



VOL. V. { D. C. DENSMORE, PUBLISHER. } BOSTON, MASS., NOV. 1, 1880. { \$1.65 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE. } NO. 21.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

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

SPRINT 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,	- - - - -	.63 "
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.]

FRIENDSHIP.

BY TRYPHENA C. PARDEE.

Oh, Friendship! sweet endearing name!
Thou gift of Heaven in angel's frame!
Thy tenderness thou wilt impart,
With faithful, true and perfect heart.

Where trials come and wrongs oppress,
There thou art ever near to bless;
Wilt wipe the tear and quell the sigh,
Nor fear the mocker's scornful eye.

Oh, surely 'tis felicity
To confidently meet with thee,
Where mingled souls in grief or joy
Bear equal impulse in the eye.

Thy simplest words have worth that's clear,
All fitly spoken, all sincere;
They're golden apples nicely wrought
In memory's silver-pictured thought.

Oh, why so seldom, then, do we
Enjoy thy soul-enlivening ray?
Oh, why are hearts so often cold,
When formed for friendship's genial mould?

[DEAR BROTHER DENSMORE:—On reading our dear sister Emma R. Tuttle's poem, "Always thy Friend," it spoke so forcibly all the past years of my life, also gave me to understand that no one is alone, and that our experiences are riddles that only once in a while one can so accurately guess as our dear Emma has, that I turned to this little waif of thirty years ago, and said, "Yes, my questions are well answered, but why so by one whose name was shown me in a vision nearly sixty years ago?" And now I must relate the vision.

When between eight and twelve years of

age, I was occasionally blessed (after retiring to bed) with a mellow, pinkish, oval-shaped light over my bed, and in that light there was a table of books; some of them I was permitted to read, and one in particular I never forgot, entitled "Hudson and Emma Tuttle's Flowers of our Spring," which I read every word of—a work of reality that about fifteen years ago was very unexpectedly placed in my hands for perusal. As I glided through its delicious pages, I well remembered every word, sentence and sentiment, to be just what I read in that marvelous vision of my childhood. And now she has set a gem on the pages of thought, which seems an echo from the angel-voices to float purposely for me—a lay painting in such wisdom dyes the lot of mortals, of which I have so often thought none else tasted but myself.

How sweet the expression of the exchange of the coveted poppy-wreath for the varied blossoms watered by our tears along Life's changeable journey!—and how pleasing the idea that we are travelling *upwards*. And as I now write, I glance inadvertently to my waist, to see if there is not still dangling some of those tender, faded blooms of the long ago, that I may greet with a cheerful kiss for Life's sake.

What word in the vast vocabulary of human expression can be sweeter than "Friend"? But all must submit to the inevitable law of change; for it seems the design of the Higher Wisdom that every soul should develop independence of thought, character and practice. So mote it be.

The marvels we cannot understand now, we shall know hereafter. Long live Emma!

T. C. P.]

ELLINGTON, N. Y., Oct. 3, 1880.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

MESSAGE FROM ROBERT HARE TO DR. FAHNESTOCK.

[THROUGH DR. O., CONTINUED.]

DEAR DOCTOR:—In the order of a wise and beneficent Creator, all portions of his workmanship are designed to produce certain specific results—among which, standing out pre-eminent, is that of use, or benefit. For this, the meandering streamlet winds its serpentine course

towards the ocean—by means of which a greater extent of country is irrigated than could have been, had its course been straight. For this the silkworm spins its silken shroud, that others may be beautified by its expiring labors. All nature, while acting under the legitimate dictation of physical law, clearly demonstrates that use was the primary object of creation.

But physical laws may be violated, and then suffering is the inevitable consequence. A course of life inimical to physical requirements on the part of a parent, must entail on the offspring of such a parent deteriorated physical organization, which can only result in a painful earthly existence, and an early exit to another sphere. Should such an individual, in time, become a parent, a still greater degree of deterioration must follow; still the physical organization of the offspring may be unable to retain the newly imparted spiritual existence more than a few hours after its introduction into life, and it is compelled to seek a place of refuge, when the consequences of physical violation can only affect the question of its progressive development.

So goes the world;—premature death has become, in consequence of violated physical laws, the rule of life—not as it should be, the exception. You are called, as a physician, to the bed-side of a little suffering innocent. See how its little head rolls from side to side on its pillow; you can scarcely count its pulse; the pupil is dilated; spasmodic twitchings indicate the rapid approach of convulsions and death. You ask, Why has a beneficent Creator required such a condition? If a preacher be asked, he would tell you, with a long face, it is in consequence of Adam's sin, etc. Now, the true solution of the problem may be found in the tight lacing of the mother, while *eniente*; to enable her to enjoy the fancied pleasures of a ball-room, at a time physical law required her in the privacy of her own chamber. Your own mind will supply the remainder of the picture.

ROBERT HARE.

LANCASTER, Penn., Feb. 10, 1860.

UNDER the freest Constitution ignorant people are still slaves.—*Condorcet*.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

HEALTH IN SCHOOLS.

It will be a happy moment for the health interests of humanity when the process of "education" is made to include training with a view to the eradication of inherited disease, the repression of morbid idiosyncrasies, and the scientific—that is, physiological and psychological—culture of such faculties and attributes of the mental and bodily organism as shall conduce to perfect health. One step in this direction will be taken when the professional trainers of youth and managers of schools generally are brought to recognize the scope and importance of the work in which they are engaged. At first we must probably be content to struggle for a better hygienic condition of schools and school-houses than at present prevails. Although Russian authorities on this subject think the English school system perfect from a health point of view, and envy us our advanced position, it would be folly to shut our eyes to the fact that there is much in the regime of child-life which is eminently unsatisfactory both in families and "at school." In respect to the food, the clothing, and the habits of the young, much remains to be accomplished before we shall even approximate to a perfect system. Meanwhile, it is, perhaps, in respect to the ventilation of school-rooms, the length of time spent in study, the method of studying, the posture of the body long maintained, and the management of light, with the consequent strain on the eye-sight of children, and of growing youths of both sexes, improvement is most urgently necessary.—*Lancet*.

CONTAGION AND DIPHTHERIA.

DR. MACKENZIE, of the London Hospital for Throat and Chest Diseases, is of the opinion that the exciting cause of diphtheria is a specific contagion, and those cases which appear to originate *de novo* probably always arise from the virus—often long dormant and forgotten—of previous cases. He considers that the whole tendency of sanitary science is opposed to the doctrine of the spontaneous origin of specific diseases, though he admits that cases do occur. He does not accept the rule, so strongly laid down by Oertel and some others, that a minute fungus is the essential contagion of the disease; he thinks, rather, that the observations of those who advocate such a theory are not sufficiently conclusive to warrant a belief that the essence of the disease has yet been discovered.

AN IDEAL LIMIT OF LIFE.

DR. RICHARDSON says that the body should be in its best physical condition at forty years; for thirty years after the organization should become more perfect; at seventy, old age should begin and last for fifteen years, when from eighty-five to one hundred, there should be ripe old age, without disease or pain, but marked by a general subsidence of the vital functions. This is his ideal limit of life, where nature has its undisturbed course.

THE HEART AS A MACHINE.

THE heart is probably the most efficient piece of physical apparatus known. From a purely mechanical point of view, it is something like eight times as efficient as the best steam-engine. It may be described, mechanically, as little more than a double force-pump furnished with two reservoirs and two pipes of outflow; and the main problem of its action is hydro-dynamical. The left ventricle has a capacity of about three ounces; it beats seventy-five times a minute; and the work done in overcoming the resistance of the circulating system is equivalent to lifting its charge of blood a little short of ten feet (9.923 ft.) The average weight of the heart is a little under ten ounces (9.39 oz.) The daily work of the left ventricle is, in round numbers, ninety foot-tons; adding the work of the right ventricle, the work of the entire organ is nearly one hundred and twenty-five foot-tons. The hourly work of the heart is accordingly equivalent to lifting itself twenty thousand feet an hour.

An active mountain climber can average 1,000 feet of ascent an hour, or one-twentieth the work of the heart. The prize Alp engine, "Bavaria," lifted its own weight 2,700 feet an hour, thus demonstrating only one-eighth the efficiency of the heart. Four elements have to be considered in estimating the heart's work: (1) the statical pressure of the blood column equal to the animal's height, which has to be sustained; (2) the force consumed in overcoming the inertia of the blood-veins; (3) the resistance offered by the capillary vessels; (4) the friction in the heart itself. This, in a state of health, is kept at its minimum by the lubricated serous membrane of the pericardium.—*Scientific American*.

THE SIESTA CURE.

PRINCE BISMARCK, at Kissengen, following the advice of his physicians, now indulges in afternoon naps. The Prince is "a great eater" and a great worker, though a poor sleeper. But he is not the only statesman recently advised to try the *siesta* cure. Physicians generally are recommending it to overworked politicians and diplomatists. The nervous system needs it. In Germany especially, where heavy mid-day meals are the rule, it is almost universal. Scarcely one eminent European statesman who has lived to a ripe old age has been able to discard it. Notwithstanding the wise saw about burning a candle when the sun shines, the after-dinner nap seems to be a great restorative of overstrained nerves.—*London Truth*.

CHLOROFORM VAPOR FOR EARACHE.

DR. MORGAN states in the *Medical Press and Circular*, May 5, 1880, that he has often promptly relieved the distressing earache of children by filling the bowl of a common new clay pipe with cotton wool, upon which he dropped a few drops of chloroform, and inserting the stem carefully into the external canal, and adjusting his lips over the bowl, blew through the pipe, forcing the chloroform vapor upon the *membrana tympani*.

COLD TEA VS. BEER.

A story is going the rounds of the English papers that a large agriculturist has been giving his harvest hands cold tea instead of beer to drink in the harvest field, and that the results were extremely satisfactory, there being none of the sullenness, excitability and rudeness that had previously been observed and attributed to beer. As the harvest period is not long in England, there may not have been time to note the bad as well as the good effects of the tea, but unless the decoction was weaker than that served in the cheapest boarding-house in New York, the laborers must have been stimulated to a frightful degree. Because tea does not intoxicate, its power as a stimulant is forgotten or underrated; but the fact remains that there is more stimulation in a pint of tea of average strength than in a quart of common beer. It should be remembered, too, that the quantity of tea that a harvester will consume daily as a substitute for beer is greater than that which will suffice an entire family around a supper table. Stimulation, whether by spirits, wine, beer, tea, coffee or opium, is simply a method of consuming one's physical capital; and the laborer who replaces his two or three quarts of beer with an equal daily allowance of tea, is exhausting his nerve and muscle more rapidly than he did while guzzling beer. More and better food is what beer-drinking laborers need. The well-fed American farmer, working long hours under a sun hotter than England ever knew, does not drink as much in a week as an underfed laborer will in a day. If workingmen must drink heavily of something besides water—something with a taste to it—let them drink oatmeal water, or water in which browned corn meal has been thrown. A little sugar will give such drink nutritious and strengthening properties. But let not the temperance men seize and spread the English cold-tea story; the cup that cheers but not inebriates is as dangerous, when abused, as the bottle and glass.—*N. Y. Herald*.

TREATMENT OF DROPSY.

IN reply to some recent inquiries in the *Reporter*, (page 371, current volume,) I would say that, as a diuretic in dropsical cases, generally, the following is, incomparably, the best I have tried during a practice of nearly thirty years: Recipe.—Potassii bromidi, Potassii acetatis, Potassii iodidi, of each, one oz.; Pulv. potassii chloratis, Pulv. potassii bicarbonatis, of each, 3 drachms; Tr. digitalis purpu., 1 fluid-ounce; Alcoholis, 2 fluid-ounces; and of Aquæ, as much as is sufficient. Shake to saturation. Sig.—Coch. mag., ter die.

The medicine should be taken before eating, in water, flax-seed, or watermelon-seed tea. Give the above combination a trial before resorting to elaterium or paracentesis. Once upon a time, and while indulging in a random search for something with which to "hit the nail on the head," I determined to aggregate the forces of the above array. I was most agreeably disappointed, and in every case since the result has been truly pleasing. In no instance has the effusion refused to disappear or

to greatly decrease, promptly and rapidly, on first trial, usually in three or four days, and in one case in twenty-four hours. Under some conditions, a longer time will, of course, be demanded.—*Medical and Surgical Reporter.*

TIMES FOR TAKING FOOD.

NATURE has fixed no particular hour for eating. When the mode of life is uniform, it is of great importance to adopt fixed hours; when it is regular, we ought to be guided by the real wants of the system as dictated by appetite. A strong laboring man, engaged in hard work, will require food oftener and in larger quantities than an indolent or sedentary man. As a general rule, five hours should elapse between one meal and another—longer if the mode of life be indolent; shorter if it be very active. When dinner is delayed seven or eight hours after breakfast, some slight refreshment should be taken between. Young persons, when growing fast, require more food and at shorter intervals than those who have arrived at maturity. Children under seven years usually need food every three hours; a piece of bread will be a healthy lunch, and a child seldom eats bread to excess. Those persons who take a late supper should not take breakfast till one or two hours after rising. Those who dine late and eat nothing afterward, require breakfast soon after rising.—*Com.*

MULLEIN CURES CONSUMPTION.

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

HOME-MADE COURT-PLASTER.—The following recipe comes to us well recommended: One ounce of French isinglass; one pint of warm water; stir till it dissolves; add ten cents' worth of pure glycerine and five cents' worth of tincture of arnica; lay a piece of white or black silk on a board and paint it over with the mixture.

A MAN that is at peace with God will be often in God's company.

CARE IN THE USE OF NARCOTICS.

THE three narcotics most often used for the purpose of securing sleep, are opium, laudanum, and chloral. They are a dangerous dependence, and should never be resorted to except in the extremest cases, and only for the briefest possible period; and they should not be taken at all, except on the direct prescription of a competent physician.

SALT THE OLD PASTURES.—A few years since I had an old pasture that was almost run out, covered with weeds and patched with moss. I mixed a few barrels of salt and wood ashes, and applied about two barrels of the mixture per acre, covering about half the lot. The result surprised me. Before fall the moss had nearly all disappeared, and the weeds were rapidly following suit, while the grass came in thick, assuming a dark-green color, and made fine pasturage. The balance of the lot remained unproductive as before, but the following year was salted with like results.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

A POUND and a quarter of oatmeal will supply as much nitrogen and almost as much fat to the body as one pound of uncooked meat of ordinary quality. A man gets three times as much nourishment at the same cost, in oatmeal, as he does in meats. One pound and a half of Indian meal is equal to one pound of uncooked meat in nitrogen and surpasses it in fat.

(Selected by A. B. F. R.)

OLD AND YOUNG.

THEY soon grow old who grope for gold
In marts where all is bought and sold;
Who live for self, and on some shelf
In darkened vaults hoard up their pelf,
Cankered and crusted o'er with mould—
For them their youth itself is old.

They ne'er grow old who gather gold
Where Spring awakes and flowers unfold;
Where suns arise in joyous skies,
And fill the soul within their eyes;
For them the immortal bards have sung,
For them old age itself is young!

A STRANGE DREAM FULFILLED.

I HAVE intimate acquaintance with a lady in one of the counties of Kansas who is of Scotch descent, well bred, intelligent and truthful. Within a part of her family relationship she exhibits at intervals an exceptional mental endowment, either subjection to impressions on the brain from great distances, or the pervasion of space with her sense and sensibility, or clairvoyance, or Spirit-mediumship. Which is it?

The periods at which this condition is active coincide with misfortunes to distant members of her family. Her sisters are endowed as she is. Throughout their lives they have had immediate intelligence of disaster in the family by dreams, subsequently confirmed in every instance by letters and telegrams. These dreams are visions of things seen, not messages by word or sound. They are pictures of events as if seen with the eyes in the daytime.

My Kansas friend has a dream, bare in outline, severe in simplicity, with not a word of speech, rap, or motion of pantomime in it, with

no ghostly shade in the chamber. She wakes up with a full knowledge of a misfortune that has happened to a blood relative. Her vision intelligence covers only relations by blood. Relatives by marriage may die, be wounded, or violently killed, and the sisters will know nothing of it. And this Clairvoyance or Mediumship does not extend to the male line in the family. It is restricted to the females. Now for a dream which Mrs. — describes:

"My brother Dan had disease of the lungs. It was aggravated by exposure and hard service in the army of the Potomac. Rendered unfit for duty, he threw up his commission in the Pennsylvania Bucktails and went to Cuba. At that time I was living in Terre Haute, Ind. My husband was absent in the army of the Cumberland. A lady friend lived in the house with me. Dan was my favorite brother. At short intervals he wrote to me. One day I received a letter from him in which he said that he was strong, that the disease of his lungs seemed to have passed away, and that he intended to take the next steamer for New York, and then go into the Leathercracker region of Pennsylvania and settle his business affairs. The settlement made, he intended to return to Cuba and engage in business. He urged me to meet him at Altoona, and be with him during his short stay in this country. An impending battle in the southwest, where my husband was stationed, made me undecided about going. I hesitated, not knowing whether to meet my brother as he requested, or remain at home until after the battle, and until I had heard from my husband. I went to bed at 10 P. M., and dropped to sleep at once.

"At 10:30 I was awakened by a short, vivid dream of warning. Alarmed, I roused my friend and said: 'I have my warning. Something is the matter with Dan.' My friend laughed at me. I soon recovered from my nervousness, and again dropped to sleep. Instantly it seemed the scene was changed. I was on the cars travelling East. Opposite me sat a white-haired man who had a covered basket on his knees. There was a hole in the cover of the basket. The aged man occasionally peered into this hole. I was curious about the contents of this basket, and was pleased when I discovered there were fish in it. The train stopped for dinner. Getting out I met a lady I knew, and we had dinner together. I have forgotten the name of this station, but I remember that there was a misspelled sign over an adjoining restaurant. The incidents of the dream were those of a journey from Terra Haute to Altoona. I was happy, pleased with the changing scenery, and thoroughly enjoyed the trip. I looked forward to meeting my brother at Altoona, and in the dream I never doubted that I would meet him.

"Soon after my western train ran into the depot at Altoona, the eastern train came thundering in. I stood by a post on the platform, watching the passengers get off the train, expecting to see my brother. I began to doubt his being on the train, when an expressman passed me, wheeling a great box on a truck. I looked through this box as though it were clear

glass. In the box was a coffin, and lying in the coffin was my brother. One glance showed me that he was dressed in heavy gray Scotch twill. From a buttonhole of his coat hung a black ribbon. On his feet were shoes that had perforated toes. Never having seen shoes of this style, they attracted my attention. The buttons on the coat and vest were very peculiar, and forced themselves on my notice. The expressman wheeled the box past me, and it was put on the express car for Hollidaysburg. I got on the Hollidaysburg train also.

"The intense vividness of the dream awoke me. I sat up in bed crying. My friend arose, lighted the gas, and talked to me. With tears streaming down my face, I insisted that Dan was dead. The hands of the mantel clock indicated 11 P. M. Knowing that something was wrong, I resolved to go home on the day my brother had requested. Again I slept, this time a heavy, unrefreshing sleep, that lasted until morning. At the breakfast table I told my dream. Good-humored ridicule from my friends had a beneficial effect on me, and after two days I was almost persuaded that I was attaching too much importance to a dream.

"The day of my departure came. I entered the car in the Terre Haute station. I seated myself and looked about me. In an opposite seat sat a white-haired man. I recognized him at once as the man I had seen in my dream. He had a fish-basket on his knees. The faces of the passengers were familiar to me. At the dinner-station I met the lady I had seen in my dream, and we had dinner together. Arriving at Altoona, I stood watching the eastern train come into the depot. I was sure my brother's body would be put off the train. As I stood watching the passengers hurry into the dining room, the expressman I had seen in my dream said to me: 'Please give way, madam.' I turned to look at him, and on a truck lay a large box that was addressed to my father, which said: 'Dan is dead. He died at sea five days ago from heart disease.' In answer to my question as to the time of day he died, I was informed that it was five P. M. The difference in time of the East and the West showed me that Dan had been dead some four hours before I saw him. Silently I stood in the house by the side of the box when it was opened. The lid of the coffin was removed, and there lay Dan, dressed exactly as I had seen him in my dream.

"I have no explanation to make of the dream. I simply tell you the fact of my having seen an apparition of events that were to occur, an apparition of inanimate objects, or dozens of strangers, and of my dead brother's body."

Knowing the truthfulness of the lady, I believe her strange story.—*New York Times*.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE FIRST SPIRIT-VOICE.

I HAD been reading, and was meditating upon what I had read, when all at once I heard several voices singing together. I knew them as soon as I heard them.

They were Spirits who had not been long in the Spirit-world; and I had known them when they were living in the body. As soon as they observed I heard them, they stopped and asked me some questions; but I was so surprised that I was unable to make them any answer at the time. Afterwards I discovered I could talk with them without any difficulty; and ever since then I have been able to talk with them by concentrating my thoughts upon them. After that, I discovered that my hand was moved to write by some power which impressed me to write something entirely different from what I had in mind. My hand was also controlled to write in several different styles. I found them to correspond with the handwriting of persons I had known, and was thereby convinced that there was a power outside of mortality.

Whether it was the voice of Spirits I heard or not, it was the voice of those whose bodies are sleeping in their graves; for I could not be mistaken in them. And I have never since been able to convince myself that what I heard was not a reality. Can it be possible that we only imagine we hear and see Spirits?

A. A. TANNER.

A HAUNTED HOUSE.

WAILS OF THE DYING HEARD IN A HOUSE WHERE TWO CHINESE GIRLS COMMITTED SUICIDE.

OUR readers will remember that a few weeks ago we published an account of the suicide of two Chinese girls in a building on Fourth street, between Taylor and Yamhill streets. There was no cause known for the rash act, as the girls were well treated, happy and contented, performing their duties as servant girls faithfully. They retired to their room full of fun and merriment, after which they drank a large quantity of opium, and in the morning were found dead. Quong Tai, head of the firm, who occupied the house, paid all the expenses of the funeral and gave them a respectable burial. He is considerably Americanized, as are his partners, and they are not overly superstitious. For three nights after the funeral had taken place the house was perfectly silent and quiet. On the fourth night strange noises drove sleep from the eyelids of the families who occupied that floor, the members all told, numbering eleven. Search was made throughout the building, but nothing could be found out of place. As soon as they retired the sounds of struggling and gasping, accompanied by stifled sounds, echoed along the halls, emanating from the room which had been occupied by the girls. Boxes would be tumbled over amid groans and unearthly moaning, dishes would rattle and general confusion fill the air. Night after night the same thing occurred, frightening the women and children half to death. Thinking to put a stop to the mysteri-

ous midnight uproar, Quong Tai had every article removed from the room, even to the stove and China matting. The same sounds of moaning, sighing and racket still came from the room, notwithstanding its emptiness. Several friends were invited to remain over night in the building and assist in ascertaining the cause. An hour would satisfy their curiosity, and they would retire with their cues elevated like the tail of a mad steer. All the methods known to heathen mythology, by which the devil could be given the grand bounce, were tried in vain, and at last night came to be a terror to the inmates. Several white friends of the company went on guard, determined to explain away the mystery, but satisfied all the time it was caused by the imagination of the inmates. They were well supplied with cigars and "samsu," and took up a station in the office, which is in the front of the building, the door opening into the hall, and the second room to the left of the hall being the haunted chamber. It was a few minutes after eleven o'clock when the silence of the building was disturbed by a loud crash, as if a box or heavy board had fallen to the floor in the death chamber. In a few moments the most plaintive moans and wails were heard, and sounds of struggling. For a few minutes all would be silence, when the struggle and strangling sounds would break forth louder than before, and echo throughout the building like the wail of a condemned soul. Being somewhat nerved by the drafts of "samsu," they stole to the door with a lamp and opened it suddenly, and while the frightful death-struggle was plainly heard. Instantly all was silence except the creaking of the door upon its hinges, and the room was void of any article or thing which comes within the vision of man. The room was searched for some contrivance which could have been placed there for a joke, but not a thing could be found, and as there were no windows in the room, nothing could enter except through the door. This was again closed and securely fastened, when the weird sounds would again break forth in wild intensity, and so filled with agony and suffering as to sicken the heart of the watchers in the hall. They one and all became convinced that the house was haunted, and retired to the office. For about two and a half hours the terrible sounds could be heard, slowly growing weaker and weaker, until the sounds came as the dying breath of one mown down by the sickle of time, and at last died away in the silence. Quong Tai and the other inmates of the building could not stand the nightly recurrence of the tragedy, and although regretting the necessity of removing his store and family from the building where he had builded a fine and remunerative trade, he did so. Himself and company now occupy a portion of the brick building, which runs through from Front to First streets, between Stark and Oak. He informed us that he was no coward, yet he would have closed out business before he would live in the former building, where the two maidens in Spirit-form nightly re-enacted the details of their sad fate. Many persons may be skeptical in relation to this haunted house business, yet all they have to do is to

step into Quong Tai's establishment and ask him for the facts. He speaks excellent English, and can give the details more minutely than we have in this article. Since their removal from the house we know not whether these manifestations continue or not, but it is very probable that they do, and if any of the boys desire to investigate the business, they can call on Quong Tai, and he will give them all the information and directions within his knowledge. —Portland (Ore.) Telegram.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

WAYSIDE BLOSSOMS.

NUMBER FIVE.

BY SPIRIT VIOLET.

ONE of the sweetest and brightest of wayside blossoms that may be cultivated by the side of every home is cheerfulness, a blossom that lifts its head sturdily above the wintry storms of life; that sheds its sweet fragrance through the darkness and tempest that may surround its abiding place. Like many of our beautiful field flowers, that shine as brightly in hidden nooks as in frequented places, it is too often overlooked or unplucked; but its proper place is filled by the more showy blossoms of ambition and pretension, that shed forth an atmosphere of discontent, and soon droop beneath the blast of adversity. I wonder if my friends of the Voice value this little wayside blossom at its true worth.

Cheerfulness may be cultivated under untoward circumstances; in the midst of lowly and humble surroundings its golden head may be found shedding a ray of brightness over all.

It constantly puts forth new buds, which may blossom into beauty and fragrance. Like the silvery laugh of a little child, it may speak to the heart bowed with care, and a ray of light from its shining chalice may penetrate the gloom of a saddened soul.

Cheerfulness of an everyday sort is what we want; not that lightsome gaiety that may be assumed for the benefit of outside company, and laid aside as one puts away her best finery, until another occasion for display is offered; but that solid, substantial cheerfulness of the heart that is best seen in the home amid the daily cares and perplexities of common life. This is the quality of soul that will cause you to be prized as a blessing by your associates; it will enable you to drive the frown of anxious care from the face of your husband; it will aid you to bring a balm of comfort to your ailing, weary wife; it will cause your brothers and sisters to take delight in your presence; and it will smooth the difficulties of your children, and cause them to love you with deep affection.

This will cheerfulness of the heart do for others; and for yourself, it will brighten the dark passages of life; it will keep your spirit young and blooming, and your face will reflect its freshness; while it will bring you the love and blessing of all you come in contact with.

The cheerful man or woman is always able to keep the love of children; the discontented person, rarely. Think what it is to hold the deep, unwavering love of a human soul; it is the richest blessing a life can attain. Did we realize this more fully, we would strive never to give a word or a look that would cause a loving one to think any the less of us.

By-and-bye, when humanity unfolds sufficiently, we shall grow less selfish, less desirous to gain the good things of material life, the luxuries of earthly existence; we shall grow less egotistical; we shall think more of others than of self. This will be the universal rule; then content and cheerfulness will blossom in our hearts, and enrich our lives with their sweet fragrance.

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

LITTLE VIRGIN MAY.

THROUGH MRS. SUSAN GOODHUE WAGNER.

LITTLE Virgin May,
Come I today,
A poem to read;
Spring brings the blossom,
Autumn the seed.
Spring-time and harvest
Soon will be o'er;
Bright days and dark days
Gathered in store.

Shall I sweet picture
Say unto you,
As in your pathway
The flowers I strew?—
All of the blessing
Or all of the woe,
Thronging your young life—
Time speedeth so.

Flutters the wild bird,
Sweet unto song;
Midsummer brightens
And Winter is gone;
Robed are the forests
In golden and red—
Look, little virgin,
Where thou mayst tread.

When the sun flameth
Up in the sky,
Brightening the zenith
When swallows flit by,
So will thy labor,
Sweet one, be done—
Gathering the harvest
In sheaves, one by one.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

TWILIGHT VOICES.

THROUGH JULIA FISH.

I WANDERED forth at sunset,
When the weary day was done,
For my soul was tinged with sadness,
And I longed to be alone;
With the tender skies above me
And the quiet earth below,
I could watch the coming darkness
And the fading daylight go.

As I mused upon the picture
That around about me lay,
I could feel a gentle presence,
And I heard a sweet voice say:
"Life, my child, may well be likened
To the day and night of earth;
Half of it is darkness, half is daylight,
From the very hour of birth.

"When the sunshine is the brightest,
Suddenly will storms arise,
And the clouds of ink blackness
Darken all the summer skies;
Vivid lightning, heavy thunder,
And the fiercely beating rain,
Fill the timid heart with wonder
And the homeless ones with pain.

"But the tempest soon is over,
And the sweetly smiling sun,
Like a tender, wooing lover,
Kisses now the timid one,
Bringing faith and hope and courage
Where was doubting, grief and fears;
Filling fainting hearts with gladness,
Giving peace in place of tears.

"Lo, when life seems dark, and shadows
Hide the golden light of day,
Loving Spirits linger near you,
Angel hands wipe tears away;
And their gentle, soothing presence
Oft dispels the shade and gloom,
Causing buds of hope and promise
In your weary lives to bloom.

"Then, my child, be hopeful, trusting,
Looking ever toward the light;
For there's just as much of daytime
As there ever is of night.
Stars shine brightest when 'tis darkest—
Stars of truth to light the way
To the world of summer sunshine,
Where is never ending day."

ANAHIM, California, June, 1880.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

WHERE IS HEAVEN?

BY J. M. H.

BEFORE me opened now a picture broad and grand—
Saints and sinners are watching on every hand
For some new revelation, given
To show more clear the way to heaven.

But, quoth the Quaker, what and where's the place
That each is watching, waiting for, with grace?
In what consists redeeming favor?
Who shall decree, and what the saviour?

The Shaker, too, desires to ask
If in the class he may also bask,
And sing his love-redeeming song
In anthems loud and long.

The Methodist and Episcopalian voice seemed hushed in this great tumult; yet in open meeting caused a vote to pass around—for who? But they have greater power in all great questions of the hour?

All other isms and isms of the day
Each ventured forth their say to say,
Each for to give some fact, some proof,
Of what they'd learned since early youth.

But such distortions and commotions had been produced,
"Twere folly," said the earnest thinker, "to follow any given path, but strike out in the one which seemeth best."

And thus the picture looked to me,
That "Heaven is where we love to be."
Heaven's without or Heaven's within,
Just as we do make it.

And I also o'er the nations saw, writ in golden letters,
"Peace on earth, good will to man"; and just beneath, "Heaven is where there is one to love us."

The Sisters of Saint Martha, a charitable order, the most quiet and useful of all the religious orders of France, have been excommunicated by the archbishop of Paris, for refusing to subscribe to the doctrine of papal infallibility.

The legislature of Oregon has passed a constitutional amendment in favor of woman suffrage. The vote in the senate stood 21 to 9. In the house the vote was 32 to 27. Its ratification by a vote of the people is necessary.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION:

NO. 5 DWIGHT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

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

" D. K. MINER, Business Manager.

D. C. DENSMORE, Amanuensis and Publisher.

BOSTON, MASS., NOVEMBER 1, 1880.

EDITORIAL.

FRIENDS AND PATRONS:—The first of last month I told you that the cause of my being so far behind in my correspondence was on account of a long and painful illness; I also intimated, in the gentlest way possible, that I needed rest, and hinted that if those behind in their dues for last year would pay up, I could avail myself of the pleasant Fall months to recuperate my wasted vitality. But as neither of my wants were sufficiently heeded to carry out the suggestion, of course I was obliged to remain at home and exhaust what little strength I had left. The consequences were disastrous to me; for taking a severe cold, a sudden relapse of all my old difficulties, (under which I am now, and have been confined to my room for the past fortnight,) took me down again. This being the case, I am obliged, as disagreeable and humiliating as it is, to make another call, not upon your liberality—for there's no liberality in cancelling debts long due—but upon your sense of justice, which ought to exist between a debtor and creditor.

I do not feel unkindly towards any one of our numerous subscribers for their delinquency, because I know that we are all creatures of circumstances, over which we have but little if any control, and that, judging mankind from the human side of life, I believe with few exceptions all have done the best they could.

But that does not meet the case. What is needed to carry on the work is for every one to pay up their subscriptions promptly in advance, according to the terms of subscription as advertised. If this had been strictly adhered to from the beginning, there would be no hitch or jar in its harmonious movements, and all would have been well. But as the case stands, with my health run down to its lowest ebb, something must be done, and that immediately, to continue the existence of our paper. Either our subscribers must pay up, so that I can employ help, or I must reduce the reading matter from twelve to eight pages. This would give me one-third less work, which would be quite a relief, when I have all I can do without help. If the reading matter should be reduced to eight pages, the subscription price would be reduced to \$1.50 per annum.

Now, there is no kind of need of making any such change; for we have enough on our mail-list to meet current expenses and leave a small margin for contingencies, if they would only keep paid up.

Now, friends, it remains with you to say whether the VOICE OF ANGELS shall call a halt, and make a retrograde movement, or go ahead as heretofore. For myself, I feel discouraged, and have but little heart left to do a work that is not appreciated; for certainly, if the VOICE is to its patrons what I have been induced to believe was true, namely, "It is one of the best papers printed," etc., they never would allow it to suffer for the want of the few items they are indebted to it.

You must excuse my earnestness, friends, for today makes the tenth confined to my room, and sixth to my bed; and I am so weak and feeble I can write but a few words at a time. The fact is, I am tired and weary. I am feeling a little better today, and only hope it will continue.

Hoping to hear from you, I remain your friend,
Pub. Voice of Angels.

P. S.—I have been twenty-four hours writing this.

NEW PAPER.

THE first number and volume of a newspaper called the *Western Light*, devoted to all kinds of reforms, found its way to our sanctum today, and if the copy before us is a fair sample of its future, we predict for it a brilliant career. The *Western Light* is published every Saturday, by Mrs. E. J. Polk and Mrs. Annie T. Anderson, its editors, at 707 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo. Terms per year in advance, \$2.50; six months, \$1.25.

THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

"DARLING FATHER, on account of your weak and feeble state of health, I would not ask your co-operation tonight; but we have an old gentleman here, who is anxious to see you, thinking if he could, a change in the sad condition of his mind might be effected, as we have been told a visit to this place would; and if you think it will not hurt you, it would be best to let him come tonight, as he has been waiting some time for you to get well; and we fear he will think we are all humbugs, as he says the ministers are. He is very quiet, and says but little.

"I find when people come here, if ever so bad when they come, and if nothing is said or done, they always go away feeling better. So, if you say nothing, our object will have been gained."

Seeing Tunie was so earnest, and as the interview would not hurt me, I told her to introduce him. A moment after, I saw her coming towards me, leading by the hand an old man, whom she introduced as Mr. Williams of Boston. By his acts I thought he was blind, and asked him if he was not. To which he said,

"Blind?—yes, I am blind; but not physically. I am surrounded by pitch darkness. Did you ever try to dress in a dark room, when you did not know where your clothes were, and had to crawl round on your hands and knees, and if you were lucky enough to find them, put part on wrong-side out?"

I said I had. "Well," said he, "that's the way I have to do now. I know the cause of this mental and spiritual midnight darkness, and I thought from what I had heard, you might assist me to remove the spiritual cataract from my mental eyes."

I told him I would do all I could, but said to him, that one had to work out his own salvation; no one else could do it for him.

"I know that," said he; "but when a man is carrying a load he can hardly stagger under, a very little assistance lightens his burden wonderfully. I do not like to talk about family matters, but if I should tell you how my confidence has been abused, and that by a scoundrel, a veritable wolf in sheep's clothing, (and he a pretended follower of the humble Nazarene,) who did an act as much worse, all things considered, than King David to Uriah the Hittite, as the most brilliant light is to midnight darkness; but, as it is a personal affair, I will not go into its details. Suffice it to say, that the result of finding out his rascality is the cause of my present dark condition. You can judge the rest."

I suggested to him that, as he wanted a little help out of his uncomfortable condition, I knew of no other way it could be effected except through charity. At this he said, "I have been told that before. I don't want to hear any more about charity. Charity indeed!"

"Well," I said, "if that is the case, we might as well stop right here. But before doing so, I would merely ask if you realized the fact that this man, as bad as he was, was the victim of circumstances over which he could not control—that the causes that would prevent his doing the heinous crime were so small and weak, compared to the ones that forced him to do it, that he had not the power to do otherwise? It would be as unreasonable as to expect a poor, weak, sickly, puny child to resist the onslaught of a strong, powerful man; and what is more, if you were in his place, and he in yours, you would do precisely as he did, and he would resent as you have done. There is no doubt but that both he and King David knew before either committed their acts that it was wrong, but the moral and intellectual faculties were so weak, compared to the animal propensities, that the latter pooh-poohed at the former's scruples, and committed the dastardly act.

We don't pretend to say that because this is so, that one should not try to do right; but, on the contrary, work all the harder to overcome those unfortunate tendencies to do evil, by doing all in his power to depress the bad ones and develop the good, until all the active organs of the brain harmonize with each other. It makes no difference how much animal a man has in his make-up, so long as the moral and intellectual balances it."

At this he said, "I see the force of your ar-

guiment, but it is hard to reconcile such flonkish acts to the injured party. However, if that is the only way out of the darkness, I suppose I must come to it at last, but not now; in fact, I could not, with my present feelings. So, I suppose I must still remain where I am for the present. When I can do the humiliating act, I will report to you. Although I have failed in my hopes, yet I confess I feel better for this conference. 'Thanking you for your kindness, I bid you good-night. T. S. WILLIAMS.'

[For the Voice of Angels.]

BROTHER, 'TIS BEST.

BY VIENNAH L.

'Tis best to be patient and wait,
'Tis best to have hope, faith and trust;
'Tis best to extract the sweet honey of life,
Accept the dark hours when we must.

'Tis best to be tranquil and cool
In emergencies, trials of life,
Ne'er forgetting the old Golden Rule,
The "flesh-pound" exact not, nor life.

'Tis best, when discussions arise,
And bitter, harsh words oft outpour;
'Tis best, ere replying, our monitor heed,
And draw from our "second thought" store.

'Tis best to speak loving and kind,
To those who would lighten our way,
Nor ever be ailing our ills,
But burn, each, our smoke, day by day.

'Tis best, when our idols are shattered,
Our hearts crushed and bleeding full sore,
To rogether thoughts from life's lesson,
That will bridge safe the gulf evermore!

[For the Voice of Angels.]

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

BY JEAN STORY.

Question.—To what extent should we rely upon the teachings of Spirits?

Answer.—To the same extent we should rely upon the teachings of Spirits upon our present plane, which is the physical or immature department of the Spirit-world. The positive knowledge of both is alike limited to the recognition of natural phenomena on their respective planes of sense-perception. What is communicated dictatorially from one individual to another, on or from either plane, is bro't directly to the judgment-seat of the other's reasoning powers. Its acceptance as truth or rejection as error by the other is purely a matter of private judgment, regardless of its absolute value.

No person, whatever their pretensions, their position or eminence, or actual experience as leaders oratorical or editorial—including all aspirants to leadership—can exercise the reasoning powers of another. Neither can orators or editors sway the private judgment of their hearers or readers. The former may and do, to an alarming extent, retard the normal developement of the reasoning faculties of those who simply reflect their ideas. Both parties are alike at fault, whenever or wherever the exercise of individual reasoning is denounced or discouraged.

It is the mission of teachers to awaken thought by the presentation of truths. It is the province of the learners to digest the thoughts presented, by assimilating whatever strengthens the mind, and rejecting everything that tends to weaken it; just as in the case of selecting physical food.

By bearing in mind that reason is the crowning faculty of the animal world, in the sense that it includes all the lower faculties, we readily perceive that the reign of this legitimate sovereign necessitates the subordination thereto of all the lower faculties in each individual. To usher in its reign, every teacher must rise above all desire of fame or flattery, which desires pertain to the lower faculties, the appetites and passions; and every learner must rise to the dignity of an individual sovereign, above the cringing servility of a worshipper. The incalculable miseries brought upon humanity through the acceptance of the thus-says of the Lord in the past, should warn us to weigh well the thus-says of Spirits, and also of mortals in the present.

The normal developement of our race can be attained only through the exercise of the different faculties in the order nature demands: first the lower or childish, then the higher or more mature; each and all being left naturally free to think and act as their needs require.

JEAN STORY.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

FRIENDSHIP, New York.

Spirit Pardec, Editor Voice of Angels:

DEAR FRIEND:—Your consoling paper is published only a short distance from Quincy Point, the birth-place of my angel-wife, and I write this for the double purpose of letting her many friends know that, true to her latest promise, she has returned to assure the material mind that "she still lives," and also for the purpose of requesting you to make her acquaintance, if you have not already done so, in her "beautiful home," to which she refers.

From the association we had many years since, when you assisted in founding the "Church of the Divine Unity," in New York City, and became for a time its pastor, I feel sure that you would recognize in my angel-wife a worker for and well-wisher of all truth and justice, one that would not fail to aid and cheer you in spreading the heavenly light.

By way of introducing the following communication, it may be well to state that I was not known to Dr. J. V. Mansfield when I called on him for this mes-

sage, although I had met him before, and further, that I do not remember to have thought of her uncle, "Capt. Thomas L. Rand," for years, never having met him but once, some seven or eight years ago, shortly before he left his body. The Doctor asked me if the name was correct. I told him the first and last name was right, but I did not know anything about the middle initial. He then asked me if he was a sea-captain. I told him I did not know, but had heard him called "Capt. Rand." Here his hand began to tremble, and he took up the pencil and wrote, "Yes, lastly a broker—PRISCILLA." This I knew to be correct.

I may further say that Frank had refused to go with me to visit the Doctor, although I had urged him to do so. His reply was that he knew his mother "still lived, and that she would come to him," etc.

Since getting the "advice" to do so, I have taken our boy to the Misses Bush's school, at Belvidere, N. J., and he appears well pleased with its management.

The "message from my angel-wife," referred to, will form a subject for a future letter to your inspired paper.

Very truly, yours,

B. M. LAWRENCE, M. D.

MESSAGE FROM THE SPIRIT OF MRS. P. R. LAWRENCE,

TO HER HUSBAND AND SON.

THROUGH DR. J. V. MANSFIELD, OF NEW YORK.

SEALED QUESTION.—"My dear wife, can you come and assure me that you 'still live,' and advise anything for our good and the good of humanity?"

DIRECT ANSWER.—"Thanks, thanks, my darling dear one, for this opportunity of speaking a word to you and to my or our darling Frank. Oh, I am so pleased to meet you, and so sorry my dear boy did not accompany you. But our dear one is not quite ready yet to talk with his mother. I am aware the darling recognizes my near approach to him, and the object I have in view in so manifesting myself. He fully and really comprehends it all, and will in due time take his stand before the public. So, dearest, do not urge or crowd him along. He is developing sufficiently fast for his physical and mental good. I will be with him, and work in and through him, when it is proper to do so. Tell the darling, Mamma's not far from him, day by day, and to keep his mind open at all times, and I will furnish it with proper thoughts, and when the time comes for him to speak, he will not be wanting in inspiration to do so.

"His grand-uncle, Thos. L. Rand, is about him much, and between him and myself we can be all-sufficient for his lead.

"Your mission is sufficiently marked out in that communication which was dictated to you by your Angel-guides. You have but to heed that, my dear, ever-kind husband, and all will be well with you. Take no thought of tomorrow, but live today; tomorrow will care for itself. Your work is before you, and you should not fail to see your duty plainly.

"Have our dear Frank go to school. The Misses Bush's school is the proper one for him, as they will not hamper his mind.

"I have much to say to you of my beautiful home, but have not the strength now. Kiss our darling boy for his Spirit-mother, and have him kiss you for your own

"PRISCILLA."

SEPTEMBER 28th, 1880.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

TESTS OR NO TESTS.

NO. 1506 NORTH 7TH ST., PHILA., Pa.

BROTHER DENSMORE:—If there has been no special merit in my communications upon "Tests or no Tests," I hope one or more of them may, like the arrow that was shot across the house, strike a brother, not to kill or maim, but to stir him up through evolution and thought to spiritual endeavor. If I thought that my thoughts, thrown upon the water, would not be gathered after many days, I should take to something else to make up a part of my mortal experience. Without intending egotistically to "lay the flattering unction to my soul," I must say, that in these efforts I have the approval of my conscience; and what enhances the value of this conviction is, that my familiar Spirits commend my work, and urge me to it by their noble inspiration. So, then, not expecting by these essays to bring conviction to the mind and spirit of any one, yet hopeful that they will be the planting of the seed and the prophecy of a harvest of happy thought; for it has been truly said that "the agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom."

In my communication of September 1st I made use of these words, "The sitter or recipient is required to exercise patience in examining or taking the messages or communications, for it frequently happens that the interpretation or explanation, particularly if it is in symbolic modes or representations, does not come for days and weeks, and even for years, in some cases. Let 'patience have her perfect work.'"

Here I go back for an illustration to the Voice of April 1st, 1880, where in my article in that number I had reference to a communication from "Little Helen," in which she says, "I have another grandpa, who loves me." "Grandpa calls me your evening-star; for if all is out, I will shine for your light."

The immediate interpretation I put upon this part of her message was, that she meant my father; to which I added, "Her grandfather on her father's side passed away a few weeks since, but I have no idea what she means him."

How mistaken! And here comes in the lesson I have endeavored to furnish in these essays, to the intent that we should not come hastily to conclusions nor decide without patient thought, investigation, and timely reflection and contemplation.

I have been set right upon this important communication, and can or do understand Little Helen's statement. How so, and in what way? Let me, then, give you the solution in detail. In two or more circles, in the presence of Mrs. Powell, Medium, reference was made to the significant words, "evening-star." On one occasion, the Medium said, "I see the letters 'C. M.'"; and I not recognizing to whom these initials alluded, she said, "Charley, Charles M.—February 12th." Explaining what she clairvoyantly saw, she said she thought the date was that on which the Spirit passed away. Then again, on another occasion, this Spirit and Little Helen were present, and the words, "You are grandpa's evening-star," were given as before. Taken altogether, I was satisfied that this was to be understood as her father's father, and her other grandpa. Knowing him well, I can say it sounded very much like him to say, "You are your grandpa's evening-star."

But there was the name correctly given, and what more could I ask in the way of a test?

Surely it was enough; but yet there was added more, for I ascertained that the departure from mortal life of this grandpa was on the 12th of February; so that after one hasty conclusion was set aside, the true state of the case was made manifest, and so far as a test, was entirely satisfactory. And so we learn, from day to day, how important it is that in this glorious inter-communion we should be careful to accept and receive with great caution the messages from those passed on.

It was once given to me, "to keep silence and listen"; and to this might be added, "Be not over anxious to decide, nor hasty in forming a judgment." "Try

the Spirits; 'prove all things, and hold fast that which is good,' is the advice of an apostle, and twice have these words been given me in telegraphic messages. Therefore to me the injunction marks a very special duty. Let us all heed it.

Yours, &c., J. W.

[Selected.]

IT NEVER PAYS.

It never pays to fret and growl
When fortune seems our foe;
The better bred will look ahead
And strike the braver blow.

For luck is work,
And those who shirk
Should not lament their doom,
But yield the play,
And clear the way,
That better men have room.

It never pays to wreck the health
In drudging after gain,
And he is sold who thinks that gold
Is cheapest bought with pain.

An humble lot,
A cosy cot,
Have tempted even kings,
For station high,
That wealth will buy,
Not oft contentment brings.

It never pays! A blunt refrain,
Well worthy of a song,
For age and youth must learn the truth
That nothing pays that's wrong.
The good and pure
Alone are sure
To bring prolonged success,
While what is right
In heaven's sight
Is always sure to bless.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

MRS. CRINDLE.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Oct. 7, 1880.

D. C. DENSMORE, Esq.:—Sir,—I wish to inform you that Mrs. Elsie Crindle, of this city, Materializing and Physical Medium, is about to visit the East, stopping at many places on her way. She is a good woman, pleasant and affable to all, slandering none, lifting up and encouraging all poor ones, especially Mediums; and to those who would injure her she is kind and forgiving.

For the past year Mrs. Crindle has been holding seances in many private houses in this city, and in cities and towns around. Where conditions were arranged by the people of those houses at these Circles, Mrs. Crindle has had great success. Her numerous friends in this State regret exceedingly her leaving, but hope her absence will be short.

I could tell you much of this wonderful Medium, but do not wish to make this communication too long.

Please notice her coming in your good paper, which I take, and prize very much. She leaves this week.

With love for your blessed Band, especially for darling namesake Tunio, I am always the friend of Spirits and their Mediums,
MRS. E. S. SLEEPER.

BRIEF ITEMS.

The suggestion of Mrs. Anne C. Hall, made some time ago in the columns of the *Voice*, of the desirability of founding a "Home" for disabled and worn-out Mediums, is meeting with favorable responses all over the country, and various suggestions are made by different friends, among the rest one by our valued contributor, Miss M. T. Shelburne, that pieces of paper or card-board, the size of a brick, and representing a brick in the proposed "Home," with "Good for ten cents" upon them, be circulated broadcast among Spiritualists, and sold for that sum or more. This strikes us as sensible and practical. A list of contributions for this worthy object is printed in *Mind and Matter* for Oct. 23d, and we hope to see the "Home" in full operation within the ensuing year.

Our readers will see, by a letter in another column, that the noted Physical and Materializing Medium of the Pacific Coast, Mrs. Elsie Crindle, left San Francisco about Oct. 10th, for a brief visit to the East. We bespeak for her a hearty and sympathetic welcome.

Mrs. Emma Jay Bullene, formerly an active worker and well known in the Spiritual field, but who has been debarred by domestic duties from participating therein for some years, proposes to once more enter the arena, and would like to minister to some Spiritual Society near New York City.

Major Alexander O'Gorman, a Roman Catholic Member of Parliament, after a careful examination on the ground of the alleged miracles at Knock, Ireland, disbelieves and discredits them in a letter to the *Cork Examiner*.

Dr. Slade has been recently in Rochester, N. Y., where a reporter of a leading paper interviewed him thoroughly, and was satisfied that the wonderful demonstrations produced by the Doctor could be accounted for by no human agency. A wealthy resident and believer has offered to pay handsomely fifteen scientists who will make a thorough investigation of Dr. Slade's whole manifestations.

Mr. W. J. Colville delivered an interesting discourse in Berkeley Hall, Boston, Sunday morning, Oct. 17th, on "The Law of Love and the Love of Law." The subject was treated in a practical manner, and was much appreciated by those present. Mr. Colville has lectured in Haverhill and Greenwich, Mass., during the past month, to large audiences.

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer is at present ministering to the Spiritual Society of Everett Hall, New York City, and her discourses are highly spoken of, as models of profound and far-reaching truth.

Mr. W. C. Bowen spoke before the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Spiritual Fraternity, on the evening of Oct. 15th, to one of the largest audiences ever in the hall, and was greatly appreciated. His subject was, "A Noble Motto and Its Gallant Standard-Bearer," and was an eloquent plea for freedom of thought.

J. Frank Baxter will lecture in Syracuse, N. Y., the Sundays of November, morning and evening, in the Court House.

Cephas B. Lynn will speak in Stafford, Conn., during November.

Prof. S. B. Brittan proposes to enter the lecture field, and will visit some of the inland towns and cities of New England, the present Autumn, and lecture, where the friends may make arrangements, on Spiritualism and other popular subjects.

W. L. JACK, M. D., of Haverhill, Mass., will soon be at Biddeford, Maine; from there he will return to Northampton, Mass.

The Spiritualists of Vermont held their Quarterly Convention at East Wallingford, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 29, 30 and 31, 1880. The following speakers were engaged: Mrs. Nellie J. Kenyon, of Woodstock; Mrs. Lizzie Manchester,

of Royalton, Vt.; Dr. H. P. Fairfield, of Stafford Springs, Conn., and Mrs. Hannah Morse, of Albany, N. Y. These, together with home talent, they expected to make a good convention.—*Mind and Matter*.

The *Boston Transcript*, of Oct 5th, says: "Eben Sargent's forthcoming book on Spiritualism will contain some extremely interesting reminiscences of the author's early experiments in mesmerism, with Mrs. Mowatt as his subject, and of the lively interest taken in them by Channing, who was then near the end of his life journey."

Mrs. James A. Bliss opened her seances at her new home last Sunday evening. The large parlor was full of anxious investigators, and the manifestations were exceedingly interesting, all taking place in a strong light. Almost every person in the room was called to the cabinet, and while there, recognized many of their relatives who had passed away many years before.—*Mind and Matter*.

There appears to be no cessation to the labors of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond in England. Engagements to lecture follow in rapid succession, and there is evidently not much prospect of leisure for her while she remains abroad. A visit to Edinburgh was lately made, from which city Mr. and Mrs. Richmond went to Glasgow, Mrs. R. addressing an appreciative audience there. On the 17th ult., she spoke at Leeds, Eng., and subsequently at Macclesfield, Liverpool, Nottingham and Leicester, intending to reach London, October 1st, where she is to hold a series of Sunday evening meetings, commencing October 3d, and to be continued during the month.—*Banner*.

We are pleased to note through our English exchanges, especially *Spiritual Notes*, that F. O. Mathews, Mr. Rita, Mr. Williams, Mr. Bastian, and other Mediums for physical manifestations, are at work and carrying all before them in England, notwithstanding the Spiritual and other would-be obstructionists. The same may be said of our media for physical manifestations of Spirit-power in this country. We have never known a time when the work was being carried on more vigorously.—*Mind and Matter*.

Mrs. James A. Bliss, the well known materializing Medium, has leased a beautiful house in the southern section of this city, [Philadelphia,] and fitted it up as a Home for Spiritualists who are travelling through the city, who can save large hotel bills and at the same time enjoy the society of Spiritualists and home comforts. Materializing seances will be held every Sunday, Tuesday and Friday evenings, in the parlor. Board, \$1 per day. For further particulars address Mrs. James A. Bliss, 1620 South Thirteenth street, Philadelphia, Pa.—*Mind and Matter*.

In England there are 500 branches of the London Young Women's Christian Association. These branch associations have been useful in helping young women to employment and in preserving them from the pernicious effect of bad company.

It is rumored that at Harvard College, morning prayers will be abandoned at the close of the year. This will be shocking to many of the orthodox.

All persons wishing the Wilson Memorial Picture, must order direct from S. B. Nichols, 467 Waverly Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Father Lawrence, the veteran Spiritualist and Medium, of Cleveland, Ohio, passed away Tuesday, Sept. 28th. He was buried by the Spiritualists of that city. Mr. Lawrence was born in England in 1792, and came to America in 1833. He was an earnest Spiritualist, and was the founder of the Spiritualist Society in Cleveland over twenty-five years ago. He possessed a kind, gentle disposition, and was loved by all who knew him.—*Mind and Matter*.

Mr. Bastian's seances continue to be given on Monday and Wednesday evenings, at No. 2 Vernon

Place, Bloomsbury Square, London, under a rule which is becoming quite generally adopted by Mediums for materialization, namely, "None but approved sitters admitted."—*Banner*.

A. H. Phillips, the independent slate-writing Medium, is now located at 1204 Mount Vernon St., Philadelphia.

The New York State Eclectic Medical Society met at Albany, the 13th and 14th of October. The attempts to regulate the healing art by statute, were denounced.

PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

THROUGH C. W. KNOX.

HENRY LAWSON.

I USED to live in Kennebunk, Me. I sold my farm and went to Madison, Wis. We had a pretty hard time there, and I got discouraged, and used to take a drop to cheer me up. I have brothers, William and George. My name was Henry Lawson.

CHARLES MULDER.

My name is Charles Mulder. I died at sea. My mother lives on Cape Cod. I am known in New Bedford, Mass., as well as in many of the towns around Cape Cod. The ship sprang a leak, and we had a hard time at the pumps.

WALTER EVANS.

I HAVE lived but a short time in this Spiritual. My darling wife and children, mourn not; the cough troubles me not here, and I am free from restless and sleepless nights.

WALTER EVANS, Stoneham, Mass.

GEORGE WILSON.

My name is George Wilson. I was a lawyer in Philadelphia. I passed out by accident. I want to reach my wife and family. Oh, Charles, don't go away from home until all business matters are settled up. Don't leave your mother in the hour of trouble. She will not remain with you long; make her life happy.

EMILY JOHNSON.

Oh, mother, don't mourn for me—I am so happy. I am with you in all your trouble. Tell Mary I shall be with her in her new home. Father is with me, and sends lots of love. I lived in Cambridge, Mass. I died with scarlet fever.

THROUGH C. E. WINANS.

MORRIS N. WATKINS.

I AM Morris N. Watkins. Not knowing much about this coming back, I may make some mistakes, which I hope you will excuse. I have much to be thankful for, and I am indeed very grateful for the privilege of coming tonight.

I want you to know my place of residence was Newtown, Hamilton county,

Ohio, and that my mother's name is Mary A. W. God bless her and all the rest of the dear friends, that were so good to me when I laid so low with consumption.

Oh, I would have mother to know that all is well, and the death that was so much dreaded wasn't so bad, but pleasant; and, dear mother, I come tonight to you with that son's love that is lasting, and to tell you that I have found a home in that beautiful hereafter—a home in that beautiful Spirit-land, where all is bright. I want you to know that we live again, and that there is no death, and that we will meet again. Oh, that meeting again will bring so much of that joy and comfort, and our meeting will be to part no more. Think of me, my mother, not as dead but as living, for I am as live as ever. I must quit, and I send you my love, mother, and I do come and see you sometimes in Spirit, and I will continue to come and do you all the good I can.

I passed away some time in January, 1879, but I don't know just when. I will come again if you recognize this, which will show that you will welcome me when I do come.

Adieu! Good night! Send message to Mary A. Watkins, Newtown, Hamilton county, Ohio.

THROUGH MRS. SUSAN GOODHUE WAGNER.

TUNIE TO HER FATHER.

MY DEAR FATHER, if I could part the veils of today, and give you a glimpse of my beautiful Spirit-home, I am sure it would enchant you. Few there are who can realize its beauty and comprehend its grandeur. I am sensible of the effect these words must have upon you; for have you not penetrated into its very labyrinths, and made yourself one of us, enshrined as you are in our hearts? But the interpretation of Nature in the immortal realms, through Spirit-forces, is beyond your highest conception of thought.

The very essence of life and ether seems to float about me today, in a maze of bewildering light and silvery mists. Faint odors of the rose and of the vine and fig-tree laden the air with perfume, and make me rejoice as the birds. Oh, it is so delightful here, in these evergreen glades! Why, father dear, you have no cause for fear. The light is breaking all around and about you. Your Guides tell me so; your Spirit-friends tell me so. Mr. Pardee tells me your earth-friends will sustain and strengthen you, although at times it looks dark.

Have hope, faith, patience, courage, forbearance, and all will be well. The

rivulets flow on, the flowers bloom, the birds sing, and the ripened leaves tell us of love matured, that shall live forever, as fadeless trophies to crown the victor's brow. Your ever loving

TUNIE.

[NOTE.—This communication I received at the Circle the other evening. If you think it worth publishing, you can do so.—S. O. W.]

[For the Voice of Angels.]

ANGEL'S ANSWER.

BY VIENNAH L.

SEE, the twilight hour is calling,
Dark'ning shadows fall around;
On my heart a gloom is resting,
Gloom through which no light is found.

CHORUS.

Hark, and hear the angels calling
From their Eden home so bright!
Listen, mortal! we will bring thee
Hope and wisdom, truth and light.

See! the days are passing swiftly,
And life's evening hour is nigh;
No more work ply fingers drestly,
Soon our names forgotten lie.

Hark and hear the angels calling, etc.

Angels, canst thou rend this darkness?
Canst thou reach this heart of woe?
Mourning for the loved and lost one,
Canst thou peace and joy bestow?

Hark, and hear the angels answer,
From their Eden home so bright;
Friends passed on are often with you,
Bringing words of love and light.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

CRITICISM OF PROF. HARE'S MESSAGE.

MOMENCE, Ill., Sept. 27, 1880.

D. C. DENSMORE:—*Dear Sir,*—In a previous number of the VOICE I made a brief criticism of the message from Dr. Hare, in the number for August 15th last, relating to the Divinity of Christ. A few more thoughts on the subject have occurred to me, which you will oblige me by inserting.

John Calvin believed in the Divinity of Christ, and yet he had Servetus burned at the stake, with green wood, because he could not believe as he did. I believe the doctrine of vicarious atonement is one of the greatest humbugs that was ever taught to the human family; and I think the time is near at hand when it will be laid aside with infant damnation, hell-fire, and total depravity.

Christ as a man may have been a success, but as a God he was a failure. I do not believe Christ was with the Father before the world was. I do not believe the worlds were made by Christ. I do not believe in that miraculous conception story; it is entirely "too thin" for the nineteenth century. The Bible says he was God's only son. The same book says the Virgin Mary was surrounded by the Holy Ghost, and she conceived, and this child was called Jesus or Christ. Now, I would

ask, Who was his father? Ministers tell us all three are one. Then we will read it, Father, Son and Holy Ghost surrounded the Virgin Mary, and she conceived, and a God was the result after a certain length of time. Then Christ was his own father in part, was he not? If Christ had the power to make worlds before he came to earth, and was the very God, did he retain that power when in his ante-natal condition?

Was the godhead the same after he left his mansions above as before he came to earth! I do not believe that Christ had power on earth to forgive any man for taking the life of his fellow-man, and to send the man into Spirit-life in an instant, unprepared, gone to hell, according to the Bible.

The murderer is given no time to prepare for the change, and he goes into the arms of Jesus with a halter around his neck, saved through the blood of Jesus. As the poet has it—

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains."

Now, I don't believe the blood of Christ ever saved a soul in this or any other world. I don't believe that the death of Christ ever saved any one. If Christ is a Saviour at all, it is in his life, and not in his blood or death.

If any person will follow the example of Christ while on earth, and by so doing he is made a better man, then in that sense Christ may be called a Saviour, and in no other.

I do not think Christ was a perfect man. He said many things that can never be made practical according to the Book. If a man strikes you on one cheek, turn to him the other. Suppose this doctrine had been carried out in our Rebellion; what would have been the result? Slavery would not have been confined to the negro race.

Beat your swords into plowshares and pruning-hooks; go to war no more! The same book tells you to go to war, and if you have not a sword, sell your coat and buy one. Bad advice, certainly, in cold weather.

I don't believe that Christ raised Lazarus from the dead; for Christ said this sickness was not unto death. I don't believe that Christ's body was raised and went up into heaven, for the best of reasons. There is no such place as heaven, or hell. Heaven and hell are conditions, and not localities. If a man wants to find hell, let him drink a quart of whiskey and chew a quarter of a pound of tobacco per

day, and he will soon find out that he has a hell of his own. Then quit them entirely, and he soon gets the hell out of him.

I take no stock in a God that was born of a woman of earth, or one that was killed by a mob. All the difference there is between Christ and any other man was in the development. The two thieves on the cross with Christ were just as much of God as was Christ, with the same development that Christ had. The life-principle in all men came from the same fountain-head (God or Nature) as did Christ's.

Fraternally yours,

H. S. HALL.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS BY A. A. TANNER.

THROUGH MRS. A. E. FLAGG.

PAW PAW GROVE, Lee Co., Ill., Oct. 6, 1880.

D. C. DENSMORE:—*Dear Friend*,—I saw in the VOICE OF ANGELS of Oct. 1st the questions asked by A. A. Tanner. I asked my Guides if the answers could be given through my pen. Below I copy answer received.

MRS. A. E. FLAGG.

THEODORE A. PARKER IN ANSWER TO A. A. TANNER.

1st.—The Spiritual Father gives the inspirational soul the truth, as a certain work to be performed; but a man may be and often is, a creature of impulse, and calls impulse inspiration.

2nd.—Mohammed left a record of himself in the Koran. The Turks revere his memory. The soul of Mohammed is their Christ. Mohammed stands on the second step of soul-intelligence, a step he has reached by patient toil since he passed from earth. Assuredly his impulse, not inspiration, controlled his earthly career.

3d.—Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet, was inspired by Thomas the High Priest, son of Zechariah the High Priest of the tribe of Manasseh. They were called the lost tribe because they wandered away, and all traces of them were lost by their Jewish brethren. They came to this continent and buried their records. Joseph Smith was inspired to find them. Mormon, a Soul-spirit, translated the characters on the plates. Joseph Smith was an Inspirational Medium.

4th.—The inspirations of the Spiritual Father are the whisperings of a Spirit.

5th.—The spirit of prophetic inspiration is a mediumistic gift, Soul-inspiration.

6th.—The doctrines taught by Jesus the Christ are identical with the Spiritual Philosophy of today—Love.

7th.—Spiritualists deny the Spiritual Father to be the God that the teachers of sectarian creeds and inventionists represent their God to be. The Spiritual Father is the Great Intelligence, law, love, order.

8th.—There is a soul. The Soul of soul is the great Over-soul, the Father and Mother Soul, in whom all souls of terrestrial and celestial soul-life live, move, and have being.

9th.—The Soul of soul as we perceive is endless circle—beginning not, ending not.

10th.—The soul is not the Spiritual Father. The soul is the Soul-child of the Soul of soul, the Father and Mother soul.

11th.—Jesus is the Soul-spirit Son of Soul of soul—the same as every other Soul-spirit identity is the Soul-spirit child of the Father and Mother Soul of soul.

12th.—The instruction received is at your own option, to follow or not according to the Soul-judgment of the truth of the soul communicating the instruction. You must judge for yourself the character of the instruction—whether it can be justly, conscientiously, and honestly followed.

THEODORE A. PARKER.

FROM "LIGHT OF ASIA."

"Pity and need
Make all flesh kin. There is no caste in blood,
Which runneth of one hue, nor caste in tears,
Which trickle salt with all, neither comes man
To birth with tilka-mark stamped on the brow,
Nor sacred thread on neck. Who doth right deeds
Is twice born, and who doeth ill deeds vile."

"Evil swells the debts to pay,
Good delivers and acquits;
Shun evil, follow good; hold away
Over thyself. This is the way."

"I cannot tell
A small part of the splendid love which broke
From Buddha's lips. I am a late-come scribe
Who love the Master and his love of men,
And tell this legend, knowing he was wise,
But have not wit to speak beyond the books;
And time hath blurred their script and ancient sense,
Which once was now and mighty, moving all."

[For the Voice of Angels.]

SPIRITUALISM.

[Interpreted from mystical writings, sent to "WEST INGLE" by J. S. SCOVEN, Kokomo, Ind.]

THERE is a mysterious power over all forms of the created universe—a power supreme, and infinitely just. And all men must learn to read the mythical characters, which are impressed by the Deity upon the whole face of Nature, ere they can obtain a key to God's hidden mysteries. And the simpler the key, the more wonderful the revelation; and the brighter the light of wisdom which must ever illuminate all departments of knowledge.

The days of darkness have passed, and a great light is dawning upon the world. People of mind, intellect, and sound judgment are unwilling to be led by church

power. Creeds and dogmas are rated at their true value, and common sense sits supremely indifferent above the altars of pride, and worldly folly. Progression calls loudly for her grand army, which is soon to be put in motion, bearing forward the glorious banner of truth. All forces are to be called into action.

Among the names yet to be immortalized are John and James. Both of those names will be found Mediums in your family, and from every family in the land will come one powerful Medium. The high, the low, the rich and poor cannot refuse their commission when it is bestowed. A voice more powerful than the influence of pride will call them to their duties, and all will understand what their duties are by intuition, and the interior light, which is Spiritual. As the followers of Christ were chosen from the humble fishermen, so the Spiritual world will call their Mediums from the ranks of the humble, and often ignorant people of the earth—that the "weak may confound the strong." Testimonials will be given in proof of this statement. A change is soon to take place in all ranks of Christians, and many who walk by faith without seeing shall behold God's glory, and obtain the glorious reward of patient, steadfast believers. Their promises shall be fulfilled, and the hour of revelation is near.

Brother, seek for full spiritual power, that you may become a preacher, and also an expounder of the new Gospel of spiritual-truth. Surrounding you are many noble influences; over your head is a crown and a cross lies at your feet, broken and covered with dust. Your past has been dark, filled with trials, and disappointments, losses and crosses, and all were additional means used by the Spiritual world to develop you for your future mission among your fellow-men. I am one of your faithful guides, and take this form of communication that you may understand what the power is which sometimes thrills your arm, and if conditions are right, it permeates your whole organism, making good the promise made you by your guides. Over your head I see a star. Aim for high attainments, and you shall sit down with those who drink deeply at the fount of revelation. Fight for your faith.

THE REAL WEALTH.—Wealth and poverty are seen for what they are. It begins to be seen that the poor are only they who feel poor, and poverty consists in feeling poor. The rich, as we reckon them, and among them the very rich, in a true scale would be found very indigent and ragged.—Emerson.

(For the Voice of Angels.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

D. C. DENSMORE AND OTHERS;—*Gentlemen*,—In perusal of yours of June and of the present ult., I am not contaminated, as some suspected or hoped I might be, to disgust and condemnation; but think it a fair sheet and voice of harmless good will to man.

Should you deem it advisable to invest a thought from my pen, you are at liberty to do so, as we are all tending toward the "evergreen shore."

For publication and demonstration of the mundane and super-mundane intelligences, we are under an obligation as amanuenses to dwell largely upon the life and light coming from the interior. Spiritualism, a fixed fact, can neither be qualified or disqualified; it being like the new moon, and comes when earth-shadows do not prevent it. It gulls nobody, nor indeed does it ask to be gulled. It is a pioneer, permitted, admitted and provided to deliver man from pain, woe and death. It is a committee of one visiting all, and forms its own junction in connection with all; and now, since the *hades* is found to be the curse of chastisement to cure the evils of the ill, we may as well say, Bless God for that good.

Brother Densmore, our present generation caught a Tartar, and before they get rid of him, they too, like us, will learn to live, love, and expel fear of that old rotten hell story; and especially that part that puts up a bar to repentance after exiled to the *hades* made by ourselves, permitted to be that it may cause refrain.

High elevated Spirits must have advantages that the lower neither covet nor want. Therefore, the low, if wedded to their idols, must be let alone until they have lee-way to test their own folly. The cure of an evil is the disbursing good. It is goodness on the part of wisdom to allow us to learn its opposite—that we may appreciate a better state.

Without the power of appreciation, we have neither happiness nor misery. It is appreciation that makes the Son of God—not the Christ-Spirit, but the fac simile of Christ. The Christ-spirit is our atoning sacrifice, if we have it within ourselves.

You will please allow me to revert to the economy and experience of that renowned Medium, J. V. Mansfield. He is certainly winning laurels for the Higher Life. Disembodiment of thought is impossibility—as vacating is only making room for adding. Hence the vacuum is always full. It is said that Nature abhors space, and that space is the kindly lot of

all. As Spirits have all space, so Spirit is that all space. Consequently, can it be filled or emptied. This is a pertinent inquiry. Respects of

L. Bush, Jamestown, Tenn.

THE rose grows on the parent stem,
The thorn doth grow there too;
'Tis thus we may discriminate
Between the false and true.

(SUSAN O. WATNER.)

"TUNIE" FUND.

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

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

Mrs. J. M. Mitchell, Turlock, Cal.,	\$1.00
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