mullein. Smoking it in a pipe, when the Catarrh is most troublesome, always secures relief; and patiently continued, effects a permanent cure. A decided improvement is very soon noticed in the tone of the lungs and voice in speaking and singing. It can be obtained of botanic dealers at twenty-five cents per lb.

The following statement (which I find in a weekly journal which has fallen under my notice) of its virtue in Consumption, may also be trusted and tested:

"CUT THIS OUT AND SAVE IT.—A correspondent writes as follows, about the flower of a well-known plant:—I have discovered a remedy for consumption. It has cured a number of cases, after they had commenced bleeding at the lungs, and the hectic flush was already on the cheek. After trying this remedy to my own satisfaction, I have thought philanthropy required that I should let it be known to the world. It is common mullein, steeped and sweetened with coffee sugar, and drank freely. Young or old plants are good, dried in the shade and kept in clean bags. The medicine must be continued from three to six months, according to the nature of the disease. It is very good for the blood-vessels, also. It strengthens and builds up the system, instead of taking away the strength. It makes good blood, and takes away inflammation from the lungs. It is the wish of the writer that every periodical in the United States, Canada, and Europe, should publish this receipt for the benefit of the human

family. Lay this up, and keep it in the house ready for use.

J. F. SNIPES,
87 LEONARD ST., NEW YORK.
[Banner of Light.]

CURE FOR NEURALGIA.—A very simple relief for Neuralgia is to boil a small handful of Lobelia in a half-pint of water, till the strength is out of the herb; then strain it off, and add a teaspoonful of fine salt. Wring cloths out of the liquid as hot as possible, and spread it over the parts affected. It works like a charm. Change the cloths as soon as cold, till the pain is all gone; then cover the place with a soft, dry covering, till perspiration is over, to prevent getting cold. Rheumatism can often be relieved by applications, to the painful parts, of cloths wet in a weak solution of soda-water. If there is inflammation in the joints, the cure is very quick. The wash should be lukewarm.—*Banner of Light.*

SPELLING BY SOUND.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART ONE.

Oh, this iz the age of Inventionz, I'm shure;
There never wer herd ov so meny before.
We have flying aerials—drawing by lte—
Electrical marvelz that giv us delite;
The wonderz of steam we may dailly behold,
And silence will stil meny gloryz unfold;
But serch the hole range ov this bizy world round,
The most useful invenshon iz Speling by Sound.
Then rite away, spel away; doo yoo not see
That Britonz and Yankeez ar bound to be free
From the Speling Buk Tirant that guvernz our schoolz?
From Walker and Worcester,* their anties and roolz?
New York Graphic.

* Webster himself woz a fonetishan, az the first edishon ov his dictionary plainly shoz. His simplidishonz were cried down by lerned bigotry and pedantic ignorance, but he merits hy onor from Speling Reformerz.—*Banner.*

CIVILIZATION:

MESSAGE NUMBER FOURTEEN.

SPOKEN BY HORACE MANN, THROUGH J. M. A., AT ANCORA, N. J., 8-14-'77.

[USELESS LETTERS OMITTED.]

My thot this morning, der sister, has referenc to yor movments in the ner futur. My opinion is—our opinion—that we can acomplish mor for the human rac(e) thro *Asociation* than *Isolation*. By combining eforts, strength is asurd and succes mor likly.

Go forward directly to the point amd at, namly,
GROUP-HOM LIF.

That is to say, mak the conditions of yor situation controlable by thos ho, in the hi hevins, work for groplif; rather than subject to thos ho, on erth or just abov it, ar stil working or living on the mor isolat plan—or mor selfish plan—of ordinary lif.

We wish to secur for yo a doman, by yor co-operation, wher yo can at lest feel secur as to the *mineral basis* of the New Order, and thus hav a foundation wheron to develop the "plant" and the "humanity" of the sain.

Mak every efort tel to the acomplishment of this object. Want no tim in idl atemts to combin the Old and the New. Tho to ar distinct, and must ever be. Mak yus of the Present, to draw materials from with which to comene the New; as the lily draws from the mud something

neful to the futur display and impartation of buty and loveliness, purity and fragranc. Whil in the Old, apropiat that which is to be found ther for yor yua; but tary not to long, consuming what yo acwir.

In other words, der frend, we wil help yo and yors to rech the spot selected. We can best do this by inspiring Jains to lectur in public, and yo both to do such work in privat as wil tel to the most advantag in helping tords the gol. My o(w)n thot wud be—drop everything els but misionary work among the “benited hethen” occupying Crisendom.

Yo wil then spedily rech the point; which secure, yo wil breth mor frely, and can then tak yor lesur (so to spek) in working up the conditions proper to the New Order.

Be not in hast, but work diligently as strength and circumstances wil permit; and we wil be with yo. We giv this not as comand, but as sugestion. Trust us, and the Divin Mind which directs us; and al wil be wel.

HORAC MAN.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE.

66 CHURCH ST., BOSTON, Dec. 20, 1878.

DEAR BROTHER DENSMORE.—I am happy to assure you, from personal inquiry, that the message of Thomas Sanborn, in your last issue, is correct in every particular. It also gives me much pleasure to notice that the VOICE is free from needless hostility toward the Church. Many of our friends in the popular churches may perhaps be brought into clearer light, if approached in a spirit of kindness.

Yours, fraternally,

A. B. WEYMOUTH, M. D.

CORROBORATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE

BOSTON, Dec. 7, 1878.

D. C. DENSMORE:—*Dear Sir*,—In the issue of your paper dated Nov. 1, 1878, there appeared a message purporting to come from Dr. Peter Renton, giving the cause of his death, also many other incidents, and mentioned the fact of his son George and daughter Christiana being with him, etc.

On Thanksgiving Day, I met his surviving son, Dr. John Renton, at Auburn-dale, Mass., and placed before him the above extract from your paper. With some amazement, he read it carefully through, and his first words were—“Correct in every particular; where did it come from? and who knew anything about it?” etc. I gave him the particulars, so far as able, and although a great skeptic and a thorough unbeliever in such things, still he could not refrain from saying, “It is mighty strange, any how”; and a day or two ago he called on me to find if there had been any more such, and seemed anxious to investigate.

Now, I would like, my dear sir, if anything further is brought by Dr. Peter Renton, you would publish it, and send me copies. Perhaps your guides could prevail upon the Spirit of the Doctor to send a special message to his son John. It would be sowing seed that would reap a rich harvest to our cause.

I hope you will be successful, and that much good will come from these printed messages, seemingly as though 'twas broad cast upon the waters, etc.; yet who knows where it will fall, nor whom it will convince of the glorious truths!

God and the good angels give you success and prosperity.

H. LESLIE.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE TEMPLE OF GOD.

BY SEE B. FALER.

How, oh, how shall we build God's Temple up! Not by vast piles of sculptured stone, that may be made to lift their massive towers and fretted spires on high, nor yet with pomp and splendor, or in any way that may appear in God's sight like bitter mockery.

Houses of God, temples of worship, built in rich and massive beauty, may minister to the pride of rich and swelling congregations, who every Sabbath, delight to crowd broad and luxurious aisles, where they may listen to eloquent orations upon ancient doctrines and modern creeds, but are not pleasing in the sight of Him who reads human hearts and understands human natures. Wealth and beauty may beguile the senses and soul with a strange melody; the solemn rites, the holy bread and consecrated cup may act as divine restorers to those who worship the creature instead of the Creator. But God's true temple is humanity, and the splendid pomp of modern churches casts a shadow of gloom over the hearts and homes of the poor. If the Temple of God is to be rebuilt, other hands than purse-proud Christians must be called into active use. The Temple is now lying in unfinished ruins. Where shall we find the power to raise it up in its purity and holy beauty!

He who could destroy will come in his power, surrounded by a countless number of unseen witnesses, and Christ, the poor man's friend, will direct the rebuilding of God's great Temple of Humanity. The enslaved, the poor and lowly, the tempted, frail and sinful ones, will be used for foundation walls, instead of sculptured stones; and when the Royal Temple is finished, instead of massive towers and fretted spires, instead of costly pomp

and splendor, there will be the glow and glitter of goodness, purity and peace. Faith, hope and charity will be heard speaking lovingly and eloquently from its sacred altars; and when the bread of charity is passed to hungry hearts, and the consecrated cup of love goes round, men will know how God's true Temple was builded up. Then the grand melody of brotherly love will be heard from harps of ten thousand keys, and God himself will come in Spirit to serve in his Holy Temple.

Oh, the inward purity and love combined which will permeate the hearts of men! The noble Temple is finished when the Spirit which moved the blessed Christ stands in fair and shining garments in the living Temple of our God.

CORRESPONDENCE.

906 FILBERT ST., PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 20, '78.

DEAR BROTHER,—You are working marvelously well, for a sea-captain and shipbuilder; while now with others controlling the press and the destinies of nations; and you have succeeded beyond my own and others' expectations.

The angels are with thee, and who shall overthrow their works?

The Spiritual work, so well begun, cannot go backward. The diamond light stands on a hill, and not under a bushel. All can see it, and take warning, who will. I hope your delinquents will but cast themselves around, and understand the goodness and good-will that lies in their path, and present a liberal hand. Not only man, but angels, help those who are ready to do good work. The work is plainly written on their foreheads—their Spiritual fronts, which they shall carry with them to the Golden Throne; but will fail to enter the golden gates, until the utmost farthing is cancelled.

There is a stall in reserve for every inhabitant of the spheres. I do hope and pray that my lot will not be with, or stand adjoining, the great company of tobacco sensualists, when I shall stand in my place over there.

Go on, dear brother! Angels are at the helm. Their little flag, the VOICE, has been unfurled before the breeze of ignorance, superstition and bigotry, for three full years. Sail on, little craft, and take the little flock over the banks, and into the broad sea of 1879, rejoicing!

S. W. JEWETT, D. M.

I did not think of writing this for the VOICE. It is yours now.

S. W. J.

PEOPLE MORE THAN PLACE.—Every condition in life has its advantages and its peculiar source of happiness. It is not the houses and the streets that make the city, but those who frequent them; it is not the fields which make the country, but those who cultivate them. He is wisest who best utilizes his circumstances, or, to translate it, his surroundings; and happiness, if we deserve it, will find us, wherever our lot may be cast.

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

(For the Voice of Angels.)

RED-WING'S CHRISTMAS GREETING

TO THE MEMBERS OF

THE VOICE OF ANGELS' CIRCLE.

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF OWHEKA, DEC. 24TH, 1878.

Hail to the day when first we met
To form our Circle's friendship band!
To plan and purpose how to send
The light of Truth throughout the land;
Our purpose pure—the need was great—
Humanity sunk on every hand
In error's darkness, cheerless night,
Cried loud to us in Spirit-land.

Impelled by love for human good,
We joined our forces with your own,
In hope that in the prophet's time
To gather much from seed thus sown;
And now we come to greet you, friends,
On this great festive time of joy,
And point you to our harvest fruits,
That future time can ne'er destroy.

A heart full welcome has been given
To all we've wrought within your sphere;
They listened to your counsels wise,
While tears ran down, and heads grew clear.
Their dark conditions have been changed,
And hope been planted in each breast;
They live to help their fellows now,
And life to them is truly blest.

They sent the message through your sheet,
To friends they left at death's dark door,
Proving they are not lost nor dead,
But only passed just on before.
The mother's heart has bent with joy,
The father, too, has bowed his head,
And offered up his joyful thanks
To Great Manitou over head.

Yes, homes once filled with doubt and gloom,
Because of man's wrong view of death,
Now wear a Spring's perpetual bloom,
And Nature breathes a balmy breath;
For God, its author, is their friend,
And wisely doeth all things well;
He keeps and guides them to the end—
He has no children down in hell!

These are the fruits on life's fair tree,
As seen by us, which you have wrought;
We ask you still to work with us,
And for the future have no thought.
The present is the field of toil,
Then work it well, both soon and late,
And when death's angel sets you free,
We'll meet you at the open gate.

LIGHT FROM WITHIN.

When our hearts are filled with love,
And prayerfully each day
We seek with childlike trust to walk
As God has shown the way,
Putting aside our selfish aims
To lessen others' cares,
Believing God is ever near
To answer heartfelt prayers;
And faithfully his path we tread—
Rugged and uneven—
Patience and Faith will lead us to
Eternal rest in heaven.

M. E.

(For the Voice of Angels.)

LINES BY MINNIE W. IRVING,

[A clairvoyant, who was arrested for practicing Medicine without a Diploma, and thrown into Montrose Jail, Susquehanna Co., Penn., on complaint of Dr. E. N. Smith, of the above-named place.]

VIRTUE, thou goddess of the soul,
In thee doth triumph lie;
In thee lies hidden the soul's bequest,
Justice and Liberty.

In thee lies hidden the hate, the scorn,
Crushed by Oppression's ban;
In thee lies hidden the soul's request:
"Tis this—Freedom to Man.

And when the soul has been enslaved,
Of its just rights deprived,
'Tis then thou, like an angel's voice,
Speakest Liberty, not guile.

And in the past, when Oppression's wrongs
Has seemed to curvy the day,
Thou like an angel's hand hast borne
And carried all fear away.

And now, kind friend, in thee we trust,
To thee we give our all;
And when on Liberty's shore we stand,
We'll crown thee Lord of all.

NOTE.—The above should have followed the account of Mrs. Irving's imprisonment in Montrose, Penn., by our correspondent, J. H. Merrill; but owing to circumstances, it was unavoidably delayed until this issue.

Pub. Voice of Angels.

(For the Voice of Angels.)

LIVING POEMS.

BY SPIRIT JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCK, THROUGH HIS MEDIUM, M. T. SHELLHAMER.

EARTH is filled with rare creations
Of the poet's wondrous art,
Drawn from burning inspirations
In his sympathetic heart;
For the spirit of his genius
Dwells in every rock and hill,
Rounds in freedom through the forest,
Quiffs from every laughing rill.

Earth itself's a wondrous poem,
Full of measures strong and sweet,
From the royal stars above us
To the daisies 'neath our feet;
Traced in lines of living splendor
On the universal scroll,
By the kingly poet-master,
God, the great wise Over Soul.

All the universe is hovering
With the grand poetic fire,
In its evolutions weaving
Lines exquisite for the lyre;
One grand, sweet, majestic poem,
From the stately-marching spheres,
Through each form of life and being,
To the thinking mind appears.

But of all these grand creations,
Human life is rarest, best,
Forming one grand inspiration
At our God's divine behest;—
One eternal, rhythmic poem,
Full of melody sublime,
Ringling down the past of ages,
Rolling on through endless time.

Every life's a wondrous poem—
Some are fierce and dark and wild,
Like the surging of the tempest,
Or the sobbing of a child;
Some are marked with sad complainings,
Or laments for what is past;
Others rage like storms in winter,
With the furious, stinging blast.

Some lives are exquisite poems,
Sweet and tender, like the bloom
Of some fragrant wayside flower,
Pleasing with its rich perfume.
Some are sad—so sad with longing—
Plaintive, like some undertone,
Running through a woman's singing
With a sweetness of its own.

Some lives are so grand and glorious
That they set our souls afloat
With their noble, lofty bearing,
That no shadow can deter;
They are grand majestic poems,
Fit to lend the royal van,
Marching onward through the ages
Of God's universal plan.

All these poems shall be rounded
Into one grand song of praise,
When the school of life has altered
And perfected all our ways;
Then one glorious, ringing lyric
Shall ascend to God above,
With its undertones of sweetness
And its melody of love.

MAGNETISM is the pabulum by which spirits communicate, Psychology the influence. These are the secret virtues of magic, witchcraft and mediumship in every age, and human nature changes not.—*Art Magic*, page 460.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

BRO. DENSMORE,—In the last number of the VOICE OF ANGELS I see a communication purporting to come from the Spirit of Hettie Benton, through C. E. Winans.

I recognize in the message the language and manner of expression of my step-mother, who passed away three years ago last November.

She gives the name of her oldest son, who preceded her but a short time.

She sends her message to two persons. The first part is directed to her husband; then a portion to myself.

She speaks of my mother, giving her correct name.

The remainder of the message is directed to her husband.

This is not the first message I have received from my loved mothers. Many times has my heart been made glad, and my soul filled with joy, as they would tell me of the reality and beauties of the Glory-land. For three years or more, I have held an ostracized position in the M. E. Church, on account of my opinions relative to Spirit-Communion; but I don't suffer it to damp my joy or spoil my peace.

Thanks to my loving mother for the message, and to you for publishing it.

Your friend and brother,

A BENTON.

(For the Voice of Angels.)

A RAINBOW IN THE NIGHT.

On the 2d and 4th of September, 1878, we—that is, our family—saw a well-defined rainbow in the Northern heavens—the first at half-past eight, and the other about seven o'clock in the evening. It was a truly wonderful sight, and forcibly reminded me of the words of Jesus, when he said, "In the last days there shall be signs in the heavens above and in the earth beneath. In the sun and moon and stars, the sea and waves roaring. Wars and rumors of wars, and many falling by the edge of the sword. There shall be famines and pestilence, and distress such as never was before. The rich and haughty, and all that oppress the poor shall be brought low."

Tell me, oh, ye wise ones, when was there ever a time in all the past ages when these predictions and prophecies were so nearly fulfilled as at the present time? Look abroad all over the world, and see distress stalk forth, hand in hand with misery and death.

"And then shall the end come," says Christ. "And then shall ye see the Son

of Man coming in the clouds of heaven in power and great glory, attended by ten thousand of his saints, to judge the world in equity and righteousness."

To me, it is evident that forty years ago, old Father Miller, of Second Advent fame, saw, though perhaps with dim vision, a great and mighty wave in the Spiritual future, that caused him to lift up his voice and cry aloud to the inhabitants of earth to be up and doing, ready and waiting, "for the Son of Man cometh; go ye out to meet him."

I believe we are now living in the Spiritual reign of Christ. The signs of the times point that way, as all who read and reflect will bear me witness. When, in all the history of the past, was there such upheavals in old theological dogmas and creeds as at present?—when such agitation and commotion in the political world, as now?

Systems and institutions are going by the board, and one might truthfully say, "The world is turned upside down." God says, through one of his prophets, that "I will turn, and overturn, and overturn, till He whose right it is to reign shall reign."

I verily believe that Christ has come to reign in the Spirit, and is pouring his inspirations on his chosen instrumentalities, which we call Spiritual Mediums, through whom he works. And he is calling upon all pure-minded men and women, everywhere, to join forces with him, to put down iniquity in the land in all its various forms, and to establish the reign of peace and harmony and love.

And how do you think God is to do all this, without the aid of instrumentalities? I answer, the Spirits in the body, clasping hands with those who have been disembodied, are the chosen instruments of the Almighty, to do his glorious work. The Spiritual Kingdom of the Eternal God has come down to the earth, to join forces with those who are trying to restore a sinful and disunited race of men to a unity of love and harmony, over which God himself may well rejoice.

Friends, I give you a warning note. Think of these things, and study them well; lay them to heart, lest you be found fighting against God.

Mrs. J. A. CAMPBELL.

THE VOICE.—The intellect of a man sits visibly enthroned upon his forehead and in eye, and the heart of man is written upon his countenance. But the soul reveals itself in the voice only, as God revealed Himself to the prophets of old in the still small voice, and in the voice from the burning bush.—*Longfellow.*

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

Boston, Dec. 22, 1878.

DEAR BROTHER DENSMORE,—In your issue of Dec. 15th, appears a communication through T. M. S., purporting to come from my darling child, Eva.

I recognize the message as genuine, and cheerfully comply with her request, which is a Christmas present, consisting in sending three dollars to you; \$1.65 of which is to go on the paper, to be sent to my store the coming year; this is Gussie's present; the remaining \$1.35 is to be credited to the Tunie Fund, for darling Eva, as she is a member of the band belonging to the Voice.

I would further state that all the names of Spirit-friends which Eva gives are correct.

With much love to all my Spirit-friends, I will close by wishing them all a Merry Christmas.

Please let me know if you have received the money.

Yours, Respectfully,

CURTIS CLARK,

No. 53 Church Street, Boston.

THE PRESENT YEARNING OF HUMANITY.

Oh, friend! who art dying today,
Is it true that no sign can come?
Will you send no tidings back,
No message to friends at home?
If a new world you should reach,
Beyond Death's Western Sea,
May not a chain of thought be stretched
From shore to shore for me?—

A little thrill of your life,
A little pulse of your love,
Which the billows cannot cool,
Which the torrents cannot move?
Oh, friend, if you reach the shore—
Friend on whose heart I lean—
If you speak but a word I can know,
There will yawn no sea between!

Danner of Light.

BIBLE READING UNDER FIRE IN BATTLE.

Apropos to the return to Philadelphia of Mr. James E. Murdoch, the veteran, though still hale and vigorous actor and orationist, a soldier correspondent sends to the *Ledger* the following interesting incident that occurred while Mr. Murdoch was in the camp of the Army of the Cumberland during the recent war:

"While the Army of the Cumberland was besieged at Chattanooga, Mr. Murdoch visited our troops. He was specially endeared to our army, as his gallant son had fallen mortally wounded at the battle of Chickamauga, while cheering on a regiment to the charge. Mr. Murdoch, among other patriotic services, read to our soldiers in their camps. These occasions were always impressive; but one reading was especially so. It was on a Sabbath afternoon; the soldiers had gathered on a hillside, from the brow of which the reader discoursed. All around were the fortifications of our army, while beyond them rose the heights of Mission

Ridge and the frowning crest of Lookout Mountain. It happened that the location selected for the reading was within range of the enemy's larger cannon, and soon after the audience were stilled by the power and beauty of Mr. Murdoch's voice, as he read to them the sacred words of Scripture, the rebels, noticing the unusual gathering, directed their guns upon the assemblage. Mr. Murdoch continued undisturbed by the shells, which for a time fell wide of their mark, but after awhile they dropped in closer proximity, and finally the gathering was moved to a more secure location, in response to the following characteristic message from General Sheridan to his aide-de-camp: 'Go and tell that congregation to change their location, or the rebel shells will knock open their pew doors.'"

—*Public Ledger.*

IF I SHOULD DIE TONIGHT.

If I should die tonight,
My friends would look upon my quiet face,
Before they laid it in its resting-place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair;
And, laying snow-white flowers against my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress—
Poor hands, so empty and so cold tonight.

If I should die tonight,
My friends would call to mind, with loving thought,
Some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought,
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said;
Errands on which the willing feet had sped;
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words, would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned tonight.

If I should die tonight,
Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully.
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And soften, in the old familiar way;
For who would war with dumb, unconscious clay?
So I might rest, forgiven of all, tonight.

Oh, friends, I pray tonight,
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow;
The way is lonely, let me feel them now.
Think gently of me; I am travel-worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn;
Forgive, oh, hearts estranged, forgive, I plead!
When dreamless rest is mine, I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long tonight.

[D. S., in *Christian Union*.]

THE PASSING OF LIFE.—If we die to-day the sun will shine as brightly, and the birds will sing as sweetly to-morrow. Business will not be suspended a moment, and the great mass will not bestow a thought upon our memories. "Is he dead?" will be the solemn inquiry of a few, as they pass to their work. But no one will miss us except our immediate connections, and in a short time they will forget and laugh as merrily as when we sat beside them. Thus shall we all, now active in life, pass away. Our children crowd close behind us, and they will soon be gone. In a few years, not a living being can say, "I remember him." We lived in another age, and did business with those who slumber in the tomb. Thus is life! How rapidly it passes!

GOD accepteth the gifts of the poor; but he will not accept the poor gifts of the rich.—*E. A. H. P.*

THAT is the best part of beauty which a picture cannot express.

SOME flowers must be broken or bruised to emit any fragrance.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION:

FAIR VIEW HOUSE, NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS.

Spirit, L. JUDD PARDEE, Editor-in Chief.

" D. K. MINER, Business Manager

D. C. DENSMORE, Announcer and Publisher.

NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS., JAN. 15, 1879.

EXPLANATORY.

DEAR FRIENDS AND PATRONS,—About a week ago, my darling Tunie came to me in the evening, when I was convalescing from a severe illness, and said, "When you get a little better, father, I want to speak to you upon an important subject." I asked, "Why not tell me now?" Her answer was, "I had rather wait until you are stronger." I was then just beginning to recover, as before stated, from a long and dangerous illness, (typhoid pneumonia.)

Thinking it of not much importance, I had quite forgotten it until this morning, (Jan. 3, 1879,) when she made her appearance again, and at once reminded me of her desire, a week ago, to talk with me when I was stronger. She commenced by saying that upon receiving the last number of last year, calling upon delinquents to pay up their arrears, with hardly an exception, all our patrons who were behind in their dues, if ever so little, took it to themselves, and to liquidate their liabilities, many of them strained and pinched themselves in the actual necessities of life. "Now, what I want to say," said she, "is that you shall put a little piece in our paper, telling those dear, hard-working, honest souls that what was meant by delinquents applied *only* to those who had paid but little, if anything, for nearly three years, and *not* to those who had done the best they could, by paying a little at a time, with the assurances of more whenever they could possibly spare it. Since you made that call, I have visited hundreds of such families, and with inexpressible pain and grief have witnessed the shifts resorted to by these people, in order to raise the necessary funds to renew their subscriptions. Some would say, 'It is but little, let us try and do without something we have been accustomed to; for we *must* have the paper, if it is a possible thing;' and by dint of curtailing and economizing their everyday expenses, many have succeeded. Then again, there are others, equally earnest, who, after figuring and calculating every way possible to raise the money, were compelled at last to say, 'We must give up our little gem until times are better.' This is no fancy sketch, dear father; for such scenes are transpiring all over the

land today. These scenes and incidents in everyday life are not confined wholly to the humble poor, but many who are considered 'well-to-do' in the world are equally cramped oftentimes to pay current expenses. This you know to be true, because you have experienced it yourself. Hence it often happens that the reputedly wealthy, if they fail to be on time, are negligent in paying up only because of their inability to do so.

"Thus I have told you how things stand with the great mass of humanity; and as the exception to this rule is a small percent., compared to the whole, we must have patience, for in due time every one will gladly contribute their portion to sustain our little paper in its efforts to liberate humanity from the galling bonds of superstition and ignorance.

"Excuse me for taking so much of your time, dear father; but when I get a chance to chat with you, especially upon the above theme, I never know when to stop."

The above I take for granted is correct, because Tunie has said so. Now, friends, this should not be; for if you find you cannot contribute but little at a time, you have the privilege of doing so; and as you have often been told before, if you are unable to pay anything, don't hesitate to inform me of the fact, and I will cordially put you on the free-list, and you need not feel humbled or under the slightest obligation to any. Tunie has given me a great many names to put on the free list; and when we are mailing the papers, she and her constant companion, Jennie Sprague, are always around to see if we don't miss some of the poor ones. You will see that at every issue the Tunie fund is constantly increasing; and although it does not come up to the expenses of the poor department, yet it is a great help to me, and every one has a rightful claim to their part of it. So have no hesitancy, friends, to tell me when you are unable to pay; for I know by painful experience, as well as you do, what it is to want for the simplest nourishment to keep soul and body together—not once, but hundreds of times; and hence can sympathize with you in all your "ups and downs," especially the "downs."

Excuse me for chatting so unceremoniously with you, on the ground that not one of you appears to me as a stranger; for to tell the exact truth, every time I sit down to address you on any subject, I seem to see you all around me. Hence, I write as fearlessly and confidently as if you were surrounding me in my office. I

don't know how this feeling of familiarity with strangers comes about, unless it is that Tunie often takes me with her on her missions of love, to witness with her scenes as above described. And although neither of us are recognized by the parties we visit, and I seldom remember what has transpired on our journeys, yet they feel our presence by the influences we carry with us, and I feel on coming to consciousness a sweet, delightful sensation pervading my whole being. Although unconscious where I have been, and rarely remembering the looks of those we visit, yet I know I have been away from home. Sometimes Tunie tells me where we have been and whom we have seen on our trip, which to me is very interesting.

In conclusion, allow me to say that if I have been too prolix or lengthy in my remarks, you must do the same by me, and square the account; and whatever else you do, *don't* stop the paper for want of funds; for if you are true to your inner selves, some way will turn up to assist not only you, but your humble servant,

D. C. DENSMORE,
Publisher of "Voice of Angels."

P. S.—As stated somewhere in the above, I have been very sick the past four weeks, with typhoid pneumonia, and at one time the chances of ever getting about again were very precarious; but the tide turned in my favor, and I am now rapidly improving.

I write this postscript to let you know that *my* delinquency in not responding to letters is not the result of carelessness or thoughtlessness.

D. C. D.

BOOK REVIEW.

THROUGH the courtesy of Colby & Rich, proprietors of the *Banner of Light* Publishing House, 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, Mass., we have received a new book, entitled, "Logic of Facts," by Almira Kidd. It treats of Occultism, Spiritism, and Materialism. Showing the different phases of Spirit-life, by her own experience, obtained by association with disembodied humanity.

We have carefully perused the above work, and although there are some things in it not in harmony with our own experiences in the same direction; yet taking it all in all, it is one of the most instructive and interesting books we ever read, and we unhesitatingly recommend it to the favorable consideration of all progressive minds, whether Spiritualists or not; for none can read it without being made wiser and better in its perusal. It is printed with large clear type, on fine paper, and well bound. Cloth, 156 pp. Price \$1.00, postage free. For sale by Colby & Rich.

Pub. *Voice of Angels*.

ANOTHER NOBLE WORKER GONE TO REST.

Sickness prevented our making, at the time it occurred, any remarks upon the death of one of God's noblemen, Dr. HENRY F. GARDNER, who passed to a higher sphere of usefulness on the 6th of December, 1878. Dr. G. was widely known as a generous, noble, kind-hearted gentleman, good and tolerant to the poor, and won by his genial, great soul, the adulation and love of all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. He was always found on the side of the oppressed, whether rich or poor, and ever ready to render aid and comfort wherever he thought it was merited, as the writer can fully testify, having been the happy recipient of many spontaneous favors from his benevolence. He was ever in the foremost rank in every good word and work, whether it was popular or not; and when Spiritualism made its debut upon the scene, he took an active interest in its claims, and left no stone unturned to ascertain its merits. After a long, patient and exhaustive investigation of the subject, he became convinced that it was worthy the consideration of all, and with this view uppermost in his progressive mind, he travelled extensively, making a trip to California in its interest, and whenever he saw a favorable chance for sowing the seeds of the new philosophy, he improved the opportunity.

Dr. Gardner was born in Hingham, Mass., in Feb., 1812. In his boyhood he followed the fishing business, and afterwards learned the blacksmith trade, which he followed for a number of years. Subsequently, in Springfield, Mass., he studied medicine, obtained his diploma in the old school of practice, but did not long follow it, because he found by experience that treating the sick with roots and herbs, properly compounded, was more natural and consequently more effective. No sooner had he learned this fact, than true to his progressive nature, he abandoned allopathy altogether and adopted what was then called "Thompson's System of Practice," in which he was eminently successful, more, however, on account of his healing powers, (so he often told his friends,) than through the efficacy of medicine administered.

When Spiritualism made its presence known, he abandoned his extensive and lucrative practice in Springfield, and moved to Boston, where he entered wholly and totally into the unfolding of the truths of the new philosophy.

Dr. Gardner had been a great sufferer from illness many months before he was finally released from his physical body, and it must have been a welcome relief to his suffering Spirit. The funeral services over the remains of the lamented dead were celebrated at Parker Memorial Hall in Boston, Sunday, Dec. 8. The spacious Hall was filled to repletion, hundreds failing to gain an entrance. The body was lying in an elaborately trimmed casket. The floral tributes from loving friends were profuse and very beautiful. The services commenced by singing and reading selections appropriate to the occasion, when Mrs. C. L. V. Richmond offered prayer, after which the

Spirit of George Thompson, the renowned English philanthropist, controlled the Medium, giving an account of his experiences on entering Spirit-Life. He spoke of the great relief that overflowed his newly-arisen soul, and a sense of liberty that must come to every Spirit upon being released from his physical body. After Mr Thompson finished his discourse, the guides of Mrs. R. gave a brief memorial on the life and services of Dr. Gardner in the cause of Spiritualism, and the singing by the choir of the "Sweet By-and-bye," and a benediction by the speaker, closed the services over the worn-out body of one of the truest, kindest men that ever lived. After the viewing of the remains by the audience, the body was taken to Cedar Grove Cemetery for interment.

SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE,
DEC. 22, 1878,

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELHAMER.

INVOCATION, BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

OH, thou mysterious source of life! Thou in whose presence we ever move, and towards whom we are ever tending. We offer to thee the incense of our Spirits, as we praise thee for the lesson read, teaching us of thy care ever extended over all thy creatures. We thank thee that the provision made is adequate to meet the wants of thy children, who are ever sustained by thy care and kindness.

Oh, may the lesson be impressed on every Spirit, that the future may be improved; that they may look up to thee and acknowledge their relationship with thee.

Now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be. But through all, we know that we are safe in thy keeping, and that every child will be cared for through eternity; while the future unfolds thy wondrous love and Fatherly care.

Oh, grant thy blessing unto this circle, that the work may be perpetuated, and thy name be glorified through thy Spirits who return to do thy will on earth, even as it is done in heaven.

Oh, blessed ones who are with us here assembled, we ask thy continued aid and co-operation. Sustain the physical, direct the Spiritual, that only truth shall go out from this place, and let each Spirit feel the presence and the Spirit of God which pervades the Spiritual universe.

HARRIET BRADFORD.

My name is Harriet Bradford. I passed away from Boston. I come to send my love to my husband and sister, and to say that I have met father; and he sends his greeting. I am free from pain, now, and am very happy. My little ones are

with me; but not as when I laid them away; for they have grown and expanded into maturity. I was just past fifty. My friends will receive my letter. I thank you.

HELEN S. ABBOTT.

GOOD evening, sir. I come again because I did not succeed as I wished before. I come to bring a message of love to father and my brothers. Mother is here tonight, and she, too, sends love.

We were so pleased with that beautiful hymn you sang—"Nearer my God to Thee." It is a favorite of mine. I come with Christmas greetings to father, and to John and Charlie. I bring them the garland of love to crown their spirits with peace. We know that some things have not been smooth for them in the past year; but we often come to bless and comfort. Please, father, accept our love; believe that we are guarding you with our blessings, and that we shall guide you onward in the safe path that leads to the Summer-Land.

I am Helen S. Abbott. Please send to Mr. John G. Abbott, 90 High street, Charlestown District, Mass.

LUCY ALCOTT.

I HAVE been here before, also, sir, but I desire to come again to bless my father's heart. I come to him very often, and enter into communion with his Spirit, which is very sweet to us both. I have been with him in the twilight today, and he has felt my presence. He knows that it is just eight months day before yesterday since I passed to my Spirit-home; that I am now happy and free from pain, and that I sometimes sing to him the songs I used to love.

[You must tell him something by which he will know this is you.]

My father will not be likely to be deceived, for I come so close to his spirit, he would know right away if it was false.

Dear father, I come at this glad season of the year with the happiest wishes of my Spirit. I know that this will not reach you in time; but I shall be with you on the sweet Christmas time I always loved so well—that season when I always wanted you with me—to exchange the gifts of the Spirit with you—love, sympathy and heavenly peace. Then when the twilight softly falls upon the frosty earth, you will feel and know that the angels are hovering around, with blessings for your soul.

I am Lucy Alcott. I thank you. Please send to the Rev. William Alcott, Swift River, Cummington, Mass.

KATIE KINSEY.

It was in the beautiful Summer time that I passed away from earth, but not from the love, the true home affections of my parents' hearts. Then the birds, the flowers and the zephyrs made life beautiful and glad, and earth rang with the melody of perfected Spring. Now the frosts of winter have appeared—the cold blast and the biting storm. I loved the glad, warm Summer. I love the winter, too, with its diadem of glittering ice-gems, and its white drapery of snow covering all unsightly places with a robe of purity, just as the mantle of charity, drawn by the hand of pitying kindness, covers all unsightly blemishes in the lives of those around it.

I come with gladness tonight, not weak and worn with pain, but strong and robust, to bring the stalks of creamy white Christmas lilies, that breathe only purity and peace, and to plant them in the hearts of my darling mother and father, with the blessings of all their dear ones who have developed and are developing the graces of Spiritual culture in the higher life.

Oh, father, oh, mother, it is so beautiful! Here the forces, the attributes of the Spirit do not ripen at the expense of the external form. Spirit-growth is so natural, so in harmony with outward law, that the inner keeps pace with the outer, and both expand together. The student presents no paling cheek, no wasted frame; for knowledge is gained while living in accordance with nature's laws.

My Spirit is expanding, developing. I am daily gaining strength. My instructors are judicious and kind; and it is so glorious to express with perfected language the true, pure essence of thought that permeates the Spirit.

By-and-bye we will meet you and greet you, oh, so lovingly, in our own dear Spirit-home. Until then we come to you daily, nestling in our sweet old home, drawing love and sympathy from your souls, bringing peace and affection to crown your spirits. Five jewels flash a radiance of celestial love towards you tonight from this place. Five gems, polished by the hand of the great Lapidary, shine in your crown of light that awaits you up above.

Yes, sir, I have been before, but not here. We frequently come. We have manifested tangibly, satisfactorily, at different places. Last Summer we came unmistakably, way off in the West. A year ago the Fall just past, some of us tried to manifest at Mrs. Boothby's, Boston. We

come as often as we can. Our home is full of harmony and love, and it strengthens our Spirits to come, while it consoles our parents to believe we are with them. My uncle, who passed away many years ago by accident, has gained a great deal of experience and knowledge by associating often with my father, at the bank and elsewhere; and he blesses father for his faith in Spirit-ministration, for it is of great assistance to him.

The Spirit-editor of this paper kindly tells me that if I feel at any time to write out my thoughts, or to give expression to my ideas of life in the Spirit through this Medium, he will be pleased to publish them. I thank him, and may avail myself of the kind offer. Should I do so, father and all will recognize me under the *nom de plume* of "Spirit Violet," as that is the name I shall assume. I love the violets. Their sweet perfume sheds an atmosphere of beauty around me, and they breathe of innocence and peace.

I know not as I have given all I could wish, but must not trespass longer. I thank you very kindly. My name is Katie Kinsey. I came from Cincinnati. Father's name is Joseph.

FATHER TAYLOR.

LAND ahead, chairman! [We are glad to hear the news.] This is really the snuggest little craft I have come across for many a day. I am glad to be here. It's just the place for me tonight. Some good soul has brought two poor mariners hither, who look as though they had been down in the pitch and tar and need cleansing. I shall take them in hand. Now, I want to make myself heard through your little sheet, and to say to every poor soul struggling with the waves, Keep right on: never fear but what your boat will float; there's land ahead, and if you but look aloft you will see the beacon light guiding you onward. I am glad to say that I have sailed so far over the voyage of life, that I can discern smooth waters and a safe harbor beyond for every soul. It may be a long and a tortuous voyage for some, but eventually the haven will be reached.

I am still interested in helping in my humble way the poor mariner. Spiritually his condition needs looking after. But when I remember the situation of poor Jack forty years ago, as compared with it today, in an external sense, it gives me faith and cheer in human progress. I have been down to the old Bethel, but my labors are not confined there now.

I bless all my friends. I thank God that one more dear one of my family—a

beloved daughter—has within this year, safely landed upon the heavenly shore. You may call me Father Taylor.

MESSAGES GIVEN DEC. 29, 1878.

LITTLE HELEN.

[This Spirit appeared to be intensely bright and beautiful, as sensed by the Medium and seen by the Chairman. To the Medium, the little one seemed to be fairly dancing with pleasure.]

I WANT to send a New Year's kiss. [You do?] Yes, a bright, happy New Year's kiss to grandpa. I come here to bring it, and to bring a sweet, white lily to my own lady—my Medium, I mean. You just say it's little Helen. Grandpa will know why I come. I love my grandpa. He's so good to all the little Spirits. He writes about me to the papers, too.

Don't you think all my dear people would be glad to have me come? [Yes, dear.] Well, they are not. No one like grandpa. They won't believe it's me. Oh, I've got such a darling little sister. I love her. We come right around her and make her grow so Spiritual.

Ain't you glad I went away to the pretty Spirit-World, grandpa, so I can come and sing you sweet songs, and bring the poor little Spirits to see my pretty things and to get better, and so I can lead you right home? 'Cause I come with love for you and mamma and grandma and Emma, and oh, everybody, and my dear, darling Medium, and her teacher brings her strength, and makes the people's hearts warm towards her.

Little Helen comes to greet you
From her Spirit-home above;
Comes with happiness to meet you,
Nestling like a cooling dove
In your Spirit's true affections,
Feeding on your perfect love.

Little Helen comes to grandpa,
Bringing him sweet peace and rest;
Comes with words of love to Martha,
With the lily on her breast;
Comes to whisper of the angels,
And the mansions of the blest.

This is little Helen's New Year's offering to grandpa, at Philadelphia, and Medi. I am glad to see everybody here. I don't know you, but I love you all. Good-bye. [Good-bye, dear. Come again.]

ELLA HAMILTON.

I AM a stranger, but would like to try and reach my mother, who feels so badly because I died. [You are welcome.] I don't expect mother and father will believe right away, but if they will go somewhere where I can come and talk, I think I can make them know I live, and often come to try and bless them. My darling mother is so lonesome, now. I want to try and cheer her up. Say I bring her

such sweet love; that I am happy and strong, now; that I shall love her and all the dear ones through all the coming years, and will watch for them until they come. My father, too, is sad. His name is Robert. I want him to know that all is for the best.

Please say that in this beautiful world, children grow until they arrive at maturity; that they learn far more than here, and there is no check to their development. I suppose all this will sound strange; but if they will give me a chance, I will tell them far more. I know how earthly affairs have gone, and we sympathize. My name is Ella Hamilton. I am fourteen years old. I died in Boston. My mother's name is Lydia Hamilton.

[Please send to Mrs. Lydia Hamilton, Boston, Mass.]

JEREMIAH DAVIS.

[We were told that this Spirit was brought in order to awaken him to a realization of his condition. It was some time before he aroused from the stupor which seemed to hold him.]

I must have been asleep. Where am I, anyway? [He was told.] This is strange; I don't understand it. Did you say my body is dead, and I'm a Spirit? [Yes.] I don't know how long it's been so. I'm an old man, gone seventy, but can't make anything out of this. You're a stranger to me, and I don't know where this place is; but my name is Jeremiah Davis, and I belong to Springfield, Massachusetts.

[He was informed of his whereabouts, and after a few more words of counsel on the part of the Chairman, the Spirit withdrew.]

RENA I. BALL.

Will you kindly permit me to send a greeting of love to my dear mother and darling grandma? [Yes, indeed.] Please say I come with happy wishes for all the coming days of the New Year, and laden with love and sympathy from all their dear ones in the Spirit-World. Please say I still reiterate my joy at the change; such sweet love, such perfect freedom from pain, such golden opportunities to do what we wish.

My name, sir, is Rena I. Ball. Not Rena Eyeball, but Rena—I.—Ball. I wish my message to go to Weymouth. It was all beautiful; but I was so glad when grandpa came. It seemed like home, then. A familiar face that I had seen nearly all my life was very dear to me. How I hastened to meet and welcome him, so he would meet first one he has always loved and petted—his little lamb. He sends

love now. I am glad grandma did what she did a little time ago. It brought me here.

Please give my love to all my friends, and say I thank them for the beautiful, beautiful flowers. It was more like a fairy bower, than a scene of mourning. Please also give my love to Mr. Stiles and dear Mrs. Willis, and all the kind Mediums who have permitted me to speak and send words of affection to those I so love. Only one thing could complete my perfect joy—the presence of my dear mother and her mother. But I wait for that, and am preparing a beautiful home for them in the Summer-Land.

I thank you, sir.

[Selected by M. J. K.]

THE BETTER LAND.

"I HEAR thee speak of the better land,
Thou callest its children a happy band;
Mother! Oh, where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle boughs?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
Or the date grows ripe under sunny skies?—
Or, 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds on their starry wings
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?—
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep sounds of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom;
For beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child!"

Felicia Hemans.

ANOTHER VERIFICATION.

TULARE CITY, Cal., Dec. 14, 1878.

D. C. DENSMORE:—*Dear Sir,*—We rejoice to see in your issue of Dec. 1st, what purports to be a communication from our beloved daughter Flora. It is truly characteristic of her, and if she can communicate through your Medium, Miss Shelhamer, we will rejoice to hear from her or her sisters in Spirit-Life at any time it may please them to do so.

It is a source of great pleasure to us to get a word, even, from our loved ones who have gone on to the Summer-land. We are only waiting to join them.

Yours, with thanks, and hope of further communication,

W. F. CARTMILL.

How difficult it is for a suffering man to be a good man!—*Goethe.*

MALIGNITY generally drinks the greatest part of its own poison.—*Seneca.*

PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

"WEST INGLE'S" DEPARTMENT.

TO MARY MUNSON OF MARSHALL, CAL.

A Spirit calling herself Dora Munson comes up before me, young, fair and beautiful. She stands before me clad in the garments of purity, which only adorn those who live sinless lives on the earth, and pass away leaving sorrowing hearts behind them. I seem to feel a mother's sorrow, and possibly a father's grief.

Does Mary Munson look upon Dora's grave and dream of a happy meeting in the Summer-land of the soul? I do not hear the word mother spoken, yet I have felt a thrill of a mother's love go through my heart, as if Dora Munson was calling for her mother, and others near and dear to her.

Near her is an aged man, whose noble face and intellectual forehead proclaims him a Spirit controlling powerful physical forces, and he also calls the name of Mary Munson. A brave, good man, and one who suffered and struggled through life seeking for truth and reality. Losses and disappointments did not harden his heart, nor weaken his love for his fellow-man. He seems to look upon his earth-life as a dream, and eternity gave him the first gleam of the real and true life.

I think his name is Aldrich—Charles Aldrich; and a sweet-faced woman near him gives the name of Olive M. Aldrich. There seems to be several young people with them; two bearing the same name of those I have described.

If Mr. Munson, the companion of Mary Munson, would come forward and acknowledge the power of his Spirit-friends, they would help him in his coming troubles, when business trials perplex and discourage him. Dora says she can help him in all coming time. There is love and peace in the relation they bear to each other. There are many friends and neighbors seem to gather around.

I should say Mary Munson ought to be a happy-hearted woman, and judging by the Spirit-guides, I should say she was very mediumistic, and her Spirit-friends are gathering in numbers about her in order to develop her Spiritual gifts. A strong and well-balanced mind is revealed by the influence she has over those who love her. Even the Spirits hold her sacred, as one blessed of the Lord. A long line of ancestors bearing English characteristics, with those rare qualities belonging to a brave, intelligent race, come forward as guides, and many of them were superior to the general classes

of their fellow-men. Separating the Munsons from her own family, I find both families powerful in Spiritual forces, and a harmonious blending of Spiritual elements show them to be true and generous in heart and feelings; and gathering together, they come near, rejoicing over the change which has taken place in the minds and hearts of their earthly friends. They may act as helpers, when they find their beloved ones in trouble.

Grandfather Munson says, Tell Mary she is destined to behold Divine revelations in her day. He says also that he died expecting to find hell; but he never felt he should go there himself. He was a man of peculiar ideas, and they were never withheld through fear of wounding the feelings of others. Truth was his ideal, and he was not afraid to defend it at all times and in all places.

Dora Munson comes before me as a young girl, fair and beautiful, and her loss must have left a vacant place in the hearts of her parents and friends. Cut off from the earthly life while yet in girlish purity, she comes back as a ministering Spirit to the hearts bitterly mourning her untimely loss. A mother's heart following her beyond the vale has seen by faith her beautiful Spirit-life, and knows it is well with her child. The father knows more than language can express, and though he may not acknowledge the truth, his heart treasures the hope of a happy meeting in another life. He says:

"I say to your sister Mary, Be of good cheer. Your loved ones are near you. Dora, Charles and Olive, with many your letter cannot mention, are near you. One lost in girlhood comes back, bringing a bunch of forget-me-nots, which are symbolical of undying love. Be of good cheer; the clouds are breaking away, and you are yet to become a powerful helper in the Spiritual Church."

Dora says, "Don't make any change at present."

ELLA CASTLE, TO HER BELOVED MOTHER AND FRIENDS, IN LOWELL, LAKE CO., IND.

My heart goes out to you all, my dear mother, and I have tried to communicate with you many times during the last few months; but there are conditions surrounding you that I cannot overcome nor harmonize. Mother knows what those conditions are better than any one else.

I would like to say a few words in this message to George and Mortimer. They are not firm in their religious belief, and while they are in this uncertain state of mind, all is dark and mysterious. They cannot recognize Spiritualism as a true

theory. They feel a sort of pride that Spiritualism is not popular in the world at large; nevertheless it will soon become the universal belief of nations.

I hear all that is said by my earthly friends, and many of George's ideas are good, and indicate deep thought. He gets by impression the knowledge required for rapid mental development. Watch the course of nature, dear George, and as the dark distant ocean intimates eternity, rolling in its uninterrupted rounds, so the soul must live and progress from one sphere to another, till it reaches its final resting-place, and that place is the holy of holies, the heart of life.

Mortimer, you are directing your thoughts in the right direction. You have made up your mind not to believe a theory until you have ample proof of its practical truth, and you are right. Oh, dear Mort, do believe I am able to come to you and help you whenever you are in trouble or perplexed. Call me, and see if I do not change conditions for you. Be careful of the changes you make. They will prove stepping-stones by which you will mount to conditions far above the present. I am sure you will come out all a fond mother or sister could ask for. You will live to exercise power over your fellow-men for good; and when you are honored and respected among our friends and neighbors, remember Ella helped to place you there.

And Mortimer, you dear and faithful boy—I might say man, but you will always be boy to me—as long as you have the tender, loving heart and the noble principles which bring you so near to me. You, too, have had to struggle, dear Mort. Have you grown weary, brother? Have you lost faith in all who love you? By-and-bye you will know how constantly I have been engaged with your affairs. You have got so many noble talents which I do not want to see wasted or buried in a napkin, for I desire to see them all actively employed for the happiness of our suffering fellow-beings. Your own family and others may be made happier for your kindness and energy. You ought to have been a minister of the gospel. All of you know what I mean. You are mediumistic, and possess more than a common share of intuition. You know what is coming to you weeks ahead, and many times when you are alone, you know yourself to be surrounded by unseen friends. You know when I am near you, and am acting as your protecting guide. You will see me after a time, and it will seem to you as if death was near. There

will be around you a band of helpers. During the next few years, you will be prosperous and happy, for you are guarded by a band of Spirits, who are able to carry you onward to the work appointed for you.

I want you all to be happy, and make the best use of your intellectual and Spiritual powers, while you live on the earth. Be kind to mother, and do all you can to make her lot pleasant. Father knows all, sees all, and feels the necessity of doing all he can. The past is to him as a troubled dream. Oh, we shall be happy in the coming time, when we are united in this beautiful home, where death can no more sunder loving hearts! God's angels will guard you; and remember I am still living, and loving you now as ever. Ella Castle is Ella still. Dear mother and friends, be cheerful and happy. Good night.

ELLA.

TO D. C. DENSMORE,

FROM AARON WILKINS AND CAPTAIN JAMES THOMSON.

BROTHER DENSMORE,—I never controlled mortal before; but I want to speak to you as one earnest soul may speak at times to another. Like you, my life was one mighty effort to aid and cheer others. How long and disappointing your life has been, how full of hopes deferred; but no victory was ever won without a struggle, no triumph without corresponding losses.

Now, my brother, I am and always was a queer Spirit. Even in the body I was noted for my odd ways and theories. I was a man before my time, and I would like mightily to speak of the things which I know, according to a natural and just law, must be true and must come to pass. I used to think matters over, and had some idea of the real course of events, before I passed off.

Well, I found myself astonished, perfectly astonished at the reality. Why, what can the human family be thinking of, to believe as they try to? for they do not really succeed, and only profess what they do not possess. I always believed in nature and common sense, and also believed every man had certain rights which ought to be respected, and I have not changed my mind one mite—not one mite. Nothing I have found here has given me reason to do so. I have a good memory, and can still remember all that people fought over when I was on the earth. I was more in fellowship with St. Paul than any other character in the Bible. He frankly confesses when he would do good. Evil was always present with him. I would like to see the person

who could not make a like confession, and not lie much either. Truth is truth, and no new theory can upset it, though law and gospel both have tried it, and more people are living a grand mistake than you have any idea of. They will not find it out till they come to die, and then it will be made clear to them in the form of a revelation. I thought I would like to know what is going on, and let you know that all you are doing is according to revelation, and strictly according to reason and charity.

You will live to see your boy full-grown, and be proud to acknowledge him as your offspring. I have given in my testimony, and will say good night cheerfully, after I have made one more remark.

The more a man does for others, the larger and happier his heart grows, the stronger and clearer become his mental faculties, the more he polishes them in his efforts to make others understand his noble philosophy.

AARON WILKINS.

You have a large heart and your mental faculties have been most thoroughly polished, if efforts to help cheer and comfort others has power to do it. God and the Angel-world are continually with you. You have a large field. The great cry throughout the land is reform, and it is no unmeaning cry. Heaven has heard it, and the answer is coming back musical with promised help.

I am a brother in spirit.

CAPTAIN JAMES THOMSON.

MOTHER ANN LEE.

To her children—who form the body of the Shaker Society, and who, true to her memory and teachings, have followed her gospel through all the changing scenes of earth-life, and have suffered scorn and misery of all kinds—this message is sent. Let it come as manna to those who are still "in the wilderness without food."

My children, from the land of the real I come, seeking to comfort and guide thee, as ever; though I am at a loss how to advise at this time. I have found that we are not all truly happy. There are laws, natural and goodly, formed thousands of years before we were called into being; there are Spirit-workers busy with their ministrations to humanity, who were laboring centuries before I knew life, or had studied out our theory of immortality: and I say to my children that the day of changes draweth nigh. God calleth for changes. Out of the mighty depths of wisdom he speaketh; and listening, I hear him say, "a tree without branches beareth

no fruit, and a tree without fruit shall be destroyed."

We have mistaken the law; we have forgotten the word. Into your midst has crept a love of the material. Gold and silver have become like the waters of life. Each heart seeketh its own, and the greater good of our society is falling off. There is bitterness among the people. There are lambs wandering upon the mountains. I ask you to gather them in, and cherish them as tenderly as if the Shepherd carried them still in his bosom.

I have many things to say. I have many changes which must be made; and those who have become disembodied, and are with me here, are laboring earnestly for the building up of our Church, that each member may become joyful, and join with thankful heart the ransomed of the Lord, when they start home to Zion.

There are my people at Enfield, and to them and those still in other places I speak, as the Apostles spake in days of old to the different churches under their command.

Be of good cheer, my children. The tree of our faith will be in time transplanted; and in a new soil, branches, buds and blossoms shall be seen. Nature shall regain her own; law shall be obeyed; and God's perfect will shall be done among the followers of ever-faithful Mother Ann Lee.

P. S. —There are other messages from Mother Ann; I do not know what they mean. She is displeased with her people, and wants a change.

THROUGH ALFRED JAMES, PHIL'A,

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

[AFTER a previous communication was received, the Indian guide of the Medium, Cha-wan-ska, (which means in the Shawnee dialect, "Firm Rock,") took control, and said, "An old man come. He say he want to trance the Media hisself. He think he better speak, then." Here the Medium came out of the trance, and said, "This is strange; I hear the most beautiful music." He then sank again into an insensible trance, when the following communication was given. Whether it comes from the exalted Spirit from whom it purports to come, the reader can judge. It is certainly not unworthy of his enduring name.]

PLATO.

SIR, it is a long way, and through many difficulties, that I have reached this place.

All men contain within themselves a light. This light some scarcely allow to gleam. Some allow it to grow a little

brighter, while others cultivate it well, and let it increase without limitation; but even the latter fear to let it shine upon the real truth. They have their worldly prejudices, and the fear of men makes them unfaithful to the light within them. But those few—those noble souls who cultivate this light, and allow it to grow brighter and brighter, are those who shall know and comprehend in time, the Infinite. Here you lay the foundation for that knowledge; be sure you lay it well.

Oh, man! why will you go astray from the path of wisdom? Why do you not sit at the feet of the Spiritually learned, and know from the experiences gained there, that your Spirit will be flooded with Divine influx. Why do you ponder over books? Why do you read theories? Why do you not let the Spirit of God come in? Let it come in the quiet of your chamber. Let it come to you on the mountain-top, or on the river's bank; for it is everywhere, as is the air you breathe.

What glory, what brightness the true soul only knows, when purged of everything that can bind it down to sensual pleasures. Drink deep draughts from the spring of eternal life, or drink not of it at all. Do not stint yourself; for there is no limit to this Divine Spirit, this infinite spark within you. Its possibilities can never be enumerated to finite minds.

Cheer up; for the dark cloud of ignorance must be dispelled before the rushing of the Spirit which will be poured out upon all flesh; and Spiritualism shall be that bright star of hope and happiness that shall guide mankind away from all that keeps them back from infinite progression, and they shall know that their Spirits live.

That is all I have to say at present. As for the name of him who communicates, that is a thing that I despise, although my name is one I am not ashamed of. And yet to give it, may create doubt in many minds. I have not been able to accomplish all that I intended and hoped to do. That was to unfold the philosophy of the Spirit-Life; but the conditions did not bear me out. You have all I can give you but the name. I have not been able to express myself as perfectly as I desired. I hope at some other time to give you more fully the teaching that I come to impart.

[Being urged to give his name, he said, "Plato." Here the Medium again came out of the trance for a minute or two. He was then entranced by his Indian guide, Cha-wan-ska, who said, "Old man and squaw come. Both good. Me let one

who get control first speak." A singular and most significant communication was then given.]

THROUGH C. E. WINANS.

WILLIAM MONTGOMERY, TO HIS SON, IN REM-
KCA CO., OHIO.

DEAR SON Will, mortality has been laid aside, and the immortal part now speaks; not in thunder-tones, nor from the hollow grave, but by and through the power of natural law, I am permitted to come back; for my heart is in this work. Whether strength sufficient is with me to complete it, I cannot say.

How mysterious the Divine Mind works through mortals! Some persons ask, What is sleep, that it shuts our eyes and steals our senses? Sleep is a condition induced by retiring of the Spirit from the outer sensorium to the inner, taking, for the time being, no cognizance of what is going on in the outer or material world, but never shutting itself up from the things of inner life. Yes, my friends, it is right that you should learn all you can about the future life before you go there. Yes, it is right, because it is right to give to each individual intelligence or soul all the knowledge it is possible for that soul to grasp and make use of. A knowledge of the future life, if rightly used, prepares one to enter upon that life properly and satisfactorily. And ignorance of that life deprives that individual intelligence of that knowledge, which may be compared to the golden key admitting one into the courts of heaven.

I would like to say, William, that I have not forgotten you. I am doing all I can for you. I am frequently by your side, and I bring other friends with me. We ask you to be patient. The time will come when all will be made right. Your grandfather and I have met at last. Instead of being displeased with your surroundings, things have been made right. Thanks to you, my son, who have entered the temple of knowledge with me many times, who are anchored in true faith and hope and charity; thanks for many kindly greetings; bless you and this instrument for what you both have done; cheer up; give not up to despair. My letter is long, but I hope to the point.

I have made a great effort to come. Please say that all is well with me. Good day, sir.

Max believes that to be a lie which contradicts the testimony of his own ignorance.—*Banner.*

Winans is the talent of buying virtuous pleasures at the cheapest rate.—*Fielding.*

(From our Regular Pacific Coast Contributor.)

[For the Voice of Angels.]

A PLEA FOR THE POOR.—A LIFE PICTURE

BY A. THURSTON JOHN WOOD, M. D.

Black snow, kind mortals, mild Autumn is gone,
And drear Winter is on us once more;
Now the hearts of the poor are sad and forlorn,
As they think of Winter's cruel store.

Then open your hearts—of your bounties give free,
Thus driving dread sorrows away;
All Winter let comforts their portion full be—
Give the Winter the sunshine of May!

In the life, just beyond, the rich will be poor,
For the want of due charity here;
Heavenly justice will give them some charitable cheer,
Far remote from all that is dear.

While the good of this world shall have pleasure and joy,
For the good they so kindly have done,
Their Angel realm knows, free from sorrow's alloy—
The good of its treasures safe won.

The Poor's gratitude built its mansions up there,
For those that have blessed them down here;
Where they all, in sweet peace, exempt from all care,
Are K. P. elms there, all dear.

(Selected by M. J. K.)

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

A.—What is the good, and what is the bad?
Where is the perfectly true?
What is thy end you live for, my lad?
And what, may I ask, are you?
Unhappy, I fear, is your heaven above,
Life is but labor and sorrow;
Then why should we hope, and why should we love,
And why should we care for the morrow?

B.—There may be a fight worth fighting, my friend,
Though victory there be none;
And though we have to come at the end,
Still we may steer straight on.
And though nothing be good, and nothing be bad,
And nothing be true to the letter,
Yet a good many things are worse, my lad,
And one or two things are better.

Speculator, in New York Times.

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