



VOL. IV. { D. C. DENSMORE, }
PUBLISHER.

NO. WEYMOUTH, MASS., APRIL 1, 1879.

{ \$1.65 PER ANNUM } NO. 7.
IN ADVANCE

VOICE OF ANGELS.

Enlarged from 8 to 12 pages, formerly issued from No. 5 Dwight Street, Boston, Mass., will after this date be published at *Fair View House, North Weymouth, Mass.*, the 1st and 15th of each month.

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

" D. K. MINER, Business Manager,

D. C. DENSMORE, Amanuensis and Publisher.

Price yearly, - - - - -	\$1.65 in advance.
Six months, - - - - -	.83 "
Three months - - - - -	.42 "
Single copies - - - - -	.08 "

The above rates include postage. *Specimen copies sent free* on application at this office.

All letters and communications (to receive attention) must be directed, (postpaid,) as above, to D. C. DENSMORE, Publisher.

LITERARY.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

THE HARPS.

THROUGH TRYPHENA C. PARDEE.

THE angels send greeting from Life's tearless shore,
Where its love-pulsings beating harmonial power,
Forever vibrating from wires finely strung
On tender-toned harps by infantiles hung.

On the banks of deliverance from death's icy sting,
Little children's hosannas eternally ring,
And their sweet melting echoes dance over the sea,
And sorrow's sad wallings at once cease to be.

Close down by the waves on the heavenly strands
See the golden harps glitter in their lily-white hands,
And they laugh at the flutters of the thin veil of death,
When they breathe on it softly love's musical breath.

Drop the harp of cold iron that has chilled you so long,
With its dirge of wild moaning and burial song;
Take the sweet harpsichord tuned from angel-life lyres,
And join in communion Heaven's soul-cheering wires.

And venture to walk over death's rustled wave;
Speaking distance 'tis only;—in truth's name be brave!
'Tis a path strewn with lilies and witherless flowers,
By our dear little lovelings, to charm to their bowers.
ELLINGTON, N. Y., Feb. 4 1879.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

OUR LOVED ONES GONE.

OUR loved ones have gone just over the way,
To that beautiful home on high;
And oft, as the twilight gathers,
We feel that they are nigh.

For God does not take them wholly away,
But only the bodies transforms;
He lets them come to comfort us
With their presence so loving and warm.

And often, when we think of them,
In their home so free from care,
The room seems filled with a blessed light,
And we know that they are here.

I wish that all could realize
How near they come to us;
They would not feel such loneliness
When their friends return to dust.

For it is only the senseless clay
That returns to mother earth;
But the Spirit can hover near us,
To tell of the glad new birth—

To tell of the birth of the Spirit
Into the realms of light,
Where there is neither sighing nor weeping,
And where there is no night.

Strengthen us, oh, my Saviour,
With thy kind and loving arm;
Guard us from all temptation,
Shelter us from all harm!

Travelling on life's journey,
May we ever do our best;
Walking in thy footsteps,
And helping the oppressed!

NORTH WEYMOUTH, Mass.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

GLENDOWER;

A LEGEND OF THE OLD AND NEW.

BY ALICE CARY.

THROUGH MRS. SUSAN GOODHUE WAGNER.

[CONTINUED.]

LET us pass on to disintegration—where the
fœtal or organic system of things are revoked
or separated into primeval parts, each having
its own special or additional degree, or purpose,
or local adaptation. Thus the parts of life go
on—one forming the sustenance of the other—
one the positive or basic principle, the other
the magnetic or attractive—the formation of
distinctive parts of thought propelled through
proper mortal or immortal agencies.

Life is not the transitory, fleeting dream, but
the ever-present eternal and actual reality. The
shells of the ocean, of febrile and delicate tex-
ture, impart to us the grand thought of retained
identity. Even this inanimate formation of
beauty and delicacy, through vibratory and de-
lightful sounds, coming in contact with the vo-
cal sense, seems to manifest or to suggest the
life-principle as the inherent causation, not of
its actual knowledge or mechanical construc-
tion, but the retained, harmonious action. All
nature seems to be in accord to establish or vin-
dicate the final adjustment of things unto in-
destructible purposes. Its harps are all attuned

to divine melody, breathing forth its inspira-
tion, and transforming demons of darkness into
angels of light; shadowing your earthly habit-
ation, but glorifying your Spiritual life.

I see the day is breaking;—dear father, I am blest;
I saw the evening twilight grow fainter in the west;
I heard the sweet birds singing—a mournful dirge it seemed:
I woke as from my dreaming—I knew not that I dreamed.

The golden sunshine shimmered o'er hillside and the vale,
And the star-flowers gleamed and glimmered, as my little
boat set sail;
But I was bright and joyous, as joyous as could be,
As my little boat sped onward across the shining sea.

Till the hills grew dim and misty, and the leaflets dropping
tears;
But my little boat sped onward, till it reached the brighter
spheres;
And the beauty of the morning awoke me to delight;
And I wondered if the dawning was the sweet surprise of
night.

Oh, my bonny boat thus glided so sweetly o'er the sea,
Soft murmurs all about me, dear eyes that gazed on me;
Sweet faces, smiling faces, that met me everywhere—
Angels of wondrous beauty, with bright and flowing hair.

And the heavenly vales were ringing with the harmony of
song,
And the anthem of sweet singing, as my little boat sped on.

Though the hills behind were misty, and the leaves were
dropping tears,
Sweetly my thought unfolded within the brighter spheres;
And thought was ever blended into harmonious sound,
And I knew that I was treading on green, immortal ground.

And I see the shining valley, and the flowers gleam and
gleam;
And all my ways are pleasant and all my thoughts serene;
And I knew my mortal vision obscured those valleys bright,
As the glory of the morning broke o'er the vales of light.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

HOW TO PREVENT TAKING COLD.

KEEP the general health good; that is, keep
the blood pure by eating such food as the stom-
ach will digest well, and no other; labor or ex-
ercise enough to keep up a good and free circu-
lation of the blood, and breathe freely of pure
air, occasionally filling the lungs to the full ex-
tent, so that the oxygen taken into the lungs
may be sufficient to consume the carbon in the
blood.

As the carbon in the blood comes in contact
with the oxygen, when in the lungs, it is
burned, adding one-seventh to the warmth of

the blood; still not increasing it in temperature, as arterial blood can contain one-seventh more heat than venous blood, without increasing the temperature.

This extra heat is imparted to the system by the blood, as it circulates through the arteries, and returns through the veins to the heart and lungs. When this one-seventh of extra heat is not enough to keep up the warmth of the system, the extremities begin to grow cold, and the circulation is diminished; and if this is continued till the whole system is suffering from cold, and, in this condition, if the chilled one goes into a warm room, inhaling the warm air, the blood will rush to the lungs and head, being loth to go to the almost or quite frozen extremities, and soon a watery substance flows from the nose, or coughing is induced.

To prevent that, let the one that is chilled drink a little cold water immediately on going into a warm room. That will be taken up by the lacteals, and carried into the blood just before it enters the heart and lungs, thus preventing any extra rush of blood to the lungs or head; as it, in part, equalizes the temperature of the system.

When the blood is pure, and the system is free from disease or worn-out matter, and the circulation is full and free, it is impossible to take cold.

It is a noticeable fact that the veins of those whose business confines them in the house, or warm shops, or offices, (women, mechanics, and professional men,) appear to contain blood that is much darker than those whose business is out in the open air.

Those that compress the chest the most, and inhale the least pure air, have the most unconsumed carbon in their blood, and the coldest hands and feet. The consumptive patient's blood becomes very dark, after the lungs are incapable of containing air enough to consume the carbon.

Sweating cools the system, and removes the water and effete matter through the pores; and when the sweating ceases, the pores being open, the system is liable to become too cool and chilly. To prevent taking cold, then, an extra garment should be put on. A little rubbing of the skin will cause the pores to contract, retain a just amount of warmth for the system, and prevent taking cold.

A company of surveyors, who had been surveying in November and December, when there was considerable snow on the ground, the weather being cold, and they camping out where night overtook them, was perfectly free from colds, till they retired from that business and went into warm rooms. Then all of them had colds, and coughed a large part of the time.

It is the warm air taken into the lungs, when the circulation of the blood is not free and full, that causes what is called a cold.

[How to cure a cold in our next.]

J. A. SPEAR.

THE martyrs to vice far exceed the martyrs to virtue, both in endurance and in numbers.

No man should be allowed to carry a conscience for his fellows.—H. W. Beecher.

THE USE OF SKUNK OIL.

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., Jan. 28, 1879.

To the Editor of the *Ledger*:

In your last *Ledger*, you wish to know what skunk oil is used for. Now I will tell you what we use it for out here in Missouri. We find it a fine thing for Rheumatism. A lady friend of mine was confined to her bed with Rheumatism. She had tried every thing she knew, but could get no relief. At last there came an old Indian woman to the house, and she told her to get a skunk and try out the oil, and put a good lot of red pepper with it and apply it. She did so and is now cured. The only unpleasant thing about the business is catching the skunk. If you should think this worth while inserting in your paper, it might benefit some poor sufferer.

Mrs. MARGARET HAMILTON.

The above I have clipped from a recent number of the *New York Ledger*. My Spirit Physician endorses the use of skunk oil, prepared as above, for Rheumatism, and all pains or stiffness in the joints, severe swelling of cords, etc. In large cities, the oil may be purchased at the principal Botanic Depots. He also tells me that the oil of fresh eels, tried out in the same manner and plentifully sprinkled with red pepper, will answer nearly the same purposes as skunk oil, when the latter is not to be had. Rheumatics should dwell upon dry, sandy soil, and occupy warm, sunlit rooms.

M. T. SHELHAMER.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

CURE OF LOCKJAW.

DURING my last visit to California, it was at Santa Clara where I met Dr. Arthur Saxe, and speaking of lockjaw, this celebrated physician and leading surgeon said, "Jewett, you nor any other living being can cure lockjaw."

A few months after this, in the fall of 1870, I learned that a man was lying dangerously ill at Bakersfield, with an attack of lockjaw, and was credibly informed that he had been suffering in this manner five days, and that his doctor in attendance said he must die. Setting out with a determination to see the person, myself and son drove seventeen miles, from our sheep-ranch, on Kern River, to the hammock, where the sufferer was found, sheltered from the heat of the sun, lying on some weeds, substituted for a bed; and found that the primary cause of the contraction of his muscles and tendons was a bullet-shot down directly through his foot.

We found the man with his jaws closed tight, his upper front teeth shut over and down in front of the lower ones, and unable to take any food. After liberty was granted to work over him, I said, "My friend, in forty minutes after I commence, you shall be able to open your mouth, sir." With a pleasing smile, he nodded assent, and the promise was truly met.

Old Captain Stevens, (the first pioneer over the Rocky Mountains, one year ahead of Fremont,) lived within one mile, of whom we procured a kettle and some tobacco leaves, to commence the treatment, which was so very different from what is practiced by others in such cases, I will here state the mode of operation.

First, we heated a plenty of water. After

graduating it to a heat of perhaps 120 degrees, a small part was used to bathe his feet and ankles thoroughly, standing them in the water five minutes, wiping dry and then manipulating with the hand a short time, making downward passes, then, binding all over his feet moistened leaves of tobacco, immediately following with a bath of water, as hot as could be borne. It was poured out of a coffee pot by Philo D. Jewett, (who now lives at Bakersfield,) admitting a small stream to strike the palm of my right hand, while the left was gently pressing against his forehead; the water running down and off at my finger-ends upon the spinal column and base of his back-head or cerebellum, and over the patient's cheeks upon the ground, to the amount of ten gallons, while he was bowed standing on his knees. Then immediately wiping his neck with a towel, manipulating, making passes, down from the back head, down his spine, for a while; as he stood up, commanding him to open his mouth. The tension of his jaws soon gave way, sufficient to pass his fingers in, and his tongue out; from all of which he soon recovered. A few weeks after, I saw him in the village, near, at work at his trade as a painter.

SOLOMON W. JEWETT, D. M.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

REMOVING CINDERS FROM THE EYE.

SO. CANTERBURY, Conn. March 11, 1870.

BROTHER DENSMORE,—I send you a simple and effectual way of removing cinders or particles of dust from the eye, which I have practiced for years: Take a knitting-needle that has been worn perfectly smooth by use, lightly smear the end with tallow, and introduce it at the outer angle of the eye, between the upper lid and eyeball; carry it forward, and remove it at the inner angle. By this movement, the entire surface of the upper lid and eyeball will be swept, and the speck will adhere to the needle and be removed. Respectfully,

J. OWEN SMITH.

TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

CHILDREN as soon after birth as convenient, should be sprinkled all over with water, (not too cold,) twice a day, and well rubbed afterwards; continuing the practice every day in the year, except in cases of illness, and even then if there is accelerated pulse, hot skin, and other signs of fever. Food should be given them at stated intervals—say once in three hours through the day, but never during the night; the habit is injurious both to mother and child. The night should be devoted solely to sleep and rest. From the hour of weaning, until after the first teeth are grown, the best food is graham bread and milk, pea and bean soups, oatmeal gruel, &c. No meat should be allowed till after the most critical period of the second dentition. A large proportion of the infantile diseases, as also the deaths of infants and children, are produced by an indulgence in animal food.

All children are inclined to drink too much,

and this should be firmly discouraged. The only drink should be water or milk, or both combined, and of this only a tumblerful after each meal.—*Exchange.*

[From Dr. Hubbard's Herald.]

RULES OF LIVING—AIR AND EXERCISE.

CONFINEMENT to close, warm, unventilated rooms is always unhealthy, and is one of the principal causes of general debility and consumption, so common to females. If you cannot or will not have air and exercise, it is your misfortune, as much as your disease is; you *must* have them, or give up all hope of health and its consequent blessings.

Take an hour's active, cheerful, willing walk, three times a day, *every day in the year*, no matter what the weather is—all weather is healthy to those who accustom themselves to it; *the only danger is in getting chilled*—even though you get soaking wet from head to foot. Never exercise to exhaustion or decided fatigue. Avoid a draught of air as you would a poisoned arrow. Avoid, also, an over-heated room; seventy degrees Fahrenheit is the extreme limit of the law of health.

FOOD AND DRINK.

Whatever the person has found, from long experience, to agree with him, is safe for him to eat and drink; and whatever he has found to disagree with him, should be strictly avoided. Whatever is eaten should be indulged in good confidence. There should be no doubt that it is exactly the thing you need, and not the shadow of anxiety after it is eaten. Eat as simple food as possible, but eat enough, and that which is best suited to your taste. Never be in a hurry and never be too slow in eating. Be sure and masticate what you do eat. Be regular at your meals—this is absolutely indispensable. Eat no strong butter, no fat or smoked meats, no gravies, no fried food, nothing that has a rank, strong taste. Avoid, as much as possible, high-seasoned food.

SLEEP.

Never sleep in the day time, if you can avoid it. Retire regularly at the same hour each night, at least by ten o'clock; and rise in the morning as soon as you wake. Make a business of sleeping when you do retire. Dismiss from your mind every care and every thought, and dispense with all conversation. Never sleep over eight hours in one night. Do not sleep on your back or with your mouth open. The best position is on the right side. Let your sleeping-room be as large as possible, with one side at least to the sun, (an upper story is preferable;) and in all weathers have your window raised or lowered at least two or three inches. In very damp or cold weather, invalids should have a fire to get up by.

FEET.

On going to bed be sure that your feet are warm and dry; and when you rise in the morning bathe your feet a minute or two in cold water, and then rub them with a coarse cloth until they are red and warm. Do this if you would have warm feet through the day. Never

let your bare feet touch a cold floor. If your feet insist on being cold at night, have a hot block of wood put to each foot at bedtime. Never wear damp or wet stockings, nor attempt to dry them on your feet. Change them as soon as possible, but before fresh dry ones are put on, rub the feet thoroughly dry and warm.

MORNING BATH.

Begin with warm water, if you cannot bear the cold; but gradually increase the cold, and wash your body, especially the upper part of it, as you do your face and hands, every morning. It may be done in three or four minutes, by wetting a towel, laying it flat on the hand, and with breast projecting and mouth closed, rub fast and hard as far as you can reach in every direction; then, with a dry, coarse towel, rub yourself quickly dry and warm.

CORRECTION.

GLENDALE, Mont. Terr., March 3, 1879.

D. C. DENSMORE:—*Dear Bro.*,—I find a slight mistake in the salve or poultice used in connection with the "Cure for Cancer," published in the Voice, Feb 15th. The quantity of verdigris to be used is only about two or three times as large as a pea. Its use in the salve is to prevent the growth of fungus.

H. W. H.

CIVILIZATION:

MESSAGE NUMBER NINETEEN.

SPOKEN THROUGH J. M. A., AT MATFIELD, MASS.,
Nov. 20, 1878.

Be good enough to bear in mind the importance of making preparations to go away from this point pretty soon. We are prepared to open the way, as soon as you are ready—but no sooner. The work is hard, but pleasant, nevertheless. Go, assured of our protection; and all shall be well.

A wider field than any you have yet occupied opens up before you, if you choose to enter it; otherwise, you will limit yourselves to home-life and its surroundings, with occasional or frequent contributions to the press, [or publications in more permanent form,] until such time as you shall be called, and with louder voice, more resistless.

We wish you to be comfortable in your bodies, while doing the work first alluded to, and propose to give you more Southern latitudes than you have yet had together, pretty soon.

The way will open, be assured, as soon as you are ready to walk in it. Be not in undue haste, but diligent and watchful. Finish up your work here, thoroughly and well. Be free.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

FROM OUR REGULAR PACIFIC COAST CONTRIBUTOR.

COMMUNAL HOME-GROUP-LIFE.

The efforts being made to establish and maintain this type of improved social life are indeed evidences of social-civil progress, and will have the cordial approval of the truly intelligent, the cultured, the progressed, of our long mentally dwarfed, benighted race. Group-

Homes, such as contemplated by the Spirit-movers of the plan, and now instrumentally advocated by our noble, talented brother, J. M. Allen, and his lady, and others, are indispensable to some of the more advanced of Liberalists, Spiritualists, etc. They are essential as a connecting link, a progressed step, between the prevailing, by-ignorance-sustained, rotten social system, (rather jargon, and want of system,) and the far more refined, exalted type of civilization obtaining in the Upper Spheres, for such of us Intelligences as are now, here, competent to promote and enjoy such progressed methods of life. And who, I inquire, are qualified for such advanced modes? Those of us who are hungering for Soul-growth—and who see in such Homes the very nutriment we need; those of us who are now psychologically impelled to rush to "front," when and where brave souls are indispensable, most needed! Come forward, then, all such; gird on the armor of progress, and battle under the rational, exalted Reform-demand, "Up with Liberty and down with Oppression!" I enlist for this war.

R. THURSTON LOCKWOOD

[For the Voice of Angels.]

A VISIT TO ROBERT BURNS.

BY SPIRIT JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCK, THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. STELLHAMER.

I HAD long been pressed and impressed to pay a visit to the spiritual locality where Robert Burns—Scotland's favored child of poesy—has taken up his abiding place, and where he extends the thorough hospitality of a genial heart, and where all kindred souls are welcomed with royal cordiality.

I had met Burns upon many occasions, since my entrance to the joys of Spirit-existence; I had seen him in public convocations of the poets; had been with him at friendly gatherings, where souls like his met to enjoy the rich and varied productions of each others' minds; I had seen him in hall and bower, amid lofty and lowly scenes alike; and finally, I had received a visit from him in my own private domain; but as yet I had never responded to his kindly, soul-given invitations, nor to my own urgent interior impressions to repay the visit. But an opportunity at length presented itself for me to do so, and accordingly, in company with a friend—who wished me to travel, not by the propelling force of will, but leisurely, as mortals do, and who accompanied me to point out the natural beauties and points of interest that spread all along our route—I set out with a joyful spirit, and anticipations of a rich treat in store, to visit the Spirit-home of Scotia's immortal bard.

I will not weary you by describing our journey. The time is coming when localities and their scenery belonging to Spirit-

life will be described to mortals by those Spirits who are fully competent to give these descriptions. At present, I will confine myself to the object of my journey, namely, the arrival at the Spirit-home of the poet.

My companion and myself journeyed along—he interesting me by the way, by relating bits of history or incident concerning places we passed, together with anecdotes of the people and their customs—until we arrived at the entrance of a natural basin or valley, set like a great green glowing gem between two opposite ranges of towering mountains. Upon the right, the mighty pile upreared its lofty head in solemn grandeur; the morning shadows resting upon it, only served to deepen the impressiveness of its height and power; its base of bronze brown hue supported the rugged pile, which deepened in color as it arose, until its apex presented the appearance of a gigantic amethyst, shining beneath the light of morning in purple splendor.

Upon the left, arose a range of polished stone, as white as sculptured marble, which gleamed and glistened in the sunlight like a mountain of frostwork. Its numerous crags and peaks shone like so many spears of frozen snow; and the rosy light resting upon its sparkling surface presented an appearance at once marvelous and bewitching to the beholder.

In the hollow formed by these mountain ranges nestled a valley, covered with a luxuriant growth of vegetation and verdure. Fields of ripening grain, blooming gardens, delighting the senses with their fragrance and beauty, waving trees, in all the glory of foliage and leaf, met the eye at every turn. Nor was this all: the white walls of cottages gleamed here and there around about us, and dotted the scene with an appearance of home comfort. The people whom we saw busy about their gardens, or caught a glimpse of between the open doorways of their houses, appeared happy and contented; their dress was simple, and seemingly worn for comfort; their countenances betokened peace and liberty. Songs of innocence and mirth arose upon the balmy air, mingling with the tones of children's merry laughter. In short, here was an Arcadia in real life, such as any poet might be proud to dream of, and to picture out to the delight of his fellow-men.

"These," said my friend, "are the people who have gathered about Robbie Burns, as a flock of sheep gather around a beloved shepherd, or better; as a group of children gather about a beloved and venerat-

ed father, who listen to his advice, and follow his counsel, knowing it is for their good.

"Robert Burns has made these people what they are. They have come to Spirit-life one by one, worn and weary from the cares of earth; some of them even sin-sick and degraded from unnatural lives, led while in the body. He has gathered them together, taught them self-reliance, preached to them through the opening flower, the running stream and the song of birds. He has taught them to forget their cares, and to desire a nobler existence. He has set them to work to cultivate their gardens and build them homes. In doing this they have grown happy and at rest.

"From him they have learned patience, self-restraint, abnegation of self, a belief in the divinity of every spirit, and love for humanity.

"Some of these people, worn and broken down, came to him of themselves. They had heard of Burns while on earth, had read his words of sympathy, of love and tenderness, knew that he had sinned and suffered, and that with all he had faith in man. Through the great desire of their souls to see him, they were drawn to his presence, and his great, kindly heart, understanding their needs, spoke to them words of cheer, which gave relief and strength.

"Others he himself found by the wayside, sunk in misery and degradation; he held to them the helping hand, kindled contrition for wrong committed in their breasts, which brought a desire to do better and be better. He found their loved and loving ones for them; and all reverence him with love and blessing. The children abiding here are little waifs cast off from earth, who have known no tender care before their Spirit-birth; here they are tended and educated by those capable of giving loving care and instruction to opening minds."

A group of merry children, laughing and shouting in glee, dashed by us as my companion ceased, their little faces radiant with joy and happiness.

We paused at the entrance of a magnificent garden, extending its limits far and wide. The well-kept walks, the superb parterres of blooming flowers, the immense shrubs raising their leaf-crowned branches in conscious pride, the grand old trees uprearing their mighty heads, and casting grateful shadows here and there, the pond at the further end, gleaming and glittering in the sunlight, rustic seats scattered here and there, banks of velvet-like richness, bright with their vivid hue of emerald

green, all betokened this place to be the property of one who loved Nature, and who was a willing worker in beautifying and adorning her productions.

This immense garden was not enclosed from the public way, except by a low hedge of evergreens, whose tops were tufted with delicate, creamy-hued, fragrant blossoms, reminding me forcibly of our own native hawthorn.

No gate barred the entrance-way, which was open to the free admittance of all.

At the farther end of the principal walk arose a plain, unpretentious dwelling, its white walls gleaming with an appearance of purity and peace.

So far had we come up the valley, that the walls of this cottage fairly rested at the base of the purple-crested mountain, like a bird's-nest securely fastened upon some rugged rock.

"Here," said my guide, "you have the home of Robert Burns. I will now leave you to his care." Ere he could proceed, a form issued from the open doorway of the house, and hastened down the path to meet us. That beaming countenance, those kindly eyes, and warm, cordial hands extended to greet us, that commanding, yet unassuming figure, clothed in simple, rustic garb, could belong to no man in God's universe but Robert Burns. It needed no honeyed speech, no words of set greeting, no conventionalities, to tell us we were welcome; the spirit of our host overflowed with hospitality, and his soul beamed with all the fervor of his joy at meeting us.

Oh, the pleasure that enwrapped my being when I first entered the sanctuary of that good man's great heart, and felt that we were congenial companions! No constraint, no conventional formalities with him; all freedom and perfect ease.

My guide pleaded necessities of business as an excuse for leaving me alone with my host, and as we both preferred to roam in his great treasure-garden to entering the house, and as I felt refreshed and strong in spirit, as though I had just partaken of food, (which was true, as I had been feeding my soul all the way on the many delights I had encountered,) we turned down a by-path, and I began examining the rare plants and elegant shrubbery of the place, my host explaining and displaying his treasures as we went.

"I am surprised," said I, "at your wealth of luxuriant bloom, and the beauty, as well as the delicacy of perfume of these plants; they surpass anything I have yet seen; you must give them a great deal of attention."

"Well, lad," replied my companion, "it's not that so much; I look after them every day, of course. See, they have water, and just the right degree of light; I trim and train 'em, when there's muckle need; but I think its adaptability to surroundings that makes them fine; and then I love 'em every one, and it's real pleasure to care for them." And it was indeed with unfeigned fondness that he bent over a rare stock of geraniums and lifted a magnificent bloom to my view.

We wandered along, chatting on this shrub and that plant, the proper treatment of this stock and the right degree of culture for that variety. Nature and time had made him a thorough floriculturist; it was the spiritual refining of that love of Nature, manifested in the farmer-boy, using the plough and share, and weaving songs of richest beauty over his work.

The sun shone brightly; the waters gleamed in gladness; birds sang in the waving tree-tops, and love and beauty made an enchanting scene for the eye of an artist or bard.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE TINY RAPS.

BY DR. D. AMBROSE DAVIS.

WHEN first the tiny raps were heard,
Some one-and-thirty years ago,
All wondered what their import was,
For no one seemed to know.

Some little strange, mysterious sounds,
Like echoes from over the lea,
What tidings to mortals could such things bring?
What could their purport be?

Yet echo on echo cometh again—
And louder the anthems swell—
A voice from over the river of death,
With a glorious truth to tell!

'Tis told! and the joyous, sweet refrain
Has been heard on every hand,
All over the earth, again and again,
And up in the Spirit-land.

Ah, yes! that grand immortal choir
Has many a concert given,
That charmed the soul like a seraph lyre
From the upper courts of heaven,

And still around our lives today
That holy anthem lingers,
For still the chords of that heavenly harp
Are touched by Angel-fingers.

So well may we meet, and fool to rejoice;
And well may our hearts be stirred,
That e'er the sound of these little raps
By the children of men were heard.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

PASSED TO HIGHER LIFE,

FROM CANDIA, N. H., FEBRUARY 15, 1879,

ELLA F. PATTEN.

THROUGH MRS. A. H. F. ROBERTS.

ELLA has gone—our loved one dear—
Her gentle voice no more we hear;
Her graceful form no more we meet;
Her gentle hand no more we greet.

Peacefully she resigned her breath,
And sweetly closed her eyes in death;

We heave a sigh and drop a tear
For Ella, whom we still love dear.

The angels breathed upon her brow,
And said to her, "Come with us now,
And leave the world of toilsome care;
Go where the crystal fountains are.

And as she gazed with fond delight
Upon heaven's bright and golden light,
With gratitude her soul was filled,
And happiness her being thrilled.

Her joy is an eternal state;
Perpetual youth will find its mate;
Flowers are forever vernal,
And all things here are eternal.

Sweet blossoms deck the eon land;
Balmy breezes the brow cloth fan;
The gentle air sweet breezes waft;
From Nature's cup my joy I quaff.

Farewell to thee, my mother earth!—
In infancy thou gav'st me birth.
On earth's bosom no more I'll rest—
I am thrice happy with the blessed.

Farewell my body in the tomb,
For now I live in eon bloom.
With gratitude to God I bow,
That I am thus an angel now.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

SPIRITUAL BREEZES.

THROUGH CHARLES THOMPSON.

Now weary with long hours of toil,
Still burning out the midnight oil,
While conning many mystic pages,
The occult lore of by-gone ages,
In seeking for the "Pearl of price,"
Where'er a germ of wisdom lies—
In ancient writ, in modern lore,
In Nature's wondrous, varied store,

In chronicle of noble deeds,
In truths which outlast musty creeds—
Truths which grow brighter day by day,
As knowledge chaos clears away;—
My soul is moved with strong desire
To measure heights sublimely higher
Than e'er by mortal man was scanned;
Between two worlds I seem to stand.

And enter a superior estate,
Man's highest good to contemplate.
(Hush!) Spirit-breezes, wafted o'er
The mystic stream, from shore to shore,
Bring incense, melody and song:
(Be still, oh, beating heart!)—a throng
Of shining angels gather round
With kindly mien, yet thoughts profound.

A holy calm steals o'er my sense,
And joy to fully recompense
For all the pains my flesh can know,
Or sorrowing spirit undergo.
Hark!—Oh, my soul, what words of cheer
In hymns of melody I hear!
Celestial fingers sweep the string,
While thus angelic voices sing—

"Hail! Brother, hail! Oh, child of earth,
Remember everything of worth
Is of small particles composed,
In its own atmosphere enclosed,
And was not formed in one short day;
But evolution marks its way.
The past is past;—for future good
Improve the present, as you should.

"The giant oak, the cedar tall,
Came up from germs both tender, small;
Each little speck, from dell to hill,
Declareth the Almighty's will,
Progressing through refining fire,
Proclaims the mandate, 'Come up higher!'
Proves no ordeal is in vain,
Although conceived and born in pain.

"The years between the pains of birth
And joys of manhood, wisdom, worth,
Are years of sorrow, pain and strife;
Yet there's reward in Spirit-life.
The Angel Host who greet you now
Once toiled on earth and held the plow,
Or labored for the rights of men
As best they could with voice and pen.

"All that you seek or wish to know
Will the All-Father's hand bestow.

But not at once—not at one bound
Ascend the ladder's topmost round;
But work with a believing mind
In ways to benefit mankind:
E'en we are winning pearls today
By coming when we heard you pray.

"Would you go forth and win another?
Then lift thou up some fallen brother;
Go lead him to the way of right,
And point him to God's cheering light.
True deeds, though small, build up the man;
No one great act life's bridge can span;
He who is faithful all along,
For great emergencies is strong.

"But he who waiteth day by day
For great events to clear the way,
Will falter when sharp trials come—
In utter helplessness be dumb.
If for the pearl of price you crave,
Adorn the jewel that you have;
Add to its brightness, week by week,
By paying out the good you seek.

"The Father hears you when you pray,
And angels cleave the shining way,
And light and wisdom, strength impart,
And thus sustain your faltering heart.
There is a Heaven beyond the sky,
Where you shall live and never die,
Where noblest powers the mind engage,
And progress sure from age to age.

"Know immortality is thine,
And gladly bow to duty's shrine;
The good for which you've long aspired
Cannot be bought, must be acquired,
And by exertion, not by prayer.
Weigh well the truths which we declare,
And honor, wisdom, glory, power,
Will fruit and blossom in their hour."

Thus spake the Angels, and resigned
Am I to obey the Infinite Mind,
Believing that if I prove true
In all things, I no more can do;
And having done the best I can,
Must wait till law perfects God's plan,
And opens up the blessed way
For which I struggle, work and pray.

When hope's fruition shall be found,
And usefulness and love abound,
Beatifying glory will
The measure of my senses fill,
And knowledge without limit be,
Except my own capacity.
Oh, God, sustain me until then
In virtue, honor, truth—Amen!

ST. ALBANS, VT.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

LINES,

WRITTEN ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE
SPIRIT-BIRTH OF A DEAR SISTER,
FEB. 20, 1879.

BY M. THERESA SHELHAMER.

SEVEN years, sweet sister, since you passed away
To dwell in heavenly mansions up above,
Where angels chant their songs from day to day,
And all are guarded by the Father's love.

Seven years, sweet sister, since the angels called
Your Spirit home, and left us here to mourn;
But not as those bereft of faith and hope,
For we had seen the day of promise dawn.

Seven years have vanished since you passed from sight,
Seven years, since closer to our hearts you came—
A radiant being, clothed in robes of light,
And bearing Truth's undying torch of flame.

And all the years have brought you closer still:
Our hearts receive you in their wealth of love,
As through the changing scenes of good or ill
You calmly point us to the world above.

The roots sank deepest in the soil of earth
Send forth their greenest verdure towards the sky,
While gaining strength and vigor from below
To bloom in fragrant beauty by-and-by.

So tendrils of the heart, that cluster round
The lovely forms we lay beneath the soil,
Or push beyond the lowly, earthy mound,
And blossom in their sweetness up to God.

And thus our dear ones in their heavenward flight
Will draw our souls in aspirations on
To seek the upward path their feet have trod,
The bright eternal home where they have gone.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION:

FAIR VIEW HOUSE, NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS.

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

D. R. MINER, Business Manager

D. C. DENSMORE, Amendments and Publisher.

NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS., APRIL 1, 1879.

NOTICE.

As North Weymouth is not a Money Order Office, all such orders should be drawn upon the Quincy (Mass.) Post Office.

Pub. Voice of Angels.

EDITORIAL.

MATERIALIZATION VERSUS TRANSFIGURATION.

At this time, when so much is said and written concerning the phenomena of Materialization, and at a time when so many questions are raised as to its genuineness, we deem a word upon the subject given to the readers of the VOICE OF ANGELS will not be out of place.

From our own observation and experience, we believe that we are safe in affirming that the matter under discussion is very little understood by mortals, and that frequently grave mistakes are made in regard to the manifestations of Spirit-power that are presented to their notice.

That Materialization or form-manifestation is possible for the Spirit, is a fact that has been amply demonstrated to the world, not only by careful and judicious investigations in our own country, but also by the scientific research and investigation of the profoundest thinkers and ablest scientists of the mother-land.

Such men as William Crookes and Alfred R. Wallace stand at the head of the ladder of scientific investigation; and when after careful study, honest investigation, and after making the most judicious experiments, they give in their testimony of the truth and genuineness of form-manifestation, as produced by Spirit-power, the facts they present to our notice can neither be gainsayed nor denied.

But while the power of Materialization by Spirits is a fact, and Mediums exist all over the country, who possess the peculiar aura through and by which the invisibles are enabled to produce these manifestations, it is no less a fact that the conditions necessary to cause these manifestations to appear with full beauty and force are extremely delicate and very uncertain to be depended upon. Hence it may be that the Spirits may produce certain manifestations at one time, that are perfectly satisfactory and convincing to the beholders, and at another *seance* their efforts to manifest may be but partially successful, or altogether futile.

In order to have satisfactory manifestations of a material or physical nature, it is just as necessary for the Medium to keep his or her physical system, and their mental nature, also, in the best possible condition, as it is for a trance or inspirational Medium to do so. It is necessary that his daily home and surroundings be harmonious and cheerful; for from harmonious and cheerful natures living together there emanates that bright Spiritualized aura, (surrounding as it does the entire form of each individual,) that the Spirits are enabled to gather it as their material to make use of in building up the semblance of a human form, by which to manifest their identity to their earthly friends.

With most Mediums for this peculiar exhibition of Spirit-power, it is necessary that they continue to remain in one locality, and not change about; for after a house or a room has become thoroughly permeated with Spirit-force, become magnetized with the constant presence of Spirit-workers, better manifestations are produced than though a change of scene and locality was made at every sitting.

Spirits do not object to the reasonable testing of their Mediums. We speak advisedly on this head, as one who knows. Avoid cruelty or unkindness; be as gentle and tender as possible with their human instruments, and the invisible operators will allow you to apply any crucial test that may be deemed expedient by a committee of sensible and impartial persons.

There are other little conditions necessary to success, besides the harmonious condition of the members of the circle; such, for instance, as the state of the atmosphere, etc., at the time of holding the *seance*, which cannot be depended upon to exist favorably at any time; therefore it is well-nigh impossible to secure manifestations at every trial; neither should the Medium nor sitters expect it.

The temptation to supplement with fraud the futile efforts of the Spirits is sometimes too great for the Medium to resist, more especially if there is occasion to fear the loss of the price of a *seance*. We regret most sincerely that the habit of sitting for manifestations for money tends to create in the breasts of some Mediums that mercenary motive that seeks its own gratification rather than the desire to promulgate the truth at all hazards; and while we recognize the fact that Mediums for Spirit manifestations cannot give their time and strength without price, we regret, may, we deplore that Spiritualists who are able have not formed organizations—that is, as in this country no wealthy believer

in the truth would undertake it alone—and contributed of their means to place these Mediums in conditions where they would be raised above want and the necessity of demanding a price for their services.

It is a burning shame that it is so; for by the niggardly parsimony of wealthy Spiritualists humanity is cheated out of those manifestations of Spirit-power, that knowledge of Spirit-life, that would bless mankind with the hope and knowledge of immortality.

But, before we close, we must speak of another phase of Spirit-manifestation—one that to our thinking is just as satisfactory and convincing as materialization, and one, too, that is used far oftener than is understood by mortals.

We refer to the phenomena of Transfiguration—when the Medium's countenance is lighted up with a glory beautiful to behold, when the features shine as a lighted candle gleaming through transparency. This is a phenomena common enough to Trance Mediums, and often beheld, no doubt, by some of you; and with Personating Mediums it goes still further, frequently changing the Medium's face to a semblance of the Spirit controlling; and this is the basis of Transfiguration—a phase of manifestation frequently made use of by Spirits, when conditions are so unfavorable that independent materialization cannot be given. This is the easier mode of manifesting to mortals; for while with materialization Spirits are obliged to gather certain particles and elements from the atmosphere, from the Medium and sitters, with which to construct a form, independent of any other structure—with Transfiguration it is only necessary to throw an influence over the Medium, and with a certain knowledge of chemical laws so change and transfigure the form and countenance, to resemble the earthly features and form of the particular Spirit who wishes to represent himself or herself to the friends. At such a time the Medium in his transfigured state may be brought out of his confinement, and may be recognized by some one (by his strong resemblance) as a departed friend; should he be grasped at this time, the shock would break the influence, the Spirit would vanish, and the Medium be left in the clasp of the party holding him.

We know this to be a fact; we know it has been done; we have seen it from the Spirit-side of life; our own experiments with the VOICE OF ANGELS' Medium proves the law of transfiguration; we know that by this law all we have to do is

to use the Medium's body as a framework with which to build upon, and by changing certain elements we can so transfigure her countenance as to have it appear that of another person.

Now, it is time Spirits and Mediums made this fact known; it is time that when Materialization cannot occur, and Transfiguration can, that it should be so understood. A little more light must be admitted to investigators by Mediums—a little more light, materially and Spiritually. Most Spirits are ready to demonstrate the truth to mortals; Mediums must not stand in the way. When Transfiguration comes, let it be understood as such, and not as Materialization. When inspiration comes, let it be understood as such, and not as Trance Mediumship. So shall the truth go on, and fraud and error become eliminated from our ranks.

We would call the particular attention of our readers to the advertisement headed "To all Spiritualists."

"The Dawning Light" is a beautiful picture, and has for some time hung upon our walls, the admiration of both mortals and the Angels that visit us. It is a magnet of good influences, and should occupy a favored place in every Spiritual Home. Its price has been reduced to a very low figure, considering its high artistic merits.

The following touchingly beautiful and inspiring lines are engraved upon the margin of the picture:

"Still the Angels bridge Death's river,
With glad tidings as of yore;
Hark! their song of triumph swelling,
Echoes back from shore to shore;
We shall live for evermore."

NOTICE.

I HAVE been requested by the Supernals engineering this work to open a department for children, to be called "Children's Department," and to request all who feel any special interest in rearing the young to forward contributions to this new department. Hoping our friends everywhere will take sufficient interest in the move to send in contributions that will not only tend to interest the young, but at the same time instruct them in the laws and principles underlying the philosophy of life, I remain your friend and co-worker.

Pub. Voice of Angels.

NOTICE.

WILL Mr. Geo. McWenver please send an addressed envelope to Miss M. T. Shelhamer, that she may return his money; as she cannot make out the address in his letter.

Miss Shelhamer particularly requests the readers of the VOICE OF ANGELS not to send her money in order to receive a Spirit-communication. All Spirits presenting themselves at our Circle are made welcome; but, as it is impossible for the Medium to tell whether any

particular Spirit can manifest or not, parties will see how impossible it is for her to make contract with any one to furnish messages from their friends; and it necessitates the trouble of returning the money in every case. Also, Miss Shelhamer's private sittings are devoted to medical business entirely, such being the arrangement made by her Spirit-band.

CORROBORATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

SHELHANA, MO., March 7, 1879.

D. C. DENSMORE:—*Dear Sir and Bro.*—Last week I forwarded you some change to procure another copy of the VOICE OF ANGELS of Feb. 15th, in which was a characteristic message, through M. T. Shelhamer, from my uncle, Jesse Burnham, who lived in Gloucester, Mass., before he passed away.

I also sent a confirmation of the message at the same time. Having sent away my copy containing said message, to some friends interested in his welfare, and not being willing to miss one number, as I want to bind them at the end of the year, was my object in sending for it.

Since I sent the above note, I have received March 1st issue, containing another important and undeniable proof of the continued immortal existence and personal identity of a niece of mine, whose name was Annie Talbot, which undoubtedly will be the means of leading those tied hand and foot in churchal creeds and dogmas to investigate our heaven-born philosophy.

Having sent away the paper containing this last message, as I did the other, I am compelled to ask you to send me another copy of March 1st, and oblige

Sincerely yours,

C. G. BROWN.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

THROUGH WEST INGLE.

OAKLAND, Cal., Jan. 25, 1879.

MR. DENSMORE:—*Dear Sir,*—In the VOICE OF ANGELS of Dec. 15th, 1878, I recognize the communication from Julia Boughton Curtis, through "West Ingle," as coming from my wife, with all her characteristic love and tenderness.

Faternally yours,

MARSHALL CURTIS.

FLORENCE TO "TUNIE"

BOSTON, March 16, 1879.

To the Publisher of the Voice of Angels:

ENCLOSED is a little gift to "Tunie," from little Florence. The little dear says, "I am younger in Spirit-life, but would like very much to join the 'Tunie Band,' and come to earth with her, and bring a love-message to my mamma and grandma, such as they will feel satisfied comes from their 'little Florence.'"

SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE,
MARCH 2, 1879,

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELHAMER.

INVOCATION, BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

TO THEE, oh, Infinite Spirit, would we offer up the incense of our Spirits! Rich, indeed, are our possessions, although we are not clothed in princely robes; although no gems bedeck our brows, no shining gold is ours; yet we are possessed of wealth, for we are thine; we are thy children, and must enjoy thy munificence forever.

We bless thee that it is our privilege to meet, from time to time, in order to convey consolation and strength to the needy. We bless thee that thy promises, thy provisions are sufficient for all wants. We thank thee for the work carried on between the mortal and the immortal worlds, unseen though it be by the giddy multitude, unrecognized by those steeped in the frivolities of external life, and who look not for better things.

May thy messengers of love convey the harmony of the sweet songs sung unto the souls dwelling in ill harmony and discord; and oh, may the prayer, "Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee," be answered. May it give the struggling souls strength, courage and fortitude; may their lives blossom like the beautiful flowers in works of good will to all people, that when they enter my presence they may sing a nobler, sweeter song of praise.

Blest ones, who delight to do his will, we ask that the darkened Spirits located afar off be brought near, that they may receive of the light of truth.

Bless all instrumentalities on earth for the dissemination of truth; aid and assist each one in the work for humanity; and finally, hasten the day, when man shall become a law unto himself through love, when his will shall be done on earth, even as it is in heaven.

SARAH ALLEN.

I AM Sarah Allen. I have been gone away a long time; I don't know whether I can do any good by coming here, but I would like to reach the hearts of my friends in this way, that they may know I live and love them still. I have never been here before, and I hardly know how to act; but they said you would print what I said, and probably it would reach my friends. I am twenty-three or four. It's a few years since I went away. I come from Vine-land.

MRS. FRANK WHITCHER.

[THE Spirit labored very hard for

breath; also seemed to have a severe pain in her side.]

I don't understand it. I am not much used to this; I have only been away a few months, and—shaking her head—I don't understand it; but I thought if it was true, and I could come back, I would like so well to come to my husband, and ask him to go to some private Medium alone, where I could come and talk with him. There is so much I would like to say to him, so much to tell him that he knows is true, that I think it would do him good. I want him to have his eyes opened, while he is here.

[You see how you have controlled this Medium, how you make her talk and act as you do; perhaps you can come near your husband and influence him to do as you want him to.]

Oh, yes, sir; I think I have done so once or twice, I don't know how; only I came near him, and thought intently how I would like him to act in certain things, and he did; although I think he would have done differently himself.

I want to say this is a beautiful world, and the Spirit finds ample opportunity to develop all its natural abilities; that Maud Hilton has not become an idler, but can study and perfect herself in all that is ennobling to life.

My husband is Mr. Frank Whiteher, Hyde Park, Mass. You will please excuse me for coming. [We are here to listen to Spirits who wish to communicate, and you are welcome.] Thank you.

Address as above.

DELANO P. NICHOLS.

THAT was a good old tune you sang, sir—"I'm going home to die no more." I enjoyed it very much. I am also from Hyde Park, Massachusetts, sir, and want to send a long letter to my family. I was very much opposed to this belief when I was here, but I find a great deal that is good in it, and I want to make amends for all I said against it. It's six years very soon since I was hustled out of this world. I won't blame the horse, altogether, for I was seized with a kind of vertigo; and when I fell, the poor animal, feeling frightened, kept trampling and pawing, until I was all used up. I didn't feel it so much as sis and mother thought, as the faintness made me unconscious.

I am an old man, but I did not feel old, and had no idea I was going so soon; if I had, I would have had accounts balanced.

I left a wife, daughter and son-in-law; and in this public manner I ask my son's pardon for all I thought about his belief and hope; he always will call me father.

But my Danie is the one I want to bring near; I want her to feel her father's presence and his love. How often I have been with her and her mother, so anxious to let them know, to advise them in their counsels, and feeling that had I felt more lenient towards this belief I might then have impressed them with my presence and love.

The dear little angel they cared for, and who passed out like the may-flowers, has been a great comforter and help to me. She would bless them with her love, if permitted to do so.

I have met a good many here. Martin L. Whiteher tells me his letter never went to his friends. I urged him to come here tonight, but he says he will wait and see how I succeed. I've seen Perkins, but he's uneasy and restless, and not at all in my sphere. I remember when he was as much against this as I was.

I used to wonder how such a smart man as Lawyer Giles could believe this; but I wonder at nothing now; we change our opinions over here; but like the old tunes yet.

I am Delano P. Nichols, painter, of Hyde Park. My daughter is Mrs. Sarah Clark.

[Mr. Densmore, you had better send to Mrs. Sarah Clark, Hyde Park, Mass.]

GEORGIE DICKERTY.

You don't know me. I'm all wet. Do you like to go fishing? [Yes.] Let's go. [Not tonight.] Won't you? I guess I've been in the water; I like the water; I guess it's born in me like the ducks. I ain't turned a girl, have I? [Oh, no; you are only getting a young lady to talk for you.] Well, ain't this '78? [No, this is March, 1879.] Oh, then I've been away most a year. I'm bigger, too, than I was; guess I'll grow just the same; but I want to say I'm alive and having a nice time. I go to school; I like it better'n I used to, and I bring back my love, and come every day to bring it, too. I'm Georgie Dickerty. I lived in East Boston. My pa's a mariner, and his name's Samuel Dickerty. I must have floated here.

JAMES MATHERSON.

This is the third time I've tried to talk tonight, but every time I've been forestalled. I come from the Golden State—James Matherson. I don't know as there is any object in my coming; perhaps I'll get help for myself; don't know. [Have you any friends on earth?] Yes, as friends go; but I don't suppose they'd care to hear from me. I've a sister, somewhere in California, I'd like to reach, but I don't know as I can; for I lost track of her

when I was here. She's married, and her name's Jane Parkman.

I always thought when a man died, he found his friends, those he cared about. [Haven't you found yours?] No. [Ah, it is because of the state you have been in; you have been drawn away from your friends. California charms were too much for you.] I don't know about California's charms, but I do know about California's disappointments. [Well, it was the charms of California that drew you there, and its disappointments that troubled you. Now, my friend, cease to think of these things; turn your back on them, and set to work to lift yourself up to the plane of your friends. To do this, you must desire earnestly to find them; you must seek to make yourself better by helping others; there are plenty worse off than you are.

"Ceasing to give, we cease to have;
Such is the law of love."

Now, you try and help those you come across, who need help; try and desire to live better and purer yourself, and you will find your friends. Your mother will be drawn close to you, and no doubt she can take you to your sister.] I shouldn't wonder; she was with her a spell when here. Well, I'll try and do it. [That's right. Come again.] I thank you.

MESSAGES GIVEN MARCH 9, 1879.

MRS. CHESTER HARTZELL.

I HAVE come a great ways, sir, with the hope of sending a word of remembrance, of love, and most of all, of grateful thanks for past attentions and kindness, to many and all dear friends.

I was ill many years; I never knew, for the last twenty years, what it was to be entirely free from pain a week at a time; and, oh, the blessed relief, the sweet release from physical fetters, is very precious to me. I was ill so long, that the body lost something of its arbitrary power, and my Spirit assumed control. I believe I went to heaven a few days before my decease, and communed with the angels, as much as I believe I have been there since. And this was very sweet. I had no fear of death, and I was contented to go.

I left a dear husband, who was ever devoted, loving and kind, and who has my blessing and love always. I have met my dear ones, and I am happy.

I passed away early in July. I came from Alliance, Ohio.

MRS. CHESTER HARTZELL.

MRS. ADELIA ROTNER.

I AM an old lady, but I would like to come. [You are welcome.] I have not been away a year yet. I don't understand

very well how to manage the Medium, but I will do the best I can. My name is Mrs. Adelia Rotner. I want to send my love to all who are dear to me, and to say, I am often with them, and it seems so good. I can get around all right, and without pain; I can wait on myself, and go where I like, and it's all beautiful.

Please to tell Jane, I have found all the darlings, and all my friends are so kind and loving, that it is real joy to live here. Tell her I bless her for everything, especially for her kind thoughts and loving memories of me. She is, and always will be a well-beloved daughter to me, and all with her are dear.

I have a beautiful home, cozy, neat and pretty—everything to bring contentment and peace; and loving faces and gentle hearts to make it a happy home. My heart is entirely satisfied now, for I have all with me whom I yearned to see, and the dear ones here will soon come.

[Please send it to Jane A. Rotner, Decorah, Iowa. I went away on a good day, and a joyful one.]

MRS. G. F. KNOXES.

I HAVE been trying years to come. I never realized before how difficult it was for a Spirit to send a letter. I have been to the *Banner of Light* ever so often, but never could come. I suppose if every Spirit who promises before death to go there and manifest, did so, the *Banner* would have to engage a good many Mediums.

I want to tell my mother that I often visit her in her far-way home. I come to see all the family, and I am glad to find them doing so well. I often wish I could let mother know of my presence, but I cannot. Still, I love to think the time is not far distant when she will be with me.

I feel young and strong, and I am happy; for it is all true.

I am often with my husband, also. The years are beginning to tell on him now; but I am so glad he is strong in the faith; I am glad he has done as he has, and for the changes that he made, for it was best for him. I bless them all; I bring love to each one, and will guide them over the pathway of life. A Spirit ever rejoices in all that makes their dear ones happy; always unclouded by mortal misunderstandings, they thank God for whatever good may come to those they left on earth.

My husband is G. F. Knoxes, of Chicago. My mother is Mrs. C. A. Haskell, of Marshall, Minnesota. I thank you.

MRS. KNOXES.

LOTTIE WILLIAMS.

I WANT my mamma. I don't know

where she is. [Where did you live?] In New York. I don't know the house mamma lives, 'cause she's moved from where I was; she didn't like to stay. They put me in a box—you know, the other me; and then mamma went away. I went too; but I can't come near enough to hear my one say where it is.

My name's Lottie Williams. I'm eight years old; and I want mamma to know I ain't gone away off, where I never can come back; and I ain't forgot her, nor anybody; and she will know me when she comes to heaven; and I do love her ever so much, there.

Mamma's name is Nellie Williams.

TUNIE DENSMORE.

GOOD EVENING, sir. [Good evening, Tunie.] I come in behalf of some Spirits I have found, but who are unable to control the Medium. You know every Spirit cannot control the same Medium. [That's true.] If I could, I would bring every Spirit, and they should send a message to their friends; but I will do all I can, and just here I want to thank all the dear friends who have so kindly responded to my appeal for help. It has strengthened our hands and hearts wonderfully, for we have so many poor ones to feed with Spiritual food, who could get it in no other way. I feel sure that every kind wisher of and every pecuniary donor to the Tunie Fund must receive a blessing from the Angels.

Before I speak of those Spirits I have hunted up, I want to tell of a beautiful young-lady-Spirit present; Her face is radiant with goodness and love; her garments are pure white, and shining like frost-work; her nut-brown hair is confined back from her face by a wreath of snow-drops, but it falls thick about her shoulders; she carries a snow-white, living bird in her hand, which I am told is emblematical; she gives the initials A. C. W., and this is what she says: "Tomorrow, the 10th of March, is the anniversary of my mortal birth. Three-and-thirty years have slipped away, but the day is remembered as faithfully and lovingly by tender parents as when I romped in childish glee around the dear old hearth-stone. Years have fled, since first their one nestling came amid the winds of March to cuddle into the deepest recesses of their love. Years have fled, since she winged her flight to sunnier climes, but not to tenderer love; and tonight she comes to this strange place, to assure those loving hearts that she remembers this mortal anniversary, and to waft them her blessings of love and peace; to whisper of that garland of immortal

flowers she has woven for their crown of glory, woven from the undying love and tenderness of souls waiting to receive them.

And now I want to say, an oldish lady, named Nancy L. Keeler, sends her love to her children and friends. She has been away some time. She says she saw the angels just before she died, and tried to tell her daughter, but didn't have strength; she was too far gone. She also tried to leave loving messages for others, but failed. She says the words of farewell may be left unspoken, for now she would change them to words of greeting and of joy; that she can come near to them in sorrow as well as joy.

Mary Baker, of Brigham, Maine, who has been in Spirit-life a number of years, sends her love to her husband and family; also to friends. She says she is happy, and is glad that his home is comfortable and cheerful.

I want to tell Mr. Lockwood I have found his friend, "the squire," and he says he will try and communicate with him. He is getting along first-rate, but says he wishes he understood things better when he was here; some of his affairs would have been disposed of differently.

A beautiful lady-Spirit, who has been in Spirit-life a good while, and gives the name of Ellen, wishes me to convey a tender blessing of love and sympathy to Mrs. Session, of Michigan. She desires her to go on in her efforts for Spiritual culture and developement, and it will bring the loving angels close to her side; and even if they cannot make their presence tangibly known, they can assist her in many ways, can lighten the cares of life, and bring peace and rest to her Spirit. She says, sit alone and request the angels' presence, and they will surely come.

That is all tonight. With love to everybody, I am TUNIE DENSMORE.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE. THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

SHELHUSA, Mo., March 1, 1879.

DEAR BRO. DENSMORE,—In your issue for Feb. 15th is a message from Capt. Jesse Burnham, of Gloucester, Mass., through M. T. Shelhamer, which is exactly characteristic of him; and I take great pleasure in acknowledging it.

Yours, fraternally,

C. G. BROWN.

FOR CHOLERA INFANTUM.—The whites of two eggs, well beaten; then mix with pure water, add one tablespoonful of orange-flower water and a little sugar; a tablespoonful every hour. It will cure the worst case of cholera infantum; the egg coating the bowels.

(From the Voice of Angels.)
THE NEW DISPENSATION

The year 1879 opens up the beginning of the most important phase Spiritualism in its progressive march, has yet reached.

Very many important questions are being brought upon the black-board by inquiring minds; and before they are satisfactorily answered, we venture the statement, there will be a large amount of thinking, figuring, rubbing-out and re-writing; and for a time, no doubt, some-thing chaos, because these mental efforts, this thorough analyzing, we predict will result in the overthrow of much that at present is considered substantial and standing.

It must be remembered that Spiritualism has not come to us of this age, but this age has come to it. Mathematical problems never came to a child or the man; they existed through all the past; they came only to that brain-force which was sufficiently developed to comprehend such problems. It is so with everything we have, in this wonderful creative time, so it is with Modern—no, old—humanity spiritualism.

Brain-power has developed to understand what the phenomena now reveals; and with that power, and what phenomena Spiritualism reveals, great and grand questions arise.

Spiritualism, in its broad, catholic meaning and import, embracing everything of human interest, can never be circumscribed and enveloped by the narrow limits of its phenomena. Phenomenal Spiritualism serves only to awaken attention to the real idea involved. It is the A B C of the problems intended as the grand finale.

These questions, before alluded to as now arising, show that the A B C, and a little, by many have not only been mastered, but that there is an effort to comprehend sentences of thought bearing upon the real import of Spiritualism, namely, the real interests of humanity, both in their collective and individual relationships, as Spiritual, immortal entities—their relations to God and one another, in their material existence, and the relations both have, while in this material existence, to that state in which the individual finds itself, when it leaves the material.

The answer to these questions involves all that was ever involved in any religion, past or present.

Many can remember back to the advent of the seer at Hydesville, New York, and not only remember them

days, but also the vagueness of the mass of minds regarding what the Spirit-ualism was. The general plan was in the teachings of the Christian religion, with which all are familiar. But in looking back over that road, one has travelled from the advent of the seer, the mess-enger brought to us from the denizens of the Spirit-World to this, together with all the lessons learned, and the suggestions that have come from those lessons, and seeing what a vast field of human interest they cover. It cannot but be supposed that the thoughtful minds, of scientific, philosophic and constructive cast, will endeavor to formulate out of all these discoveries something for human interest. More, we believe that if this is not the result, except as a mere discovery, Spiritualism will be of little benefit to the human race.

What has been revealed in the discoveries of astronomical or geological sciences, or even in the classification of vegetable and animal life, per se, have been of little benefit to humanity so far, except as a means of broadening and expanding the intellectual forces; but the discoveries Spiritualism brings to us are peculiarly of human interest, and relate to humanity as a species. These discoveries have relevance to all humanity, and every department of human interest; to all that is connected with the miseries and ills of human life, and all there is of their happiness and happiness.

(To be continued.)

(From the Voice of Angels.)

A WARNING TO TEMPTED MEDIUMS.

It is generally conceded that the immoderate use of alcoholic drinks produces ill health and various diseases, leading to premature decay and an early death. The researches of modern science, especially microscopic examination of the blood, clearly show the alarming degeneration of the human system under the influence of the seductive drink. The brain and nervous centres are deteriorated, their delicate tissues being permanently injured, and their functions correspondingly deranged. This fact deserves the attention of Spiritualists, and particularly of Mediums.

Our friends, returning from the Spirit-World, establish contact by acting upon the brain of a Medium, and it is evident that this organ should be in a healthy condition in order to receive impressions. If the cerebral substance and its investing membranes are changed in structure, while even the circulating blood does not seriously alter in shape, and sometimes disintegrated, it is impossible to receive messages directly from pure and exalted intelligences. Our dear guides often find difficulty in establishing contact, from other causes, for which we are partially or wholly responsible.

Let us at least endeavor to remove one of the

obstacles which may prevent their success, by writing the disastrous consequences resulting from a departed appetite. Those who have become the slaves of debasing habits should lose their letters of rank, and forgetting the precept taught by the blessed teacher of Nazareth: "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

PEARL'S MEDIUM SPIRIT LIFE.
WEST END LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

THIS DEPARTMENT OFFERS,

TO OUR READERS FREE, BY POST, ONE OF OUR NEW BOOKS, FREE.

After a long time, dear mother, I have got a chance to communicate with you again. You do not need me to tell you that I am near you continually, because you know it intuitively. Your dreams are like those of old, mother; when the angels of God were sent to warn people and communicate with the good and true. You are with the angels, when you are asleep. I often talk with you then. You wake up, and have but a dim remembrance of it all.

Mother, you are a little like "standing Thomas," who would not believe Christ could come before him in spirit till he had touched the wounded side, and placed his fingers in the places made by the nails driven through the Saviour's hands.

I know you believe I am happy, mother, dear; and that if the Queen Wilhelmina visit the earth, I come with them; and that I willingly do an angel's work. But, mother, I want you to believe I am with you and father, and my dear brothers and sisters; I want you to think of me, not as I was the last time you looked upon my face, after death had touched my face with decay, and before you consigned my body to its permanent resting place. Think of me, dear mother, as you would have me be, had I lived to become a good and true man—the best that I could possibly have been under your faithful and Christ-like teachings. I am the best that the Spirit-World and holy teachings can make me. My soul is fully developed in reason and judgment; I love all that is pure and good, all that is bright and beautiful; I worship and am progressing rapidly toward the great Supreme Father, who is the source of all love and beauty.

Now, my dear mother, if you are happier in the church, following the teachings of Christ, as taught by the ministers of the gospel, stay in the church. All ways are God's ways; and the Spirit-World is broad enough for all. There are many gateways leading to Summer-land; and you may go with the "ransomed of the Lord," when they journey homeward to Zion, as you can come through the open gateway of Spiritual Revelation.

I will thank you, dear mother, at another date. Remember me to all our dear ones, and tell them the better they can live, the higher and happier they will be in the sphere of immortal life and love. Tell dear father I will communicate with him soon, and give the last you wish for.

You know how and when I was buried, mother. Was it two last weeks, two last well known, at different times—once at the burial in at the house? You know what I mean.

Let Christ be your guide, mother dear, and you will never go wrong. He is our "abler brother" still.

Ever your affectionate son,
John Vincent Brown.

From the time of August

MYSTIC EXPERIENCES OF MISS J. A. CAMPBELL.

Chicago, Ill., Jan. 20, 1870.

DEAR MOTHER AND BROTHER—Allow me to speak a few thoughts on my meditation. At the suggestion of these invisible intelligences, whose presence and power I fully acknowledge, I have determined to write a few thoughts on spirit communication, or inspiration, if you please.

If that could be, thousands years ago, inspire human minds, be, being unchangeable, can do the same today.

I have realized that in the mysterious depths of the inner life, all souls can hold communion with these invisible beings who are and are to be our companions, both in time and eternity.

My vision has been dim and indistinct, my hearing confused by the jarring din of earthly existence, and my utterance of a voice higher than my own, impeded by my own imperfections. Yet notwithstanding all this, the solemn convictions of my spiritual surroundings, and the intuition of instant communion between souls, "whether in the body or out of the body," has been indelibly impressed upon me.

From such experience I have learned, in a voice hitherto unknown, that the kingdom of heaven is within me.

I know that many sincere, honest, earnest souls will decide at once, in the integrity of their well-trained intellects, that this claim is an interference with the invisible world to an extravagant assumption, and has no foundation in truth. To such I would say, I shall make no effort to convince you against your own judgment or reason. I merely offer to you an opportunity, that which has been realized by me in my spiritual experience, and has become to me an abiding truth, full of strength for the present and hope for the future.

When your souls sincerely hunger after such a revelation, you will seek for it, and according to your soul you will be filled therewith. Until then, you and I, regarding things from a different point of view, must inevitably understand them differently.

There are various signs which humanity must look at, and legends which it must be taught

with, and this manifestation of truth, of which I am the one of the human representative, has laid its compelling hand upon me, for what purpose, in the mysterious depths which lie concealed in the future, I cannot tell; I only know that it is so.

In looking back upon my experience, I cannot deny that I, with perhaps thousands of others, was destined as a human being, which the Angel Words would speak to me.

It is only by and through the surrender of our physical nature, that spiritual truths can be discerned, and the dark material of my life with the darkness which finally advanced me into the possession of the truth.

Then, when by my acquaintance the spirit had become stronger than the flesh, I would gradually fall into what I will call a superior condition of mind—where might call it heaven—in which, like many others in similar condition, I saw and heard much. I will not say it was wonderful to others, because, though to me true and true, we are not prohibited from speaking our honest sentiments or declaring our religious beliefs. And I sincerely rejoice to say that in these circumstances I would feel the assurance from these holy beings that surrounded me, that somewhere in the future I should find all the light and freedom that my soul desired.

I cannot deny that in the mystery of my inner life I have been aided again definitely and directly by disembodied intelligences, and this sometimes by an inspiration characteristic of the individual controlling, or by a psychological influence similar to that whereby mind acts upon mind in the body. Under such influence I have not necessarily lost my individuality, or become wholly unresponsive, except in a few instances.

I was for the time being like a harp in the hands of superior powers; and just in proportion as my outer nature was withdrawn to their responsive to their touch, did I give voice and expression to their thoughts and inspirations.

Much of the time for the last ten years I have been surrounded by many of the highest minds, that have passed to the realm beyond, to speak upon various subjects, political and religious; and even have brought thousands and thousands of dark and undeveloped spirits to be instructed in the way of truth and light, and many a one have I seen there all their dark mantle of sin, to be "stripped upon" by attending angels, and be led away into a higher life; and I verily believe that when I arrive in the beautiful land of the hereafter, I shall meet many a one that through my humble instrumentality has been brought from darkness to light, and from the power of evil unto good.

Dear brother, may that bless you with long life and active service in spreading the light of truth persistently to a world covered with fraud and misery and untruthfulness among all classes, including the ministry; for I have just read a list of fifty last ministers, from a Christianian paper, who have gone astray the past year. What a thought! and yet I presume not one of them but would go might and main against Spiritualism and Spiritism. Well may the

Angel Words have been in evidence and spoken in the future.

When the day comes, we shall, what will be the story? It is my opinion they are having good results, for appearing in person, only that now light that has come into the world to lead the people into a better way.

Again I say that these powers, and that these all things that are so mysteriously engaged with you in each other, is the power of

God A. A. Campbell.

From the time of August

MYSTIC EXPERIENCES

DEAR BROTHER—Saying that there is some interest taken in the time of August in the Mystic Experiences, I wish to add my little note on the word Knowledge (Gnosis). It was the first thing with Adam and Eve, and it was the main object of human life ever since. And as it is now said that there are many doubting spirits in the way, let them be assured

I have known the word used with
every one I have ever met, and as such,
I will again say that it is a word which
has been a great blessing to many
I will not say it is a word which

I have seen, but to be sure to be sure,
I will say that it is a word which
I have seen in the world of men,
I will say that it is a word which
I have seen in the world of men,
I will say that it is a word which

Now, here is a little for thy readers:

There is a word in the Bible which
is made for the soul and the body,
and it is the word which is the key
to the door of the Kingdom of God.

From the time of August

A PRAGMATIC

There is a word in the Bible which
is made for the soul and the body,
and it is the word which is the key
to the door of the Kingdom of God.

From the time of August

ANOTHER VERIFICATION

From the time of August

VIOLATION, & J. March 2, 1870

BROTHER BROWN—In March last issue of Voice or Answer I saw a communication from Christ H. Loring, then M. T. Halliwell, which I know is correct in every particular, as I know him from childhood. I am much pleased that he can manifest his presence and identify himself, and I long to hear from him again.

Fraternally,
Mrs. Hannah Adams

He would be a mean and despicable man, who if a neighbor's house was on fire, instead of helping to quench the flames, should be jumping around to see the name of the engine which might be putting the stream of water on them.

NOTICE.

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

P. O. Box 436, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Fee, One Dollar.

METEORS.—It appears that, in some meteors that have lately fallen, a notable quantity of gases and of graphite have been found. Of the gases, hydrogen is quite abundant, and some curious compounds of hydrogen, carbon, and sulphur. These gases are occluded, showing that the meteorites have traversed regions in space where such gases are abundant and oxygen was not present, for all three of these gases unite very readily with oxygen. The spectra of comets show also the presence of hydrocarbon gases: which is additional testimony that a comet is but a pack of meteors, and that its tail is due to refraction of the sun's rays in the gaseous nucleus. But the presence of graphite in a meteor is as suggestive as anything can be. Graphite is very abundant in some of the oldest rocks upon the earth; and some geologists have thought that its presence there or elsewhere was evidence of some form of animal or vegetable life. Now that it has been found embedded in metallic matter that comes from regions of space, it is evident that such a view of the origin of terrestrial graphite must be abandoned.

HOW TO BREAK OFF BAD HABITS.—Understand the reasons, and all the reasons, why the habit is injurious. Study the subject until there is no lingering doubt in your mind. Avoid the places, the persons and thoughts that lead to the temptation. Frequent the places, associate with the persons, indulge in the thoughts that lead away from the temptation. Keep busy; idleness is the strength of bad habits. Do not give up the struggle when you have broken your resolutions once, twice—a thousand times. That only shows how much need there is for you to strive. When you have broken your resolution, just think the matter over, and endeavor to understand why it is you failed, so that you may be on your guard against a recurrence of the same circumstances. Do not think that it is an easy thing that you have undertaken. It is folly to expect to break off a bad habit in a day, which may have been gathering for long years.

HEAT AND MOTION.—According to J. Ballynski, if the motion of a leaden bullet were all converted into heat, it would amount to three times as much as would be sufficient to melt the quantity of lead found to be melted by actual experiment. This he explains as having been expended in denting the iron plates of the target. By using a hard stone target, he was able to completely melt the bullets fired.

ALWAYS say a kind word if you can, if only that it may come in, perhaps, with singular opportuneness, entering some mournful man's darkened room like a beautiful fire-fly, whose happy circumvolutions he cannot but watch, forgetting his many troubles.—*Helps.*

"TUNIE" FUND.

We have been requested by the Hand 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 enroll 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:

Seth Stowell, Elgin, Ill.,	\$1.00
Mrs. Geo. N. Wilcox, Madison, Conn.,	0.35
W. L. Johnson, 28 Winter street, Boston, Mass.,	0.85
A friend, Scranton, Pa.,	0.35
Julius Hill, DeRuyter, Madison Co., N. Y.,	0.35
T. V. Lawson, Gurnee, Lake Co., Ill.,	0.35
A friend, Waukegan, Wis.,	0.35
John Horn, Box 438, Council Bluffs, Iowa,	1.00
A friend, Montgomery, Tex.,	0.50
Alvira Conklin, Shakers, Albany Co., N. Y.,	0.35

THE SPIRITUAL RECORD.

The above paper is published weekly, at 14 Canal St., Chicago, and will contain in each issue the Mediumistic Discourse of

MRS. C. L. V. RICHMOND.

Before the First Society of Spiritualists of Chicago, the preceding Sabbath. It will also contain news of the Spiritual World of interest to all believers.

Price two dollars per year; single copies five cents.

Wholesale prices, postage prepaid—100 copies or less, \$3.00; 200 copies, or less than 500, \$2.50 per hundred; 500 copies or more, \$2.00 per hundred.

All orders should be accompanied with money order or registered letter, and addressed to

COLLINS EATON, Sec'y, 14 Canal St., Chicago.

TO ALL SPIRITUALISTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD!

THAT 100,000 MORE OF YOUR HOMES may be more Spiritually adorned and beautified and made still more attractive to angel visits through the pure and powerful influence of Spiritual art, we this day reduce the price of that exquisitely wrought steel-plate engraving entitled *The Dawning Light*, representing the Birthplace of Modern Spiritualism, designed through the hand of Joseph John, on his visit to that "Bethlehem" of Spiritualism and engraved on steel in superior style by J. W. Watts, a noted bank-note engraver. The humble house and surrounding scenery are correctly and very artistically pictured, and over it are groups of angels without wings. Materialistic clouds mantle the horizon, and are receding in the distance, and brilliantly illuminated by rich floods of light from the morning sun. A light for the wayfarer, Pilgrim shines from the windows of that room where "Spiritual Telegraphy" began to electrify the world with its "glad tidings of great joy."

This charming historic picture was protected through "inspiration" for you. It has been rejected by the world, and refused admission in picture stores. We offer it at unprecedentedly low prices, hoping to sell many thousand copies, and benefit many, and be partially repaid for the cost of producing it. **Published price for India Tinted Impressions, two colors, \$2.50, now reduced to 65 cents.** Published Price of Plain Prints, one color, \$2, now reduced to 55 cents; both the same size—sheet 20 by 24 inches. A Circular is furnished free with each Engraving containing a Map of the Village of Hydesville. Diagram of that "Mystic House," Hi-Tech Facts, etc. All mailed postage free, and warranted safely through. Remit either 65 or 65 cents in scrip, or silver, well sealed, at our risk. Please remit ten cents additional when out-side of the United States. Address all orders to **R. H. CURRAN & CO., Publishers, 29 School St., Boston.**

CELEBRATE THE THIRTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY BY WELCOMING "THE DAWNING LIGHT"

To your home, if it is not already there. Its artistic merit render it fit for the palace as well as the humble cottage.

Read the above advertisement.

ap 1

H. A. POLLARD,
Clairvoyant and Magnetic Healer,
74 CHAPMAN STREET, BOSTON.

M. THERESA SHELHAMER,
Medical Medium, 89 K St., South Boston, Mass.
Pupil of old Dr. John Warren, formerly of Boston. Prescribes for, and treats all kinds of Diseases, Lung, Liver Complaints, and all Cutaneous and Blood Diseases particularly attended to. Kidney Complaints a specialty. Terms for Examination, Advice, and Prescription, when necessary, \$1.00. Moderate rates for medicine, when furnished.
Office hours, 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.
Pardos writing, please enclose fee, stamp, and be particular in stating symptoms.

THE ORIENT MIRROR,
AN AID TO CLAIRVOYANCE.
PRICE ONE DOLLAR. SENT BY MAIL, POST-PAID.
Descriptive Circulars Free.
Address **ADAMS & CO., 203 Tremont St., Boston.**

C. E. WINANS,
Test Clairvoyant and Business Medium.
He can diagnose disease, read the past and future by a lock of hair; also give advice in business matters. By remitting one dollar and two three-cent stamps will insure prompt attention. Direct all letters to Edinburg, Ind.

BANNER OF LIGHT,
THE OLDEST JOURNAL IN THE WORLD DEVOTED TO THE
SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY.

ISSUED WEEKLY

AT NO. 9 MONTGOMERY PLACE, BOSTON, MASS.

COLBY & RICH,

Publishers and Proprietors.

ISAAC B. RICH, Business Manager.
LUTHER COLBY, Editor.
JOHN W. DAY, Associate Editor.
Aided by a large corps of able writers.

The Banner is a first-class, eight page Family Newspaper, containing forty columns of interesting and instructive reading, embracing a Literary Department; reports of Spiritual Lectures; Original Essays, upon Spiritual, Philosophical and Scientific Subjects. Editorial Department; Spirit-Messenge Department. Contributions by the most talented writers in the world, etc., etc.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, IN ADVANCE.—For Year, \$3.00; Six Months, \$1.50; Three Months, 75 cents.

Postage fifteen cents per year, which must accompany the subscription.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Money Order on Boston, or a Draft on a Bank or Banking House in Boston or New York City, payable to the order of Colby & Rich, is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without our loss or the sender's.

Specimen copies sent free.

Advertisements published at twenty cents per line for the first, and fifteen cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

MIND AND MATTER.

PUBLICATION OFFICE.

Second Story No. 713 Sansom Street,
Philadelphia.

J. M. ROBERTS PUBLISHER AND EDITOR.
C. C. WILSON ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Each line in nonpareil type, fifteen cents for the first insertion, and half this rate for each subsequent insertion. Special Notices—twenty cents per line for each insertion. Business Cards and Continued Advertisements inserted at special rates. Electrotypes and plates will not be inserted. Payment strictly in advance.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

To mail subscribers, \$2.15 per annum; \$1.00 for 6 months; 57 cents for 3 months, payable in advance. Single copies of the paper, six cents—to be had at the principal news stands.

CLUB RATES FOR ONE YEAR.

Five copies one year, free of postage	\$8.00
Ten " " " " " "	15.00
Twenty " " " " " "	20.00

This is a splendid opportunity for News Agents in all parts of the country to realize a handsome profit, without investing their cash capital.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL,
A Large Eight-Page Weekly Paper, Devoted to Spiritualism.

Established in 1865, it has overcome all opposition, and has attained a standing and circulation unprecedented in the history of liberal publications. The most profound and brilliant writers and deepest thinkers in the Spiritualistic ranks write for the JOURNAL. Through able correspondents it has facilities unequalled for gathering all news of interest to the cause, and careful, reliable reports of phenomena.

Terms, \$3.15 per year. Specimen copy free. Address

JNO. C. BUNDY, Editor,
MERCHANTS' BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

MISS KNOX,
TEST MEDIUM.

1 Wyman Place, off Common Street,
BOSTON.

Circles Sunday evenings, and Thursdays, at 3 P. M.
MEDICATED BATHS GIVEN.

LUTHER PAINE,
Clairvoyant & Magnetic Healer
Address—EDINBURGH, JOHNSON CO., IND.

Mrs. Ira B. Eddy,
BUSINESS AND TEST MEDIUM,
666 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill.