

Theoretically, these beverages are produced from barley malt, hops, and pure water, and nothing else. From two to three bushels of malt and as many pounds of hops are allowed to a barrel, and the liquor should have five to eight per cent. of alcohol, according to age. . . In point of fact, however, very little such malt liquor is to be had. There are chemical manufacturers in this country whose principal business consists in supplying artificial substitutes for the genuine components of these drinks, and also means of correcting, adulterating, coloring and remaking, as it were, spoiled and fraudulent articles.

It is well-known that the principal use of glycerine is now by the breweries. It is added to impart smoothness to the fluid, to give it a fine froth, or "bead" when drawn, and to conceal the taste of certain adulterants. Instead of hops, what is known to the trade as "hop substitute" is used, which is a bitter vegetable bark, finely chopped, and often combined with aloes. Picrotoxin and strychnia are probably never employed. To give a crisp, dry flavor, esteemed by some, tannate of sodium is added; to impart a bright brown hue, preparations said to be made from burnt sugar are sold; liquid isinglass, to add the esteemed "creaminess;" and so on. Then there are various materials to bring up a spoiled brewing to the proper marketable character—bisulphite of sodium, "ale-finings," "porterine," etc., the results of applied chemistry in this questionable department of science.

Whether the consumption of such stuff is likely to benefit the drinker, especially when taken in large quantities for a length of time, is open to serious doubt. It has been said by European observers that chronic alcoholism from beer is one of the most hopeless forms; that the mental faculties are debilitated and the reaction of the system slight. It would be well for surgeons in our large municipal hospitals to examine into the relative power of endurance of beer-drinkers and others.

We have seen no analysis of American beers; they have been exempt from such inquiries. We add, therefore, the plan pursued by Dr. Enders, a German chemist. He mixes one liter of beer, in an evaporating dish, with ten grams of fine granular animal charcoal, evaporates the mixture to dryness on a water bath, stirring occasionally, treats the residue, after cooling, with cold water, until the filtrate passes colorless, and then extracts the charcoal with hot alcohol, which dissolves all bitter principles and alkaloids; these may afterward be readily determined by their respective tests. The charcoal contains, besides the bitter principles, only a little coloring matter.

One thing is clear, that physicians who recommend beer or ale to patients should make themselves sure that they are not thereby leading them to the consumption of stuff more pernicious than the disease the stimulant is intended to combat.—*Medical and Surgical Reporter*.

Henry Kiddle, in the last *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, replies to Hudson Tuttle's article on Christian Spiritualism. His remarks will repay perusal.

REST AND HEALTH.

It is work, work, work with us, until verily it is a wonder that the dullness which was predicted for that figurative "Jack," if he labored ceaselessly and never played, has not swamped the nation in imbecility. A certain eminent physician maintains that rest and activity might be aptly compared to two sentinels, who have between them the duty to perform of guarding a camp or fortress. They must take their charge in turns—when the one goes off the other comes on. Were activity to remain too long on duty, the heart would flutter and fail, the brain would reel, and the sentinel drop dead of fatigue; on the other hand, rest might remain long enough on guard to drop asleep. Thus, even rest may be overdone, and conduce to sloth, ennui, and atony of the brain. And yet how many of the hundreds of thousands in this great city, who possess such vital camps or fortresses, think it necessary to look out for the welfare of their sentinels! Foreigners regard us with awe and wonder; they say that the rush and bustle of this new world sets them wild. A European rests when it is necessary; an American works when it is unnecessary. There may have been some excuse for this tension of exertion while the country was as yet an unreclaimed wilderness, and the inroads of nature and savages had to be considered; but now that the nation is upon its feet, and, to use a vulgarism, almost "runs itself," this stress of effort is as absurd as it is disastrous. We do not for a moment doubt that Young America will coincide with us upon the question of wholesome recreation; it is prejudice and persons of remote nativity with whom we have to battle. Customs which are destined to affect communities and influence established usages must be introduced by the elders. Yet a man who has worked all his life and retires to the discussion of rest and an enjoyment such as an ancient horse may experience, when, halt and blind, he is turned into a blasted pasture, will say that what his generation lived through will not prove too severe for succeeding generations. Possibly he may admit, if he be of a liberal turn of mind, that years ago, before he lost his strength and spirit, he might have recruited himself; but it is now too late. It is never too late to rest judiciously; vitality is a crescent force unto the very end.—*Brentano's Monthly*.

LONGEVITY AND A SWEET TEMPER.

A SWEET temper is promotive of a long life. An English journal, *Capital and Labor*, asserts that while excessive labor, exposure to wet and cold, deprivation of sufficient and wholesome food, bad lodging, sloth, and intemperance, are all deadly enemies of human life, none of them are so destructive in their effects as violent and ungoverned passions. Men and women have survived all the former, says the writer, and at last reached an extreme old age; but it may be safely doubted whether a single instance can be found of a man of violent and irascible temper, habitually subject to storms of ungovernable passion, who has arrived at a very advanced period of life.

TURPENTINE FOR BURNS.

AFTER having cut the blisters, if any exist, brush over the burn with oil of turpentine, and cover it with a thin adhesive plaster lightly bound on by a roller bandage. Let this dressing remain in place for a week; in superficial burns there will generally be no need to renew it. In cases where matter forms, loosening the plaster, cut this artificial blister as before, and after the matter has escaped, apply the turpentine again, and re-cover with plaster the exposed part; continue this method until healing is complete. This simple dressing is attended with but little expense, and has seemed to me to bring about the cure of burns more rapidly than other dressings. The application of the turpentine is almost painless—an advantage worthy of consideration in the treatment of a wound as painful as a burn. The efficiency of this method is due to the association of the turpentine, the plaster, and the bandage. The turpentine lessens the formation of matter, prevents mortification, and hastens cicatrization. The plaster forms a temporary epidermis, which protects the wound from the air; and by the compression which it exerts by means of the bandage prevents inflammation, or at least lessens its intensity.—*Dr. Jobard in the Journal de Medecine et de Chirurgie*.

HOW TO MAKE A POULTICE.

THE best way is to go to your apothecary and buy what is called the Poultice Instantaneous of Iceland Moss. Apply it according to the directions, and you have the neatest and most pleasant poultice that I have ever seen. But many of us do not have all the luxuries of the season right at hand, and it is for such that this is written. You make your poultice usually of bread and milk, linseed-meal, corn-meal or oat-meal and water. It does not make much difference what it is made of, so long that it is warm and moist, and remains so. I recollect a friend of mine once had a boil; moved to pity by his ravings and gruntings, a venerable maiden, in the plentitude of her kind heart, made him a poultice. She had never read this article, and did not know exactly how, but she made him one—of cold bread and milk. Ugh, how it made his flesh creep when it was first applied. But that was not all; the rough edges of the crumbs of bread scratched and scraped his intensely excitable boil, until he thought he had a political ratification meeting in his arm. But finally he fell into a troubled sleep which lasted until morning, when the poultice was to be taken off; well, it would not come off, it stuck! He attempted to pull it off bit by bit, but still it stuck; and as a last resort—in the last ditch, as it were—he immersed his whole arm in a bowl of hot water to soften that excruciating cataplasm. Now that poultice had about as many bad points as it is possible to collect together in one poultice. The substances of which it was made were not thoroughly intermingled; it was cold; and it was applied directly to the skin. Now, when you make a poultice, look out for these three points: First, your diluent milk or water must be boiling hot; then you

should gradually stir in your bread crumbs, linseed meal, or whatever else you decide to use, until the resulting compound has about the consistence of old-fashioned Indian-meal mush. Then your poultice is made. In applying, it do not put it next to the skin, unless you have the parts well oiled; a better way, perhaps, is to make a bag of linen or soft flannel, of a size sufficient to cover the inflamed part, with a good margin in addition, pour your poultice into it and apply the bag. Then having your poultice placed in position, cover the parts, which are not in contact with the skin, with oiled silk or oiled muslin. This is very important, since, when covered in this way, the heat and the moisture—the obtaining of which is the main object of the poultice—are retained the longest possible time.

HOW MUCH TO EAT.

AN American soldier has daily given him twenty-two ounces of bread, twelve ounces of pork or bacon or twenty ounces of fresh or salt beef, sixteen ounces of potatoes three times a week, sixteen ounces of rice, with sixteen ounces of coffee, 2.04 ounces of sugar, .64 of a gill of beans, .32 of a gill of vinegar, and .16 of a gill of salt. As to the quantity of this food, it is larger and more abundant than would seem at first sight to be necessary, but the liberality in food has this great advantage, that, in time of hard work, the fatigue of the individual is diminished and the power of recuperation sensibly increased. The total quantity, then, provided for a soldier of the United States army, is larger than is consumed by the general workingman. Of course, various conditions of life, climate, and locality, have to do with the quantity of food. Thus, an idle person can get along very well with two and three-fourths ounces of nitrogenous food and twenty ounces of carbonaceous food, (flesh and cereal or vegetable food,) when, if the same individual were walking, or in active out-door life, double this quantity might be used. Perhaps the Esquimaux represent the heaviest feeders in the world, for Parry tells of a young native who devoured in twenty-four hours, nine and one-half pounds of sea-horse, half raw, half cooked; one and three-fourths pounds of bread; one and one-fourth pints of good strong soup; one and one-fourth pounds of ship bread, and nine pints of water, not counting grog and spirits.—*Philadelphia Chronicle*.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

GOOD ADVICE.

A SPIRIT said to me, some time ago, "When you entertain a Spirit, treat it with the courtesy you would a stranger, and it will carry its reward with it." How important to mortals is the advice above. My heart has often been shocked at the treatment kind and loving Spirits have received from careless, foolish, and wanton men and women.

Shall I say, that this piece of good advice was not intended for myself, as being at fault? for, in all the intercourse I have

had with my Spirit-friends, and with Spirit-strangers, my consciousness bears the testimony, that I have never treated them otherwise than with courtesy.

Cannot this caution be supplemented by what the apostle Paul wrote, viz., "Be careful to entertain strangers (courteously) for thereby have many entertained Angels unawares."

J. W.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

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

[For the Voice of Angels.]

LITTLE DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

BY SPIRIT MAY.

The leaves of the trees are glowing in splendor,
Like banners of yellow and crimson and green;
The chestnuts are dropping their coveted treasures
Close down by the brook that is smiling serene;
And frolicsome children are out in the sunshine,
Brightening the air with their sweet, merry tones,
As laughing in gladness they gather the chestnuts,
And cross o'er the brook on its green, mossy stones.

Shouting and chattering, they pass the long hours,
Never a word of unkindness they speak;
And dear little Nellie is watching with pleasure
They who are stronger than she, who is weak.
Sickness and pain are oft at her pillow,
Leaving her sleepless and weary and sad;
Now she is out in the clear yellow sunlight,
Watching the children and feeling so glad.

Bringing to Nellie a part of their treasures,
Bright glowing leaflets from under the trees,
Brown, shining acorns and satiny chestnuts—
Telling her stories of squirrels and bees.
How the dear children have gladdened her spirit,
As crowding about her, each girl and each boy
Vied with the other to fill her with pleasure,
Till down in her heart she is singing with joy.

Dear little children, remember this lesson—
Always be gentle to those who are sad,
Sharing your treasures with they who have nothing,
Surely your hearts will be happy and glad.
Speak to the suffering in accents of kindness,
Smile on them sweetly, wherever they are;
These are the deeds that will cause them to love you,
And brighten each life like a beautiful star.

[From the Cincinnati Enquirer.]

• SUPER-MUNDANE THEATRICALS.

A PURELY SPIRIT THEATRICAL ENTERTAINMENT, THROUGH JOHN LYON, MEDIUM.

[FROM THE MSS. OF "PNEUMATOS."]

"Life is the triumph of our mould'ring clay:
Death of the spirit infinite, divine."

[CONCLUDED.]

THE SPIRIT OF THE DANSEUSE, AND THE GREAT PANTOMIMIST, MAD. CELESTE, NOW APPEARS IN THE CHARACTERS OF "THE FRENCH SPY" AND "THE WILD ARAB BOY."

WHO of old Cincinnati was not fully familiar with the name and dancing and acting of the great danseuse and peerless pantomimist, "Madame Celeste?" She came here from sunny France in very early times, and she continued to come here every once in a long while, performing at our various theatres; and even in her old age, though it did not seem to alter or hurt her one bit, she danced and pantomimed at the old Pike's Opera-house, some year or two before it was destroyed by fire. It will be remembered that she performed the fanciful dramatic play of *The Woman in Red*, when last here, at Pike's. After this she returned to England, where she had been living, and from

whence she at that last time came here, and soon departed this life for that of the beautiful Spirit-world; and there, as a Spirit, it appears, by what follows, that she is "Madame Celeste" still to every and all intents and purposes. God bless her!

The Medium, possessed by the control of Madame Celeste, arose from the chair, and apparently absolutely changed his burly form and figure and features, and seemed in movement and action a graceful and volatile dancing and pantomiming woman, and began to act the part of the "*French Spy*" with all the beauty of action and movement necessary. She seemed, as in the play, it will be remembered, to be the dumb *French Spy*, listening intently to what was said to her, and noting her answers on her note-book; and after playing this first scene she struck off into the remarkable scene of "*The Wild Arab Boy*," and danced the wild Arab dance, and pantomimed her listening to the advance of the enemy and the terrific combat ensuing. Who does not, of old theatre-goers, remember all this beautiful pantomimic acting in *The French Spy* of the wonderful "Madame Celeste" as a mortal? Well, she performed it all almost as well as she could through a male Medium for our especial and particular delight and delectation, and so faithfully and truthfully, too, that I involuntarily exclaimed in recognition, "Madame Celeste."

She immediately ceased acting the "*Wild Arab Boy*," and, running to me, and taking both my proffered hands, she shook them and shook them, ejaculating, in broken, French-accented English, "Oh! I be zo happy to be recognized by you, who did see me act so many many times. Mon Dieu! Bless you, and bless you, my friend!" I, of course, opened up conversation with her, told her of her oftentimes dancing and acting in Cincinnati, and she replied at once, and at length, and told of many of her Cincinnati experiences on the stages of the different theatres.

Said I, "Madame Celeste, the last time you appeared in Cincinnati was at Pike's old Opera-house. I saw you, and you were as blithe and active as ever, although you were quite old in years. Age did not seem to affect or afflict you in the least." "Oh, sair," replied she laughingly, "ze age did make no ze difference wid me, and my acting, though ze newspapers, some of them, did badly talk about me, and my age, and ask what I was doing on ze stage at my time of life. What for vas I in ze dancing and acting ver I should long ago retire, and give place to ze odders—young ones. But I cares not for dat, though I vas at ze time on ze stage of Pike's Opera-house—sixty-three years of age, as ze papers did say of me."

"So old?" said I, in surprise.

"Exactly," she rejoined.

"Let me see; let me see," continued I; "what did you perform at that time at Pike's, for I forget?"

Quick as a flash, and to my great astonishment, she answered:

"ZE WOMAN IN RED!"

And I had forgotten all about this, but when she thus emphatically plucked up my memory,

I remembered, and recollected it all. And oh, what a character Spirit test this was, we all at once concluded! What a test! What a remarkable test, to be sure!

THE SPIRIT OF JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH IN THE CHARACTER OF "RICHARD III."

Madame Celeste left the Medium, and he took a seat, and then suddenly arose under an entirely new and novel control, walked into the stage back room, and, presenting the most striking of dramatic attitudes, he exclaimed, in thunder, hoarse, but loud-sounding and sonorous tones:

"A horse! a horse! My Kingdom for a horse!"

In voice, manner, gesture and acting I recognized the presence of Junius Brutus Booth, and so exclaimed—calling him by his full name—Junius Brutus Booth. He immediately doffed "Richard," the wearied, fighting King, hoarse from calling for a horse, and came to me in *propria persona*, and said he was glad to be so readily recognized by me, who had seen him so often enact the bloody "Richard." It was a great gratification to him as a Spirit indeed, that he was so enabled through a Medium, by his acting, to identify himself. He then went on and talked a good deal to me about acting, actors and actresses; said the stage "was out of joint," but it would come all right again. He lauded and applauded John McCullough as an actor, and said he was much influenced and inspired by the Spirit actors. He spoke of his son Edwin, and said that he was not now so much influenced by the Spirit actors. He particularly referred to Edwin's "Hamlet," and remarked that Edwin had played it so often, so mechanically, that now he played it without a particle of Spirit-influence or inspiration. He spoke of the great interest that departed actors and actresses still took, and manifested all they could—in the drama and the stage, and said they did all they were enabled to do, to properly impress dramatists, actors and actresses, and looked for better times. After quite a wholesome communication with us, the Spirit Junius Brutus Booth quitted the Medium, who was retired to his usual resting chair, and was refreshed again.

THE SPIRIT OF DADDY RICE IN THE CHARACTERS OF "JIM CROW" AND "JUMBO JUM."

And now we come to a most remarkable and comically sensational Spirit-acting manifestation by personification through the Medium. After being refreshed sufficiently, Mr. Lyon, the Medium, seemingly under a new and very peculiar Spirit-control, went to the back room, and all at once assumed the character of the negro, "Jim Crow," and began to dance about, and wheel about and jump Jim Crow, with the accompanying song—and so much like the original Jim Crow of olden days—that I immediately called out, "That is Daddy Rice." The Spirit jumped and danced more lively, and clapped both his hands for very joy at my ready recognition, and then came to me, shaking my hands, and said he was "Daddy Rice" in all his darky glory, and began to talk with me about when he made his first appearance on the stage

in Cincinnati in the dance and character of "Jim Crow," at the Caldwell & Ludlow Theatre, a great frame structure standing on the very site of the old National Theatre, before the latter was built, on Sycamore street, away back in 1827, 1828, 1829 and the early thirties, and then he sang and danced and jumped Jim Crow again, singing:

"Wheel about and turn about, and do just so.
And every time I wheel about I jump Jim Crow."

And at this last line, assuming that comical, funny negro attitude so peculiar to Daddy Rice in this song, and pictures of which have in ancient days been all over the country, and causing us to laugh at him for some length of time. It was truly wonderful. Said I: "Mr. Rice, I saw and heard you at the Caldwell & Ludlow Theatre when I was a mere child, singing and dancing 'Jim Crow,' and you were the first darky-actor on the stage. You used to jump 'Jim Crow' between the play and farce very often."

He answered, "Yes; he was at first a comic singer, and used to sing comic songs, such as 'Roley Roley;' but he originated one day the darkey song of 'Jump Jim Crow,' and he resolved to blacken his face and hands and appear in the song, and wheel about and jump Jim Crow, and he did so at this old theatre in 1829, and the thing took so well that he continued it night after night, and in due time was starring all over the country with it and his negro plays."

Said I again: "Mr. Rice, do you remember your performance of the negro 'Jumbo Jum' in your celebrated play of that name?"

Assuming the character of the darky "Jumbo Jum" immediately the Spirit said, in his old plantation negro way:

"Yes, massa, shuah I does; and dat's were I scoured de country case my massa bid me do so, and I took de bucket of water and de soap and de scrub-brush and scoured de country; but de more I scoured de dirtier de country got, and I told my massa so."

Oh, how we did laugh at this! And this was the old joke of the play as performed so long ago by Daddy Rice. "Jumbo Jum" was bidden by his master, in a scene representing a Southern plantation, to scour the country and look out for intruders. The old darky took the command in his own literal way, and got soap and soapsuds and pail and scrub-brush, and proceeded to scrub the earth around to scour it, but, of course, he made of it nothing but dirtier, wet mud, and so he told his master, to the latter's mute astonishment, who asked if he had scoured the country.

Now, was not this a marvellous Spirit test of identification, and who was that Spirit thus talking and jumping "Jim Crow" before us, and enacting "Jumbo Jum" just as he used to do when in mortal life, and giving us the very chief joke of the play? Could it have been any other person than the veritable Daddy Rice—as he used to be so familiarly called—himself? If it could, some one else than myself must explain the philosophy and the *why* and *wherefore*.

THE SPIRIT OF THE ACTOR, HARRY PLACIDE, IN THE CHARACTER OF "GRANDFATHER WHITEHEAD."

After the departure of the Spirit of Mr. Rice, and a short rest of the Medium, another control seized the Medium, and, going upon our stage, took the character of a very aged man—at least four-score years—and began tottering and stumbling along, and moaningly muttering, and I recognized the old "Grandfather Whitehead," as performed by the eminent actor, Harry Placide, in days of yore, at Shire's People's Theatre, situated where the Burnet House now is, and I, in complete recognition, gladly so exclaimed. The Spirit, still assuming the old man, tottered to me, and warmly greeted me for recognizing him, and he said he was the Spirit of the actor Harry Placide—now performing his favorite pathetic character of "Grandfather Whitehead" to be identified and recognized—and he was so glad, so very glad to be so, by such an old friend of the actor as I was and used always to be. The Spirit, putting off his assumption of the old man, began to converse with us in his own proper Spirit person, giving me many recognized reminiscences, and the company much Spirit and Spiritual information. He agreed with the other Spirits who had preceded him, that all of them in the Spirit-world were doing what good they could to change the direction of the stage and the drama, and make it truly great and ennobling.

And we all rejoined, "Amen!"

At the exit of Harry Placide, the curtain was rung down by the Spirits, and that was the last of the actors for that evening on the improvised back-room stage. The Medium now took a long rest and a refreshing glass of cold water, and we all discussed and discoursed about the astounding Spirit theatrical wonders which had been just volunteered and improvised for us, and we all joined in the confirmed conclusion that indeed in very deed

"God works in most mysterious ways
His wonders to perform."

Soon, now, the accustomed lady control took possession of the Medium—a Spirit who says that she was a Miss Shotwell when upon earth, living in the East, and as a Spirit she has now special care for Mr. Lyon, the Medium. She joined us in our discussion, with some interesting and beautiful remarks; and among other things she told us that this occasion was one of jubilee for the Spirit-actors and actresses who had appeared in their different, peculiar and particular stage characters before us. They did so "because," said she, "they were so well acquainted with me, and I was such a great favorite of the drama and the stage and actors and actresses, and had in their lifetimes especially and particularly befriended them, and they all knew as Spirits that they would be recognized and identified by their friend, the Judge, for the benefit of the company; and they, the Spirits, were always so glad to be identified and recognized by their mortal friends upon earth, and they thanked the Judge for his complete and gratifying part of the performance, and now they bid us all adieu, with blessings."

We now got talking over the surprising num-

ber of eleven Spirits who had visited us, and in enumerating them by name and one by one quite forgot to mention our dear friend, Madame Celeste, in the catalogue, and having enumerated all the rest, quietly rested in our forgetfulness. Suddenly Mr. Lyon, then sitting in his normal state, in his chair, was influenced unmistakably again by "Madame Celeste," and in her French accentuation she rapidly said: "Ce vous plait, you have quite forgotten to mention my poor name in your list. I do hope you have not altogether forgotten me! Ce vous plait."

What a striking surprise to us all. We begged a thousand pardons for our ignorant inadvertence, which she readily granted, and then accurately corrected our enumeration of the beautiful Spirits who had honored us with their visits, and emphatically pronounced the name of Madame Celeste as the sixth Spirit who had come, and the last of the female Spirits.

Was not this a most startling and most remarkable Spirit-manifestation again of Madame Celeste? What becomes of all speculative materialistic theories about Spirit-manifestations?

After all the theatrical performance was thro' and the departure of the acting Spirits, Spirit Miss Shotwell, controlling the Medium, turned to me and said: "I wish to say to you that your departed wife Margaretta is here, and has been here, and presents herself to say that she, with us, has taken great delight in the events of the evening." I then addressed a few personal, private words to my Spirit-wife, and she replied, and bid us adieu; and the Medium awoke from his trance, and the wonderful and beautiful seance, one of the most remarkable I ever witnessed in say more than thirty years' experience, was altogether over, and we, the company of four mortals, separated with a good night and God bless you!

Never shall we forget, any of us, this wondrous seance, these astounding Spirit-manifestations, which brought us so close to the Spirit-world and its inhabitants. Surely we are all the time with them, and *are of them*, and after all, too, we are all actors, Spirits and mortals, and we may well unite the Spirit-world with ours and truthfully with Shakspeare (somewhat paraphrasingly) say:

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits, and their entrances,
And man or Spirit in his time plays many parts."

NEED OF WORK.—It takes a sound body to make a sound man. Work is not vulgar. So long as the brain needs the juices of the body, so long will hard work be the fundamental element in the development of the mind. Business is ominently suited to a man of genius, and to earn a livelihood is the best way to sharpen one's wits. Besides, business affairs offer better opportunities at present than the so-called professions. Therefore, our youth should be thoroughly and practically trained for business, in order that they may succeed, and become a credit to whatever calling they may adopt. At the same time they should be educated not to despise labor; for after all, it is only through hard work that we achieve any success worthy of the name.

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

A MIDNIGHT PRAYER.

BY EMMA TOTTLE.

THE noon of night approaches,
And yet I wait and pray
For one, who many years ago
Went silently away.

The dew of life was on her
In fragrant purity,
And her dear face from childhood
Was full of love for me.

Her little blossomy fingers
Cared me every day;—
It is so strange I did not die
The day she went away!

That I could live one moment,
And know that she was dead,
Is stranger than the strangest word
That tongue has ever said.

But ten years nearer Heaven
Than on that snowy day
When with the waiting angels
She whitely sailed away,

I sit in prayerful silence,
Eager almost to pain,
And wish her blossomy fingers
May touch my hair again.

Beat softly, hurrying pulses!
Her white soul draweth near;
My midnight prayer is answered;
She whispers, "I am here."

[For the Voice of Angels.]

HOPE FOR THE MORROW.

BY J. WM. VAN NAME, M. D.

'Tis true that life is sometimes dark,
And tollsome seems the way,
And o'er paths once bright and fair
The darkened shadows play;
And even Nature's voice seems sad,
And skies look dark with gloom,
And zephyrs sweeping softly by
Seem whispering of the tomb;
Friends once kind and faithful true
Turn coldly from our way;
But let us hope, still hoping on,
There'll dawn a brighter day.

The roses in our pathway fade,
And withering, droop and die,
And broken dreams and blighted hopes
Along our weary pathway lie;
But let us raise our eyes aloft,
And breathe an earnest prayer,
That God will shield our fainting hearts
From wretched, dark despair;
And if we summon to our aid
A stern, determined will,
The clouds will slowly break away,
And light our pathway fill.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

MEMORY.

BY VIENNAH L.

THERE are deep, deep thoughts in Memory's heart,
With cells of various shape,
Some pure and white as ivory mart,
Some dark, as the curtain rises.

In Memory's home compartments are
For loving words of kindness,
And landscape views of lovely forms,
And love's own acts of blindness;

And rose-hued cells of childish glee,
And youth's and maiden's love-tryst;
But the pure, sweet life of matron, wife,
In Memory's home rank highest.

Ah, the darkest cell in Memory's home,
The fact we fain would smother,
Are unkind thoughts and acts of life
Against our darling mother.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

TRAVELLING TO THE BETTER LAND.

BY CHARLES THOMPSON.

On, my soul, be up and doing—
Bravely dare and do today;
Lo, bright angels come a-wooing,
Wooing us from sin away,
Pointing to the better Land.

Risen friends the way are showing—
Trustingly we'll follow on;
Heaven rich blessings is bestowing
On true workers every one,
Travelling to the better Land.

Tell the news to father, mother—
Publish it to all the world;
Come and join us, sister, brother—
We life's banner have unfurled,
Travelling to the better Land.

ST. ALBANS, Vermont.

IMMENSITY OF THE STARS

It is known that the stars are true suns, that some of them are larger than our own sun, and that around these enormous centres of heat and light revolve planets on which life certainly exists. Our sun is distant from us 38,000,000 leagues, but these stars are distant at least 500,000 times as far—a distance that, in fact, is incommensurable and unimaginable for us. Viewed with the unaided eye, the stars and the planets look alike; that is, appear to have the same diameter. But, viewed through a telescope, while the planets are seen to possess clearly appreciable diameters, the stars are still only mere luminous points. The most powerful of existing telescopes, that of Melbourne, which magnifies 8,000 times, gives us an image of one of our planets possessing an apparent diameter of several degrees. Jupiter, for instance, which, seen with the naked eye, appears as a star of the first magnitude, with a diameter of forty-five degrees at the most, will in the telescope have its diameter multiplied 8,000 times, and will be seen as if it occupied in the heavens an angle of 100 degrees. Meanwhile a star alongside of Jupiter, and which to the eye is as bright as that planet, will still be a simple dimensionless point. Nevertheless, that star is thousands of times more voluminous than the planet. Divide the distance between us and that planet by 8,000, and you have for result a distance relatively very small; but divide by 8,000 the enormous number of leagues which represents the distance of a star, and there remain a number of leagues too great to permit of the stars being seen by us in a perceptible form. In considering Jupiter or any of the planets, we are filled with wonder at the thought that this little luminous point might hide not only all the visible stars, but a number 5,000 fold greater—for of stars visible to our eyes there are only about 5,000. All the stars of these many constellations, as the Great Bear, Cassiopeia, Orion, Andromeda, all the stars of the zodiac, even all the stars which are visible only from the earth's southern hemisphere, might be set in one plane, side by side, with no one overlapping another, even without the slightest contact between star and star, and yet they would occupy so small a space that, were it to be multiplied by 5,000 fold, that space would be entirely covered by the disk of Jupiter, albeit that disk to us seems to be an inappreciable point.—Prof. J. Viot.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

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EDITORIAL.

THE NEEDS OF THE HOUR.

It would seem from the present outlook of the age that the requirements of each passing hour, for the unfoldment of a higher life on earth, are greater honesty in expression and more spirituality in living. The outward appearance of individual life seldom expresses truthfully the real man or woman within.

We deplore the hollowness of our present social system; the garb of sanctity is used as a wrap to hide a form of selfishness or dishonor; an odor of worldliness surrounds the man of pious pretensions. Hypocrisy and deceit walk hand in hand in our midst, often unsuspected by the busy world. And why is this? Simply because man is not true to himself; he is not willing to estimate himself at his real value, but seeks to place a fictitious price upon his own worth. Willing to deceive himself into a feeling that he is perhaps better than most people, he not only becomes blind to his own faults, but seeks to blind others to the realization of them.

Now, this could not and would not be, did the spirit seek to gain the mastery over self. Before we can purify society, and lift the world upon a higher platform of honor, each individual will have to undergo a process of self-examination; unholy or unworthy practices must be called by their right names and condemned; evil tendencies must be uprooted from within. Perhaps this may not be accomplished all at once; but by a daily cross-examination of ourselves, we can speedily learn to cast out wrong thoughts and dishonest motives, which are the cause of unworthy actions, and in this way become fair and holy within as well as without.

The world is too overburdened with whited sepulchres, glowing with radiance without, but foul and dark within. From the Spirit-world only the inner side is seen, and the pure and holy angels are at times obliged to turn away from some life with a shudder of pain and sorrow, when mortals look upon that life as something fair and good to see.

What is required is more spirituality, cultivation of the devotional element in man, which the soul can feed upon, and which lifts the spirit nearer the eternal

world, and also draws down its highest angels into sweet and close communion.

We must seek to develop the higher attributes of love and sympathy for our fellow-beings, a desire to infringe upon the rights of none, but to accord liberty and justice to all; we must yearn for the companionship of the pure and good, and by their example and the aspirations of our own being we shall find the fragrant flowers of purity and goodness unfolding their perfumed petals within the garden of our lives.

What our people want, and what our children should have, is good, sound, Spiritual literature to read, books and papers that teach of the life and work of the Spirit, the relations of men to each other and to God, the duties of the present life and the fittest preparation for the next, and the love, sympathy and tolerance each life is required to extend to all others. There is too much sentimentality, too much fiction, too much pampering to the fashions and follies of the day in the literature our children, and our grown people, too, peruse, enervating to the mind, creating dreams of grandeur or power that can never be realized. It debases the intellect and destroys the activity of the spiritual nature. Surely the time is coming when the reading of our people must be looked into; surely the day must dawn when humanity will awake to the realization of its most important needs; surely the hour must arrive to earth when spirituality of life will be sought at the expense of the selfish acquirement of worldly treasure; and until then earnest souls will watch and wait, and use their influence for good, with patience and trust in Him who is the Father of us all.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE NEW DISPENSATION.

NUMBER SEVENTEEN.

Now the modes of thinking which have made up our sciences, and all the philosophy that has originated with these sciences, are quite different from that which constituted ideas of science and philosophy of the ancient order that existed three or four hundred years previous to and after the Christian era. That class of thinking in those ages was more of the Milton Paradise Lost type, in which the Personal God idea is prominent, which type of thinking more or less pervades the present, even in the communications we get from the next sphere, and among Spiritualists generally. We do not say that in this Personal God idea age that all ideas then originated are entirely without truth. Neither do we

affirm that the infidel or materialist side is all truth. But we do accept squarely, so far as they have gone, the materialists and the modes of thinking that have made up their decisions.

Spiritualism, in all its details, and in its wholeness, under the intelligent power of scientific minds, is nothing more or less than a science, which science is made up of the phenomena that comes to us thro' our Mediums. Hence Mediums are the necessary base of Spiritual Science. All that is built up otherwise is of the Milton Paradise Lost style, the style that has built up our Christian religion. This age will not accept of a theoretical religion, or Spiritualism; and it will not stand long if it does. Neither will it accept of a theoretical idea of God. We expect to see the materialistic side add to it all that Spiritualism reveals, except such ideas of things that come from the next sphere of human existence, that have as yet not outgrown the influence of the Milton Paradise Lost style of teaching. However, in order to let things down as easy as possible, this shading of thought by the past teachings may have been wise on the part of those who have had the matter in charge. We are inclined to think so.

Whether in time or out of time, we are going to endeavor to eliminate from Spiritualism all such words as the "Spirit-world"—which is in fact no more a Spirit-world than this; for all those in the next sphere connected with this planet are still a part of this planet—and put in place of the term Spirit-world, THE NEXT SPHERE. Also, reject entirely the term "Soul" and "Spirit," except where such terms mean "life," and use the word LIFE in their place. As these terms are now used, there is confusion and misapprehension continually created by them.

We accept the fact that persons in the next sphere, according to their advancement, have the power, and do more or less according to that wisdom and power control and direct human life below them—that we may look up to them for counsel when we wish. Also, we accept this as the only idea of a Personal God.

Again, we reject the idea that a personal organized being, as God, ever had an existence—who is the (as generally understood) maker and designer of all there is, and the creator of laws, etc.

We accept, if such can be considered personal, the universe of life combined as a united whole, as a Personal God: but in no other sense. We believe that this universe of life is a unit—related and co-related, and progressive; or, if you will

have it, God is not and never was perfect, and never will be; but is and always was progressive, and always will be. That the idea of the Infinite Mind means the universe combined. That perfection, as often applied to this Infinite Being, never had an existence, except that every degree of attainment is complete and perfect; and this would imply that everything is perfect.

Perfection, therefore, is a relative term, used in comparing two different degrees of development, or as referring to the state of an unfinished or not completed degree.

We also affirm that the next sphere is an outgrowth from this, or what is termed the Spirit-world is an outgrowth of this material world; that the elements that comprise it are elements that, like its human denizens, have passed through this degree or school, and passed on, through the law involved in development, through progress; which, according to our conception, we shall give in our next number, in which the law of progress will be given, or something we have never seen as yet given; which law will explain the formation of new types and species—a something necessary to complete the evolution theory introduced by Darwin, which is correct, as far as it goes.

In all this, we shall deny the existence of any such element as Spirit, except the sense of life, or the life-principle, which principle is nothing more or less than the desire of atoms to live and exist in an associated capacity; and the action and phenomena of this association we call "life." This is made manifest, so far as we know, through the universe. It is an uncreated, self-existing force, and is the moving force of the universe. God in this sense is Law.

We are well aware that we are taking positions contrary to ideas entertained by many good and noble minds in the next sphere and among Spiritualists; in fact, it is in opposition to the leading thought among Spiritualists.

We affirm there is nothing in the universe but mind—that Matter, Mind and Spirit are the same thing—self-existent and progressive.

Of all the work which produces results, nine tenths must be drudgery. There is no work, from the highest to the lowest, which can be done well by any man who is unwilling to make that sacrifice. Part of the very nobility of the devotion of the true workman to his work, consists in the fact that a man is not daunted by finding that drudgery must be done; and no man can readily succeed in any work in life without a good deal of what, in plain English, is called pluck.—Anon.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THESIS.

BY VIKENNAH L.

On a cold and wintry evening, when the storm outside did roar,
Shivered I with chill like ague, as I closed the parlor door—
But and shivered in the darkness, shadowy darkness on the floor.

With my feet upon the tender, firelight glimmering through the door,
Tiny wavelets, tiny sparklets, danced weird shadows on the floor,
And my heart was throbbing loudly, loudly 'gainst its prison-door.

Bowed my head in thoughtful silence, conning many lessons o'er,
Dreamy lessons, joyful lessons, such in memory oft we store,
As I pondered on life's changes, pondered as I'd oft before.

Warinth had come, the chill was leaving, shadows and fancies were no more,
All aglow with sunlight beaming—still was heard the storm-king's roar;
And I listened, for I fancied some faint moan beside the door.

Instantly all fear defying, anon was passed the outer door—
Hark! a voice was surely crying, crying while the rain did pour:
"Heaven help me! I am starving!—starving near to plenty's door!"

Help—yes, help was soon forthcoming, soon was raised the burden more;
On the couch of friendship laid her—wanderer she'll be no more,
For the angel voice of wisdom bids her welcome evermore.

Morning sun is brightly beaming, beaming on our hearts once more;
Happy hearts have met and gathered just within the parlor door;
Bringing love-gifts for the stranger, late so near the Sunny Shore.

And we love the sweet child-angel with a love she knew of yore,
And we bless the storm-king's fury, driving "Thesis" to our door;
No more shadows in the parlor—this we add, and nothing more.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

WAYSIDE BLOSSOMS.

NUMBER SIX.

BY SPIRIT VIOLET.

ONE of the prettiest sights I have ever witnessed, I may behold any day in the beautiful Spirit-world; it is the sight of a large throng of happy little children, learning to sing the sweet songs of the Summer-land. There is a beautiful grove, which extends down to the banks of a shining river; under the branches of the stately trees a singing school, composed of little ones and their instructors, meet to rehearse their musical exercises from day to day.

No child is required to attend who does not possess a soul for music, and who does not possess the power to give expression to the songs within; by this I mean there is no drilling of pupils who never can sing an air in tune, as is sometimes the case in our earthly singing schools.

In this beautiful grove, where the velvety carpet is of heavy, dark green moss, the children are taught to warble forth their songs as naturally and spontaneously as the birds above them. There, the outside atmosphere does no more harm to the human voice, when used in song, than it

does to the voices of the feathered songsters that warble their melodious tunes in concert together.

Whole schools of little children, thrilling the air with the exquisite melody of their fresh young voices, is indeed a sight worth witnessing. They are guided and instructed by the ablest and most thorough masters of the Sphere of Harmony, and their training is worthy of their instruction.

Nothing gratifies a master musician so much as to be charged with the cultivation of the musical powers of the children. Here he is in his element; to draw out the possibilities of another by his inspiration or inspiring genius, is greater than to compose the grandest anthem conceivable. So it is in all the departments of creation: to inspire another, to unfold his highest powers, and to infuse his hidden thought with the breath of life, to clothe his idea with the drapery of outer expression, whether of poem, statue, painting or song, is better than the expression of one's own thought; it is the true creation; it is to the pupil's hidden attribute what the breath of God is to the flower—life, inspiration, soul.

To sing a song is beautiful, to write a poem is grand; but to inspire others to sing songs, to write poems, and to unfold a genius, is divine.

And so the sight of these little ones chanting their sweet choruses is beautiful, for this is to fill the spheres with melody, which must in time re-echo within the hearts of mortals here below.

I have listened to some of the grandest singers and musicians who tread the boards of an earthly stage; and beautiful as these inspirations are, enchanting as their melody is, it is cold, crude, and imperfect, compared to the entrancing strains that echo throughout the vast corridors of the Spirit-world. Remember all the souls set to music who have passed beyond death's river; remember all the enchanting strains evoked by fingers now mouldering to dust; think of the harmonies pent up in hearts that have never given them vocal expression; then imagine all this sea of harmonious melody rolling out in billows of sound, that strike in tuneful waves upon a silvery shore; imagine yourselves borne away, away in spirit upon this sea of music, floating off nearer to the Infinite Soul of all Song, of all Harmony, of all Love—and if your mortal comprehension can stand the strain, you will receive a faint idea of the music of the spheres and its effect upon the listening Spirit.

Music contains all that is beautiful and good; it is the breathing of a soulful

poem, the Spirit that giveth life to the artist-soul; noble thoughts awaken at its voice, and Love is crowned with melody. It is the power that arouses humanity to the possibilities of life, the sweetness of existence; for it is the voice of the heart, singing onward through the ages in tones of hope, in strains of matchless harmony.

(For the Voice of Angels.)

COMMUNICATION PURPORTING TO COME FROM CONFUCIUS.

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. CAVINE,
FRANCE MEDIUM.

OTTO WATTO, noble brother, I am here.
Love is Spirit—Spirit is divine,
And gives us strength to labor
Within the fields of mortals here,
And demonstrates their Saviour.
How beautiful is life divine!
When the reflections given
Are comprehended and defined
Their future birth from Heaven.
Yes, love is light, and light is life,
The truth we hear arrayed,
And give to mortal minds the strength
To lead them in the way
Of virtue and of purity combined;
Here in its strength it gives
The Spirit power to work
And mind its normal strength.

Our labor is a labor of love, and such should be the desire of all who work in this great cause. The salvation of the Soul means in its definition the developement and elevation of the Spirit towards its original affinity, which is Father God. Are you not all children of one great human family? Are you not all children of one great Infinite power, drawn hither through one great affinity, interblending with the superior potent power? As light in the firmament, as water to the famished traveller gives invigorating strength to his physical body, so this essence divine gives strength to the starving soul, and buoys it up out of its material crudeness, into the Spiritual ascension of Divine Love and Harmony. Oh, reflections! how indifferent mortals are to them! They convey to the soul that soothing balm which in their unfoldment develops hope within the Spirit. Mortals are poor indeed, when devoid of that one aspiring power which attracts the pure forces within Nature's laws to their material assistance.

Hope!—Without it, there can be no happiness. For the soul is impoverished of that natural gift which imparts the vital power of life to its future happiness.

Love!—Oh, essence divine! an impartation from both Father and Mother God, the germ of piety, the germ of sympathy, interblends with hope, and expands thro' its assimilation the broader perceptiveness of the Spiritual faculties.

Charity!—Oh, restless mortal! You cannot see the mote in your own eye. He who has not charity for his fellow-man has

neither hope nor sympathy—those three graces interblending with but one thought—which the living life-germs impart to all, through impregnation alike; but which through cruder experiences and developments cannot unfold themselves in the material body, and reach out to help each other.

Charity conveys deep thought and force to the human mind. The world is uncharitable with many. The world is charitable, but mortals are the animal vegetation of the planet, and they in general are the uncharitable ones.

You can condemn none—remembering that the Spirit of Love, the Spirit of Truth, the Spirit of Charity intercedes for all alike. A kind word to the wavering one—a kind look of sympathy to the hopeless one—an act of charity in assisting and raising up the fallen one, are the true precepts of the God-principle. Oh, man! oh, man! reach out for higher truths. You have groped in darkness long enough. Seek the true light, and enjoy its benefits by observing the golden rule, which Confucius has taught to man in the material, and which the Nazarene imparted to those who could receive: "Do ye unto others, as ye would that others should do unto you."

You all desire—every mortal desires to be and receive the full benefit of that which is to his or her material interest. But in the majority they are loth to give the same which they receive. Oh, look not too much to your own material wants; but you who have sufficient for your own material wants, see that your brother is supplied. Selfishness, arrogance and animosity must be crushed out. The spirit of liberalism must interblend and come to the assistance of the Spiritual nature of man. Father God is the Father alike of all earth's children, great and small—the earth furnishing an abundant supply for all alike. The Great Cause, producing in effect its abundance for the human family, none should suffer. And if charity were sufficiently developed in the spirit of man, he would see his duty towards his brother. No material body, with a heart to feel and comprehend, could see his brother in the flesh furnishing by the way-side, without rendering him assistance. This feeling of charity must develop itself within the Spirit of man. You must develop the spirit of charity, which is democratic in its nature, and must be universally expanded, in giving to each one alike his portion; no matter, both in its material and intellectual propensities.

[Not being a short-hand writer, and at

this point the words coming too fast, I asked for a repetition of the sentence, (the communication falling from the lips of Mrs. Cavine, a Franco Medium,) when the communicating intelligence said—"You have broken the conditions by becoming positive, and I have lost my train of thought. Take notice that hereafter you do not speak, even to announce the conclusion of writing down the last word uttered by even a 'Well,' which I had been in the habit of using. He then informed me that he had assumed the name of Otto Watto; that his real name was Confucius—who taught men moral truths on the Eastern Continent, long before the coming of Christ, and now was engaged in superintending the spiritual teachings over the world.]

Some two years ago, I called on a Mrs. Bishop, of Chicago, for a sitting. Among other things, her control, Red Hand, (who gave me his history,) told me—"Expect you will have to make a book." In surprise, I asked the subject—"How to bring up little ones, without having their mind tied." "Well," I replied, "I will have to have some help; who will help me?" "The long, white-bearded old man." "Can you give me his name?" "Give me the writing stick; I write his name." I handed a pencil to the Medium and a letter envelope, when was written, upside down to the Medium, but right for me, the name, "John Pierpont."

I have been taking down communications some time, from the lips of the Medium, on the subject above suggested, but without recognizing or calling to mind what Red Hand had told me, until at my last sitting, my Guardian Spirit told me this was the book the Chicago Medium had informed me I was to "make."—[From Edward Shippen, Louisville, Ky.]

[Selected by M. J. K.]

WHAT IS LIFE?

Then spake the prince; "Is this the end that comes
To all who live?"

"This is the end that comes
To all," quoth Channa; "he upon the pyre—
Whom rainants are so potty that the crows
Caw hungrily, then quit the fruitless feast—
Ate, drank, laughed, loved and lived, and liked life well
Then came—who knows?—some gust of jungle-wind,
A stumble on the path, a tint in the tank,
A snake's nip, half a span of angry stool,
A chill, a sphero, or a falling tile,
And life was over and the man is dead;
No appetites, no pleasures and no pains
Hath such; the kias upon his lips is nought,
The fire-scorch nought; he smelleth not his flesh
A-roast, nor yet the sandal and the aploe
They burn; the taste is emptied from his mouth,
The hearing of his ears is clogged; the sight
Is blinded in his eyes; those whom he loved
Wall desolate; for even that must go,
The body, which was lamp unto the life,
Or worms will have a horrid feast of it.
Here is the common destiny of flesh:
The high and low, the good and bad, must die,
And then, 'tis taught, begin anew and live
Somewhere, somehow—who knows? And so again
The pangs, the parting and the lighted fire;—
Such is man's round."

[The Light of Asia, by Edwin Arnold.]

BRIEF ITEMS.

We take pleasure in bearing testimony to the claims of Mr. Frederick Crockett, as a Magnetic Healer. We know whereof we speak, when we say he is as good as the best in his profession. He is located at Dexter House, (No. 2.) Room 21, Lenox street, Boston, near Tremont street. Mr. Crockett is also an excellent Psychometric Reader.

Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn is engaged with the Society of Spiritualists and Liberalists of Detroit, Michigan, for the months of November and December, where she is meeting with success in calling out large and interested audiences of Liberalists and Investigators.

Passed to Spirit-life, in Albion, Iowa, Oct. 24th, 1880, Lorena Jamella, daughter of Henry M. and Sallie P. Beeson, at the age of 15 years and 16 days. Mr. and Mrs. Beeson have our sympathy.

J. Wm. Van Namee, M. D., Clairvoyant Physician and speaker, is for the present located at Madison, Conn., and is ready to make engagements to lecture in New England. Mr. Van Namee improvises poems upon subjects given by the audience, holds Circles, etc.

Mr. S. B. Nichols, of Waverly Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., has had a broad daylight seance with Dr. Henry Slade, of New York City, and expresses himself, in a communication to the *Banner*, as fully satisfied that Dr. S. is one of the most wonderful and truest Mediums ever known. Among the phenomena he witnessed were communications from Judge Edmonds and from a dear friend in the Spirit-land, written upon new slates, closed and securely fastened, and entirely under Mr. Nichols' control, Dr. Slade simply laying his hand upon Mr. N.'s in one instance, and in the other not touching the slate at all; besides this, a pocket compass placed upon the table was moved to the right or left at the will of Mr. N., Dr. Slade being at a distance from it; and the needle finally turned round ten consecutive times at his request, (Mr. N.'s,) under the same conditions. The table was raised a foot squarely from the floor, independently of any visible cause, with other phenomena. All this in broad daylight.

Allen Putnam has a short communication in the last *Banner*, defining in a clear and discriminating way the difference between what is called Christian Spiritualism and Spiritualism pure and simple, concluding as follows: "But while my Christianity as it formerly was did not and could not completely unfold Spiritualism, the latter, now obtained as an established fact or truth, is broad enough to embrace and strengthen my Christian faith. I hold them both; but Spiritualism is the broader, the greater, and I am reluctant to abridge its dimensions and restrict its application by calling it *Christian*; to do so would abridge the circumference of my affirming circle as a Spiritualist."

The regular M. D.'s of Vermont are making their regular biennial effort to make the Legislature, now in session at Montpelier, pass an act in their interests to compel the people, whether or no, to employ nobody to cure their ills but regular Orthodox Allopaths. A stringent bill in six sections has been introduced, which would inevitably, if it becomes a law, cut off all natural physicians, healers, clairvoyants, etc., from practice in the State, under severe penalties; but there is small chance of its passage.

W. J. Colville continues his useful labors in the good cause. His Sunday morning lectures in Berkeley Hall are well attended, and the auditors well entertained; also, his Thursday lectures at Highland Hall, Highland District. He has recently lectured twice in Waltham, with good success, and will soon speak in Peabody and Rockland, Mass.

The *Religio-Philosophical Journal* of Nov. 27 contains a long and interesting account of the seances now being held by Mrs. Maud Lord, in Chicago.

The *R. P. J.* seems disposed to accept the manifestations at these seances as genuine, and says: "Mrs. Lord's circles are among the very few dark seances to which skeptics may safely be taken by persons interested in Spiritualism, without fear of exciting either unbelief or disrespect."

We have mislaid our copy of the last issue of *Mind and Matter*, and can therefore give no items of interest from that interesting journal.

There is quite a revival of interest in the science of Mesmerism in Germany and France, and experiments in the same, under the title of "Hypnotism," are attracting a good deal of attention.

A correspondent of the *London Globe* gives an account of a materialization at a private house, with no professional Medium present. It was attended by seven persons, of whom only two were believers in Spiritualism. The room was closed and entirely dark, and the seance lasted from ten until twenty minutes past twelve o'clock, and was attended by extraordinary manifestations. Gray masses of vaporous substance, about as large as a man's head, floated about the room, settling finally in front of a lady present, when they changed to different faces, which were plainly seen by all but this lady, who only experienced a sensation of extreme coldness.

The Woman's Bank, so-called, of Boston, managed by Mrs. Howe and others, which promised to pay the preposterous interest of eight per cent. a month, has gone to wreck. Over a million of dollars are said to have been deposited by women, mostly of small means, which will be almost entirely lost to them.

The question of woman's rights was recently discussed in *Appleton's Journal*, from the standpoint of history and philosophy, in a most interesting manner. The most conservative journals and individuals are gradually coming into line on the side of reform—among the rest, Rev. Nehemiah Adams, one of the most ponderous and hunkerish of Orthodox ministers, who for more than forty years has denounced all efforts by women to take an active part in the movements of the day; and yet we learn that he has just given his blessing upon Miss Willard, as she was entering his pulpit to lecture upon temperance.

Harry Bastian writes from Hamburg to the *Banner* that he will be unable to return to America at present, having made numerous engagements in Germany and France. He says he finds great interest in Spiritualism in both countries.

An ordinance has been passed in San Francisco, assessing astrologers, seers and clairvoyants fifty dollars per quarter, and various Mediums have been notified that the law will be enforced against them. The Spiritualists of that city propose to contest the constitutionality of this law, and two good lawyers have been secured.

The *Banner* of Nov. 27th contains an interesting account of the early days of E. V. Willson, from the pen of his sister, Mrs. Pauline Willson Stevens.

A haunted house is reported in the village of Glenville, situated in the suburbs of Cleveland, O. Loud noises and knocks are heard in the daytime, as well as the night, and the disgusted occupants have moved out.

The different gatherings of Spiritualists in Boston, at New Era Hall, Paine Memorial Hall, Berkeley Hall, Highland Hall, Eagle Hall, College Hall, Ladies' Aid Parlor, and Pembroke Rooms, together with those held in halls in the suburban towns, were never better attended nor more successful than at the present time.

The daughter of Joseph Smith, of Phoenix, N. Y., lately died of actual starvation, the result of religious fanaticism brought about and sustained by a minister. The girl imagined that she was "full of sin," which could only be exorcised by fasting.

The *Banner* of Nov. 27th gives an interesting account of a materializing seance held at the parlors of Mrs. Andrew Bigelow, No. 3 Hancock St., Boston, on the evening of Nov. 17th; when, in the presence of eight persons, no less than fifteen Spirits—four males and eleven females—materialized in the plainest and most unmistakable manner, and were fully recognized by their friends present. The seance was a thrilling and successful one, and we wish we had room to give the whole account. It concludes as follows: "The Spirits who appeared and walked among us were not thin, shadowy forms, ethereal nothings to our sense of touch, which one's hand might pass through as through a cloud of mist; but—so far as that sense and others could be cognizant—firm, substantial bodies."

Mrs. Corn L. V. Richmond was announced to sail for America Nov. 16th, and was expected to speak in Masonic Hall, New York City, Nov. 28th and Dec. 5th; after which she will come to Boston, remaining from the 7th to the 13th.

Prof. Robert Smith, of Aberdeen, Scotland, has again subjected himself to charges of heresy by an article in a volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* on the "Hebrew Language and Literature."

Giles B. Stebbins having rested after his arduous and effective labor during the late political canvass, will, we are glad to know, again resume his work in the Spiritual field. He is now at his home in Detroit, but has engagements in the near future in Michigan. Such men should be kept constantly engaged.—*R. P. Journal*.

Information is received of the departure from earth of the mother-in-law of the Baroness Adeline Von Vay, who was, like the latter, a prominent Spiritualist and writing Medium.

It is reported that Mr. H. C. Strong, of Chicago, has invented a telephone by which electric earth-currents can be utilized to transmit messages without the use of wires.

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children will hold a Fair in Horticultural Hall, Boston, Dec. 8th to 18th, 1880. His Excellency, Gov. Long, will be President of the Fair. His Honor, Mayor Prince, will be Vice President.

Thirty cents secures the reading of this paper to new trial subscribers for 12 weeks.—*R. P. Journal*.

Mrs. Susie Willis Fletcher sailed for London from New York, Nov. 20th.

Capt. H. H. Brown speaks in Chelsea, afternoon and evening, Dec. 5th and 12th.

Prof. Wm. Denton's recent discourses in Gotham have called out ardent expressions of appreciation on all hands.

The *Herald of Progress* notices the movement in this country to establish a home for worn-out Mediums, and suggests that the Spiritualists of England do something of the kind.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

CHEERING WORDS.

HENRYVILLE, Tenn., July 2, 1880.

D. C. DENSMORE:—Dear Sir,—I do not know when my subscription to VOICE OF ANGELS is out; I have forgotten whether I requested you to let me know just before it was out or not. At any rate, I now notify you that I am a life subscriber to the VOICE OF ANGELS, *Banner of Light*, and *Mind and Matter*. So never stop my paper, but let me know when pay-day comes.

I cannot say one of the three named papers is better than the others; but I do say that neither of them have their equal,

in the channel that each works in; they are all essentials in the cause of truth.

I am J. J. Pennington—and yet I have a soul, body and spirit. See—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; sun, moon and stars; soul, body and spirit. And these three papers—pardon the high estimate I place upon them—feed my soul with light from above.

I am seventy odd miles from any Circle. Could you not send us a Medium? If there was a good Materializing Medium here, he or she would certainly do great good; and then they could make as good a living here as anywhere on this earth—the finest climate, free-stone springs, as clear as crystal, water-power, good timber, and from poor to the richest of land; perfectly healthy, no local cause for sickness; all kinds of berries, nuts and fruits. In fact, we grow anything almost that grows north or south, east or west.

Tell your people I see them, like the honey-bees, landing in New York and going due west: and they have to feed their stock seven months in the year; when, by turning south, they could save three or four months' feed, and get three or four months' more work done in the year. And then the climate is not too hot or cold; the timber is tougher and more durable, and so is the brain and constitution of mankind who locate here.

Enclosed please find \$1.65 for another year's subscription for the VOICE OF ANGELS. I have no paper money; it is very scarce here; so I have to send you stamps.

Please excuse bad spelling and grammar, and you can publish any part or the whole of this letter, as you see fit. If you do, it may do some good, and it may not.

I have two daughters, nine and eleven years old, that I get Spirit-messages thro'; but they are not such intelligent messages as you all get. Yet it encourages me to know that my Spirit-friends are trying to help me.

In conclusion, I need not say I am a Spiritualist; and as far as I know, I am well pleased with its teachings and desire no change made, only more and more of it.

I am forty odd years old in Methodism, and a class-leader, and was expelled because I would not give up Spiritualism; and I have no idea of turning back now to the old faith, when I am in possession of such knowledge as Spiritualism teaches.

As I was just passing from faith into knowledge, as you and Brother Roberts did, when beginning to publish your pa-

pers, you must give me all the help you can, and much oblige your humble, young, and almost lone brother.

JAMES J. PENNINGTON.

P. S.—I send 25 cents to go into Tunnie's Bank. God bless her, and all her friends, and enemies, if she has any!

If you do publish any of this letter, send me an extra copy or two.

(Selected.)

TWILIGHT'S HOUR.

The sunlight on a waveless sea
In softened radiance fadeeth slowly,
The foliaged flower, the mist-crowned tree,
Proclaim the gathering twilight holy.

It is the hour when Passion bows;
A solemn stillness round us lingers;
And on our wildly-throbbing brows
We feel the touch of angel-fingers.

It is the hour when lovers fond
(For Love its native air is breathing)
Drape with fair hopes Life's drear beyond,
Gay garlands for the future wreathing.

It is the hour when in far land
The wanderer, tired of ceaseless roaming,
Longs for the clasp of kindred hand,
And the dear home enwraps in gloaming.

It is the hour when mankind hears,
Amid earth's mingled moans and laughter,
Chords which will swell when unborn years
Are buried in the great hereafter.

(For the Voice of Angels.)

COMMUNICATION FROM SPIRIT T. STARR KING.

GIVEN THROUGH MRS. L. B. HAMANN, SAN FRANCISCO.

My text is from the book of Hebrews, thirteenth chapter and first and second verses—"Let brotherly love continue; be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

I trust our communion together will be of mutual benefit to us and to all others to whom you may be pleased to extend it.

The many doubts and uncertainties attendant upon the return of Spirits after they have left this world, are serious obstacles in the way of those who are seeking for a sign, and while some accept all, others reject all; others receive doubtingly, and their very doubt is a hindrance to a free and unrestricted interchange of thought; and in this matter one is safe to err on the side of faith in the power of communicating, and wait patiently for the strengthening of the Spirit-power, to enable them to fully identify themselves as the immortal part of the mortal man.

Let brotherly love continue; seek communication with the Higher Life as a privilege or right belonging to you, and by your gentleness and brotherly love instituting free and perfect communion; no Spirit which presents itself is to be treated coldly; but if a stranger to all present is to be greeted with the same brotherly

love as though he had been well loved by them all while still in the form.

The laws which govern and regulate the return of the soul are so perfect, and in such wonderful harmony, that a partial knowledge of them at least becomes a necessity of those in the earth-form.

The first grand law of Heaven—and when I use the word "Heaven" I mean the Spiritual Kingdom—is order; next is harmony, progression; and the sub-strata of all is brotherly love. When a too great and overweening desire for material goods forms a large condition round about and through the Medium, our power is weakened, and our conversation in a great measure impaired by the condition in which we find the brain of the Medium. So, then, it becomes a needful care for those seeking to renew their loves and friendships with those gone on before, to see that their ministers, through whom they receive strength and comfort, lack not for the needful comforts of life;—their needs, many times, compel them to unlawful acts.

"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers." Many, many times since my entrance into the new life, I have found myself upon returning in the company of many Spirits, some of whom are unknown to any one in the room. Their name is given by the Controlling Spirit, and a dead silence pervades the room; none recognize it. Consequently, none speak a kindly word. No one asks in what way, if any, they can aid the Spirit; and its sorrow is so great that it returns back to its Spiritual Home, filled with grief more poignant than any you in the earth-life can feel. Here in this life we are cleansed and purified, and we feel joy and sorrow more acutely than you on the earth. The treatment Spirits receive throws a heavy, dark condition on the other Spirits who have friends in the room; but they, by the manner in which their friends have treated the strangers, are shorn of half their strength, and are unable to speak as they would, and fail to convey to their friends, in a great measure, all the loving, kindly feelings they still hold for them; though they have crossed the silent river. So, again, "be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby many have entertained angels unawares."

All praise be to the *Banner of Light* for its godliness in opening its pages for the communications of all Spirits, known and unknown to those present; to its proprietors, who, in their brotherly love, give the right hand of fellowship to all who come, instructing all who seek for

knowledge, and promising and fulfilling the promise to seek out the friends or those who give the messages. For this they are repaid a thousand-fold, and their material, as well as Spiritual prosperity is assured. For in "entertaining strangers they have received angels unawares."

The question—"Do Spirits return and materialize?" Yes, and have, ever since the world was peopled, and will continue to do so "until time shall be no more." The phenomena is not new; it is as old as the sun. Why put down as an impossibility a fact which is demonstrated every day, yea, every hour? Why allow all of the natural laws to be correct, and disallow, in regard to disembodied mortality alone, the great one of all, the power, for a few moments only, to rehabilitate itself and give positive proof of its presence? None, not even the most ignorant, dispute the fact of the changes the whole insect world undergoes, and some of the smaller animals; but it is solely because they can see, or think they can, and mark every change as it occurs; but should any part of it be a mystery, then they reject it. They allow (men of science) that many of the insect changes *must* take place in the dark; exposure to light, and nature, obstructed in the completion of her work, brings no result. So man, disembodied as he is in the after-life, comes back to you to take on the mortal for just a fleeting moment—and after we agree to all the test conditions you exact, as you say, from the Medium, but, as we say, from *us*—you then expect us to walk forth in the glowing light, perfect men and women; that you may be permitted to pull us about; that we must walk to the most distant part of the room; notwithstanding we tell you we must not go but a very little way from the Medium. All this, and much more, you require from us; and with our inability to meet all your requirements, then comes the doubt cast upon the whole; then you close the door upon us. You prevent our coming to you in an easy, natural way; then, when seance after seance proves a failure, you exult over what you call your success in exposing the Medium, and believe that you are engaged in a great work. How long, oh, how long will it be, before you will understand that we must take from the Mediums, that we are part and parcel of them, and when we throw them into a trance, we do so for the purpose of having their Spirit blend with ours, and so keep us in strength while we are visible to you? There will come a time when some wise fool will seize hold of the Spirit, and hold fast long enough for the other wise ones to

discover that the Medium is dead. That will come before much time has elapsed. Then all, or nearly all—yes, I will say *all* materializations will cease for a long time. Not because the fool has discovered the tricks, but because the whole Spirit-world will decide not to endeavor to give you the truth, till you are ready to receive it honestly and sincerely, and determine to "let brotherly love continue; be not then forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby you may entertain angels unawares."

And now, may love and peace abide in your souls—the love of the Angel-ones be and abide with you evermore.

T. STARR KING.

PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

THROUGH MRS. A. E. FLAGG, BY HER CONTROL—SOLON.

CHALMERS.

Is the religious man of today farther in advance than the century in which the sectarian theologic creeds were established? I perceive no advancement, rather retrogression. The revealed light of that age when the Saviour was their constant and propitiating Mediator with God is not actional or responsive at the present day. The light of his countenance has been withdrawn; the salt has lost its savor. The spirit that inspired the early followers of that light revealed to the men of that age is now spiritually departed from the Church militant. Today there is no life in that body; it is perishing, and soon the Spirit of the long-tortured Christ will be found as a conception of the ignorance of the age in which the light that was revealed was a misconception.

That ignorant age of man's unfoldment was the cause of the misconception. The light came, but its true signification was not perceived. The supernatural accounts of the conception and birth of the Revealer of the Light was the cause of that Soul of Light being misconceived. Today, in the light that is revealed, we perceive the light of that soul is at work to unravel the mystery that has been the cause of the misconceptions of the different ideals. The Soul of Light has been represented to man as the true ideal.

Today, the revelations of souls of light that are bringing to earth the knowledge of the immortality of the Spirit, and its relation to Supreme Spirit, is that identical light that was revealed by that Soul of Light, Jesus, nearly one age ago.

Today, stripped of the supernatural, the light is recognized as the natural, and is in accordance with harmony.

Souls of men are lifted above the ma-

terial, and are unfolding in the Spiritual, and perceive the truth. Today, mortals are communing with immortals, and perceive the Supreme Spirit to be the Harmonious Intelligence, the Spiritual Projector, the Self-existent Supreme Spirit, the Cause, the Soul-sustainer of all projection, material and Spiritual.

CHALMERS.

THROUGH C. W. KNOX.

MARY TOOTHACRE.

I HAVE been waiting for an opportunity to send a word to my friends. This long, lingering illness has somewhat retarded my progress, but I strive to arise above it. I am happy in the thought that I can outgrow and progress in the Spirit-world. My mother is with me, and sends love to all. I thank all my friends for their kindness in my sickness.

MARY TOOTHACRE, Buffalo, N. Y.

JANE CAMERON.

I AM not weary of waiting, for I know I shall yet converse with my children. My soul goes out to them in their loneliness. Oh, husband, guard the little ones; let them not feel the loss of a mother's love and care. I shall help you all I can.

JANE CAMERON, Bridgewater, Ct.

WILLIAM MASON.

My name is William Mason. I used to live in Taunton, Mass. My family have made many changes since I passed on.

THROUGH WEST INGLE.

TO MRS. A. S. BELL, FROM HER HUSBAND.

My ever-faithful, sorrowing wife, "Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh." I know my heart is full; and I now speak to you as if I was sitting by your side. Oh, my dearest wife, you know I am with you. How tenderly you cared for me through all my weary sufferings, and your loving face was the brightest to my fading sight! I have seen none sweeter, even here among the angels; and I am lonely here without you.

You were grieved, my dearest, when my place was vacant in our home; and you miss me now; but you know I am neither dead nor sleeping. I am with you still, and will never leave you till you and our dear ones are with me here in this beautiful home I am preparing for you. I am free from suffering; I have no more wasting diseases to combat. Head, lungs and heart are sound and true, and the sufferings I passed through prepared my mind for associations here of the purest and noblest.

Your dear friends and my own desire

to help you; and in the future you will be cared for; you will never more be left alone.

I am still your dear and ever-faithful husband. I shall be able to control you soon. You will be a powerful Medium; but be faithful to your work, and all will be well. I will come again soon.

Your affectionate husband, now and forever more, though in Spirit-life.

FATHER GUIDE, TO JAMES P. CUNNINGHAM, OF RICHWOOD, UNION CO., OHIO.

My beloved son—so I will call you—I come to you this day, through the Mediumship of "West Ingle." She has power over a wide expanse of the Spirit-world, and can control many noble Spirits. She has said your friends may come and give the world all the knowledge they have gleaned from the communion of Spirits in the Higher Spheres.

My son, you have had a long struggle with the different elements of life. Some have wrecked your brightest hopes, others have given you hope and aspiration above the common lot of men. Here in Spirit-life, you have many near and dear friends—men, women, and beautiful children—who desire to communicate with you. Here is tender mother love, sister, brother, and childish affection; and this good, holy power has kept you true, good, and manly through long years of your life.

You have intellect beyond the common lot of men; you possess reason, judgment, and a power which never bends to others, unless they are stronger than you are in all that is good, noble, and heavenly. You never bend to inferiors; and now, if you would hold sweet communion with your dear friends, make good conditions, and we will bring you all you desire.

There are friends here who would like to communicate with you—one James John and William, and another called "Little Jimmie." He is among the Star Spirits. Do you desire to hear from us? Let us come to you, and we will make your life happy.

FATHER GUIDE.

ENGLISH LANGUAGE—Our language must appear fearfully and wonderfully made to a foreigner. One of them, looking at a picture of a number of vessels, said: "See, what a flock of ships." He was told that a flock of ships was a fleet, and that a fleet of sheep was called a flock. And it was added for his guidance in managing the intricacies of our language, that a flock of girls is called a bevy, that a bevy of wolves is called a pack, and that a pack of thieves is called a gang, and that a gang of angels is called a host, and that a host of fishes is called a shoal, and a shoal of buffaloes is called a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a

troop of partridges is called a covey, and a covey of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of oxen is called a drove, and a drove of whales is called a school, and a school of worshippers is called a congregation, and a congregation of engineers is called a corps, and a corps of robbers is called a band, and a band of locusts is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd.

"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:

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