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## VOICE OF ANGELS.

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## LITERARY.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

### THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

BY TRYPHENA C. PARDEE.

From the dazzling Throne Eternal,  
Gleaming from the Fount Paternal,  
The face of Life's majestic King, sweet rays of light pour  
down,  
Through endless wastes of thought immortal,  
Peeping through earth's latticed portal,  
Breaking time's dark clouds of night, that change to morn-  
ing's crown.

On the dappled grey horizon  
See the bannered Life-Light rising,  
That tints with gorgeous dyes of Love the tattered robes of  
death;  
And grave Humanity's bright morning,  
Decked with Heaven's host adorning,  
Wastes to hoist its spangled folds upon its infant breath.

From the soul's deep garnered treasures  
Experience sends her broken measures,  
And Angel-whispers swell the breeze that lifts its waving  
shoals.  
See the Life-gems how they glitter,  
As down the morn-flood skies they glitter,  
And drop at Death's dark bolted door, that fronts immortal  
hills.

The strongest locks are quickly broken,  
And friends grasp gladly each fond token,  
That brings the lost and well-known name, so loved beyond  
the bourne;  
And Life's sweet beams of spotless glory  
Thus melt the gloom of falsehood's story,  
That teaches man no tender one from thence can e'er return.

On the wings of Love maternal,  
From the flowing spheres supernal,  
Where no flower ever fades, or time despoils a bud,  
Come the words of faithful blessing,  
Dissolving death's cold power to loosen,  
And star the Banner's graceful blue, bright as the skies  
bestud.

And on its deep, deep azure shining,  
Fathers, brothers, sisters twining,  
Gather round this standard rare and sprinkle dots of gold.

"Life! Eternal Life!" they're speaking  
To those they left in sorrow reeking,  
And brighter grow the joyful glows these kindling spots  
unfold.

Wave on! wave on! blest flag of glory!  
Tell the world Life's deathless story,  
Till every realm where thought is felt burns with thy fadeless  
grace;—  
Baptizing with thy dowy dealing,  
Soothing every friendless feeling  
With light that gleams through every shade, till sorrow finds  
no place.

ELIXINGTON, N. Y., Jan. 19, 1870

## MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

### PLAIN TALKS ON HEALTH.

BY THE MEDICAL CONTROL OF M. T. SHELHAMER.  
NUMBER SIX.

HAVING directed our attention thus far to the care and treatment of the older members of the human family, we think it but just that we devote a brief space of time to the children.

The care of our little ones is a subject of such vital importance that no mother can afford to ignore or overlook it; of vital importance not only to the health and happiness of the children themselves, but to the weal or woe of countless others who are to come after them.

Let us turn to the infant class. Did it ever occur to you, parents, what a much abused race our infants are as a rule? How many of our little innocents have been literally killed by kindness—kindness, but mistaken and perverted! Almost as soon as a child comes into the world, its tiny form is compressed and rolled into bandages, bound so tightly about the body that it can scarcely breathe, and which not only gall and wound its tender frame, but also are apt to obstruct the motion of the heart and lungs, as well as the other organs necessary to life.

Mothers and nurses seem to think that unless the babe is tightly rolled in so many yards of bandages, that its little body will fall to pieces—a danger that can never occur under any possible circumstances. Nature does not form so loosely nor so badly as that.

Said the late celebrated Dr. Buchan, "Nature

knows no use of clothes to an infant, but to keep it warm. All that is necessary for this purpose is a soft, loose covering.

"So far, all endeavors to mend the shape of an infant, in place of being successful, operate the wrong way, and mankind become deformed in proportion to the means used to prevent it. So little deformity of body is found among uncivilized nations, it is vulgarly believed they put all their deformed children to death. The truth is, they hardly know such a thing as a deformed child; neither should we, if we followed their example. Savage nations never think of manaculating their children. They allow them the free use of every organ, carry them abroad in the open air, wash their bodies daily in cold water, etc. By this management, their bodies become so strong and hardy that, by the time our puny infants get out of the nurses' arms, theirs are able to shift for themselves."

Rollers and tight bandages tend to produce convulsions, as well as serious and distressing pains. Pins, also, are dangerous things to use about the person of an infant. The clothes should be fastened with strings wherever possible; and "the great rule to be observed is that a child shall have no more clothes than are necessary to keep it warm, and that they be quite easy for its body." They should also be frequently changed, and kept thoroughly clean. Children perspire a great deal, and unless their clothing is kept fresh and clean, they contract cutaneous and other diseases.

Swaddling-clothes are an abomination, confining the feet of the growing infant, and obstructing the passage of the life-giving air from its extremities.

What, also, shall be said of that dangerous habit of muffling all other parts of the child's body in woollens, and leaving the tender arms and neck free from covering of any kind? Oh, we tell you, a revolution in the care of children is yet to come, ere we can rear a race of hardy, healthy people.

Another evil is in placing the child to sleep upon feathers, and allowing its little head to sink into the downy mass, thus overheating its brain, and oftentimes producing congestion and its attendant evils. A hair, or semi-



hard mattress should be always in use for an infant, and in fact for adults also.

A whole volume might be written upon the care of children, and the subject by no means be exhausted; but we must hasten on, just touching upon the food question. Not one infant in a hundred suffers for the want of food; certainly ninety-nine in a hundred suffer from being over-fed. Quite frequently, the milk given a child is too heavy for its little stomach, and needs to be slightly diluted. The child becomes uneasy, and utters a cry of distress; and the nurse or mother seeks to quiet it by feeding again, and so on. The panacea for every ill is food, until the stomach rebels, and discharges its load of sour milk by way of the mouth.

Infants, as well as grown people, would be healthier had they their regular feeding-times; and the mother by observation can readily detect the signs of hunger in her child. The babe that eagerly grasps its food, and sucks it in with content, is certainly more apt to be in need of it than the one who takes it half reluctantly, needing to be coaxed, and who frequently pauses to look around and pay attention to any little trifling matter.

While upon the food question, we would say, How astonishing it is that parents are not more careful about what their children eat! Not long since, we observed a young child, with teeth not more than half formed for mastication, devouring a plate of corned beef and cabbage, such as only the full-formed molars and hearty stomach of a working-man could grind and digest; and upon another occasion we witnessed a child of but eighteen months eating with evident relish a piece of mince-pie! No wonder our churchyards are filled with tiny mounds, telling a tale of wilful blindness and careless neglect, on the part of those whose homes are thus made desolate.

A child whose stomach is kept healthy, who is fed upon the food proper for its constitution and age, is less likely to be attacked by disease of any kind incident to childhood, than he who is allowed to cram himself with food of every kind.

Easily-digested vegetables, grains, fruits, and milk, should compose the diet of a child until he is old enough and strong enough to bear food of a more solid nature.

Many children crave salt, which their systems require, and should not be denied. Others crave sugar, and a small quantity will be beneficial—sugar pure and unadulterated. It is best given, however, in fruits, such as raisins, dates, figs, etc.; but confectionary, candies, etc., should never be allowed, in justice to the teeth and stomachs of our little ones. This would be well to be followed by older persons likewise.

Children are liable to attacks of sore throat and diphtheria. A good strong gargle of salt and water is beneficial in either of these complaints.

Upon the discovery of the first symptoms of diphtheria, the parent should bind a piece of raw fresh beef around the throat of the patient; or salt pork will do, where beef is not at hand;

and administer a gargle of flowers of sulphur and water. Where glycerine is at hand, make a cream composed of this and flowers of sulphur, for adults and children over seven years of age; of milk of sulphur and glycerine for infants; and administer a spoonful from two to four times a day, according to the age of the patient. If glycerine is not at hand, sulphur mixed with honey or good molasses will answer every purpose.

The sulphur destroys the germs of this dread disease, while eating away the fungus collecting in the throat and upon the inner membranes.

A valuable liniment for croup, throat distemper, and in fact all severe diseases of the throat and chest, may be made as follows:

Mix one part each (any desirable quantity) of spirits of ammonia, spirits of turpentine and sweet-oil to four parts goose-oil. Warm and shake well before using. A flannel should be wet with this liniment, with which the throat, chest, etc., must be well rubbed; wet again, and bind around the part affected. This is also beneficial as an ointment for lame hips, stiff joints, or part affected by rheumatic pains; for bruises, etc.

A very good ointment for burns, wounds, chapped hands, etc., is made by melting one-fourth of a pound of mutton tallow and mixing well in half a pint of good sweet-oil. Every family should have a jar of the above remedies constantly on hand.

A severe swelling caused by cold, or by an injury, and accompanied by inflammation, can be removed by bathing the part affected in a strong decoction of wild cherry-tree bark. This seldom fails to give relief.

Mothers, see to it that your children have sufficient exercise. After they have attained a certain age, there is no fear of the boys; but it is important that your girls be allowed to run—leap, if they like—shout, and in short, expand their lungs, develop their strength and muscle, and enjoy themselves in the open air. See to it that your children live free, natural, healthy lives; and above all, use your influence to prevent your boys contracting a liking for tobacco. That filthy habit of smoking, or still worse, of chewing—spitting their health away, giving them weak stomachs and unhealthy livers, vitiating their blood with the nicotine poison, that produces pains in the head, heart-burn and nervous disorders. Do you know that one great cause of your own sallow complexions, sick stomachs, that are always weak, nervous headaches and weary limbs, is because you are forced to live in an atmosphere where all its healthy oxygen has been driven out by the fumes of tobacco-smoke?—because your blood is poisoned by this evil—because you are obliged to live in the same house and occupy the same sleeping-room with one who imparts to you the poisoned magnetism and tainted excretions of his own tobacco-polluted frame, and who transmits the same nervous disorders to his children, particularly his girls, namely, those puffing, blowing, spitting lords and masters, your husbands!

All this is a truth which we wish were otherwise, but which needs to be ventilated and discussed.

And in conclusion, we feel obliged to speak of that most terrible of evils, vaccination. Parents, guardians and friends, whatever you believe, do not, we entreat you, allow this cursed to fall upon your children! It is a solemn truth, well attested by facts, that there are more victims to the evil of vaccination than ever began to be from small-pox. Thousands are dragging out miserable lives today, cursed by erysipelas, scrofula, and other far worse diseases, that may be directly traced to vaccination as their cause. Foreign matter, whether from another human, or from animals, will never assimilate with our systems. It introduces poison into the blood, produces corruptions, and disorganizes the whole constitution. It is true that when in the form, we advocated the use of vaccine to a certain extent, believing it to be the lesser evil. Were we here today, with our present knowledge, we would use our voice and pen constantly against this most deadly practice of inoculating the human system with foreign matter. Not only has it wrecked the health and happiness of the vaccinated, but they in turn have transmitted the diseases incurred unto their offspring. Two cases have come under our own observation, arising, as admitted by the physicians themselves, from vaccination. One where a young man has been the victim, since his third year, of virulent erysipelas; the other of a woman, who had the poison settle on her lungs and in her eyes, and who has since reared two children—one totally blind, the other now passed to Spirit-life of consumption.

The cases could be multiplied, *ad infinitum*. Who shall say that vaccination is not a curse, not to mention that other disease, directly traceable to the introduction of vaccine into the system, which brings total moral and physical degradation, with untold tortures of body and mind upon its victim?

And now we close, trusting that we have arrested the attention of some one, and given a hint which may be of use; hoping that, at least, you will pause and question, "Am I living right and naturally, so as to produce the best results to mind and body; so as to be as I was intended to be—strong, healthy, happy and free?"

#### CIVILIZATION:

##### MESSAGE NUMBER SEVENTEEN.

SPOKEN AT BELVIDERE, N. J., APRIL 8, 1878, BY EPICURUS, THROUGH J. M. A., TO S. S. A.

GOOD MORNING! There are different ways of accomplishing the same object. The right way is the best way. The best way is usually the shortest; that is to say, a right line between two points connects them more quickly than any devious line can do.

There are circumstances sometimes attending the development of a plan, which require delays; which become hindrances, and which tend to defeat the object in view. It is a question, therefore, with us, at the present time, whether it is likely to result in good or ill, or in both, with a predominance of the one or the other, to have you settle yourselves, even for a brief season, on the soil of New England.



We are by no means disheartened in our undertaking of planting the new tree of Civilization in the center of the American Continent, [or elsewhere,] within a few years, so firmly that nothing whatever can uproot it.

You may be chosen by the Infinite Mind (or may not be) to disseminate the seeds of the New Order—to scatter, so to speak, like the leaves of the forest, printed leaves of Truth, to reach receptive minds, and stop there in your work in this life; or in other words, to come short of the actual attainment of the ideal you have in mind; but I am disposed to question that. I am of opinion, rather, that you will yet attain, by the aid and co-operation of the higher life, the object of your and our desire; that you will plant a home—a State—a tree, in short, whose leaves shall be for the healing of the nations; that you will do this in your earth-life, and in a spot where conditions are favorable—perhaps the most favorable, all things considered—for the accomplishment of the initiatory stage of the harmonial life upon the earth.

It is of but little consequence, in a certain sense, whether you or others shall make the beginning of the externalization; but in another, and more exact sense, it devolves upon yourselves, for the reason that you seem to have been fitted and prepared by a long series of peculiar and profound experiences, to do just the work required at the outset. You are doing it well. We shall trust you to continue in the line marked out for you by wiser, higher minds than earth contains; and we expect that you will be faithful to the end—not to us as persons, not to individual overshadowing “influences,” even, so much as to those eternal principles of which your souls have caught the glimmering light, and to those diviner methods, shown to you as wise and sufficient, and essential, and to which principles and methods you have pledged your life’s best endeavors, heartiest devotion.

We leave you, therefore, to the consideration of your next move, in view of all the circumstances of the case; trusting and believing that should your contemplated settlement on the old homestead be likely to prove injurious to yourselves, or too much preventive of the speedy realization of your and our hopes of the actual establishment of Group Life upon the earth, you will stand ready at any time to withdraw, utterly, completely.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

#### LETTER FROM A. T. HUDSON.

STOCKTON, Cal., Jan. 31, 1879.

D. C. DENSMORE:—*Dear Sir*,—Having read your darling Tunie’s sympathetic appeal in behalf of the indigent readers of your little gem, I feel like helping her on with her noble work. I therefore send five dollars to her, or for her use, as she may deem best. This is done with the hope that she can make a happier disposition of it, for humanity, than is in my power to do.

The materialistic view of sending money to a veritable angel would be an act bordering on lunacy, particularly as there are so many needy

ones in the flesh, surrounding us. But as my contributions to the Spirits of *Maize* and *Nicotine* are so very small, I feel justified in a little luxury in this direction.

Sincerely yours,

A. T. HUDSON.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

#### GLENDOWER;

#### A LEGEND OF THE OLD AND NEW.

BY ALICE CARY.

THROUGH MRS. RUBEN GOODHUE WAGNER.

[CONTINUED]

Oh, where shall I wander, the way is so dark?  
But I hear—ah, I hear the sweet song of the lark;  
And my bosom doth thrill, if my sight doth evade  
The sunshine or shade.  
I may be dismayed, but I am not afraid;  
For the science of nature must ever be true,  
And ever be blending the old and the new.

“Alice,” said my father, “now that the little boat has reached the evergreen shore, let us premise that on these fertile banks there can be no dearth or desolation. The spontaneous efforts of nature perfects the harmonial relations, and animates the instinct life, the animal and vegetable kingdom, the direct or indirect, the cohesion or consolidation, or formation of many bodies into one; the geology of nature, of crude substances, of mineral or vegetable composites or deposits, of carbonaceous fluids to proper utilization—one attracting from the other to complete the organic or spiritual body;—the conception of one being the forcible attraction of the other. It is not what we think, but of what ingredients thought is composed, and how conveyed. The radiation of meteoric light, convulsing, filling or depleting its particular organ or orbit of magnetic intelligence, constitutes and forms the emotional transcendent principle called thought. Thought does not belong to one system, but to many; varying according to its proportionate or defined position or intuition to special purposes. Thought, then, is the involuntary principle; as light is the friction of soluble matter to attractive or spherical bodies. Thus thought is the natural or accepted condition—asserting, not assuming, absorbing, but not diminishing the collateral powers or existing entities; though it may be lessened or augmented, according to the conception or retention of abstract ideas of disorder or arrangement, the positive and negative or adaptable elements of immutable law. The prestige of thought is the incontrovertible evidence of the soul’s immortality; the separation of botanical or vegetable substance, to coagitate or transmute the chemical action of life unto life; the metaphysical or natural forces forms a broad arena or scope; the contemplation of its construction, the grandeur of its principle, and the harmonious blending of each distinctive part—like a beautiful picture, animate with living inspiration, not the borrowed ideal, the automaton figure, but the perfect delineation of beauty and life—the dull routine forgotten in the divine conception, the material or dead substance merged into worshipful admiration or adoration for the sublime principle. Thus the material is the dull, the apathetic, the cumbersome. It is the immobile design; it is the

artist’s crude mechanism; the creation without the inspiration; the thought without the soul; the aspiration without the exaltation; the symmetry without the divination;—the spectre, but the substance gone. The artist is not satisfied with the mere outline; the altitude is not reached; the desire is not attained; the glory is not made manifest. As God breathed into mortal the breath of life and it became a living thing, so doth the inspiration of the painter give life and coloring to the inanimate subject; not the impulsive, but the ardent, ecstatic rapture of indisputable supremacy; the inwrought or positive possession: as behold the butterfly, once the loathsome worm, repellant and disgusting, after many processes and gradations, emerges from the unsightly shell, transformed and beautiful to gaze upon; and in comparing nature to nature, the philosophy and phenomena of both are exemplified in perfect and harmonious beauty and unity.

“As there is a first cause, then, and as everything in nature has a natural origin, of some defined or undefined natural law, let us presume, then, thought being the involuntary action and propeller of matter, must ever be the retained individuality. If those relations of the human faculties are existent principles, they must ever come under those prescribed conditions, must ever adhere to the first and governing or fundamental cause.”

“Ah, father, I think I comprehend it now. If life bath bounds, I know it not; for looking through space I behold myriads of stars, called planets; mighty convulsions seem to shake the firmament; the lens cries one, and then all spheres or forces seem concentrated into one orb of luminous light, of dazzling brilliancy. I hear the stars are cold, the moon the auxiliary of defined motion, the sun the tripod, the reflex generator of electric light. I hear the word triune, (or three in one,) the trinity of God, the trinity of nature, the trinity of man. God said, Let there be light, and there was light. I perceive all things in motion, embodying all forms, assuming all shapes—the torrid and the frigid zones, the equatorial degrees of heat and cold, of light and dark. High over head, clouds seem to shift into tangible formations, and rocks are rent in twain, dissolving as thin vapor, or crumbling into atoms! emitting sparks of phosphorescent light. Around this orb of light, or body celestial, millions of atoms seem to gather to the centre, the central figure in constant motion, and independent of any other force; and then again, they disorganize and separate, and penetrate and permeate all space, through volition or vibration or evolution; receding and transforming and uniting, and electric light from countless rays from the centre body penetrates each atom or particle with magnetic life. Gradually all space seems to fill and condense—all nature tranquil, calm and subdued—and in the hush and silence of the moment, behold the vapory clouds are parted, and enveloped as in drapery of transparent beauty, a beautiful and ethereal form emerged from the density of pale vapor, benign and beautiful to gaze upon. And then a cloud, half moving, half forming, seemed to dissolve



in ether, seemed to grow firm again, and to assume definite proportions, to glow with sudden light, and gradually to darken, darken—the equilibrium of defined motion—an actual sphere, called the Genesis of Nature. I saw a star of great magnitude move o'er it, and above it—the body magnetic, and the body electric—one to vitalize, the other to harmonize the animal instinctive nature. And then new worlds seemed to open to me, all peopled, and in the sphere called Genesis two forms appeared beneath the radiant star, the generating principle of human life divine, of individualized entities, the male and the female, the generic condition or system; and on this island in the sea I hear the rush of mighty waters, the roaring of the cataract; and birds and beasts invade this isle called Genesis, the first geological and genealogical principle; and crude formations, as of vegetable substances, oxydized ingredients of all compound and concrete matter; and through this strange vista of distinctness and indistinctness opens another sphere called Exodus, or World of Knowledge; and there a mighty host assemble; and now the two spheres seem one grand amphitheatre of all races and species of forms, and all living things are represented a pandemonium of turbulent and placid life; and through the spaces flew birds of brightest plumage, of every kind, soaring high in mid air, singing and mating; and thus it seemed as if the instinct touched the higher conception, the intuitive perception of the human kind; for o'er their cheeks stole conscious blushes; for they were without raiment. And thus the amative nature was quickened into amorous desire by some irresistible impulse.

I was withdrawn. It seemed as if myself absorbed itself into continuous trance, and o'er me like heavenly manna floated sweet incense, and in the broadest light of day, when all the landscape was bathed in sunshine, awakening to warmth and life, and nature's germs and scattered seeds germinated and sprung up, and buds burst into bloom, in endless variety, of rare exotics, and living plants, I gazed transfixed, enraptured. Fountains flowed in crystal jets, o'er greenest moss, studded with tiny flowers, in great profusion, of many hues and colors, blended and gleamed and sparkled in the sunshine, gorgeous to behold; the trees, magnificent in stately elegance of symmetry and height, elaborate in ornamentation, as if bedecked with jewels; crystallized leaves, gold-fringed, as it were, from very force of light and ether. I cried, "Oh, God be praised!" and as if from the incense of all aroma of magnolia, and of balm, of rose and of lily, a little child with outspread arms, in fleecy robes, and radiant in its beauty, arose, from the floral bower; and over its head a dove with wings outspread, fluttered, and cooed, first mournful as a dirge, and then burst forth in sweetest warbling; and the eager and expectant child stretched forth its hands, and to its pinky palms it flew—the pretty dove, snow-winged and downy-breasted—and holding it close to its white bosom, fondled and caressed it, till the soft hair, like threads of fine-spun gold, wrapped it, covered it, glorified

it with the bright folds; and I heard the words, "The world of beauty, the world of light, the world of love—even as ye have done it unto the least of them, even so ye have done it unto me, the world of thought and retrospection"; and I asked, Oh, where is God? and the wind whispered "God," the brooks murmured "God," the world of revelation, of emancipation and inspiration." The fair child floated away in a silvery mist; the dove soared upward through the ether; and yellow light, paling and waning to faintest amber, circled the heavens, bathed all the trees, touched the green vales, and wreathing with it all shades of green, and pink, and violet, spread o'er all space, and pleasant murmurs, sweet as the softest, mellowest strains of Æolian harps, stole o'er my senses.

I see the rock-bound coast,  
The breakers running high,  
I see the mighty host  
As they are passing by.  
They come with measured tread,  
As one by one they go,  
Nor recognize the dead—  
But love and joy instead.

For ah, the angel peace  
Descended like a dove;  
As knowledge doth increase,  
It sanctifies to love;  
The prince is not the peer,  
The realm is not his own;  
Though each distinctive sphere  
Belongs to God alone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[For the Voice of Angels.]

### SPIRIT COMMUNICATION.

[Given Dec. 1st, 1878.]

ONCE more, my dear old amanuensis and friend, I come to tell you of my bright and beautiful home, and how I keep it in order, what my duties are, and my mission to you is. You will remember that, in my first communication, I gave a dim outline of the dark days that were upon me in my earth-life. Now I have cast off the soiled and tattered habiliments of the past and am clothed in new and beautiful robes and suited to my bettered condition. O! the joys of purity! how I revel in the delights of paradise! Most truly "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive" the glories of this more than beautiful life. My cup is at last full to the brim, even to running over. Think you that my time is spent in idleness? I say unto you, Nay; I have put on my working dress, and a most becoming one it is; it fits me finely, and was not made by hands, but by good deeds; its warp is work, and the woof thereof is love; it will never grow old or fade; it adorns me charmingly, and my labor makes me simply pretty. I am working hard, among my poor fallen and soiled sisters, both in your life and ours. I can find no word of censure or reproof, as indeed I love and pity them; they are all women, the paths they walk in are very

slippery, and so many would leave them, could they possibly find the way. No kindly door is opened to give them a home, or even a shelter; no warm hand is reached out to meet their eager grasp; no eye beams with pity upon them, no soft couch is offered, whereon they may lie to rest, and gain physical and mental strength; no lips are opened from whence flow sympathetic and encouraging sentences. Ah, me! no!

The fatted calf is killed for "the prodigal son," but never for prodigal daughters. I assure you, my labor is not lost, and yours need not be. Oh, how grand it is, that we have work here! I find no time to sing praise to a lamb, or any other myth; but as I work, praise and bless the highest type of man and womanhood, as the most glorious thing in existence. Through you, my brother, would I again ask my brothers and sisters in the mortal, that they will help me in the good work. Fear not; if you put on clean, spiritual garments, you will not get them soiled by coming in contact with the unfortunate; nothing but your own conduct can make upon them a spot or blemish; instead, your vesture will grow brighter, and still more bright, as you do kind acts to the least that are sorrowing. Condemnation does not come so much for what you do, but "inasmuch as ye did it not," and great will be your loss thereby. You cannot afford to be drones! Spiritual drones are worse than the wasps and hornets of society, although they may be occupants of the hive, and eat up the good therein stored. Your "Queen of hearts" at my side says in reference to the forsaken ones, as she so often did while with you in the form, "Poor things! now is the time when they need friends." Spiritualists, you who have had a glimpse of heaven and purity, never by word, look or action, press any one down; but give a helping hand, warm with sympathy and kindness; a cold hand would chill them to the very marrow. Wait not for others; if none will go with you, go alone; you will not be single-handed; we will be with you. How the frail ones will bless you! how many sorrowing hearts you can make glad. How grand to see the desert blossom with fragrant flowers. Do not falter. No danger threatens; good angels will be near you; and what better and more desirable company can you have? So please help me even a little—much, if possible. My brother, I thank you. I will come again.

MARY PACKARD.

If we have Bible minds they will at once explain what the Bible means.



## INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

## RENA IMOGENE BALL.

[Paraphrase: Higher Life in Weymouth, Mass., April 7, 1878, aged 10 years. A fortnight later, her grandfather, Orville Giles, passed away, in the same town. The following Poem, from the Spirit of the deceased Rena, was improvised recently, through the mediating organization of Joseph D. Atkins, in Franklin Hall, Quincy, Mass.]

From these, the sunny hills of life,  
To scenes of mortal doubt and strife  
I wend my way, oh, kindred dear,  
To prove my Spirit's presence near.

I thought 'twould please you, one and all,  
To hear from risen Rena Ball,  
Who left you in life's morning bloom,  
To live and love beyond the tomb.

And so, invoking heavenly aid,  
In my ethereal robes arrayed,  
I haste this mortal to control,  
To breathe the feelings of my soul.

The weeks away have glided fast,  
Since my immortal Spirit passed  
To Summer-Land, where roses bloom,  
And fill the air with rich perfume.

Amid your sorrows and your tears,  
Your fervent hopes and anxious fears,  
From "home, sweet home," I passed away,  
To bask in Life's Eternal day.

Within the grave, from human eye,  
Reste all of Rena that could die;  
Among the saints, on holy ground,  
Her Spirit dwelleth, glory-crowned.

At nightfall and at rosy dawn,  
When birds proclaim the day new-born,  
In joy or sorrow, weal or woe,  
In summer's shower or winter's snow.

I promise ever near to be  
To all who miss or mourn for me;—  
A star whose heavenly beams shall guide  
Their feet to life's most sunny side.

Across the trembling Bridge of Light,  
That spans the World of Day and Night,  
The angelic feet of angels come,  
And enter in your earthly home.

These angels come to fill your chairs,  
You hear their footstaps on the stairs;  
You feel their warm breath on the cheek,  
And sometimes catch the words they speak.

Between you and their saintly souls  
Love's shining river sweetly rolls;  
Whose waves of beauty, as they glide,  
But bring you nearer to our side.

What scenes of glory or of light  
Awaited my aerial flight!  
What forms, what faces floated by,  
As I ascended to the sky!

Friends, known and unknown, drew near,  
To give me cordial greetings here;  
They placed my Spirit-hand in theirs,  
And led me up the golden stairs.

And one among that number blest,  
More beautiful than all the rest,  
Pressed on my lips affection's kiss,  
And welcomed me to realms of bliss.

More beautiful!—oh, well I knew  
That radiant being, pure and true—  
Her face illumed with heavenly smiles;—  
It was my dear aunt Mary Giles.

What words of hope and strength she breathed,  
As she my brow in garlands wreathed!  
And guided me the river o'er,  
To be with her forevermore!

And still another figure bright,  
Resplendent in his robes of light,  
Whose Spirit suddenly was borne  
To mansions where none wake to mourn,

Came forward with a smiling face,  
To clasp me in his loved embrace,  
And greet me to the Better Land,  
When death dissolved the mortal band.

Yes, here among the true and good,  
My darling uncle Andrew stood;

With him the night has passed away,  
Or merged into perpetual day.

His life is one of purest bliss,  
And blessings numberless are his;  
Immortal garlands deck his brow—  
No mortal pains afflict him now.

Still others, in their regal robes,  
And some from distant stellar glades,  
Were there, to make the way more clear  
For my triumphant passage here.

These beings stood beside my bed,  
When you, dear kindred, called me dead;  
To celebrate, in bright array,  
My Spirit's glorious Natal Day.

And oh, the boon to me was given,  
As I unfolded into heaven,  
To hover near your hearts so true,  
To bless, to cheer, and comfort you.

I saw the young and slender form,  
'Tis lately throbb'd with life so warm,  
Locked in the arms of death's repose,  
And free from mortal pains and woes.

I saw the blossom on the breast,  
The sweet flowers that my cheek dressed;  
The symbols of my life above,  
Of Immortality and Love.

And oh, I saw your heavy grief,  
That vainly struggled for relief;  
And thought, if I could only speak,  
'Twould dry the tears from off the cheek.

No more, dear ones, that buried frame  
Will feel consumption's wasting flame;  
No more its scorching, with'ring breath—  
It sleeps the peaceful sleep of death.

'Mid higher fields the soul doth range,  
'Mid scenes more beautiful and strange;  
Thro' flowery paths and vernal groves,  
Where Love's undying spirit roves.

Great joy to me has lately come,  
For grandpa has been summoned home;  
Death's flowing river has he crossed,  
And joined the loved, but not the lost.

Yes, he has passed the golden bars,  
And up among the shining stars;  
And I to greet him was the first,  
When Heaven upon his vision burst.

And it was ordered thus to be  
That grandpa soon should follow me;  
That I should go the first, and wait  
To ope for him the pearly gate.

The faith that cheered his Spirit so,  
While living in the world below,  
To his delight he found was true,  
When he had reached the home of blue.

For him the crown, for you the cross;  
For him the gain, for you the loss;  
For him the smiles, for you the tears;—  
For all Life's never-ending years.

Kind heaven will bring these links again  
Together in one solid chain;  
Nor death shall ever break apart  
The chain that binds the heart to heart.

And bear the saying well in mind,  
No cloud but that is silver-lined;  
No night so long, so black, nor drear,  
But some time it will disappear.

A few drawn breaths, a few heart-beats—  
Then to Heaven's beautiful retreats  
Your souls shall pass to find a rest,  
And be with him for ever blest.

And it will please you, loved ones dear,  
To know I am progressing here,  
That Spirit-Life has many schools,  
All governed by unchanging rules.

That Truth, blest saviour, will redeem  
The children of the Great Supreme,  
And Education's light will fall  
Upon the hearts of each and all.

In this great school-house all may learn,  
For all the fires of knowledge burn;  
And none so rich, and none so poor,  
But find admittance at the door.

However dark may seem your night,  
God's arm will lead you out aright;

He'll strengthen you to bear each cross,  
And give you gain for every loss.

In this sweet heaven of perfect peace,  
Exempt from discord and disease,  
You all some day shall dwell with me—  
And then how happy we will be.

And you shall recognize and know  
The Rena you so loved below;  
And I in heaven will welcome you,  
Clad in a pretty dress of blue.

What glorious scenes we'll visit then!  
Too grand for either tongue or pen  
To picture out; for they transcend  
The power of men to comprehend.

Then bide your time; for few the years  
Ere God shall call you to the spheres;  
To these immortal shores sublime,  
That border on the stream of time.

Be firm of will, in purpose strong;  
Take up life's threads and march along;  
Fill in the hours with deeds of gold,  
And God will bless an hundred fold.

Nor yield yourselves to dark despair:  
Remember, Georgie needs your care—  
Needs all the care that love bestows,  
As he to ripened manhood grows.

And, Georgie, struggle to be good;  
To fill the place that Rena would;  
In word and deed be ever kind  
To all the dear ones left behind.

Here many well-remembered forms,  
Who braved with you life's battle-storms,  
Will pass before your gladdened gaze—  
The forms of brighter, happier days.

Please give a kiss to grandma dear,  
And tell her to be full of cheer;  
For she will be restored to health,  
Worth more than richest mines of wealth.

And ye shall meet, on heaven's fair shore,  
When life on earth with you is o'er,  
Clad in her robes of azure sheen,  
Your darling RENA IMOGENE.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

## THE WORLD ARRAIGNED.

BY R. T. LOCKWOOD, M. D.

OH, WORLD! Thou must tire of thy burden of errors,  
And of Priestcraft's wily conservative sway;  
Long hast thou trampled at its hell-fangled terrors!  
Long thou a victim of its sordid dismay.  
Old scarecrow "Tradition" has ever thee feted,  
And scheming Churchanity blinded thy sight;  
With foggyism's whims thou art ever mated,  
Ever lingering thus in the darkness of night.

Oh, shameful, shameless world!—wilt thou longer  
A burlesque, a nuisance, a byster remain?  
Arouse in thy might, in wisdom grow stronger—  
That thy children may love thee, nor longer complain.  
Awake from thy thralldom!—Lo, the genius of Science,  
Dispelling all else but Reason's just away,  
Bidding Sophistry's twaddle fearless defiance,  
Unfolding Life's laws in a sensible way.

Progress has started, and nothing can stop her  
From annihilating the errors that come in her way;  
She'll silence the Priests—and that will be proper;  
Then the Churches will filter, then quickly decay.  
"Reform" is her watch-word; she hurls it asunder,  
And bids thee, oh, world! to join the crusade  
Against Theology's brimstone and thunder,  
Against its every nonsensical parade.

Then a better philosophy surely will follow;  
Its fore-gleams are illuminating thee now;  
While Orthodoxy, all rotten and hollow,  
Is dying—yielding its uttermost vow.  
"Spiritism!" Spirit-Intercourse is peering  
Realistically into the powers that rule;  
'Tis vain, hence, World, to be longer snoring;  
For hence, 'twill master the home and the school!

THE PRESENT HOUR.—One of the illusions  
is that the present hour is not the critical, de-  
cisive hour. Write it on your heart that every  
day is the best day in the year. No man has  
learned anything rightly until he knows that  
every day is Doomsday.—Emerson.











## NOTICE.

ALL who desire messages from departed friends, through "WEST INGLE," should address her.

P. O. BOX 436, WASHINGTON, D. C.  
Fee, One Dollar.

## SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE,  
FEB. 2, 1879,

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELHAMER.

INVOCATION, BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

HOLY Father! thy children once more raise their Spirits in aspiration towards thee. We come because thou hast revealed thyself in endearing attitude to humanity. We come in confidence to thank thee for the wonderful gift of life, which unfolds in all its beauty and fragrance before our sight. We thank thee for the sweet flowers, emblems of thy love and care, tokens of thy ministers of joy to thy suffering children. While we thank thee, oh, Father, for the wonderful display of thy material works, we bless thee above all for the Spiritual unfoldments that have been revealed to us. We bless thee for the sorrows as well as the pleasures of life. We thank thee for the dark shades that have darkened our paths, and for even the thorns that have lacerated our feet in travelling over earth's rugged way; and we ask that their traces be not obliterated, but that they remain as mementoes of the Spirit's progress through darkness and gloom.

Angel-band, aid and assist in every hour of difficulty; and, oh, may every moment be improved for the dissemination of light and truth; and, oh, may encouragement, patience and perseverance be given to the souls in need of aid, and mortals and immortals co-operate together in the work of lifting upward and onward thy own humanity!

ANNIE TALBOT.

My name is Talbot—Annie Talbot. I have been away quite a while, now, but I would like so very much to send a letter to those I left behind. I want them to know that I live as really and naturally as I did when here. It is so different, this other life, from what I imagined, that it seems strange; and yet it is more beautiful, more lovely than I could have dreamed. We do know each other there, and we do meet our dear friends on the other side.

I want father and mother to know this, to feel that I can come to them, bringing love to each dear one, and thanking them so very much for all their ministrations to my weak and worn-out body. I am satis-

fied now with the change, and if at some time my dear parents can feel to give me a private opportunity of coming and convincing them of my identity, I shall be perfectly happy.

I died with consumption, past twenty years of age. It is going on two years, about that, since my illness. I lived in Cambridge, Mass. My father's name is John, and my mother's, Caroline. I died in the Fall. Thank you, sir.

HATTIE E. HEAD.

Oh, how strange! Do Spirit-people have to come and give their names? [They generally give their names for identification to their friends.] Well, my name's a queer one. It's Head—Harriet Ella Head. They call me Hattie, here.

I came all the way from Maine, and I never was so far before. I guess I'd like to send a letter, anyway, tell you who I am. I think it's real nice to come. Do you know what beautiful flowers and birds there are in this world? [Yes.] Oh, it's just splendid! I'm glad I died and went to heaven, and I don't want any one to feel bad nor cry for me, because I can come to them, and I love them just the same, and it's all beautiful here.

I came from Berwick, Maine. I guess it isn't many months since I went. I'm about fourteen years old.

HITTY JOHNSON.

I'm Hitty. That's what they calls me. I want to put my arms right round mamma's neck and hug her close. You tell her I loves her lots, and grandma does, too, and we bring her flowers from the pretty Spirit-world.

Me-hit-a-ble Johnson—that's my name; but I be Hitty, and I comes from New Hampshire. Good-bye.

LUTHER BAKER.

WITH your kind permission, sir, I would be pleased to say a few words, to send an assurance of continued love and abiding sympathy to my dear beloved wife, and to say that I still watch over her and our darlings with affectionate interest and guarding care.

Time rolls on, unstaying its course for human sorrow and affliction, and the seasons continue to come and go since I was called upon to part with—as I supposed—all that made life dear to me. But it is not so. In Spirit, I am knit closer, far closer than material ties can bind, to my little family, and I am ever close beside to protect and comfort with a husband's love, a father's blessing; and with this abiding knowledge in my soul, that we shall meet again in sweet reunion, where partings are unknown, and farewell is left unsaid.

I would say that our dear mother and father send a parent's tender blessing to my dear wife and bid her be of good cheer, for the angels guard and guide her. To our dear sister, too, we send a loving greeting and a warm blessing of peace.

I have been assisted to come by an angel-child, who understands the way. For him, also, I send love to all who love him in return. I am truly grateful to you, sir. My name is Luther Baker, and I come from Baltimore.

CHRISTIE R. LORING.

Good evening, friends. [Good evening.] I come in place of my father, Dr. Peter Renton, who, having been before, authorizes me to come tonight, although he may manifest in the future, as he feels a drawing to do so sent out by those living, who would like to hear from him again.

I was a little interested in this when here, and I remember my brother thought it rather silly; but I felt there was a truth in it, and it attracted my attention.

My name is Christie R. Loring. Father is as apt to call me Chris as anything else. I send my love and remembrance to all my friends, wherever they are. I sometimes visit Weston and try to manifest, but it's not always easy.

Father, mother, George, and, indeed, all of us, send our love to John, and assure him that if he feels any interest in this, and will go to some good, private test-Medium, we will come to him and give him all he needs.

I sent a letter to George once through a stranger, when he was visiting Boston from "Arkansaw"—as he calls it—and he did not know what to make of it. He understands it all, now, and is anxious to do what he can to enlighten John.

I have been in Spirit-life a number of years, and have much to tell, if I can do so in private. I thank you very much.

CHARLIE HUTCHINSON.

My name is Charlie Hutchinson. I belong to New Hampshire. I went away young, but have been gone a good many years. Father is with me, but my good old mother is living, and if this meets her eye, I want her to know that we gather around her to brighten her days and bless her with our love; also, send love to dear sister, and tell her that her little one is safe and happy.

MESSAGES GIVEN FEB. 9, 1879.

ABBY M. CUTTER.

I WOULD like to try and make myself known to all I love on earth. I come



from Lexington, Mass. It would be such a blessing to me to reach my family, to make it understood with what tender devotion and loving care I watch over them. I would like to tell my husband that in this beautiful house of mine, all the weakness, the weariness and pain, is gone, the faded looks have fled, and I am strong and well and free, rejoicing in the glories of heavenly life, and that with sweet friends whom I have met, I return to bless his heart and home. Whatever changes he may make, I shall be pleased and satisfied, and shall bless with undying sympathy.

All the sweet principles of true Christian life are dear to me, all the liberal sentiments in religion are beautiful to me, for they enrich the soul with gems of rare price.

My father is with me here. He, too, sends love and eternal remembrances to all who are dear.

We have been assisted here by that grand soul, Theodore Parker, and blessed with a knowledge that we can still return and minister to those we love.

My name is Abbie M. Cutter. It is about ten months since my Spirit parted from its frail tenement of clay. My husband is George H. Cutter, of Lexington, Mass., and I would like to have my message sent to him there. I thank you for allowing me, a stranger, to come.

WILLIAM WHITE.

I KNOW not, Mr. Chairman, whether it is a reflection of weakness from the Spirit just left, or the effects of my own recent illness I feel, but certain it is I do not feel as strong as I could wish.

When I remember how changed my condition to what it was a short month ago, I feel to exclaim, "Glory to God and the angels!" Then bound by a firm but invisible cord to earthly matter, now free as air, with power to develope and expand all my innate powers and capacities. Truly, I can join in the refrain, "Nearer My God to Thee." I rejoiced, Mr. Chairman, in the singing of the beautiful song, "Sweet By-and-Bye."

I am called William White, an old resident of Waukesha, Wisconsin. I understood, in my late illness, that I was going to my Spirit-home, and I determined to come here, if possible, and manifest. So many passing away from our place have promised to come to Boston and send us greeting, who have failed, that the first thing I thought of after getting a little strength, was to come to the VOICE OF ANGELS' Circle, and announce myself as

best I could now, trusting to be able to do better soon.

I was a firm believer in true, practical Spiritualism, and it was always my endeavor to let it be known, and to impress it upon my friends and family. And so I just want to send them all a word of love and assurance of my consciousness of all things appertaining to them.

I wished for no display, but I desired the services over my remains to be in harmony with my belief. I wished my departure to be an example to others how a Spiritualist could die. I left my affairs arranged as it seemed best to me, and I am at present satisfied. The Reverend gentleman suited me in his remarks, which were untinged with old creed-worn attempts at doubtful consolation. But it exhausts me to speak, and I can do no more than to bless each one, and will strive to come again.

FRANKIE BARTLEY.

THE gentleman said I could come and write a letter to father. [Yes, you are welcome.] I'm Frankie Bartley, and I send my love to mamma, and to all the girls, and to father; but this letter is expressly to him.

Tell father that Johnnie and I, and aunt Mary and grandmother, all want him to do something for us, and if he will, we'll help him, so he won't get sick nor nothing.

Katie's going to get spliced, you know; and if she goes away, mamma'll be awful lonesome, and it won't be half so pleasant and nice at home; and we want father to let Katie and Jimmy have a room, after they are married, and live at home. That'll keep mamma from being lonesome and getting sick, and it will be company for father, too. I guess he'll want some company besides the cat, that goes to sleep on his arm.

Jimmy is real good, and we like him ever so much; he won't do a bit as Charley did, and father won't have any fault to find, if he does as we want him to, 'cause Jimmy feels all the time that he'd like to help 'em.

We all send our love, and are so glad you are doing so well, father. We can come pretty good, now; and there's a beautiful Spirit-lady—Ruth—that's with you, helping to keep you nice; because she wants to meet you, bright and good, when you come to the Spirit-world. Good-bye from all.

CONTROLLING INTELLIGENCE OF THE CIRCLE.

[As our Medium is not very well this evening, we think it best to assume control, and speak for the other Spirits wishing to manifest.

A little girl, five or six years of age,

who seems to have a difficulty in speaking, wishes very much to reach her "auntie." The child's name is Lizzie or "Lissy" Cox. She has been in the Angel-world but a few months, and comes from a great distance. Her mother is with her in Spirit-life, and is anxious to inform the child's aunt that they are now together, and to bless her for all her tender care of the "baby." We think the child was named for her aunt.

The child is very anxious to send her love, and to tell "auntie" she comes back and plays at home. "She cannot go to her father yet, but perhaps she can some time, and do him good." Her love is sent to all.

Another little girl, who has been here before—Jennie Ross—wishes to send her love "with a kiss to everybody, especially mamma." She "knows what is going on, and grandpa sends a blessing. They were all at home Christmas."

There is a male Spirit present, who hopes to be able to manifest in person some time; but who is very anxious to send his love, "his best love, with a divine blessing." He says, "Spirit-life, this new life of mine, is so strange, yet so good, that I have hardly begun to realize it. The future life is so much more than I could have imagined, that I am amazed. All regrets are swallowed up; old fears have disappeared. There are a few shadows, because of things it seems I might have done different—little things—but the great light lies before, and blesses me. I am anxious to impart my blessing, to whisper words of affection and of personal memories to one on earth. I shall come again and try to do so."

The Spirit has been in the higher life nearly a year, and gives his name as Charlie Schnebly, Arkansas.]

#### VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

66 CHURCH STREET, BOSTON, Feb. 18, 1879.

DEAR BRO. DENSMORE,—From personal inquiries this afternoon, I am able to assure you that the message of Frankie Sloane through M. T. Shelhamer, published in your last issue, is correct. His father is at present engaged in business at 173 High street, Boston. As stated in the communication, the family are not acquainted with the phenomena of Spiritualism.

Would it not be well to publish yearly a list of the messages received during the preceding twelve months?

I am much pleased with your able and just review of the Rev. Charles Beecher's recent work. Our beautiful faith, when



...and, in the end, will witness the victory of truth over error, and the triumph of the Christian Church. A gentle and judicious appeal to the reason will produce the necessary result, and the demonstration of a higher truth will be fully established by the power of truth. Having the power of truth, and the intelligence of the Christian Church, we are now in a position to do the work of the Christian Church.

Your Father-Servant of the Gospel,  
A. J. WATSON.

(For the Voice of Anxious.)

### STRENGTH

TO THE

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(For the Voice of Anxious.)

### CONFIRMING MESSAGE FROM THE SPIRIT OF EVA BURKE.

TO THE LATE MRS. JAMES AND MRS. JAMES.

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### PEACE FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

—AND PEACE FROM THE SPIRIT LIFE.

TO THE

I am a stranger to you, West Point, but I desire to speak to my friends in Eagleville, Indian Valley, Thomas County, Cal. They do not expect to hear from me, and yet they know, if possible, I will add my voice to the countless number of testimonies given to prove Eternal Life and Progression. John Taylor and myself were interested, long before we openly expressed ourselves upon the subject of Spiritualism; and since he has spoken, having the door open, many of us gladly follow his example.

My dear friends and neighbors, and all who may read this message, I earnestly desire to talk freely and frankly to you, and with the same characteristic bluntness that used to be my nature before I became disembodied.

You all know my sentiments, and what I used to say about death and the life beyond, and I tell you honestly you can have no idea of death until the chill hand is upon you, and then you will gladly reach out weary hands to grasp the truth. I tried to be just and generous in all my dealings with my fellow-men; I did as nearly right as possible; I was never burdened with the fear that hell awaited me, after I had measured my life-span. My inner consciousness gave me a clear knowledge of the fitness of things, and the justice of a Supreme Being. I accepted the one and trusted the other, and felt comfortable in my own mind.

D. W. Handy—his wife, (who is in Spirit-Life, reaping the blessed harvest sown by her hands,) used to give me many clear tests of immortal truth; and when I came to the open door through which I

would pass, to know all things, he would, I did not shrink from it, though I did not realize when I entered it.

I tell my family and friends, knowing it would be a blessed change to me, and so I proceed; for I am now able to do the things I have more than I could if I had remained in earth-life.

I tell you what it is, my friends—you who are afraid of Spiritualism—you had better look deep into the reality of the thing, before you seek it by the church doors. It is an easy thing for men and women to bow down their heads and speak Christ's name in hours of devotion, with every appearance of reverence and profound worship; but when the change comes, neither altar nor temple will save you. The rock will fall. The Supreme Lord and Universal Power has his own way of discovering duplicity and hypocrisy. The soul must stand bareheaded when it meets the Supreme.

Love and justice sing a glad welcome to weary souls, and they who seek dread vengeance, and seek to make men quail before the merciless threatenings of the Almighty, will find themselves mightily mistaken; and it is well for them there is no personal hell. I speak as I feel; I am for the right. Rosa, Yuma.

MARGARET WATSON READ, is secretary, to the Society, Warren, Mass., or Yuma, N. Y.

Oh, my dear brother William! Is it possible I can reach you through the Voice of Anxious? I tried so long, and the Medium was sick and in trouble. She said she would give me the first chance, but then came dark days for her, and bitter sorrow. Now all is passing away, and we can reach our friends again.

My dear brother, I have been often near you, and have tried to make you realize my presence. Father and our dear brother John were with you the other night, when you felt so discouraged. Did you not feel mother's hand upon your head? Did you not know she was near you? I stood at your side; John at your left; mother was nearest; and father seemed to feel that he could help you to gain all your soul-desires. But you know father was always looking for power and blessings, that somehow never reached us.

I would you were happier, brother William; I would you were surrounded by dear ones. You have the grand, loving nature which can only expand and grow in the atmosphere of domestic love. You look deeply into the heart of all things created, and you have sought to find out the mysterious ways of the Deity.

Oh, my dear brother, find out the need







properly presented, will seldom be entirely rejected by members of the Christian Church. A gentle and judicious manner of approach will prepare our religious friends for the demonstration of immortality, so kindly vouchsafed by our Heavenly Father. Adopting the motto of a pure and exalted intelligence, as recently given to me, let us "work for the life to come."

Your Fellow-Servant of the Angel-World,  
A. B. WEYMOUTH.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

### ETERNITY.

BY CASPO.

Tell me not of Heaven's blessings,  
If we never there shall see  
Friends we loved so truly, purely,  
In this world of destiny.

Tell me not of Heaven's pleasures,  
If that pleasure cannot be—  
That our friends can never meet us,  
That their forms we'll never see.

If we never there shall linger  
Round the Throne of God, and be  
With our own, our loved and lost ones—  
Bound to us by sympathy.

Who could ever bear the parting,  
When the other shore they see,  
If we did not hope to meet them,  
And with them forever be?

JEFFERSON CITY, JAN. 3, 1879.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

### COMFORTING MESSAGE FROM THE SPIRIT OF EVA BURGE, TO HER AGED FATHER AND MOTHER.

THROUGH E. D. BLAKEMAN, MEDIUM.

BRIGHT angels are out in chariots of gold;  
From the heaven of heavens they come;  
Dear father, dear mother, oh, come to the fold  
Of love, pure love—your beautiful home.  
The time is at hand, yea, short, at the most,  
When you will be taken away,  
To join the great throng, the immortal host,  
In regions of eternal day.

Oh, there,  
Your mansion is ready, all deck'd and arrayed  
In beauty and glory divine;  
Rejoice and be glad, do not be afraid—  
Your mantle of purity shine;  
Come then with the angels as soon as you can,  
In their golden chariots to ride;  
Bidding farewell to the children of men,  
And all earthly troubles beside.

You will find,  
Fathers and mothers, yea, sisters and brothers,  
Are ready to greet you in love;  
Uncles and aunts, and a great many others—  
(Old friends in bright circles above.)  
Such oft are commissioned to watch over you,  
To guard you and keep you from harm;  
Until upon earth your labors are through,  
When the bright Summer-Land shall charm;  
Yea, charm and astonish your Spirits indeed,  
With beauty eternal and sweet.  
As you through the gardens of glory proceed,  
On pavements of gold for your feet.

Yes, and  
Garlands of flowers, beyond all compare,  
By friendly good Spirits made up;  
On each hand and side, you will find up there,  
For you when they call you to sup—  
To eat of their fine delectable fruits,  
Most luscious and sweet to the taste;  
Nor need you once fear, but take which best suits—  
You never need eat them in haste.

Because,  
Time is no drug; but a plenty you'll find  
To perform all your duties in peace—

To worship, to visit, to brighten the mind,  
In knowledge and strength to increase,  
By learning God's great immutable laws,  
That govern the vast Universe  
Of systems of worlds—of the Great First Cause—  
Too great for me to rehearse—

Such as  
The two Dual Forces in all Nature found—  
God!—Father and Mother, we see;  
Whose created works everywhere do abound,  
Well balanced, in all they agree  
Positive and Negative Forces Divine,  
Governed by Infinite Will!  
In ponderous worlds, in atoms combine,  
Nature's own laws to fulfill.

JANUARY 25th, 1879.

[NOTE.—If interested parties, (good, well-meaning Spiritualists, or others,) desiring communications akin to the "Comforting Message" above seen, will enclose a new bank-note in a white envelope, and carry the same close to the body about three days, then send it the undersigned in a registered letter, (it will enable him to come into solid sympathy with their kindred Spirits, (Guardian Angels,) and to write from their impressions, valuable and comforting words, either in poetry or prose, as the parties may prefer. Be careful and have the papers all new and clean, if possible. Let the value be from one to five dollars, according to the ability of the party sending.

Address—E. D. BLAKEMAN, Circleville, Ohio.]

### PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE. "WEST INGLE'S" DEPARTMENT.

BILL YOUNG.

I AM a stranger to you, West Ingle, but I desire to speak to my friends in Taylorsville, Indian Valley, Plumas County, Cal. They do not expect to hear from me, and yet they know, if possible, I will add my voice to the countless number of testimonies given to prove Eternal Life and Progression. Job Taylor and myself were interested, long before we openly expressed ourselves upon the subject of Spiritualism; and since he has spoken, leaving the door open, many of us gladly follow his example.

My dear friends and neighbors, and all who may read this message, I earnestly desire to talk freely and frankly to you, and with the same characteristic bluntness that used to be my nature before I became disembodied.

You all know my sentiments, and what I used to say about death and the life beyond, and I tell you honestly you can have no idea of death until the chill hand is upon you, and then you will gladly reach out weary hands to grasp the truth. I tried to be just and generous in all my dealings with my fellow-men; I did as nearly right as possible; I was never burdened with the fear that hell awaited me, after I had measured my life span. My inner consciousness gave me a clear knowledge of the fitness of things and the justice of a Supreme Being. I accepted the one and trusted the other, and felt comfortable in my own mind.

D. W. Hamblly—his wife, (who is in Spirit-Life, reaping the blessed harvest sown by her hands,) used to give me many clear tests of immortal truth; and when I came to the open door through which I

must pass, to know all things for myself I did not shrink from it, though I did not realize what awaited me.

I left my family and friends, knowing it would be a blessed change to me, and so it proved; for I am now able to do for those I love more than I could if I had remained in earth-life.

I tell you what it is, my friends—you who are afraid of Spiritualism—you had better look deep into the reality of religion, before you seek it by the church altars. It is an easy thing for men and women to bow down their heads and speak God's name in hours of desolation, with every appearance of reverence and profound worship; but when the change comes, neither altar nor temple will save you. The mask will fall. The Supreme Lord and Universal Power has his own way of discovering duplicity and hypocrisy. The soul must stand bareheaded when it recognizes the Supreme.

Love and justice sing a glad welcome to weary souls, and they who preach dread vengeance, and seek to make men quail before the merciless threatenings of the Almighty, will find themselves mightily mistaken; and it is well for them there is no personal hell. I speak as I feel; I am for the right. BILL YOUNG.

MARGARET WALTON MEAD, IN SPIRIT-LIFE,  
TO HER BROTHER, WILLIAM MEAD, OF YATES, N. Y.

Oh, my dear brother William! Is it possible I can reach you through the Voice OF ANGELS? I tried so long, and the Medium was sick and in trouble. She said she would give me the first chance, but then came dark days for her, and bitter sorrow. Now all is passing away, and we can reach our friends again.

My dear brother, I have been often near you, and have tried to make you realize my presence. Father and our dear brother John were with you the other night, when you felt so discouraged. Did you not feel mother's hand upon your head? Did you not know she was near you? I stood at your side; John at your left; mother was nearest; and father seemed to feel that he could help you to gain all your soul-desires. But you know father was always looking for power and blessings, that somehow never reached us.

I would you were happier, brother William; I would you were surrounded by dear ones. You have the grand, loving nature which can only expand and grow in the atmosphere of domestic love. You look deeply into the heart of all things created, and you have sought to find out the mysterious ways of the Deity.

Oh, my dear brother, find out the need



of your own grand and noble nature, and make yourself useful in all spheres of manhood.

You will say, "Sister Maggie has become a philosopher, since she departed this life." Not so, my dear brother; I am conversing cheerfully upon the real things which enter into your real physical life. They may talk of heavenly love and angelic affinity; but you know, my dear William, that human hearts crave human love; and it is needless to gainsay it. Idols of clay are fashioned to fit hearts of human passion, and the loves of earth-life must be human. There comes a higher and better life, a purer and nobler love; and you can wait, if you will, and find one who is here clad in garments pure and white, and crowned with womanhood's jewels of price.

Here are all the dear ones of our old home. Here are our parents, brothers and sisters, and a long line of noble ancestors; and you are very, very dear to us all.

Walk fearlessly, brother William; do not be turned aside for human power. You are surrounded by your Spirit-friends, loving and ever fondly beloved.

I wanted to live, William; but I am satisfied now. Tell those I loved that Maggie never forgets her friends, and those she loved the best are ever near and dear, and tenderly watched over by her who has never been dead to love, faith and sympathy.

When I think how widely those dear ones are scattered—some on earth, more of them here—I say with a prayer in my heart, "Oh, Lord, let us all be gathered in one family, in thine own good time! Bring us nearer, nearer together, and make us happy under thy sheltering love."

Mother was glad to be free. How she wanted you before she passed away!—She was so long helpless, and lived more with past memories than with present sorrows. Angel-friends ministered to her, and she was content to bide her time till her name was called; and then she gladly came into her rest.

I have much more to say, my dear brother, and will try to give you another message embodying my views of the earth-life; and if I can, will point out the true pathway to the higher phases of Spiritual knowledge. You are doing all you can; and the Spirits of the noble and true are aiding you in your noble efforts towards spreading abroad the Spiritual truth.

WILLIAM WRIGHT TO HIS WIFE, ANNA ASH WRIGHT, OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

I FIND it pleasant and profitable, my dearest wife, to hold communion with you

through "West Ingle," the Medium for truth and knowledge. I was not willing to die. You know how hard I battled with death, ere I yielded to the power over which mortals can have no control. Day by day I found myself becoming more powerless to defend myself; and at last, sunk overpowered into, as I thought, the grave. But, Anna dear, the grave is a bugbear. There is really no death, and the change from care, pain and grief is pleasant, sweet and satisfactory. We do not forget one tie which binds us. We do not even lose our identity. I am the same Will Wright you knew and loved so dearly. I am still your devoted husband. I can gaze on your beautiful, but fading face, with clear eyes, and know all that is passing around you.

The many months and years passed since I left you have enlarged my capacity for knowledge and experience, and strengthened my consciousness of your womanly purity and worth.

Your efforts in behalf of the poor and needy, your kindness, and sweet, womanly charity, are all known by me, and recorded to your honor and glory here, where all labor for others and not for self.

Your friends are here; your father, mother, sisters and brothers are surrounding you, even now. Our own children, Frank, and the one who passed into Spirit-life before it breathed the air of earth, are now by your side. I call her Anna—your name, my wife. She could not have a sweeter name, even among the angels, nor a braver and truer spirit, than that of her mother.

Now, my dearest Anna, do not grieve for those who are disembodied. Let your Spirit unfold itself into more beautiful forms of love and charity. Let all the impulses of your noble nature spring forth into new life and greater strength. Remember, my dear Anna, that God is the source of all blessings. He governs the human family with equal and unvarying love.

There are different conditions and attainments of men; yet each one must eventually receive his share of all the higher gifts of peace and happiness, though they may often come through channels of sorrow and care.

There is a great joy in store for your faithful Spirit, when you meet us in this beautiful land of the Soul. You will know why you were compelled to bear heavy crosses. Watch and work by faith, in the church or out, it matters not where; so you do your duty and do it well.

I am still your faithful husband.

WILLIAM WRIGHT.

THROUGH MRS. KUMAN GOODHUE WAGNER.  
ROBERT DALE OWEN.

FAIR would I stifle the emotions of my soul, and keep in sacred privacy the words that thrill in my still pulsing bosom; but my unfettered Spirit prompts me to give utterance to truth, or to give to the dear ones of earth some token of kind remembrance.

Apart from the things of life, I know nothing—the life that was, the life that is, and the life that ever must be. Of all that is spurious and fraudulent I can only express my detestation; but while I condemn I pity, and while I censure I forgive.

Why should man falsify himself, when there are so many grand truths to be developed, and so many proofs of indestructible life? You of earth, who knew me best, can appreciate my life-work, and the devotion with which I espoused the grandest and dearest of all truths to me—that of modern Spiritualism—and to which, after years of patient investigation and anticipation, I became a martyr. Not boastfully do I say it, but reverently and joyfully; and were it possible to yield again my physical body to the requirements of the divine law, I would willingly do so, for the conscious knowledge of this moment.

I have no wrongs to redress, but much to glorify; and to my accusers I would say, Peace be with you. I am not an arisen saint or prophet, but an emancipated, conscious Spirit.

The redemption of man must ever be through the divine attributes of his nature, disciplined to love, and worked out through moral and intellectual law. My Spiritual eyes have beheld what my mortal could never have perceived. The clouds that obscured my vision have passed away. The doubts that once harassed me, the darkness that for a time enveloped my mental nature, shadow me no longer; but have given me a broader and more comprehensive view of life as it is; even unto the eternal fitness of things.

ROBERT DALE OWEN.

THROUGH C. E. WINANS.  
FROM MRS. ALETTAH PAINE.

I wish to communicate with my son, Luther Paine.

I am glad to greet you, my son. Your mother, Aleltah, calls you, not with a hollow voice, nor with her eyes closed, or mouth hushed. I bring you glad tidings; I have arisen in Spirit, and come hither tonight among you.

My son, a vision of the Spiritual came to me, as I was closing my eyes in the last



hours of life, and opened to me a view of the immortality of the soul.

Since I entered Spirit-life, I have found much which has been useful to me, Luther. All knew my peculiar views; for I never kept my light hid under a bushel. All knew that I said what I thought. My church-creed does not weigh heavily on my mind; because I have found a religion more suitable. I was a Lutheran in belief, when I lived here on earth; but since I have passed to this life, I have found out, Luther, that your religion is a true one—a religion that teaches of a life beyond. And, my son, you have it demonstrated to you daily. I am glad that you are a believer in the communion of Spirits; not from curiosity, but because of its truth and beauty, and the pleasure and delight which it affords you.

The education which you have received and can receive through the Philosophy of Spiritualism, will be of vast importance to you in this life and the life to come. There is much you would like to understand. You would like to take a peep under the curtain, and learn of your powers of the hereafter; but you must wait for the power to be given you. You have powers well worthy of being proud of. Those mediumistic qualities you have, you inherited from me. I know now I was mediumistic when I was here. There are a great many I loved, and a great many that loved me, and I wish they knew that I still live.

My son, you cannot lay aside your Medium power. You must still work for a higher circle. Then you must work for humanity, while you stay here on earth. Our voices must be heard, speaking for the grand cause of Spiritualism, because of the great love the Spirit-world has for you and the earth-friends. Am I a Spiritualist? I realize what it is to be a Spirit and enjoy Spiritual-life—to be freed from care, from sickness, from disease, and again to feel the freedom of health, and the power which the great Father of all has given me. That makes me a Spiritualist. I did what I thought right when I was here, and I will do my humble work when I come back here. My heart is rejoiced, when I find I can come back. I can come here from my Spirit-home, and send forth words of love and peace to those I have left behind, and have them feel that I am not gone. I love my children; I love them well.

Luther, my son, you will find that to go onward and upward is to do your work well. It brings a blessing which none can take away.

Henry Paine sends love; he will communicate with you all very soon.

I and your father, Luther, will often be with you, and assist your controls in the great work of developing you. I will come soon again, and give more. So, good-bye. Your mother,

ALETTAH PAINE.

#### VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE.

THROUGH WEST INGLE.

LOWELL, Lake Co., Ind., Feb. 5, 1879.

BROTHER DENSMORE:—With gratitude we received the VOICE OF ANGELS for Jan. 15th, with a message from my dear, dear daughter, Ella Castle, through "West Ingle," which was very characteristic of her, and satisfactory to me. We are very thankful to her for the message, and to you for sending it to us. I hope we shall receive more from her.

Yours, respectfully

MRS. ALMEDA CASTLE.

#### "TUNIE" FUND.

We have been requested by the Band controlling the destiny of this paper to call upon those of our patrons who are able, to contribute to a fund for sending the VOICE OF ANGELS free to those unable to pay for it. To any and all our patrons who can send any amount, if ever so small, for the above purpose, we will credit the amount they may send, in the next issue of the paper.

Since our last, we have received the following donations to the "Tunie" Fund:

J. K., Cincinnati, Ohio,	\$5.00
Mrs. Cleonore Zwicker, Blue Grass, Iowa,	0.35
W. H. Howe, Bradwood, Ill.,	0.35
Hiram Blackford, Mifflin, Wis.,	0.35
O. J. Rockwell, Trenton, Mo.,	1.35
C. C. Cutting, Sheep Ranch, Calaveras Co., Cal.,	0.85
Solomon Rankin, South Union, Ky.,	0.35
Henry Meidendorff, Antioch, Ill.,	0.35
Mrs. E. A. Burrell, Port Jervis, N. Y.,	0.40
A. H. Odell, Bannock City, Montana Ter.,	0.35
A. T. Hudson, Stockton, Cal.,	5.00
D. W. Hambly, Snake Lake Valley, Cal.,	1.00

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