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LITERARY.

(For the Voice of Angels.)

TUNIE.—AN ACROSTIC.

BY CHARLES THOMPSON.

BLESSED Spirit, Tunie!
Life and light and love
Ever flow in gladness
Since thou dwellest above;
Scattering blessings round thee,
Each heart thou mayst move—
Delights in having found thee.

Sorrowing souls will seek thee,
Priceless light to find;
In the path of duty
Rise to peace of mind.
In thy strength begin
To overcome the power of sin.

Tunie, glorious is thy mission!
Unto the sorrowing heart,
Now overwhelmed with dark despair,
Is come that thou by love's true art
Eternal blessedness impart.

ST. ALBANS, Vermont.

(For the Voice of Angels.)

MESSAGE FROM ROBERT HARE TO DR. FAHNESTOCK.

(THROUGH DR. O., CONTINUED.)

DEAR DOCTOR.—There are so many subjects upon which I would like to address you, that I really scarcely know which to take first. This evening I am compelled, by the condition of the Medium through whom I write, to take up a different one from that intended. They are all, however, useful, and may result in furthering human progress. I have noticed for some time a disposition among the members of your Circle—if Circle you call it—to act on the principle of self-dependence, and not in harmony

one with another. One says, "I am of Paul," and another, "I of Appollos," or what amounts to the same thing. One places confidence in the communications of one Spirit, while another thinks all coming through himself deserves especial consideration, and looks at all others as of doubtful authenticity. Others, placing confidence in a misunderstood direction, expect disembodied Spirits to do that which fingers of flesh and blood would find impossible to do satisfactorily.

Now, this is all wrong, and has been the work of Spirits opposed to human progress, who are well aware that just in proportion to the spread of true Spiritual science, their influence over the thief, the debauchee and drunkard will be discovered and avoided. You are aware that Spirits who have indulged in the vices named, as well as in others, when they leave the earth-sphere, take with them into the next all their propensities and desires. These bind them down to earth, where alone they can be gratified. Spirits thus conditioned seek for impressible subjects, whom they govern, and thus, through living men and women, enjoy to some extent their favorite vices; while the subject thus influenced, as well as a humbugged public, regard the matter as resulting from evil examples or improper social intercourse.

You will perceive the great object of all such Spirits is to keep their subjects in ignorance of their part in the matter, as upon such ignorance depends its continuation among men. If you make all men holy and pure, you will not require human theology, or its teachers. Can you wonder, then, that Spirits opposed to holiness and purity should induce such teachers to denounce all that leads to it as from the "devil."

I have thus briefly endeavored to show you the cause why an attempt has been made by this class of Spirits to introduce a want of harmony among you. Spiritual communion of a pure character requires harmony, unity; as without this, no possible good can ensue from meeting together. Do you want to develop Mediums who will be able to receive impressions worth receiving? Then be harmonious. Is your object physical phenomena? Harmony is equally required. And indeed, any manifestation from

Spirits except wrangling, crime, and debauchery, depends on the same conditions.

Now, my simple advice is, either cultivate an harmonious disposition among yourselves, or seek other associates who are governed less by self.

Spirits in developing Mediums concentrate the Spiritual emanations from each individual forming the Circle upon the individual designed as the Medium. This is at first necessary, because pure Spiritual emanations from disembodied beings could not be received until susceptibility to that influence was first obtained from beings like himself.

Now, suppose one or more in the Circle are emitting an influence of contention and opposition, the effect is at once to neutralize all effort.

Men in the body are more easily affected by influences proceeding from their fellows than from Spirits, however strong such Spiritual emanations may be. It only remains for me to add, if you wish for instruction, either scientific or theological, worthy of yourself, keep the minds of your Mediums free from mundane anxieties and selfish animosities and contentions.

ROBERT HARE.

LANCASTER, Penn., March 16, 1860.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

THE POISONING OF WELLS.

It is probable that ninety-nine cases in a hundred of disease in rural districts are the result of poison absorbed into the system either from the stomach or the lungs. The blood is manufactured in the digestive organs from the food, passes in great part through the liver, and all of it through the lungs, in both of which it is filtered and purified, and in the latter it is brought directly into contact with the air which is breathed by inspiration, and is subjected to any deleterious matter which may be contained in it. As the food and drink are the materials of which the blood is formed, any unhealthful or poisonous influence at this prime source, of course, poisons the stream; and as the function of the lungs is to aerate and purify the blood, anything wrong in the purifying material in-

terferes with this important vital process. But we propose here only to call attention to what we believe to be the most prolific source of rural diseases, malarial, functional, and organic in their character. This is the water-supply. A cess-pool eight feet deep receives the excreta of a family, the wash from a bathroom, water-closet, and sink included. Thirty or forty gallons a day, equal to nearly 15,000 gallons, or 2,000 cubic feet per year of the most poisonous kind of filth, are poured into this pool only eight feet deep, and, of course, soak into the soil and saturate it. Twenty feet only from this deadly sink is the well, which is probably several feet deeper than the cess-pool. The drainage from this cess-pool will flow then in every direction in a circle of twenty feet radius only before it pours into the well. For each foot in depth of this area there are about 1,200 cubic feet. In a year the 2,000 cubic feet of waste will completely fill this space of twenty feet around the well to a depth of more than a foot and a half, and in two years to a depth of three and a half feet. But two things cannot occupy the same space, and this filth will then be distributed over a much larger quantity of ground in proportion to the ratio of solid soil to the small interstices or spaces among the gravel, in the mass. Taking this ratio as only ten to one, the 2,000 cubic feet of waste will saturate 20,000 cubic feet of earth in one year.

It is true that the soil near the cess-pool will retain the largest portion of the solid matter, and the first water which reaches the well will be filtered to some extent. But it is only a question of time—the lapse of which will depend upon the nature of the subsoil—how long or how short a time will elapse before the poison pours undiluted into the well, and from it into the stomachs of the unfortunate and unsuspecting victims. If a bed of clay lies close to the bottom of the cess-pool, there will be no escape downward, and the period required to reach the well will be probably six months. If the soil is gravelly and the waste sinks downward, there is the absolute certainty that a stream of water which flows into the well will be reached sooner or later.

A similar frightful certainty, slowly but surely approaching in thousands of cases, threatens in time to sap the life of unsuspecting people, who will by and by exhibit every symptom of insidious but fatal disorder. The hectic cheek, swollen glands, dry hot skin, disordered digestion, bilious derangements, headaches, tremors, diarrhoea, dysentery, cutaneous eruptions, tumors, coated tongue, foul breath, and all the varied symptoms by which blood poisoning first becomes apparent, and the final deadly typhoid and malignant fevers are predicted alarm the consciousness, while the source of the very poison itself is hourly used to allay the fever and thirst occasioned by it.

We do not desire to be sensational or to make too much of this. The danger exists, and it is everywhere. The case before us, to which we call the closest attention, is by no means an unusual one. In fact, there are thousands that are greatly more dangerous than this, and every person who cares for his own health and that of

the loved ones whom he shelters from harm with tenderest care, should see to it that this prevalent source of danger is eliminated from his household; and remember that decomposing organic matter is the most deadly of all poisons. —*The Rural New Yorker.*

HOW NOT TO TAKE COLD.

In a lecture on "Colds and their Consequences" Dr. Beverly Robinson gave the following sensible suggestions: "If you start to walk home from a down town office, and carry your coat on your arm because the walking makes you feel warm, you are liable to take cold. Therefore, don't do it. If you should take the same walk after eating a hearty dinner, your full stomach would be a protection to you, but even then my advice would be, don't take the risk. A person properly clothed may walk in a strong wind for a long time without taking cold, but if he sits in a room where there is a slight draught he may take a severe cold in a very few minutes. Therefore, don't sit in a room where there is a draught. Unless you are affected by peculiar nervous conditions, you should take a cold sponge bath in the morning, and not wash yourself in warm water. Plunge baths in cold water are not recommended; neither is it necessary to apply the sponge bath all over the body. Occasional Turkish baths are good, but those who have not taken them should be advised by a physician before trying them. Warm mufflers worn about the neck do not protect you against taking cold, but on the contrary render you extremely liable to take cold as soon as you take them off. They make the throat tender. Ladies ought to wear warmer flannel under-clothing than they now do, if one may judge from the articles one sees hanging in the show-windows of the shops. People take cold from inhaling cold air through their mouth oftener, perhaps, than by any other way. Ladies dress themselves up in heavy furs, go riding in their carriages, and when they get home wonder where they got that cold. It was by talking in the cold, open air, and thus exposing the mucous membranes of the throat. The best protection under such circumstances is to keep the mouth shut. If people must keep their mouths open in a chilly atmosphere, they ought to wear a filter. Above all, be careful of your feet in cold, damp weather. Have thick soles on your shoes, and if caught out in a rain which lasts so long as to wet through your shoes despite the thick soles, put on dry stockings as soon as you get home. But in cold, wet, slushy weather, don't be caught out without over-shoes. Rubbers are unhealthy, unless care is taken to remove them as soon as you get under shelter. They arrest all evaporation through the pores of the leather. Cork soles are a good invention. When you go into the house or your office, after being out in the cold, don't go at once and stick yourself by the register, but take off your coat, walk up and down the room a little, and get warm gradually. Warming yourself up over a register just before going out in the cold is one of the worst things you can do. Never take a hot toddy to

warm you up unless you are at home and don't expect to go out of the house again until the following morning. In short, make some use of your common sense, and thus emulate the lower animals."

THE TURPENTINE REMEDY.

AN aged physician in Washington, who is retired from practice, a man of extensive learning and high character, says that the younger practitioners laugh at him for recommending turpentine as a remedy for diseases of the lungs. He contends that they have nothing better to suggest; indeed, they have no remedy for consumption. He claims that in twenty-seven clear cases of throat disease the use of this remedy under his own direction has restored the several parties to fair health, one of these being his own wife and another being a man who, from being unable to sit or to lie in a prostrate position, has been for five years past doing engineer's work in the Treasury.

The remedy is simple: Procure at a drug-store some white turpentine; take in the mouth a bit the size of a pea; swallow the slowly dissolving substance, and when it is quite soft swallow the lump. The same remedy is excellent for a cold. This medicine is an old one, not at variance, however, with the modern notion of sending patients to piny regions to inhale terebinthine odors.—*The Advance.*

CHOLERA

ALL serves to show that cholera is the same now as formerly, and that, though we have gained much knowledge of its natural history of late years, yet we are as ignorant as our predecessors of its real nature. We have, thanks to sanitary measures, disarmed it of some of its terrors, and have diminished the mortality it caused; but as to treatment we have gained but little, though the empiricism of today is more scientific than it was in former days. We do not now burn our patients on the soles of the feet, tie ligatures round their limbs, or have recourse to other senseless barbarities; for we find that simpler and more rational methods are of greater avail, more or less according to the period of the epidemic attack, and the promptitude with which the remedies are applied. But we have learned that local causes have a potent influence, and that cleanliness, good air, pure water, and free ventilation, are all powerful opponents of cholera.—*Sir Joseph Fayrer.*

WET HOUSE LOTS.

WHEN you see a man digging a cellar in soil which you know is underlaid by hard pan which retains the soil moisture, and will entail consumption on children reared in its cold exhalations, go to him and implore him not to do it. —*Dr. George Derby.*

THE greater part of all the mischief of the world comes from the fact that men do not sufficiently understand their own aims. They have undertaken to build a tower, and spend no more labor on the foundation than would be necessary to erect a hut.—*Goethe.*

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

(EDITED BY SPIRIT MAY, THROUGH M. T. SHELFHAMER.)

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE SABBATH DAY.

BY SPIRIT MAY.

THE birdlings sing and flowers bloom,
And all the air is ripe with sweets,
The golden sunbeams bright illumine
The country lanes and city streets;
The waters murmur to the sea
As merrily as yesterday,
And ocean waves surge full and free—
For Nature takes no rest today.

So little children laugh and play,
And let your songs of gladness rise
In happiness this sunny day,
When earth reflects the heavenly skies;
Your little spirits never pause
In growing like the beautiful flowers,
Because of earthly, human laws,
That limit man's divine powers.

Oh, little children, learn it strong—
This lesson angel-tongues impart—
Each day and hour in passing on
Is sacred to our Father's heart;
And if you're loving, kind and true,
Each day of all the weekly seven,
The angels then will come to you
And lead you safely home to heaven.

A PUZZLE FOR METAPHYSICIANS.

[CONCLUDED.]

"THE succeeding night the very same dream occurred, followed by similar agitation, which was again composed in the same manner, the brother being again found in a quiet sleep, and the watch going well. On the following morning, soon after the family had breakfasted, one of the sisters was sitting by her brother, while the other was writing a note in the adjoining room. When her note was ready for being sealed, she was proceeding to take out for this purpose the watch alluded to, which had been put by in her writing desk; she was astonished to find it had stopped. At the same moment she heard a scream of intense distress from her sister in the other room. Their brother, who had still been considered as going on favorably, had been seized with a sudden fit of suffocation, and had just breathed his last."

But to resume my narrative. I find it impossible at this distance of time to recollect all the persons to whom these operations of my mind were made known before the letter of Captain Codman gave reality to my vision. Among them were Dr. Swan and two female friends, who have since passed beyond the scenes of earth. During his life my kind physician frequently urged me to publish an account of these remarkable facts. My reasons for not doing so are suggested in a letter to Rev. Mr. Stetson, which, together with the reply and the testimony of other eye and ear witnesses, I subjoin for the satisfaction of those who may desire additional proof of the strict accuracy of this narrative:

"Rev. Caleb Stetson:

"DEAR SIR—If any apology is necessary for me addressing you this note, I trust it may be found in the friendly relations which have long subsisted between your family and ours, and in our personal relations to the subject of this letter.

"You will no doubt recollect the 'singular

mental phenomena which occurred during my severe illness some weeks before your son Frederick's death, and which at the time caused considerable discussion in literary and scientific circles. By some conversation with the facts I have been urged to write an account of them for philosophical inquiry, they being considered in many respects a more remarkable instance of prescience or foresight than any on record; but the fear of being classed with visionaries and Spiritualists has heretofore prevented me.

"Now, however, on a fresh application to state the particulars in detail, I have consented to do so, and would consider it a great personal favor if you will carefully examine the accompanying statement, and so far as memory will enable you, add in a note to me, which I may be at liberty to publish, your corroborative testimony respecting it.

"Mr. Baker unites with me in very kind regards to yourself and family.

"With great esteem and respect,

"HARRIETTE W. BAKER.

"Dorchester, Feb. 16th, 1870."

Rev. Mr. Stetson, having been sick for several weeks, requested his wife to answer for him. She writes:

"DEAR MRS. BAKER—We have read your manuscript with the deepest interest. You have expressed clearly and correctly the whole subject, as it has laid hidden in our memories; and so vividly, too, have you portrayed it, that the sad event of by-gone years comes to us with the freshness of yesterday.

"Mr. Stetson also wishes me to add that it might be well for you to procure the testimony of those who were informed of your wondrous vision before the event transpired, as so many years have passed since that fatal storm of March 10th, 1846.

"With our best wishes for yourself and husband.

"Most affectionately yours,

"JULIA M. STETSON.

"Lexington, February 19th, 1870."

Acting upon the suggestion contained in the above note, I have received the following communications from those who have seen or heard this article in manuscript. The first is from the daughter of Rev. David Osgood, D. D., a predecessor of Rev. Mr. Stetson, and for a long course of years pastor of the First Church in Medford:

"DEAR MRS. BAKER—In answer to your inquiries, I could state that I have a distinct recollection of hearing from you in your sick-chamber an account of your vision in regard to the death of Frederick Stetson, immediately after the sad events which you have so vividly portrayed. The circumstances made a deep impression on my mind, and I have always considered your mental state as remarkably analogous to all I have ever heard of Scotch second-sight.

"Most truly yours,

L. OSGOOD.

"Medford, March 5th, 1870."

From Mrs. Sarah B. Butters, to whom I have already referred, I have also the following testimony:

"This certifies that I was acquainted with the remarkable vision narrated by Mrs. Baker before the knowledge of the death of Frederick Stetson reached me by the arrival of the ship *Sophia Walker* in Boston, on the 25th day of March, 1846, and its exact correspondence with the circumstances of that sad event so impressed me at the time as to leave in my mind a distinct recollection both of the vision and of its fulfillment.

SARAH B. BUTTERS.

"Medford, March 2nd, 1870."

I will introduce but one other witness, who was with me on that fearful night, and was an actor in some of these scenes. He writes:

"I am happy to bear my testimony to the truthfulness and fidelity of the record of facts contained in this narrative, and to assure the reader of its entire trustworthiness. I thought them at the time, and had ever since considered them among the most remarkable mental phenomena of which I have any knowledge, and worthy of a place in the history of metaphysical science.

A. R. BAKER.

"Dorchester, Mass., March 8th, 1870."

The following extract from the sermon preached by Rev. Mr. Walker is an exact fulfillment of the second scene in my vision. The text is from the Epistle of St. James: "For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away." The fly-leaf of the discourse contains this entry:

"A sermon preached on board the ship *Sophia Walker* on her passage from Palermo to Boston. March 15th, 1846. Occasioned by the death of Frederick Stetson, who was knocked overboard in a gale, March 10th, near the banks of Newfoundland. By Rev. Charles Walker, A. M., one of the passengers."

After some explanatory remarks, the preacher says: "We have a most affecting illustration of this truth at hand. Where is the youthful Frederick Stetson? Who among us had fairer prospects of life than he? A few days ago, and he was with us in all his youthful freshness. But in an unexpected moment he was called into eternity. You remember the fatal night of the 10th. Who of us will ever forget it? The hour of midnight arrived. All hands were called on deck. The wind and the storm had prevailed for hours; but now the furious gale began. The foretopsail must be taken in, and with the rest Frederick mounted the fatal yard. The flapping sail, clewed up, but not yet handed, and at the mercy of the gale, struck him from his hold, and precipitated him into the billows beneath. The alarming cry 'Man overboard!' was heard. The captain immediately ordered the life-buoy to be cut adrift, and the life-boat to be got out. But although there were enough of you ready to man it, even at the risk of your lives, yet it was soon found that it would be all in vain. He was immediately lost sight of. No human power could save him in that dark and boisterous night. Who of us has not observed his modest and retiring manners, and the delicacy of his spirit? How careful not to wound the feelings of others! I

am happy here to adduce testimony to the excellence of his character from his native town. In a letter, addressed to our captain on the day we sailed from Boston, the Rev. Mr. Baker, of that place, says: "He is a young gentleman of great promise and most excellent character, in whose prosperity I feel almost the interest of a father." Mr. Baker speaks also of the lively interest which the citizens of Medford took in his success in this voyage. Ah, what a sad tale will the record of the fatal night of the 10th, be to his bereaved parents! How painful to think of even breaking to them the sad tidings! Gladly would we spare them this cup of sorrow. May the Lord support them!"—*Harpers' Monthly*.

JUDGE NOT.

BY ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

JUDGE not: the working of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see;
What looks to thy dim eye a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-fought field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air that frets thy sight
May be a token that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some internal fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,
And cast thee shuddering on thy face.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

FRIEND DENSMORE:—One James Furbish was my college classmate, and during one year my "chum," i. e., room-mate. Of course I knew him intimately; he was the oldest member of the class which graduated at Harvard, 1825—fifty-five years ago. He was a man of fine mind and genial spirit. Tall, erect, and large in physique and very popular among us. Subsequent to graduating he went to Portland, Me., and there engaged in teaching and such studies as led him to great familiarity with several modern languages and gained for him high rank in literary circles.

He married a Portland lady, who passed into Spirit-life many years ago. Also he experienced ups and downs in reference to financial conditions.

No other one of our college class excepting Furbish and myself, so far as I know, ever embraced faith in Spiritualism so firmly as to become a public avower and advocate of it. He did, and was for many years President of the Society or Association of Spiritualists in Portland. He passed out of the form, I think, about two years ago, at the age of eighty-two.

Many of his fifteen or sixteen surviving classmates and other friends may doubt that the same James Furbish was genuine author of the plain, terse, affectionate exhortation to us all to "go on in life, ever seeking some higher truth, some purer experience; to strive to attain the gifts of the Spirit, purity, love and peace"—who says (in your last issue, July 15,) "I lived many years," "passed through many experiences," "it is not a great while since I passed away;" "I am united to my dear companion," "I am well known in Portland, and indeed in other places." I say many may doubt

that this former friend and associate of the poet Longfellow and others of his class was author of that communication; but I do not.

ALLEN PUTNAM.

426 DUDLEY ST., Boston, July 16, 1880.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

PLACES I HAVE SEEN.

NUMBER TWELVE.

BY SPIRIT VIOLET.

IT would be useless for me to attempt to describe even a tenth part of the places and scenes I have witnessed in the Spiritual. Mortal language fails to convey a proper idea of certain parts of Spirit-life, even when the brain of our instrument can receive correctly the thoughts we impress upon it. To realize positively the beauties as well as the deformities—if I may be allowed to use the word in relation to the lower spheres of the other life—of Spirit-life, one must be able to perceive them with the personal Spirit-vision. Hence I have only attempted to convey to you a faint though real idea of what I have witnessed in other lands than those of earth.

Before I close this series, I must speak to you of that fair, peaceful, mountainous country of the Spirit-world, where the Indian race find a happy home. To reach this region from the cities of which I have spoken, one must go far out into the open country; through valleys and over hills; through deep forests and sunny glades—up, ever upward in his march—until at length he comes to an open stretch of green fields, where the mellow sunlight gleams and tiny flowers blossom. Beyond this level plain of verdure a deep, blue, rolling river sweeps, its shining waves dancing in the sunlight under the quaint, canoe-like boats that rest upon them.

Kanalaw—Smiling River—I have heard these waters called; and it seems indeed a fitting name, for only peace and joy is suggested at the sight of the shining waves. Beyond this rolling river there is a deeply wooded country. Here you are up high among the mountains; this is the red-man's home, his happy hunting-ground, where no foe disturbs him, where no storms can come.

The white race is welcome here as visitors, and a number live here as teachers to their dusky friends; but this is exclusively an Indian country. Throughout the deep forests, where cooling streamlets flow, and birds make merry music in the branches of the stately trees, the picturesque wigwams of the Indians stand, white and shining, and soft as snowy kid, embroidered with quills, feathers and silks of every hue, hung with many-colored hang-

ings or curtains of silken texture, and ornamented with natural flowers, which give out sweet incense to the breezes. The young people of the race delight to weave flowery garlands to deck their homes.

Out in the sunny glades of this region, where flowers of every kind bud and blossom, where the brooks murmur over mossy stones, and all life is glad, the great lodges of the country stand—their school-houses and their council-halls—and here they meet to give or gain instruction and to gain counsel from the wise chiefs whom they honor and love.

Tribes here mingle together and dwell in unity; no hate, no anger nor fear disturb their minds; they grow in harmony, and gain that strength of mind which they send back to aid and assist the pale-faces through their chosen Mediums.

Here the Indian finds rest and peace, gaining freedom, vigor and strength from the waters, woods and hills; growing gentle like the flowers, and mild as the evening breeze; his soul grows and expands in the power of love, and he gains knowledge not only from surrounding scenes, but from his intuitive faculties, which are receptive to truths, and likewise from learned and cultured beings from the Higher Spheres, who delight to teach the red-man, and whom he in turn listens to in reverence and love.

And this beautiful country—fairer than mortal eye hath ever witnessed—has proved a blessing to many a weary Spirit. Not only is it a refuge for the poor hunted and despised Indian, who, fleeing from mortal chains, finds here rest and peace, but it is also a haven of rest to many a poor weary pale-face, who, passing out from mortal, uncared for and alone, is taken up by tender Spirits into this blooming country, and amid its pure air and green hills, cared for by the tender Indian maid, he gains strength and ease of spirit and of Spirit-body.

Here many little children gain strength and power to return to earth as little messengers of light to weary hearts.

And there are lyceums in the Indian country—lyceums, where lessons are learned from the singing brook, the mossy stone, the budding flower, and the warbling bird; where the grand march is made beneath archways of living green, and many colored banners are formed of blooming flowers; where life is natural, and where souls are happy and free.

If we had no faults ourselves, we should not have so much pleasure in discovering the faults of others.—*Roche foucauld*.

"AND HE WILL MAKE IT PLAIN."

BY M. THERESA SHELMAN.

THE path of life seems dark and drear
To mortals tolling on
Through heavy clouds of doubt and fear,
And mists of sin and wrong;
For through the shadows of despair
We often seek in vain
For light to pierce the tangled maze
And make its meaning plain.

Dear souls are groping in the dark,
And longing for the day,
Who cannot see the lines of truth
Along life's benton way;
And Spirits, hopeless and forlorn,
Whose tear-drops fall like rain,
Wait anxiously the coming time
When He will make it plain.

We cannot find the tangled end,
So blindly do we seek;
We stumble o'er the rugged path,
With steps grown faint and weak;
We cannot make the crooked straight,
Nor light the darkened road,
Nor can we ease our aching hearts
Of all their weary load.

And so we totter on our way,
And cannot comprehend
The meaning of Life's mysteries,
And how each one shall end;
Why hearts should ache and spirits bleed
And faint beneath the rod,
Till, in their agony of need,
They cry to thee, oh, God!

Above the clouds that darkly lower
The sun is shining bright,
And through the spirit's saddest hour
The soul gains strength and might.
We may not find the comforter
For all our woe and pain,
Yet God is the interpreter,
"And he will make it plain."

Oh, saddened hearts! oh, stricken souls!
Who long for peace and rest,
The Father's love about you rolls,
And that will make you blest!
Infinitude can never err;
Its mysteries he'll explain—
God is his own interpreter,
"And he will make it plain."

Dear teachers of the "Living Word,"
Whose souls are bathed in light,
With every impulse nobly stirred
To battle for the right,
To you belief can never err,
Nor "can his works in vain,"
For God is your interpreter,
And He hath made it plain.

Oh, Father God! to thee we pray
For strength to do thy will,
And as we journey on our way,
Fulfill thy purpose still;
And through all weakness may we join
The angels' sweet refrain—
"God is his own interpreter,
And He will make it plain."

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

A CHAPTER OF STARTLING INCIDENTS.

SPIRIT PROPHECY, HAUNTED HOUSES, ETC.

[CONCLUDED.]

EVENTS were crowding fast upon us—The day following the second ghostly visitation proving the dreaded one against which we so vainly watched.

As it happened, Ellen and I were left alone that day, Mr. S—— going to his post of business as usual, and Viola being called away upon some matter of interest, promising to return early.

The day wore on, stormy and wild, with driving snow, for it was now nearly December. Finally, Ellen rose and began to busy herself about some household matters, flitting back and

forth from the pantry to the back piazza. How I could have forgotten her then, even for one brief moment, I do not pretend to say; but I did forget her, though it could not have been many minutes, judging from the progress made in my sewing, since I had seen her pass out to the piazza, thinking she would return immediately as before.

I was aroused at length by an impression so forcible and distinct it seemed to be actually spoken in my ear—"Get up instantly and look for Ellen!"

Sure enough—where was she?

With a wild foreboding of evil, I rushed out through the piazza, searching the snow outside anxiously and hurriedly. Then I called her name once, twice, and instantly there flashed across my mind a mental vision, in which I saw Ellen lying upon the opposite side of the house, down among the young oaks, her little red shawl tossed over her head, and the snow drifting over her.

Instinctively I ran to the window, as though to confirm the impression.

Yes, there she lay, the very counterpart of my mental picture.

In a few brief seconds I was beside her, making frantic endeavors to lift her, to rouse her to consciousness, but in vain. What should I do? Not for a moment did I doubt but that the dread prophecy had been fulfilled, through some diabolical agency, and unless soon rescued from her perilous situation, she must inevitably perish. I bent over her again, shook her madly in the extremity of my fright, and called her name. She replied at last in a dazed, dreamy way.

I spoke in a voice sharp with command and thrilling with energy—"Ellen! *Ellen! get up!*"

She attempted to do so, but fell back weakly.

"*Ellen! get up instantly!*" I commanded again, throwing all my strength, both physical and mental, into the effort.

The effect was electrical. She was on her feet in a moment, and fully roused. Half leading, half carrying her, we reached the house, when of her own accord she threw herself across the bed, and sank immediately into a heavy stupor.

How the time passed after that, or how long it was till help came, I know not; but it came at last. Ellen was placed comfortably in bed, and a messenger despatched for her mesmeric doctor.

Once more through her lips came that strange whisper, giving some necessary directions, and adding—"There is no time to spare; one hour and a half, at the longest, is all."

Time flew fearfully. The heavy breathing grew every moment more noisy and difficult. Would they never come?

My hand was constantly upon the door-knob, and at last, to my infinite relief, in walked my good mother and my brother. The latter immediately placed his hand upon her forehead, as was his custom. In a brief moment, the flushed, turgid countenance had changed to one of calm repose, and her breathing was of a gentle, natural sleep.

From that time forth she was kept constantly

under the magnetic influence. No other treatment was given or asked; and in four days we left the old house to its loneliness, taking Ellen with us to our own home.

It seemed wonderful, truly; almost incredible to some; but it was a solemn fact; and the prophecy had been fulfilled in every particular, *save one.*

Ellen, observing from the piazza a stack of timothy being badly tossed and scattered by a herd of young cattle, had gone out with the intention of driving them away, when a *young black steer* among them, evidently resenting the intrusion, turned upon her, and she in her headlong flight pitched violently over a pile of rails, thus precipitating the catastrophe. She confessed she had received an impression warning her of danger before starting, but there seemed to be also another power urging her to go; and as we have seen, the evil counsel prevailed.

About this time, or a little previously, was received a letter containing the intelligence of her brother's death by drowning, every detail of which corresponded exactly with that given by the Spirit as related in the first seance; thus adding another evidence as to the truth of Spirit-communion.

I might go on and multiply incidents quite as marvellous as these, connected with our experience that Winter; but they would add no importance to the testimony already given, and I shall therefore desist.

Enough has been written, however, and I may conclude with a familiar text, slightly modified to suit the subject—"If ye believe not these, neither will ye believe though one should spend his whole life in piling up additional evidence."

SARAH E. PALMER.

ANOTHER VERIFICATION.

SALT LAKE CITY, July 12, 1880.

BROTHER DENSMORE:—I received the paper July 1st, and upon opening was delighted to find a message of love from my dear child, through the mediumship of Miss M. T. Shelhamer. It is indeed what I have long wished for, from my Angel-child. Though spoken through a stranger, the message is in every way characteristic of the child, and she has this minute come to me to tell me it was her. This is indeed joyful.

Dear brother Densmore, I will send a little money in a few days. I wish I was better off, to help on the grand work; for indeed this is a great work.

The message is from Fanny Randle, Salt Lake. We are as ever yours,

JAMES AND E. M. RANDLE.

P. S.—Please give our thanks to the Medium. I have a brother and a sister—the aunt the child speaks of. I would like to hear from them, it would be such a good treat to us all. May the good Angels watch and protect you all from harm, is the sincere wish of

J. AND E. R.

A MOTHER-IN-LAW's sermon seldom taken well with an audience of daughters-in-law.—*English Proverb.*

VOICE OF ANGELS.

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MONEY-ORDERS.

☞ All Money-Orders for the VOICE OF ANGELS should be made payable at the
BOSTON POST-OFFICE.

EDITORIAL.

IS THE SOUL OF ONE HUMAN BEING EVER ANY BETTER THAN ANOTHER IN THE ABSOLUTE, ALL THINGS CONSIDERED?

SOME time since, the question was asked by a correspondent, "Why and how is it there is such a great difference in the social, moral and religious status of humanity, from childhood to old age, seeing that all souls emanated from one and the same source, and that source God, who is said to be possessed of all purity, love, power and wisdom, and who doeth all things well?" In response thereto, all we shall attempt to say, pro or con, is that if the human soul is in reality a scintillation from and a part of the Divine Mind—as our questioner and a large majority of the human race claim it is—and as this fractional part of Divinity could not become contaminated by dwelling in a house of his own making, (the human body,) it must remain forever in the same pure condition after, as before it came in contact with earthly matter. Hence in the absolute there cannot be, in the very nature of things, the slightest difference in quality or goodness between one soul over another, all arguments to the contrary notwithstanding. Why one soul seems more sinful and wicked than another, arises from the to-us fact, that one sinner is buried deeper in the mud and filth of untoward circumstances than another; which latter fact prevents the hampered soul from manifesting its innate qualities to the same extent that one can whose surroundings are more harmonious; just as a good pianist fails to make good music upon an instrument out of tune.

Hence it is not the soul *per se* that sins; but in its endeavors to throw off the inharmonious angular conditions in which it is involved, it produces what is called sin.

One thing is positively certain, namely, that however much people may diverge afterwards, every one of them started on the race of mundane life from precisely the same level; and of course all were equally pure and good at that time; and if subsequently some forge ahead of oth-

ers, in the march of passing events, it is wholly owing to circumstances over which neither had the slightest control.

To illustrate: A child born of wealthy parents, (to use a quaint old saying,) comes into the world "with a gold spoon in his mouth;" whereas another child, born of poor parents, makes his *debut* upon the scenes of life with an iron, or it may be, no spoon at all in his mouth. Now, that circumstance does not make the former any better than the latter, as he individually had nothing to do or say about the gold spoon. If a person's goodness is to be determined by the length of his purse, then we admit that the one with the gold spoon is better than the one with nothing but abject poverty staring him in the face. Nevertheless, even then, with all the difference existing between them, viewed in the light of highest wisdom, as far as the soul is concerned, there is not the slightest difference in the quality of the soul of one who is termed a good man over that of a bad one, except (as has been stated scores of times) in the latter it seems brighter for the darkness surrounding it. This must be so, because the source from whence both souls originated is the quintessence of purity itself. Hence, from the very nature of its heavenly parentage, it could not commit a sinful act. It must not be forgotten that high and low, good and bad, are at best but relative terms, and in some cases mean precisely the same thing.

To illustrate: An observer upon an elevated plane, overlooking a crowd struggling to gain the summit of a mountain, will notice that, however high up or low down some may be, they are both higher and lower at the same moment to others below and above them. So, too, in a moral sense—if higher signifies better—then however high one may be, in a moral or religious sense, he is both better and worse to those below and above him; and this will always obtain, just as long as one soul is morally and Spiritually in advance of another. And this is well; for if everybody came into the world with gold spoons in their mouths, there being nothing to compare themselves to—that is, if everybody was equally rich—they would never know whether they were rich or poor, good or bad.

In conclusion, we will merely add, that if the above imperfect deductions have any foundation in fact, then the soul—by which latter we mean the real man—in one person, is no better in the absolute than another, no matter how much they may differ in their moral and Spiritual

status—which state of things comes into existence through natural and Spiritual laws, which laws are eternal and unchangeable.

"THE NATIONAL CITIZEN AND BALLOT-BOX."

We have just received the fifth number of the fourth volume of the above paper, and if we are to judge of its future by the number before us, we should most certainly class it as one of the best and most comprehensive journals for elucidating the right of one-half the human race to the ballot, denied them by the other half, that has ever made its appearance in this progressive age.

The "National Citizen and Ballot-Box" is a monthly journal, issued at Syracuse, N. Y., by Matilda Joslyn Gage, that veteran champion, not only of woman's right to the ballot, but of the rights of everybody suffering in ignorance and superstition. It is filled to the brim with first class reading matter by the most brilliant and talented writers of the day. The subscription price of this energetic vindicator of eternal truth is but one dollar per annum; and no one who has a drop of the milk of human kindness running in his veins, and a desire to benefit his kind, will neglect to subscribe for it, and thus help this grand worker in the cause of human reform.

☞ Our columns are so crowded this number, we are compelled to defer the continuation of the review of "Story's Substantialism" to another fortnight. We would call the attention of our readers to the learned and abstruse series of articles under this head, and also to the book itself, an advertisement of which will be found on the last page. The perusal of this remarkable work will well repay all who take an interest in the scientific elucidation of the mysteries of creation, growth and progression.

THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

TUNIE.

MY dear father, as per request last evening, I have succeeded in getting the poor suffering girl I told you was suffering with deep regrets at the commission of a crime, which she thinks is unpardonable, namely, suicide. We have told her if she would come here, we thought she would feel better when she left. We have tried every possible way to convince her that, although committing the crime was bad enough, yet she could outlive its effects in time, by listening to the still small voice of her own consciousness in doing good to others. But all our efforts to neutralize her keen anguish thus far have been futile, and as a dernier resort we concluded to bring her here, with a hope that by coming into contact with earth-conditions, and listening to your ideas of the fate of all who transgress nature's laws, it might relieve her of her intense suffering. Lovingly,

TUNIE.

A few minutes after writing the above, I saw darling Tunie and Jennie, one on each side, sustaining a young lady in her efforts to walk,

of fair complexion, and not over fifteen or sixteen years old, as near as I could judge, coming towards where I was sitting, with both hands over her eyes, sobbing convulsively; and after seating her on a sofa, she pressed her right hand over the region of the heart, seemingly trying to suppress a terrible pain, ejaculating as she did so, "Oh!"

The room was full of sympathizing friends, ready to do anything to relieve the sufferer, and among them was an old gentleman, who said he was the girl's grandfather, who had but just learned the cause of the great distress of his little pet, Gertrude. He was quite calm and collected, and seemed to look at the sad affair philosophically, and tried to cheer with loving words the young, inexperienced sufferer. After making a few passes from her head downwards, which seemed to strengthen her, he said to me, "Cannot you give my child a few consolatory words regarding the great mistake she has made?" Taking her hand, she was told that, as the act she had committed concerned her more than any one else, and although generally considered quite unpardonable, yet in reality it was not a whit worse than is being committed every day by the whole human race, except that the act debarred her from the benefits of an earthly experience, which is all essential to the soul's progression, and which she would be compelled to gain through earthly organisms, before she could go on and up in the higher grades of Spirit-love; aside from this, it makes not the slightest difference how one enters the Spirit-world—whether through a murder, a railroad accident, or self-destruction, or through eating and drinking to excess; which latter, strictly speaking, is as much suicidal as taking arsenic; as one's spiritual condition at death determines his status in the world of causes. Hence, unless a person lives up strictly to Nature's laws—which but few, if any, ever succeed in doing, through ignorance of those laws—he is as much committing suicide every day of his life as if he ended his earthly career by taking poison.

She listened attentively to the above remarks, and after I got through, she rallied from the stupor she had been in, and looking up, said: "Thank God for this ray of light." I asked her to give her real name and where she lived, which she refused to do, saying, "I feel too happy in seeing my way out of the dense darkness that has surrounded me for the past four months, to cause a pang in the hearts of devoted friends by publishing acts committed while in a state of abject misery."

After saying the above, she thanked all who had been instrumental in giving her strength to begin anew the realities of life, when she, with a little assistance, (after again thanking us,) left the room, leaning on her grandfather's arm, much happier than when she entered, an hour before.

To dispense with ceremony is the most delicate way of conferring a compliment.—*Bulwer.*

LEARNING passes for wisdom among those who want both.—*Sir W. Temple.*

"THE GOLDEN SIDE."

There is many a rose in the rowl of life,
If we would but stop to take it,
And many a tone from the Better Land,
If the querulous heart would make it.
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er falleth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the Winter storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though clouds hang low,
And keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will still peep through,
When the ominous clouds are rifted.
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning,
And the darkest hour, so the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jewelled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure:
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to heaven,
Or only a pilgrim's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And do God's work with a ready heart
And hands that are prompt and willing,
Than to snap the delicate minute threads
Of our curious lives amunder,
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder.

SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE,
JUNE 27TH, 1880,
THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELL-
HAMER.

INVOCATION, BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

OH, Thou who art the Infinite One, whose power permeateth every being, whose presence is felt throughout the immensity of space! We, a few of thy children, gathered together upon this occasion, feel deeply impressed in our spirits, in view of the experiences of life which thou hast permitted us to pass through.

We bow before Thee in reverence this solemn hour! We bend at thy altar of love, recognizing and acknowledging Thee as our best Friend, our Protector and un-failing Guide.

We pray for strength to do thy will, for wisdom to guide us aright in the path of life, and for fidelity to thy purpose and the mission Thou hast set before us.

We bless Thee for the work accomplished, for the truth that has been sown broadcast throughout the land; we bless Thee for the messenger birds of light, whom Thou hast permitted to wing their way from the Summer-land above, to send forth from this place tidings of good cheer to sorrowing-hearts on earth.

We bless Thee for the willing co-operation of friends in the mortal; for the fruits of the harvest we have seen gathered; for the blossoms of peace we have seen springing up in lonely hearts we praise Thee.

We bow before Thee in adoration, as we bless Thee for life, beautiful life, and its unfoldments; and oh, we ask thy bene-

diction to fall upon this Medium in her work, that strength may be supplied to her, whereby she may be of use to humanity.

Oh, Angel-bands who have gathered here so often to mingle your work with ours, receive our grateful thanks for all your labors; receive our blessing for all your loving care; and while we return grateful praise to you for the past, we would solicit your continued assistance and influence throughout the journey of life. Amen.

LITTLE HELEN.

MAY I send my love to Grandpa? [Yes, indeed; is it little Helen?] Yes, it is; I'm real glad to come. Tell grandpa his dear mamma sends her love to him too. What pretty flowers you've got! I bring flowers to Grandpa's room every night; they make him rest, because they bring strength. My teacher is going to help me try and make him smell their fragrance.

I'm going to be very busy this Summer, you know. I go around among the Mediums a good deal, so I know just how to come; and so I help those poor Spirits who want to send their messages to their friends, but don't know how. I help the children to come; I show them how to control and talk. That's my work.

Tell Grandpa I'm just as happy as I can be, and I send him my love with a kiss. I want him to do all he can for the Spirits. We are all pleased with him; and I am going to help Tunie's papa with the little paper all I can; I am going to work for it right through Grandpa.

That's all now; good-bye; I'm going right home now. [Good-bye; come and see us again.] Yes, I will.

WILLIAM FISHER.

GOOD EVENING, sir. I came with the dear little prattler who has just gone. My interests are centred in Philadelphia. I am at work. I would like to say again to my friend whom I communicated with before, "Although unknown to you in mortal, yet I am close to you in Spirit. I am highly gratified so far with your work, and the experience I gain through it. You will hear from me through different channels; you will be made to realize that I am with you, and working for what I believe to be the interest of humanity. I shall seek to bring you a little token of my presence, and I hope to develope you so that you will see a star when I am with you; then will you know that I am working in unity with yourself to spread the light of truth, to show a star of hope to mourning souls. I send my blessing and call you brother." WILLIAM FISHER.

NATHAN BLAKE.

I AM somewhat unacquainted with this. I was only twenty-five when I died. I want to send a letter to New York, to Mrs. Jane Blake. I want my mother to know I can come back and see her. Tell her not to fear; she will soon be with me. The disease she has is incurable; she knows it. I want her to know I shall be ready to meet and welcome her when she leaves the body. I shall be so glad to meet her and bring her to the home prepared for her. All she loves will be there—music, flowers, birds, and above all, dear friends will gladden her heart and make her life a beautiful existence. We send our love and are waiting.

This is all I have to say. You may call me Nathan Blake.

MRS. EMMA CARTER.

DEAR friends, I am glad to meet you. Although personally unacquainted with you, yet I have read so much of the doings of this little Circle, I feel as though I knew you well. I am Mrs. Emma Carter, of Cincinnati. [I thought so; we are very happy to meet you, Mrs. Carter.] And I am happy to be here; I feel acquainted with you, sir, through your invocations, which I have perused with pleasure. I have intended from the first to send my greeting to my dear friends from this Circle; and having been informed that you close tonight, I gladly avail myself of the opportunity presented me to manifest.

Tell all my loved ones, all my valued friends, that I am intensely happy; I am as joyous and free as the wild bird that wings its flight skyward, singing, as it goes, the glad, sweet thrilling song of freedom. I am enjoying the purest rest a Spirit can know, surrounded by ministering Angels, guarded by the tenderest love. My Spirit-life is unfolded amid scenes of more than celestial radiance. And I shall work, study to develop my powers, to cultivate the possibilities of my Spirit, that they may blossom out towards perfection.

I intend to put forth my efforts, that through the powers of the intellect in the literary field, and by the representations of the higher phases of human life upon the stage of action, I may instruct and benefit others.

Tell my dear ones they shall yet hear from me; I shall return frequently from the bright Spirit-shore to mingle again in familiar scenes and places. God bless each one! My love flows out to them like the waters of a mighty river. In time, it is my cherished hope to give of

my Spiritual experiences through the instrumentality of my dear friend, Mrs. Rull, and the VOICE OF ANGELS, that my friends may know what I am doing in the Eternal World.

[The remainder of the communication was addressed to the members of the Circle.]

IDA STEVENS.

PLEASE may I send my love to mamma, too? [Yes.] I'm little Ida Stevens; my mamma reads your paper; she's a Medium, and I can come close to her, but she feels better to get a word from here. I can carry her power from here, so we can manifest better. I go way to California. I used to live in Wisconsin.

Tell mamma, papa sends his love. We are all happy, and we are helping her too; she feels it. Tuncie is coming with me to see her, and we think we can let her know it. There is a power between her and this band; the Spirits intend to use her for good work some day.

Papa says, the clouds will roll away, and sunshine will come; and if mamma feels impressed to take any step, or make any change, she must do it.

Grandpa sends his love. Willie sends his too. We live near together, and have real good times. I send whole loads of love to mamma.

HALF-MOON.

HALF-MOON sends greeting through the talking sheet, to all the pale-faces. He brings down the power and magnetism of the red race, to send it out through the talk paper to all the people, to bring a good influence and send it out ever and ever to the people. Half-Moon bring the greetings of the Spirit-world, and say, New work comes for the talking sheet—new work and new power. A change is good. Let the fresh breezes come from the forest; let the Spirit speak from the far West, and the sunrise East; let the soul sing its song as the bird sings in the mellow South; let the strong waves of Truth flow from the rugged North. Then the mighty power goes forth to all people, a new strength comes to the sheet, and the people will know there is life eternal beyond the dark river—there is love for them beyond the setting sun!

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

HAVERHILL, MASS., July 16, 1880.

D. C. DENSMORE:—*Dear Sir,*—The communication in the VOICE OF ANGELS of July 15th, from John Albert Dresser, I recognize as from my brother, who passed away about three years since; it being so true to his nature and life here; and I cheerfully send this note, not

merely as a duty, but with great pleasure: for it is a comfort to us to know that our loved ones can commune with us in Spirit.

Respectfully yours,

A. R. DRESSER.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

REMARKS ON THE LETTER AND EDITORIAL OF JULY 15.

FRIEND DENSMORE:—No doubt the world is benefitted both by the letter you mention, and by your comments upon it. The writer has indeed expressed his fears in strong language, and his closing remark was entirely uncalled for; but for the sake of the zealous interest and energetic devotion to the advocacy of truths so vital to the welfare of humanity, both in the present life and the after-life, I hail it as a glorious token that somebody is alive and awake to the dangers that now threaten to retard, if not to arrest, the progress of religious liberty.

Over-heated zeal, for truth's sake, is far less dangerous than peaceable compromises with popular errors.

You are right in having no fears of the ultimate triumph of truth; and few have done more than yourself in its promulgation and defence; but nature always works through its organic agencies, whose functions are more or less liable to retardation and arrest. With a due degree of heat, a chick may be developed from an egg in three weeks, or its development may be put off to double that length of time. Mankind have been continuously under the slavery of idolatry from pre-historic ages; and more modern nations have been equally enslaved by the worship of the Lamb, one of the zodiac constellations, for nearly two thousand years; and modern thought has been as irresistibly bound within its incrustation as are the vital powers of the chick within the shell, until its development on the ovum plane is completed. And just as it is the chick's vital powers—what the external and internal heat involved, has become—that throw off its shell, so the crust of idolatry must be thrown off by man himself, by what the essence or spirit of the substances upon which he subsists has become as his vital powers. It is the same old mistake to suppose that man is either created or saved in any other way by any outside power whatever, or that the Spirit-world, which includes ours, aids man otherwise than by infusing its essence or spirit, whereby and where-with to demonstrate their existence. What humans need is human aid. Could they but have the veneration, love and wealth now wasted in idol-worship, there would be no criminals to punish, no outcasts to hate, and no starving poor to feed. Human beings are their own worst enemies and their own best friends; and it is equally vain to fear superhuman enemies as to hope for superhuman help. The battle is between idolators, who fight against their fellow-beings in fighting for the supremacy of their imaginary deities—sun-gods and other heavenly bodies personified—and true religionists, who fight for humanity in fighting for

truth and justice against the errors of bigoted ignorance.

The harvest is ripe; and there is no more danger of injuring religion by casting aside idolatry, than there is danger of injury to wheat by separating it from the hulls that encased it during its developement. Religion has its foundation in the highest faculties and purest affections of the head and heart of humanity; whereas idolatry has its foundation in man's own love of power and praise, and is an expression of the servility of brutal selfishness and a predominance of the animal appetites and passions.

Chicks creeping about with patches of the old shell sticking to their unfledged bodies are good illustrations of persons who are still waiting to be clothed and shielded by an outside saviour, and finally saved by "imputed righteousness."

Out upon such babyish dependence! The time of hatching is come, and before this century ends the old shell of idol-worship, with its ideal sky-mansions, will no longer be able to hide the nakedness of those destitute of personal righteousness. But the struggle to stand alone, to learn that there is no such thing as superhuman help, and to know that humanity is one regardless of bodily change, and to realize that mutual aid is at once the highest duty and brings the highest felicity, will be a fearfully hard one.

What is most needed is a human religion, with an organ exclusively devoted to the interests of humanity, not to discussions about old-time myths and the opinions of ancient saints. With such a religion, a society composed of true philanthropists would soon become a mighty power in the land. Spiritualism is not a religion, but brings us an actual knowledge of Spirit-existence; hence is an indispensable aid in showing up the errors handed down to our age from still darker ages in the past. It has its especial work. But there is needed a nucleus for the advancement of the general interests of society with live, earnest, persevering men and women to do, not only the work of heroes in fighting for their common rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, but to wrest the sceptre of power from those who demand the continuous servility of humanity to their imaginary idols. We need moral heroes, that will yield no vantage ground to error or compromise with any theory known to be injurious, but who are willing to strike telling blows by calling things by their right names without prevarication.

JEAN STORY.

225 BROADWAY, Cambridgeport, July, 1880.

W. L. JACK, M. D., of Haverhill, Mass., is our agent at Lake Pleasant Camp-meeting, and anywhere else he may be, for soliciting and forwarding subscriptions to the VOICE OF ANGELS.

D. C. DENSMORE.

THERE are cases where the chief mourners would laugh at a funeral if it were not the custom to weep.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

GETTING TESTS.

BY J. WOOD, OF PHILADELPHIA.

No. 1506 NORTH 7TH ST., PHIL'A., Pa.

BRO. DENSMORE:—Investigators of and searchers into the Spiritual Philosophy for the most part are anxious to have unquestionable tests of the verity of the messages and communications they get from their Spirit-friends; more so than of those who are merely acquaintances or nominally friends. This anxiety is, in most cases, very proper, and is tolerated, I believe, by our friends on the other side, when not too hotly pressed and impertinently demanded. Many instances of communication come with great force of truth, and yet are not so emphatic and expressive as to make assurance doubly sure, which many expect them to be in all cases.

At Circles there are annoying scenes very frequently, growing out of the extreme anxiety of sitters to have something of what they have set their minds upon, and hence are persistent in their questioning, and their determination to obtain in detail, if not the whole of the programme, as they had fixed it in their contemplation. Simple, and indeed exceedingly foolish questions are asked often, to which, no doubt, in many instances, very simple and uncertain answers are given. To be sure that you are not deceived is of importance to the mind, otherwise the best and most worthy messages would not produce the good effect so desirable to be attained. Therefore there may be some excuse for many earnest, and even imprudent inquirers after truth.

These thoughts were suggested upon reading the story of a physical manifestation recorded in the Bible, (6th chap. of Judges,) which I give entire for the benefit of the general readers of the book, and more especially for those who believe the Bible to be the word of God, and who, at the same time, denounce Spiritualism as a humbug and fraud:

"Then all the Midianites and the Amalekites, and the children of the East, here gathered together, and went over and pitched in the Valley of Jezreel. But the Spirit of the Lord came upon Gideon, and he blew a trumpet, and Abiezer was gathered after him, and he sent messengers throughout Manasseh, who also was gathered after him; and he sent messengers unto Ashur, and unto Zebulon, and unto Naphtali; and they came up to meet them.

"And Gideon said unto God, If Thou wilt save Israel by mine hand, as Thou hast said, behold, I will put a fleece of wool in the floor, and if the dew be on the fleece only, and it be dry upon all the earth besides, then shall I know that Thou wilt save Israel by my hand, as Thou hast said."

Well, now, this is a fair proposition, and was acceded to by the other party, the conditions in every respect being favorable, and the result was as follows, namely:

"And it was so; for he rose up early on the morrow, and thrust the fleece together (squeezed it) and wringed the dew out of the fleece, a bowl-ful of water."

Here is indeed a test, and it should have been accepted and relied upon without doubt or gainsaying. But, like many now-a-days, Gideon must have another hitch in his rope or chain, and tried it over again.

"And Gideon said unto God, Let not thine anger be brought against me, and I will speak but this once; Let me prove, I pray Thee, but this once with the fleece, let it now be dry only upon the fleece, and upon all the ground let there be dew.

"And God did so that night; for it was dry upon the fleece only, and there was dew upon all the ground."

And just here let me put in and ask, Oh, ye skeptics, what more will ye have to afford sufficient proof to your intelligences?

This little history of a Spirit-phenomena is calculated to give thought to the thoughtful mind; but if it fell upon stony ground, or among thorns, it will produce nothing worthy of mention.

Gideon was a Spiritualist, and, bear in mind, he was not a modern one. His history is put down in the chronological table as twelve hundred and fifty years before Christ, which, counting the Christian era, would make this phenomenon about three thousand years old—quite ancient, but none the worse for its many years ago.

Let it be noticed that this test was furnished in the night-time, as indeed, in the matter of the dew, it could not be given in that respect in the day-time. I mention this, because two-thirds of the phenomena of the Bible were given when the stars were shining, and now, when the greater part of the physical phenomena of our time is given in dark scances, the objector is sure to find fault.

Gideon was very anxious to have his test assure him, and therefore thought he might venture to be doubly sure, without being charged with doubt or distrust. Yet it seems he had several slight misgivings, for he asked the Lord to not let "his anger be hot against him," and promised to "only speak but this once." His reversal of the order of the test was judicious, and the result being satisfactory to him, he therefore went into the fight, and "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon" prevailed against the enemies of Is-

rael. Brother, this, as an introduction to a short series of tests in my own experience, I hope will be acceptable to you, and to the readers of the "ANGEL VOICE," on this, and also on the other side of Jordan. Yours, etc., J. W.

[From the Religio-Philosophical Journal.]

MY LOST DARLING.

BY MRS. EMMA R. TUTTLE.

Oh, for the voice of an angel to sing
About my lost darling, so tender and true,
Whose eyes were as blue as the skies of the Spring,
Whose heart was as pure as her jewels of dew.
I can but mourn her in sorrow and tears,
Life was so gladsome and earth was so fair;
Days were but blossoms which grew on the years,
Woven in flower-chains for young life to wear.

CHORUS:—

Oh, my lost darling, come down from the skies!
See how I beckon you, filled with regret!
Come with the love which was mine in your eyes,
Beautiful angel, remember me yet!

There in the midst of the angels of light,
With napholels blooming like gems at your feet,
Oh, turn from the faces so holy and bright
To dream of the olden days, sunny and sweet;
Laugh till the atmosphere quivers with glee,
And gently the angels look up in surprise;
Ah, then would you say you were thinking of me,
Who used to read gospels of love in your eyes!

CHORUS:—

Well I remember the wild Winter day,
When, parting earth's snow-spread, we covered her
form,
So moveless and cold, with the pitiless clay,
And turned us away with our face to the storm;
Earth had not blossoms enough for our dear,
So all unadorned she went down the dark way,
But the angels had woven fresh flowers for her head,
From the opulent gardens she walks in to-day.

CHORUS:—

Sometimes I think that the glory of heaven
Hangs like a veil, thickly spangled with stars,
Between us, obscuring a thought of me even,
With gossamer foldings and goldenest bars.
Darling! my darling! I pray and implore
You will not forget me, wherever I be,
But stretch a white finger to me from the shore
Whose evergreen banks lie beyond death's dark sea.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

"SUBSTANTIALISM, OR THE PHILOSOPHY OF KNOWLEDGE."

THE articles in review of this remarkable philosophical work being published in the VOICE, it seems to me are especially worthy of attention. No such light has been thrown upon Nature's processes by any writer, as is shed upon them by this work and review. The very foundation principles upon which all phenomena rest are stated and made plain. The author, in showing that the essences which express the qualities of all external objects become, by an inversion of their spacial conditions, our sensations or perceptions of those objects, correlative the two grand divisions of all we know and feel into a beautiful unity, and by showing that all the qualities of the substance of things are its spacial and timal conditions, reaches an ultimate generalization which all previous systems of philosophy have failed to attain. Substance in itself being ever the same homogeneous essence, what is termed matter

being simply this essence on the ovum, embryotic and immature plane.

Whether all the applications of the principles enunciated in this wonderful book will be substantiated by future scientific research, time will determine; but a sufficient amount can be demonstrated to show that these principles are true and apply to the universal processes of Nature in the widest sense. But there is one serious objection to an application of the philosophy of this work, and that is, it comes in direct conflict with the popular and prevailing sectarian prejudices of the age; and the class and institutions who claim the right to direct and mold public opinion upon all the great vital questions which concern humanity at large, will oppose any new light that reveals the absurdity of the mystical notions by which they hold the people enthralled in intellectual bondage.

An eloquent and widely celebrated speaker and writer too truly says, that "in our country most of the so-called scientists are professors in sectarian colleges, and for the most part their salaries depend upon the ingenuity with which they can explain away facts and dodge demonstration." But, thank heaven! there are a few brave thinkers who dare to publish their ideas, and to them are we indebted for the progress in our knowledge of Nature's processes. And among them, to none are we more indebted than to Darwin in England, Haeckel, who stands foremost in that land of science, Germany, and in our own country to the author of "Substantialism."

Darwin established the theory that all things were *evolved*, not *created* by a personal God, as all theological systems had taught; but there were gaps in the process, "missing links," upon which theology relied to overthrow the theory of evolution. Haeckel has supplied these "missing links," by carrying the principles of evolution down into the first objective beginnings of all animal life, into the domain of embryology, thereby demonstrating the conceptions of Darwin.

But Darwin and Haeckel have only demonstrated the fact of evolution, but have not shown us how the real causes and invisible elements operate by which objective Nature has been progressively evolved. This Story has accomplished, by showing that the counter, or male and female forces, that inhere in these invisible elements which have molded all objective forms out of their very substance, in accordance with their priorly-inherited conditions, have evolved new species by *essential transfor-*

mations of the essences involved, as they have passed from the essential to the ovum or objective plane in evolving new forms; thus revealing to our perceptions the modes of operation of the principles and forces that link all the kingdoms of Nature into a sublime unity, and by which the living whole was evolved and is sustained.

FRANKLIN SMITH.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

LETTER FROM ANNA C. RAILL.—SURPRISING MATERIALIZATIONS.

CINCINNATI, April 1st, 1880.

D. C. DENSMORE:—*Dear Friend*,—Please find enclosed stamps for three numbers of the VOICE of April 1st. I find in this number a communication from Moody Stanwood, who in his earth-life was a dear friend. I desire the extra copies that I may send them to his relatives. In his message he says, "If I had my instrument, I would give you a serenade." He possessed a great talent for music, and often gave his friends a serenade. He often would go with others on moonlight nights, and delight to pour out strains of sweet music. He says, also, that he is one of our Spirit-band, and has promised us success and fine manifestation. Almost the very words he uses in his message were written at our Circle, through one of our Mediums, on the slate. One Medium in Ohio, the other in Boston, Mass.! So I recognize Moody Stanton, but wish he had given his middle name.

Neither my husband nor myself need tests; yet there are some others that might. We know his presence quite as well as any of our earthly friends that meet with us each week.

I write this because I think it the duty of every one to at once acknowledge the messages that come to them. It gives courage to the Medium, and great pleasure to the Spirit communicating.

Let us go hand in hand with our dear loved friends—for indeed we may, when only a thin veil divides us. Surely in these days the scales are falling from the eyes of thousands, and they see the angels in the air, feel them laying their loving hands upon our heads, and giving us their blessing.

During a recent visit in Boston, Mass., my dear sister, Mrs. Wm. K. Lewis, was freed from her earthly form and joined the angelic hosts; and while the form was yet unburied, the precious boon was mine, through the mediumship of Mrs. H., at the residence of a dear friend. not only to see, but to be embraced, to feel her sisterly kiss. Let those who doubt that Spirit can materialize say what they may. Surely I knew my own sister. Only a few moments afterward, when I saw my own dear boy, who passed to Spirit-life at the age of six years, I felt that I was indeed on holy ground—made holy because they that we thought dead were alive. The Spirit had risen indeed. The corruptible had put on incorruption. They that were filled with unclean spirits were no more, being cleansed by a more perfect under-

standing of themselves. Those who on earth thought their wisdom greater than others, now came to know that they had a great distance to go ere they reached that mount, and from their height of arrogance and pride they must bow to teachers and be willing students; and then the true God-life, that had been hidden, will burst forth like the rose, that but yesterday was a closed bud. The sunshine of love, if we but permit, bursts through every impediment.

Others beside myself in this harmonious circle saw their loved ones; and it makes the heart throb to see a loving father embrace his Spirit-children, sister and brother—some of whom had passed the "Gate called Beautiful" when but babes. Such scenes make us have confidence in Paul, when he tells us that we are sown the natural and raised the Spiritual. Surely such manifestations will attract us nearer to the Divine Source of all Good.

Another beautiful presentation was our dear and much-loved Mrs. Conant, who for years was the Medium for the message department of the *Banner of Light*. Her Spirit-face was radiant as she bowed to each one of us, and beckoned to Miss Shelhamer, who is at present the amanuensis for the message department of the *Banner*. The Spirit of Mrs. Conant was robed in spotless white, while Miss Shelhamer was dressed in black. Miss S., in obedience to the wish of the Spirit, knelt and received a blessing. The Spirit, with uplifted hands and pure white drapery, was so lovely a sight, that all who witnessed it must have been the better for being there.

And again, another Spirit, and that Spirit L. Judd Pardee. I could not be deceived in his face; for I had known him, had my seat at the same table for months. Yes, our dear friend, L. Judd Pardee, lives, and continues a faithful worker, sowing seeds that will bring forth fruit an hundred fold.

Yet another lovely Spirit, clothed in raiment of purity, presented herself outside the curtain. On her head she wore a lace cap. She took the cap from her own head and placed it upon the head of Mrs. B. The Spirit then retired. In a few seconds she returned, took the cap from Mrs. B.'s head, holding it out at arm's length, when in the light it gradually faded or dematerialized.

Fifteen Spirits materialized. All in the room had the blessed privilege of seeing and feeling. No darkness! All our hearts beat as with one throb.

When the seance closed, I felt we had all been very near the gate of heaven, and in my soul wished that all my friends had been there to see.

It is oft-times said to me, "The Mediums do all these tricks." Well, if night after night for many months Mrs. H. does all these things, surely she must be a remarkable woman, and must also own a fine wardrobe, suited to both sexes. Masks must be numerous, to answer all the different styles of faces. Her laundress must be almost perfection; and all these things would as a consequence foot up quite a bill. The expedition that is necessary would make her to be one of the finest sleight-of-hand per-

formers known. Such being the case, Mrs. H. could coin money, and be altogether above want. But no! Mrs. H., like hundreds of other noble, self-sacrificing Mediums, prefers to be the servant, and they are right; for we are told by the greatest of all Mediums that the least of you shall be the greatest. Mrs. H. is the chosen source by which the immortality of the soul will be proven to many who could not perceive it in any other way.

My visit to this seance was worth more to me than all the sermons I ever heard in all my life.

Dear brother Densmore, let us each do all we can to bless these channels that are the means of our redemption from darkness and doubt. I for one say, God bless them; give them kindness and love!

I have often thought it would be a good idea for every one who claimed to be a believer in our beautiful philosophy to give one dollar towards the building of a Home for our poor Mediums who have borne the heat and burdens of the early days of Spiritualism, who today have no home, no place to rest their weary heads. Cannot this matter be thought of and acted upon? If each one of us would give one dollar, it would not be long ere we could find some spot on which a home could be placed, and thereby heal many a broken heart. If every reader of the *VOICE* or *Banner* or *R. P. Journal*, etc., would put in their mite, see how soon we could build or buy a home!

Fraternally.

ANNA C. RALL,
No. 482 West Liberty St., Cincinnati.

[The above letter has been crowded out for a long time, but we have at length found room for it.]

THROUGH A. A. TANNER, UNION, UTAH.

WILLIAM PANTER.

I WOULD like to send a word or two home to my family; I have not had the privilege of doing so before. I would like to have them hear from me. Tell them I will do them all the good that is in my power, to make them happy and comfortable.

My name is William Panter. I had many friends and but few enemies, that I knew anything about. I worked hard to support my family, and was taken away from the enjoyment of their society before I had accumulated means enough to make them happy and comfortable. But I am not dead yet; it is only my body that is dead. My Spirit lives in a world beyond the natural world, where I can enjoy the society of my friends who have gone before me; and I shall meet with those who will yet join the Spirit-land.

I know my folks will be surprised to hear from me, for they will not expect a message from the Spirit-land. But I will say to them they need not entertain any doubts about the possibility of Spirits re-

turning to earth to impart information to their friends, about something which they desire to tell them; and it will be hereafter so that we can come back and communicate to our friends without the Mediums being suspected of deception.

WM. PANTER.

LYDIA SMITH.

My name is Lydia Smith; I want to send word to my folks. I have been in the Spirit-land for quite a number of years. I want my folks to know I am happy here. I am with Emma, and she wants to send word to father and mother too. We have come here together. I am so glad to have a chance to send them word. I know they will not expect a message from me. This will surprise them, and I hope it will be the means of convincing them of the truth of Spirit-communication. I know it would be comforting to them if they could be convinced of such a truth. But it is new to them, and they are too old to change their belief from what they have believed to be the truth.

I can't say much more at this time, but if I have a chance, I will send a message some other time. I hope my folks have not forgotten me. I know I cannot forget them. I send my love to all my friends.

PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE
THROUGH DR. W. L. JACK, HAVERHILL, MS.
METEOWAWA.

PALE-FACE Chief of the talking sheet—Meteowawa sends you these greetings of joy and peace—you who have the talking sheet, that all the pale-face tribe may know that the daughter of the forest brings to them, from the happy hunting-ground, words of comfort and messages of love. And when the corn moon comes, and the silken tassel waves in the air, and the robins sing in the trees, then for you all would I bring food for the soul and sun for the saddened heart, that all your wishes might be filled. Me wants to tell you, mighty chief, that the Great Spirit blesses you for the work you are doing for us all, and all the daughters and the sons of the forest, when they pass over to the happy hunting-ground, will bear a message to the Great Spirit for you, and will bring back, in the voice of the robin, songs of joy to gladden your heart, when the sun of your day shall set. With the golden-rayed tassel of the sun, that is woven with its beams of light, will we suspend your blanket of peace from the window of heaven, that it may gently fall on your Spirit as it wends its way to the happy hunting-ground. Cool-moon; warm sun. To pale-face chief, what has Angel-paper.

BRADSTREET.

WELL, I suppose I could step in, too. It is only a word or two, and to the purpose. I was burned to death, and the house went with me. I am with my sister now. Tell Mary not to be discouraged about the papers: the old Judge is doing all he can for her. This will help me a great deal—this coming back—to get up higher, where I can become more purified, and thus become better enabled to approach the pure in heart.

I have much to say, but time and conditions will not admit of it now. I suppose I will get over it finally. Well, good day.

Bradstreet, to my wife, Mary H. Hill.

LEWIS CLARK.

WELL, you see, while the other Spirits was going by, I was attracted by the crowd, and seeing their object, I naturally became interested. As long as they have put in their words, I thought I might do the same, you see. Well, I am still a Spiritualist—glory in it. Tell the folks to stick to the helm. The craft will carry them safely through. Well, I am happy, now; and tell them I go about the house often, and go and see my friends, too. I thank them at the hotel for all they did for me—they were so good. Tell them Lewis Clark was here. Well, good night.

AUNT JENNY.

My golly, where is dis chile! Why, I'se back to dis sinful yarth, once more. And am dis body mine? Am dis de Spirit's dress? Jus tell de folks, down dar in Delaware, dat aunt Jenny has been up here wid der Yankums. [Another Spirit interposed, and said, She means Yankees,] and I was glad to get up here, 'cause I send dis yar letter down dar to de people near to de fort, and da knows dat aunt Jenny is generally working around about strawberry time, and dat I visited de circles, and dat I comes to Miss Lizzie, and helps her to 'nipulate de sick folks. Wid de power of de Lord, and de help of de angels, we'll do all we can, honey. Accept of de lub from heaben, of aunt Jenny.

To Miss Alice, Miss Beccy, and Mr. George Henry. [To the amanuensis.] I berry much 'bleeged to you, white gemmen. Good morning.

[ERRATA.—In the messages through Dr. W. L. Jack, Haverhill, Mass., printed in the Voice for July 1st, the communication headed, "Louisa to Emma," should have been, "Louisa to Eunice." In the same number, in the communication from Lizzie Ostrander Bliss, the name "David" should have been "Luther," and instead of "Voice of Angels" it should have read "Banner of Light." This last serious difference is entirely attributable to the presumption and misapprehension of the compos-

tor who put it in type. In the July 15th number of the Voice, the poem headed "Thoughts," and credited "Anonymous," we learn was given thro' Dr. Jack, by one of his guides, called "Needle-leigh."]

ON THE SETTING SUN.

BY WALTER SCOTT.

Tinted evening clouds, that setting ray,
And beauteous founts, serve to display
Their great Creator's praise;
Then let the short-lived thing called man,
Whose life's comprised within a span,
To him his homage raise.
We often praise the evening clouds,
And founts, so gray and bold,
But seldom think upon our God,
Who tinged these clouds with gold!

AMIDE with me! Fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens. Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

"TUNIE" FUND.

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

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

A Friend of Humanity, Mo.,	\$1.63
Mrs. Emeline Scott, Middlebourne, Ohio,	0.15
James J. Pondington, Henryville, Tenn.,	0.25
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SUBSTANTIALISM;

—OR—

PHILOSOPHY OF KNOWLEDGE.

BY JEAN STORY.

PERCEIVING the oneness and continuous interchangesability of substance as essence and as form, the author discards the use of the term "spirit" and "matter"; and substitutes therefor the term "essential substance," whose intrinsic elasticity or vitality is alike intact, whether condensed as form or expanded as essence or spirit; all the innumerable qualities of substance being solely the result of its special modifications. Viewing the phenomena of nature, the only source of positive knowledge, from this new standpoint, which differs from that whence any other system has been idealized, and accepting the exact sciences as the bases of speculative science, the author claims to present for public consideration a New System of Philosophy. Unarmed by other aid than its own intrinsic merits, it has been launched upon the stormy sea of public opinion to battle single-handed for its right to a voice in the general sentiments of the age.

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