



VOL. V.

D. C. DENSMORE,
PUBLISHER.

BOSTON, MASS., DEC. 15, 1880.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM
IN ADVANCE

NO. 24.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

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

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

D. K. MINER, Business Manager,

D. C. DENSMORE, Amanuensis and Publisher.

Price yearly.	81.65 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.]

MEMORY HATH JOYS.

BY TRYPHENA C. PARDEE.

How many sweets in Memory's dome
Are treasured up with care!—
They're precious relics, all of whom
Fond social partners are.

How they beguile the weary hour
When sorrows deep oppress,
And theirs an elevating power,
When earth affords a bliss.

Long lives Affection's halcyon smile
Where looks of fondness glide,
And Friendship's word, with magic mild,
To stem grief's flowing tide.

Oh, tell me, is there not a charm,
When whispering Memory tells
Of early home, its loves there warm,
That every bosom thrills!

The past has many visions bright,
And voices loved so well,
That Memory loves with sweet delight
To live again their spell.

And oh, what scores of happy scenes
Resume their fadeless fill,
That shine like bright'ning, sunny beams,
Where glimmering dewa distill!

Though Memory's thoughts may oft contain
Some bitterness that's great,
Oh, does there not enough remain
Of joys to still regret?

ELLINGTON, N. Y., Dec. 4, 1880.

At a Ponca Indians' meeting at Worcester, Senator Hoar condemned their removal as an outrage, and called upon President Hayes to act independent of any subordinate department, and take measures to right the wrong before the expiration of his administration.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

MESSAGE FROM ROBERT HARE TO DR FAHNESTOCK.

[THROUGH DR O., CONTINUED.]

DEAR DOCTOR:—In order, appreciatingly, to realize the stupendous glories of the Almighty's handiwork in creation, the observer must be placed on a stand-point reached alone by highly developed immortal disembodied intelligences—a stand-point where at a single glance is displayed worlds rolling round worlds, each freighted with its myriads of embryotic immortals, ever tending, ever approximating, yet never reaching the Eternal Mind that first called them into being.

Night's sable curtain has been drawn; all nature (in your hemisphere) has sunk into repose. Let us walk forth and in the starry vault view the finger of Omnipotence. A thousand glittering, dazzling, sparkling points invite our scrutiny. Ignorance views them only as little lamps to light the benighted traveller of earth homeward. But to the eye of Spirits they are recognized as the incubatories of immortality, the rudimental spheres, where heaven's future inhabitants first started on their journey of eternal progression.

It will be in subsequent papers, as far as practicable, to describe the wonders of other worlds; till then let us rest, adoring the Great First Cause, who for his own glory and our happiness called them into being.

ROBERT HARE.

MARIETTA, Feb. 13, 1864.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

SANITARY TREATMENT OF THE DEAD

WE know of no art that in our modern times, amid the improvements in all other arts, has stood so motionless as that of the disposal of dead bodies. Between death and burial the only preservative seems to be the cumbersome and profitable ice-box. When the time for burial comes, the corpse is bound in hardest wood or iron, and boxed again, and thus put in its grave, so far as possible to interfere with such natural and progressive decay as is desirable

and as nature intends. Two civil engineers, two chemists, two physicians, two doctors, two undertakers, and two men of unprofessional common sense, acting jury-like and with plenary power, could today, form a grave-yard and so deposit the remains within it as that natural process would not be interfered with, evils would not occur to health, and reverberatory furnaces be decided as unnecessary. This matter has attracted such attention in England that we believe the London Necropolis Company, with its earth to earth coffins, is flourishing. At the late sanitary exhibit at Stratford their coffin is noticed thus: "A light, perishable coffin, designed to aid innocuous resolution by permitting the soil to come speedily in contact with the corpse, instead of the destructive putrefaction caused by the ordinary solid coffin. The rapid and natural destruction of a corpse is the result obtained by this mode of interment."—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican*.

PUBLIC SCHOOL ABUSES.

ALTHOUGH there has been much said and done in regard to the sanitary condition of our schools, there is one point that has not been touched upon, so far as I have seen or heard. I refer to the rules adopted and enforced in the matter of letting the children go out during school-hours. I believe there is more injury done to the health of children by their not being allowed to respond to the calls of nature, than by all the ill-seated, ill-ventilated, ill-lighted, or heated school-buildings in the land.

This belief is not based on mere assumption. I have conversed on the subject with many mothers, (and who knows better than the mother?) and the reply to my question, Do your children complain of their teachers not letting them go out? is invariably in the affirmative. I have myself a boy whom I fear has been injured for life just from being kept until the bladder became so distended that it has never returned to its normal condition. Many times he has come home pale and sick, and for days has been unable to micturate without great distress. I am now obliged to insist on the teacher that he be allowed access to the water-closet at will. Every time the teacher is

changed, the same thing has to be repeated. This winter, one of the basements of a school building in this city was being repaired, and there was not a day that children did not sit in urine saturated garments because they were not allowed to use the water-closets. If a child insists upon going out, it is kept after school hours; therefore many control the desire and suffer, rather than submit to the punishment.

If our children must get their education at the expense of their health, I say, Let the schools go to the dogs. I know how annoying it is to the teacher to be interrupted constantly with "School marm, please may I go out?" but she must remember it is better that many should go unnecessarily than that one should suffer injury.

Outside of schools, if any one would like to immortalize himself, let him build a building in some central location in the city, with plenty of water-closets, where women who are obliged to be down town for several hours at a time may have a place to answer the calls of nature. Such a one would receive the everlasting gratitude of many women and children.—*Dr. F. A. Tenny in the Michigan Medical News.*

MEASURING THE EMOTIONS.

By means of an ingenious apparatus termed a *plethysmograph*, Dr. Angelo Mosso, Professor of Physiology at the University of Turin, has been able to demonstrate that every mental action is accompanied with a certain degree of change in the circulation of the blood through the brain, and to accurately measure its amount. In using the apparatus the forearm is enclosed within a glass cylinder filled with water, which communicates through a tube with an index that rises and falls with every out or in-flow of the water in the cylinder. It is apparent that when the arm receives more blood, its volume will be increased, and an outflow of the water be produced; when, on the contrary, its blood supply is diminished, the arm shrinks, and an inflow of water will follow.

It is well known that the functional activity of an organ of the human body is accompanied by increased activity of the circulation, and this is also true of the brain. Since the total amount of blood is not subject to rapid and sudden changes, it is evident that, when an active part receives more blood, other parts must receive less. When the brain is at work, blood is withdrawn from the arm, which therefore becomes smaller.

By experiment it has been demonstrated that only in a condition of absolute mental tranquility does the volume of the forearm remain constant; the slightest movement of the mind suffices to disturb the equilibrium of the vascular existence. Even emotions not depicted by any expression of the countenance, or revealed only by unnoticeable changes in the beating of the heart or of the respiratory movements, are recorded by this instrument. As an example, Mosso produces a tracing which represents the sentiment of veneration which he felt in the presence of his beloved master. "Behold," says he, "the contraction of the vessels produced by

the entrance of Professor Ludwig, every time he honored the researches made upon myself with a visit." The tracing shows a diminution in volume equal to about six cubic centimeters. These investigations demonstrate that one of the physiological conditions of increased mental action is an increased supply of blood, which is produced principally by a dilatation of the cerebral blood-vessels, accompanied by a contraction of the blood-vessels of other parts of the body, the measurable volume of the arm becoming thus a signal of the condition of the mind we cannot measure.—*Dr. Charles S. Minot, in Popular Science Monthly for July.*

A PLEA FOR SOUND MANHOOD AND WOMANHOOD.

Why cannot men be both strong and wise? They can, and they ought to be, if properly educated. The hygeist may have something to say against intellectual education as generally conducted, but he has more to say against the neglect among the educated classes of physical culture. We are in danger of a national mistake in supposing that the intellectual faculties are to be developed at the expense of all others. The pursuit of happiness is one of our national privileges, but happiness will never be found in any maturity of scholarship, when the acquisition has ruined the health.

That health is often sacrificed at the shrine of intellectual ambition is a matter of common observation among physicians. We all see it, not only occasionally, but habitually. The writer sees it especially in the female sex, almost daily. It is true the whole apparent damage is not due to mere study, but to study, with some concomitant evils. Lessons by day, and studies by night; the crowded school-room; the overheating or the chilling by unequal draughts; mental tension to weariness, and muscular inaction to weariness and weakness also, are among the factors of the technical "Diseases of Women." The growing girl sitting so long at her desk finds in time that she has spinal curvature. The muscles of the back, all unused, are inadequate to keep the spine erect, and their defect is attempted to be corrected by elaborate apparatus, which not unfrequently does a great deal of harm by pressure which reaches to the pelvic organs. Thus the girl is injured. Will acquaintance with all the "ologies" make such a woman happy and a fit helpmeet for her husband, or a competent mother of a family, or, in short, the "ministering angel" of a happy home?

If the writer earnestly urges less brain work and more physical among the rising generation of women, it is not that he would not have the sex beautifully and becomingly educated, as befits it. It is of national importance that we have healthy women. But with the present system in vogue of perpetual studies, cramming at schools, mental indigestion as well as gastric, competitive examinations, searching for abstruse knowledge, and utterly ignoring that which tends to domestic economy and domestic comfort, we have nothing to look forward to but broken health in women, and the bartering of the comforts of home for the mess of pottage at hotel or boarding-house.—*Professor Richard M. Sherry, M. D., in the "Sanitarium" for August.*

EFFECTS OF EXCESSIVE TEA-DRINKING.

W. J. MORRIS, M. D., of New York, gives in the *Journal of Nervous and Mental Disease* an account of investigations which he has made on the toxic effects of tea. They were carried on in the cases of five tea-tasters suffering from disease, who came under his care, and in observations of his own symptoms during a week in which he subjected himself to special treatment with tea for purposes of experiment. From the whole series of observations he draws the conclusions that—1. With tea, as with any potent drug, there is a proper and an improper dose; 2. In moderation, tea is a mental and bodily stimulant of a most agreeable nature, followed by no harmful reaction. It produces contentment of mind, allays hunger and bodily weariness, and increases the disposition and the capacity for work; 3. Taken immoderately, it leads to a very serious group of symptoms, such as headache, vertigo, heat and flushings of body, ringing in the ears, mental dullness and confusion, tremulousness, "nervousness," sleeplessness, apprehension of evil, exhaustion of mind and body, with disinclination to mental and physical exertion, increased and irregular action of the heart, increased respiration. Each of the above symptoms is produced by tea taken in immoderate quantities, irrespective of dyspepsia, or hypochondria, or hyperemia; 4. Immoderate tea drinking, continued for a considerable time, with great certainty produces dyspepsia; 5. The immediate mental symptoms produced by tea are not to be attributed to dyspepsia; 6. Tea retards the waste or retrograde metamorphosis of tissue, and thereby reduces the demand for food. It also diminishes the amount of urine secreted; 7. Many of the symptoms of immoderate tea-drinking are such as may occur without suspicion of tea being their cause, and we find many people taking tea to relieve the discomfort which its abuse is producing.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

[From The Christian Advocate.]

ALCOHOL AS A MEDICINE.

THE subjoined letter from an esteemed correspondent in New Haven, properly has a place in "Health and Disease." His protest against the indiscriminate giving to children of alcoholic stimulants for the relief of slight ailments is well taken. The article referred to was written by a physician for physicians, and while eminently proper in its place, is certainly open to the objection made to it as appearing in a religious journal. The Editor of *The Christian Advocate* in the issue of July 1 announced that the department of "Health and Disease" was to be conducted in the interests of hygiene, and not of self-medication; the appearance of any article recommending methods of self-medication in this department will certainly hereafter be carefully guarded against. The times and conditions when alcoholic stimulants should be administered should in all cases be left to the judgment of a physician; as, indeed, should all other medication. Like all valuable and potent agents, they are potent

for evil when improperly used, and no one should take the responsibility for their use without due advice.

Editor of Christian Advocate: In the issue of your journal for June 24, I notice an article by Dr. Bigelow, entitled "Summer Hygiene of Infants," which is copied from the *Medical and Surgical Reporter*. Dr. Bigelow, speaking of the infantile treatment of diarrhoea, recommends that the advice of Dr. Jacobi, to administer brandy in these cases, be adopted. Now with deference to these eminent physicians, I wish to enter my earnest protest against the indiscriminate advice, so often given by physicians, to use brandy or other spirituous liquors in diseases of children. It is my impression that this kind of advice is a fruitful source of that taste which so often follows the child as it grows to manhood. I venture to say that in most cases of diseases of children—and also of adults—where brandy, whisky, etc., is thought necessary, some other remedy, judiciously selected, would answer the purpose. But if an alcoholic stimulant is actually required, we can more safely and certainly meet the necessity by using properly diluted alcohol—which always can be obtained pure of the apothecary—than to resort to the mixtures which are sold under the name of brandy, wine, whisky, etc. In many families the tendency to resort to spirituous liquors for the slight ailments of their children, is far too prevalent; and many persons reading the article referred to, especially in a religious journal, will be more readily induced to procure brandy for a sick child, either with or without medical advice. We cannot be too cautious in regard to our influence in this direction.

D. C. LEAVENWORTH, M. D.

NEW HAVEN, July 8, 1880.

WOMAN AS A SANITARY REFORMER.

At the recent English Sanitary Congress, Dr. Richardson gave a lecture on woman "as a sanitary reformer." He observed that long before sanitation was heard of, the good, cleanly housewife was a practical sanitary reformer. The office of prevention of disease was especially fitted for women. The training required was simple, and every woman willing to go through it might become mistress by it of the destinies of the world. She should master physiology, so as to understand the general construction of the human body, and know the great systems of the body—the digestive, the circulatory, the respiratory, the nervous, the sensory, the absorbent and glandular, the muscular, the osseous or bony, and the membranous. If she would act on this knowledge, there would hardly be one deformed child left in the land in one or two generations. An educated woman, who had seen the exquisite build and symmetry of the skeleton, would turn pale with disgust whenever she detected one of her foolish sisters strangling her body in tight corset and murderous belt, to make it hideous as well as useless, or who was intent on destroying the perfect arch of the foot in a contracted foot-wise, elevated on a peg-top. The educated woman would master the structure of the house, demand to have a

plan of every drain-pipe on the establishment, and would insist on having every drain kept as systematically clean, as the china in the housemaid's cupboard. She would see to the biennial purification of the dwelling, as though a Passover were still a universal practice. Dr. Richardson concluded: One effort as a Samaritan would call forth all her powers. She will stand to resist with her full persuasive might that process which I have elsewhere called the intermarriage of disease. She will tell her sisters what that terrible process means. She will tell that disease heredity united in marriage means the continuance of the heredity as certainly as that two and two make four; that madness, consumption, cancer, scrofula, yew, and certain of the contagious diseases, too, may be perpetuated from the altar; and that the first responsibilities of parents toward their offspring, ought to be, not how to provide for wealth and position, over which they have no control, but that preliminary healthy parentage, which is the foundation of health, and without which position and wealth are shadowy legacies indeed. Delicate ground, you may say. I admit the fact. But in a world in which those who study the living and the dead most carefully, rarely see a man or woman hereditarily free from disease, even this ground must be entered on by the enlightened scholar. I touch on it here for the best of all reasons, that the subject it includes, affecting deeply the human heart in its sympathies and affections, is one on which the influence of woman, the arbitress of the natures that are to be, is all-potent for good or evil. To know the first principles of animal physics and life; to learn the house and its perfect management; to learn the simpler problems relating to the fatal diseases; to ordain the training of the young; to grasp the elements of the three psycho-physical problems; the human temperaments, the moral contagions, with their preventions—and the hereditaries of disease with their prevention—these, in all respect and earnestness, I set before this congress as the heads of the educational programme for our modern woman in her sphere of life and duty.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

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

(For the Voice of Angels.)

SONG FOR THE CHILDREN.

BY SPIRIT MAY.

On, the bright waters flow
Down to the sea,
Singing their merry tunes
Gladly and free;
They ne'er refuse to glide
Down to the silvery tide,
But every tiny drop works side by side.

See how the flowers grow
Up from the grass,
Shedding their sweet perfume
On all that pass;
All through the summer days
Sweetly the flowers raise
Their fragrant blossoms 'neath the sun's rays.

Down in the grassy dell
Golden beams fall,
Shedding a cheering light
Brightly o'er all;
Not one is idle there,
All in the labor share,
Causing the dell to grow sunny and fair.

Children, they call to you
Sunbeams and flowers,
Come learn some good of them
These pleasant hours.
These are the words they say—
"Children, in work or play,
Join altogether, happy and gay."

(For the Voice of Angels.)

EVAN'S DREAM.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

LITTLE EVAN sleeps with her larger sister, in a room adjoining that occupied by her papa and mamma. She is six years old, and her wise ways produce many a hearty laugh in the family circle.

Visiting with a little girl, somewhat older, who was the possessor of a chain and several rings, she was seized with an ardent desire for jewelry. "Why can't I have a chain?" she would say to papa. "Oh, mamma, why can't I have a bracelet and rings and chains, like other girls?" And thus for weeks before Christmas, she teased for one thing and another, until, had all her wishes been granted, she would have been covered with jewelry.

"Why can't I, papa," she pleaded, "have a chain and locket?"

"It would cost more than I can pay," he evasively answered.

"It would cost scarcely anything."

"Well, now I remember I saw some nice brass chains at the store for twenty-five cents, and you *shall* have one," replied her papa, banteringly.

"No, I do not want a *brass* chain, I want a gold one," said she, with an injured look.

And thus she daily talked, and it seemed as if she never would be contented. But she got the chain, and we all laughed over the way she came by it.

One night, about a week before Christmas, all the house was asleep, when we were aroused by a plaintive scream from Evan, "Oh, my dod, my dod! oh, dear! oh, dear!" mingled with sobs and sighs.

"What is the matter?" cried mamma, starting from sleep at the first cry, for she always sleeps with her thoughts so much on the "baby" that the least noise awakens her.

"Evan, what is the matter?"

All the answer she received was "Oh, dod! oh, dod! O!"

"Evan! Evan!" said she sharply, for she feared her darling was seized with some dreadful illness; "Evan! speak, what is the matter?"

"Oh, my dod! I thought I had a gold chain and locket, and it was all a dream!"

Then we all laughed heartily and went to sleep again.

In the morning, papa said she ought to have seized the chain and brought it out of dream-land.

"I could not do it, nor nobody could," replied Evan.

"Well, now, I'll tell you how to get that chain."

"How? how? tell me quickly," exclaimed she.

"Why, it is very easy; you write Santa Claus a letter, telling him all about it, and if

he is half as good as I think him, he will bring you one on Christmas."

"But I can't write."

"I'll write it for you, if you will tell me what to write."

"That I will; so sit down at the desk."

Her father, wishing to amuse her, sat down, and she began:

"Good, kind old Santa Claus: I never wrote you before, and maybe I never shall again. I wouldn't now, but I do want a chain so much. I want such a one as I dreamed of last night, a chain with links that are flowered, and a locket with a cameo side. If you have such a one, I should like it; but you need not trouble yourself to buy one. I shall hang my stocking on the back of a chair by my bed. I am truly yours.—EVAH."

"Now seal it in this envelope."

"Where shall we direct it to go?" said her papa, laughingly.

"I don't know," she replied, quite perplexed.

"But we must send it to him by the shortest route, and that right off, or it will not reach him before he starts."

"Well, say 'Northland'; I guess that will be correct."

"Now put a stamp on it," said Evah, who was exact in business.

"Oh, yes, stamp; to be sure, and an extra stamp; for it must leave the United States to get up to the pole. That makes it all right, and I'll see that it starts right away."

Christmas morning, we were all seated at the breakfast table. All had received some present, and were happy as birds; but Evah, who, although her stocking was filled with candies and a nice box of water-colors, which she had wanted so much, was evidently greatly disappointed, for the one thing hoped for was not there.

Presently, the postman rang the bell, and a letter was brought in and handed to papa. He looked at it and said, "This is not for me; it is for Evah."

How eagerly she seized it, for it was the first she ever had. There was a picture of Santa Claus, driving his reindeer, on one side, and it was heavy, as though there was something more than a letter within.

Evah tore off the end of the envelope, and out dropped into her plate a gold chain, and a locket, with a cameo on one side of it.

It was some time before she became sufficiently quiet to have her sister read the letter which came with it, which was as follows:

"NORTHLAND, Christmas Morning.

"DREAMING EVAH:—I forgot to leave the chain you wrote to me about, as I intended, in your stocking, last night.

"The next time you dream of having anything, don't wake up without it. A great many men and women have been ruined by waking out of dreams, and losing hold of the things they dreamed about.

"I am faithfully yours,

"SANTA CLAUS."

Do not go to sleep intending to do a mean thing when you wake. It invites the devil to paint your dreams.

SOLDIER'S DREAMS.

SOME OF WHICH TOLD OF WOUNDS AND DEATH.

A few weeks previous to the battle of Fair Oaks, a New York volunteer, who passed the night in a tent of a member of the Third Michigan Infantry, got up in the morning looking very glum and down-hearted, and when rallied upon his fancied homesickness, he replied:

"I have only a week to live! I had a dream last night, which has settled the business for me and lots of others. A week from today a battle will be fought and thousands of men will be slain. My regiment will lose over a hundred men, and I shall be killed while charging across a field."

The men laughed at his moody spirit, but he turned upon them and said:

"Your regiment will also be in the fight, and when the roll is called after battle, you will find nothing to be merry over. The two sergeants who were in here last night will be killed among the trees. I saw them lying dead as plainly as I see you now. One will be shot in the breast, and the other in the groin, and the dead men will be thick around them."

The battle took place just a week after. The dreamer was killed in full sight of every man in the Third, before the fight was an hour old, and within twenty minutes after, the two sergeants and six of their comrades were dead in the woods, hit exactly where the dreamer said they would be. More than fifty men will bear witness to the truth of this statement.

The night before the cavalry fight at Brandy Station, a trooper who slept as his horse jogged along in column, dreamed that a certain captain in his regiment would be unhorsed in a fight next day, and while raising in his fall, wounded in the left knee. Everything was so clear to the dreamer, that he took opportunity to find the captain and relate his dream.

"Go to Texas with your croaking," was all the thanks he received, but he had his revenge. In the very next charge, next day, the captain was unhorsed by the breaking of the girth, and was pitched head over heels into a patch of briars. As he struggled out, a shell killed his horse and two men, and one of the flying pieces of iron mashed the captain's left leg into a pulp. He is now a resident of Ohio, and his wooden leg is indisputable evidence that dreams sometimes come true.

While McClellan was besieging Yorktown, the fun was not all on one side. The confederates had plenty of shot and shell, and they sent them out with intent to kill. One morning a Michigan man who was in the trenches, walked back to a spot where three officers were eating breakfast, and warned them they were in great peril. On the night previous he had dreamed that he had looked at his watch and remarked that it was a quarter of seven when a shell hit the ground before him and tore up the earth in a terrible way. It was now twenty minutes of seven, and he besought the officers to leave the spot at once. His earnest manner induced them to comply, and they had only reached cover, when a Confederate shell struck the earth where they had been grouped and made an ex-

cavation into which a horse could have been rolled, with room to spare.

Three days before the affair at Kelly's Ford, a corporal in the Sixth Michigan Cavalry dreamed that a brother of his, who was sergeant in another company, would have his horse killed in action, and would almost immediately mount a dark horse with a white nose. Within five minutes, both horse and rider would be killed by a shock. This dream was related to more than a score of comrades fully two hours before the fight. Early in the action, the sergeant's horse was struck square in the forehead with a bullet and dropped dead in his tracks. It was scarcely three minutes before a white-nosed horse carrying a blood-stained saddle galloped up to the sergeant and halted. He remembered the dream and refused to mount the animal, and soon after picked up a black horse. The white-nosed animal was mounted by a second corporal in another regiment, and horse and rider were torn to fragments by a shell, in full sight of four companies of the Sixth.

These things may seem very foolish now, but there was a time when a soldier's dream saved Gen. Kilpatrick's life; when a dream changed Custer's plans for three days; when a dream prevented Gen. Tolbert's camp from a surprise and capture; and when a dream gave Gen. Sheridan more accurate knowledge of Early's forces than all the scouts could gather.—*Detroit Free Press.*

[For the Voice of Angels.]

A WORD FROM THE SPIRITUAL SIDE.

NUMBER THREE.

BY SPIRIT KATIE KINSEY, THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELHAMER.

EVERY subject and all things that concern humanity are of interest to the inhabitants of the Spiritual Spheres—by Spiritual Spheres I do not mean those conditions of being in the immortal world in which the selfish, earth-bound Spirit is to be found—but I refer to those higher states of life, where the intelligent Spirit delights to labor for the welfare of others. And one of the prominent subjects, that is of the most vital importance to the human race, affecting its interests in more ways than are dreamed of by mortals, and which, if not carefully considered by our physicians and philanthropists, will bring a standing reproach upon the intelligence and humanity of this nation, I propose to speak about in this little paper.

I refer to the cure and treatment of the insane—those unfortunate beings who, through some cerebral, nervous or psychological disease, have lost control of their mental faculties, and whose minds—many of them for a time only—have lost their equipoise.

I have seen Spirits coming to the other, or Spirit-life, in as bright and intelligent a condition as though no cloud had obscured the glory of their mental faculties,

and yet in earth-life they had been adjudged insane, and consigned to the walls of an Insane Asylum, where the treatment given only served to increase and deepen that settled melancholy, or cerebral excitement, that has been called madness. I have witnessed the Spirit-birth of others, who are born into the Eternal World in a bewildered and darkened condition, who know not whither to turn for light, but who, in the depth of their mental gloom, grope and grovel, receiving not one gleam of Spiritual glory until they are taken and cared for by tender teachers and guides. They have to be educated and instructed concerning their own being and their surroundings, as you would teach a child.

And the condition of these unfortunate beings, upon their entrance to the Spirit-world, is the result of that long night of mental darkness which swept over their Spirits through disease, grief, or some other cause, and held them bound in the chains of insanity; but many of these Spirits might have arisen above their terrible condition, and thrown off the chains that bound them, had they received proper care, treatment and attention on earth.

Insanity at all times and in every phase is but a disease, just as surely as the fever that burns in the veins of a victim of typhus is a disease. The physical system becomes deranged sometimes from primary causes, sometimes through sympathy with the Spiritual nature, that is ill with sorrow and grief, and sometimes through the wild and violent control of an obsessing Spirit.

This subject is little understood by mortals. Confinement and restraint, the removal of all pleasing and cheering sounds from the presence of the insane, taking away all means of employment, and allowing the patient to remain idle and inactive all day, with nothing to occupy the mind but its own uncontrollable thoughts, is not the treatment for an insane person. Music, flowers, cheerful surroundings and companionship, open air exercise, diet, and above all, some little light employment for mind and hands, exciting a kindly interest in them for others, combined with a judicious application of vital magnetism, through the gentle manipulations of some sympathetic, congenial friend or physician, will, I am assured, in nine cases out of ten, effect a cure of insanity and produce marvellous results.

I believe the time will come when humanity will arouse to the importance of changing their present system of treatment of the insane. The idea of confining an indefinite number of irrational creatures, of all forms of madness, in one

building, is preposterous. No two insane persons should be allowed to dwell within sight and hearing of each other. Sights and sounds such as are seen and heard in an Asylum for the Insane, in many cases only serve to aggravate and increase the disorder that is under treatment, and the efforts of the physician are consequently of no avail.

I repeat that the Spiritual World is interested in this matter, and I believe it will yet move humanity to introduce a better system of treatment for the insane throughout the land.

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

(For the Voice of Angels.)

ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF MRS. M. J. S., OF COLUMBUS, PA.

(By Chloroform.)

BY VIENNAH L.

SEALED are the eyelids, eclipsed the vision,
Darkness settles o'er the household group!
Colorless the form;—a dear one's gone—arisen—
Now orphaned ye by Angel Death's fell swoop!

Pale lingerers at the tomb—closed and forever
From sight and touch the darling, beautiful form;
Nor yet sense ye the loss, for time ne'er severs
The love and kindness given to childhood's morn!

Was there no note of warning as she passed from her home—
From the home nest so full of delight?
As the youngest she kissed, forbade him to roam,
And a promise to meet them ere night?—
No feeling of gloom or depression came o'er her,
As orders for day's duties given?
No pitying angel impressing disaster
On the sensitive mother-heart, even?

Perchance a faint whisper of danger was heard
From her Spirit-guides, ever a-near;
Perchance a dim fear for results the mind stirred,
Brushed quickly aside with a tear.

None knoweth!—Her footstep resoundeth no more
In the home where her treasures remain;
List! a deep wave of sorrow is rushing full sore
O'er those loved ones whose tears are in vain.

Ah, darlings! kind angels must comfort thee now;—
Thy mother returneth no more!
But gave Spirit-blessing—kiss to each on the brow—
As she left for Eternity's shore!

(For the Voice of Angels.)

LET'S LIVE AND LAUGH

BY JOSEPH WOOD.

Let's live and laugh, let's joyful be,
Through life's meandering maze;
The heart, though sad at times, is free
To rise, to glow with hope, to burn with love,
To march in pride—on high Ambition's car to move,
And satiate itself in one continual gaze
On majesty and might,
On power, on crowns, on kings,
All glittering stars of night,
To heart of man delightful things,
But not enough on this poor earth to make him blest.

Let's live and laugh, let's joyful be;
For why should man be sad,
While he, though short his life, is free
To smell of flowers, to taste of fruits, to range
The earth and cull its sweets from strange
And often noxious weeds—all nature glad
To graze with sight his eyes,
His ears with sounds,
Which all must prize
Through earth's vast bounds,
As joys in Nature, given by Nature's God to man?

Let's live and laugh, let's joyful be;
For why should mortals mourn
Their hapless lot, while they are free

To choose in Wisdom's balmy bower,
In Virtue's pure and sunshine hour,
A power to shield their heads from storm
Through life, and keep in death
Their hope unbroken and immortal
And undying in their latest breath,
Arise e'er yet upon their pall,
To scenes of joy more glorious still in Heaven?

(For the Voice of Angels.)

AN ACROSTIC.

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

M ENTERING Spirits, bright and fair,
I napire thee to banish earthly care;
Sweet messages of love they send,
Sweet truths with counsels softly blend.

M ay those around thee, in this life,

Thy efforts, with anxious care so rife,

S incere appreciation give, and show
How heeding angel words, they better grow.
Ever thy path be bright with love,
Love earthly and love from above;
Heaven has crowned thee chosen one,
Above the rest, and "Well done!"
Must greet thine ears when life is o'er,
Echoed by Spirit-voices on the Other Shore—
Radiant thy crown and nobly wore.

(For the Voice of Angels.)

DRIFTING WITH THE TIDE.

BY VIENNAH L.

ARE we drifting with the tide?

On a raft or in a scow,
In a yacht or on a steamer do we glide,
With a larrier well supplied,
Do we drift with the tide?

If we are drifting with the tide,
Without compass or a guide,
Or a pilot, with his knowledge good and true,
Have we no thought of fear,
Of shoals or quicksand near,
As carelessly we drift with the tide?

How if winds and waves enraged
And elements electric light the air—
Thick darkness seems to fall,
And shroud as with a pall—
Then, drifts our bark in safety with the tide?
No; 'tis only thus in song
That our life-boat glides along,
Floating, idly drifting with the tide;
But for voyage safe and true,
Need we will as pilot, strength and honor too,
Our life to safely guide
O'er the waters wide,
Nor idly dreaming, drift we with the tide.

NO!

No; we seldom drift rudderless, borne on the tide;
We have reason, God-given, for guide.
At times, we float carelessly on,
And gather sweet roses of song.

And net-work of fancy thoughts float thro' the brain,
With lilies of purity, violets unnamed—
Sweet-scented heliotrope—charity's deeds—
Weave a mantle of beauty to wear in our needs.

So working and playing, we gather in store
A knowledge for use on the Infinite Shore.
That labor's a blessing cannot be denied,
And idleness sin—to just float with the tide.

LET YOUR ENEMIES ALONE.—A man who amounts to anything, needs enemies to keep him alive. A celebrated person, who was surrounded by enemies, used to say, "They are sparks which, if we do not blow them, go out of themselves." Let this be your feeling, while endeavoring to live down the scandal of those who are bitter against you. If you stop to dispute, you do but as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellow talk. There will be a reaction, if you do but perform your duty; and those who were once alienated from you will flock to you and acknowledge their error.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION:

NO. 5 DWIGHT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

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

D. K. MINER Business Manager.

D. C. DENSMORE, Amanuensis and Publisher.

BOSTON, MASS., DECEMBER 15, 1880.

TO PATRONS AND FRIENDS.

This issue, as you all know, ends the fifth annual voyage of the VOICE OF ANGELS, and although it has not made so conspicuous a show as on some former voyages, it has forged far ahead of our most sanguine expectations. It was projected that on January 1st, 1880, the paper should be reduced in size to eight pages and published weekly; and this would have been carried out, but that at the time we were taken sick. This put aside temporarily all hopes of the desired change, to our deep regret. Our continued ill-health, and consequent inability to do the necessary labor of editing, etc., determines us, very reluctantly and much against our desires, to reduce the size of the VOICE to eight pages, on and after the first of January next, to be issued semi-monthly, as now, the price to be \$1.50 per year, postage paid, as formerly. But, as we are now improving in health a little every day, under a new course of treatment, we have sanguine hopes that the time is not far distant when we shall be able to carry out our intention of issuing the VOICE every week. Trusting we shall receive the same kindness and friendship in the future as you have always shown us, we remain yours, faithfully,

D. C. DENSMORE,
Amanuensis and Publisher.

EDITORIAL.

THE SPIRIT AND THE LETTER.

THE letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life; and yet we find men and women constantly living by the letter, and ignoring the Spirit, feeding on husks, and casting away the sweet, ripe, nourishing fruit within. A young man becomes an exponent of temperance; he perceives that the use of intoxicating liquor degrades the mental and debases the physical being; he joins a society for the abolition of alcohol from the land; he pledges himself to refrain from its use himself, and to use his influence to induce others to let the fiery poison alone; he makes earnest speeches in the good cause, strives to awaken a new interest in it, and becomes known as an active worker of temperance. All of which is very good and commendable; but, we ask, is he living the Spirit, as well as the letter of the principle he

enunciates? Is he really a temperate man? Let us see.

Our young friend is fond of good living, and often lingers over the dinner-table until his stomach is overloaded with rich and unwholesome food; he is an advocate of balls and parties, and frequently attends these, until the early hours of the morning. Although not a visitor of club-houses, or gambling and drinking saloons, yet he is seldom known to retire at a seasonable hour; he delights in a good smoke, which is the solace of his life, and tobacco he must and will have at any cost.

Is this man a man of temperance principles? is he living the life of the Spirit? No! rather is he obeying the letter that killeth. There are other forms of dissipation besides that of partaking of alcoholic beverages, and these forms of intemperance are surely detrimental to the health of the body and the vigor of the mind.

A beautiful, fair and gracious woman, blessed with an abundance of worldly wealth, is known and appreciated for her good works; her name heads each charitable list presented to her consideration; she is never known to refuse aid when solicited; and she receives the blessings of friends and associates. Does she fulfill the law of the Spirit? Let us inquire? In streets not far removed from her elegant mansion are rude abodes, the home of misery, pain and want, where hollow-eyed, suffering humanity drag out their miserable existence. Clad in her robes of costly fabrics, our generous sister nestles down in the ruddy glow of her genial fire, and never thinks of the suffering ones beyond. One of the jewels in her delicate ears would bring relief and comfort to that weary, toiling, half-famished creature, not far away; but a knowledge of the case has not been brought to our lady's notice, and she never dreams it is her duty to hunt out the needy and sorrowing.

Oh, hollow-hearted beings, when will you realize that you have no right to bedeck yourselves in priceless grandeur, while one life exists in the midst of grinding poverty and weary suffering?

Men are seen daily in the walks of life, fair and stately to gaze upon, seemingly the incarnation of probity and honor; they are obeying the letter, and keeping within the pale of the law, but are they living the life of the Spirit? Answer it truly those who can. Overreaching each other in every cunning way, gaining that wealth and power, a portion of which they so smilingly offer up as tribute to the

Deity they worship, at the expense of blood and nerve and sinew of the ill-paid help they employ! Answer me, oh, friends above, are they living the life of the Spirit?

This truth must some day dawn upon humanity, that aught that debases and lowers the Spirit is death; all that quickens the inner being with joy is life. We look to the truth to yet permeate mankind with its genial glory; then will temperance, benevolence, and honor reach forth from the human heart with that animation and strength that is the expression of undying, active existence.

CORRECTION.—In a "Criticism" by H. S. H. of Momence, Ill., the phrase, "The murderer is given no time to prepare for the change," should have read, "is given time," etc.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

EXTRAORDINARY ACHIEVEMENT.

Amanuensis and Publisher of Voice of Angels:

FIVE years since, or a little more, you called at my house and held with me a long and friendly conversation, pertaining mostly to a project for starting a periodical, to be edited and sustained by Spirits—L. Judd Pardee being the most active one in prompting and urging you to be their mundane agent.

Then the financial pressure was severe, and as disheartening as at any point of time during our country's long stagnation in business affairs. Literature in whatever form was not likely to be purchased by those who needed all the funds they could command to feed and clothe themselves and their dependents. A darker hour for starting your project never enveloped our land.

Having listened attentively to a lengthy statement of the requests, promptings and promises you had received from Spirits, and of the grounds and strength of your desire to comply with their wishes; also to your statement that every one of many friends whom you had conferred with advised and urged you to refrain from any attempt at compliance, I said in substance that "Judged from common business standpoints you must meet with speedy and absolute failure. People are poor—not able, if willing to give the needful funds to sustain you. Yet yours may be an exceptional case. Listening to and obeying a VOICE from out of an unseen realm, you have several times heretofore engaged in and successfully accomplished works as unpromising of success and as difficult as this. Therefore I say to you now, If the call is heard *down at lowest depths of your Spirit*, and if the SPIRIT has undoubting faith that the wisdom and power of your

super-mundane employers and backers are competent to sustain and put you through—then *go ahead, and God speed you!*"

You did go ahead, and have been sustained through five years. Few of the Spirit-works witnessed in our times are really more marvellous than their establishment and maintenance of the *VOICE OF ANGELS*. Long may this sheet—this trumpet—be preserved and used! 'Thro' it may the voice of Spirits continue to put forth tones suited primarily to reach the Spirit, rather than the brain—the heart, rather than the head—the emotional, rather than the logical faculties. Prevaillingly its Spirituality is more abundant, warmer, and more warming than is found in most of the Spiritualistic papers; and for this reason, in connection with its general avoidance of all controversy, it meets better than the others the loves of the more religiously and peacefully inclined readers. It has an important place, and is very helpful to the cause it advocates. The wisdom and the ability of its projectors have been vindicated.

ALLEN PUTNAM.

126 DUDLEY STREET.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

LETTER FROM DR. D. AMBROSE DAVIS.

CHICAGO, ILL., NOV. 21, 1880.

OH, Brother Densmore, you just ought to come and see our little earthly Paradise! But for fear that you come not speedily, I must tell you about it: In the list of your subscribers you will notice the name of S. E. W. Martin, of Chicago, Ill.; and you will also notice that the subscription is not confined to one copy, but one extra copy at least, to give away. Now, this of itself is indeed but a very small item, and yet its index finger points directly to the soul of the man. S. E. W. Martin, Esq., of the enterprising and well known firm of Case & Martin, of our city, has by his extended charities and untiring efforts in behalf of suffering humanity, long borne the honored and justly awarded title of a great, round-souled philanthropist.

Some one has said:

"Count that day lost, whose low, descending sun
Sees from our hand no worthy action done."

But, as surely as my pen is telling it, few indeed will be the lost days to be counted in the instance of this earnest-hearted man. And I further want to tell you that the expansive soul of this esteemed fellow mortal could not confine its expression to the limited sphere of earth wholly, but must reach across the borders of mundane life to the loved Immortals, and lend its aid and assistance to them in their hal-

lowed and ceaseless efforts to waft their priceless blessings down to the children of men. And for that purpose he has just finished and furnished a beautiful little temple for their reception, and spared no pains in the adornments and decorations of it. The sacred little edifice is not intended for large gatherings, but has all the appointments for comfortably seating and entertaining about three hundred. The walls are all ornamented with Spirit-pictures and paintings and appropriate devices of charming attraction. The furniture consists of mirrors, chairs, tables, and an abundant supply of sweetest toned musical instruments—while the progressive literature of the day is by no means to be forgotten.

And now, we are thinking that if the sun should stand still a little while to supply the cities and towns and hamlets of our land with a brother Martin, it would surely be a more glorious victory than was ever achieved by all the Joshuas of olden time.

Oh, I want to call the names, and say something for all the earnest workers in the vineyard; but I must not, because it would cover up all of your little sheet.

Come and see us quickly, brother Densmore, and bring with you that blessed little "Tute" and all her Angel-band.

DR. D. AMBROSE DAVIS.

BUTTERFLIES AND BEES.

BUTTERFLIES are merry things,
Gaily painted are their wings;
And they never carry stings.
Bees are grave and busy things,
Gold their jackets, brown their wings.
And they always carry stings.
Yet—Isn't it extremely funny?
Bees, not butterflies, make honey.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

TESTS OR NO TESTS.

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

IF I am charged with unqualified credulity or incautious receptivity, I cannot help it; for, as I have said or written before, I had rather accept several impositions, (not knowing them as such,) than refuse one communication or message that is genuine. Some Spiritualists, and not a few who have had many years' experience, are strangely shocked at the representations that very ancient Spirits hold communion with mortals in this our day. But why not? Are they not interested in matters that concern the Spiritual prosperity and happiness of mortals, as well as those not so ancient or so far advanced?

It is proper to look at this thing of communication and intercourse in the light of benefit to the Spirit communicating, no matter how high or how low he or

she may be in the scale or sphere of Spirit-life. And how much may they not venture upon doing and saying, in response to the love they bear to humanity? And again, is it not consistent with the knowledge of our Philosophy, that their messages and communications to mortals are overheard by Spirits of lower spheres, and affording information to them, and encouragement to look ahead and seek development and progress, tend to the ultimate joy of many, who take on the inspiration of the hour and of the occasion?

Hence can I see why and wherefore ancient (strangers) Spirits may come to us for their own good, the good of the recipient, the good of listening Spirits—bringing with them important news from remote spheres, with evidences of love and wisdom, which are the beatific elements of Spirit-life; and thus be messengers of good in reciprocal relations.

When we reflect, for one moment only, that there are steady and persistent workers in every department of Spirit-life, all for the good of those on lower planes of Spirit experiences, as also for the good of mortals, it ought not to be a matter of wonder, much more, not a matter of distrust or denial, that they come from the east, the west, the north, the south, to tell of the wonders of the Life Beyond.

But, says some captious reader, why do they come and give no tests of their identity? Sure enough; but may we not find tests where none *direct* are given? General sentiments and general characteristics may not be satisfactory, but thousands give specialties of character and reputation, traces of thought and individual tastes and habits, that are as strong as any other means of identity or recognition could be—yes, indeed, in many instances, to our view, stronger than dates or isolated circumstances would be.

The Spirit of Lincoln will not give the peculiar traits of character, thoughts and habits of Lord Byron, nor Napoleon Bonaparte those of a Newton, Bacon, or Franklin. They each speak for themselves, and claim recognition from their expressed idiosyncracies.

Then what I have written of "Tests or no Tests" must bear their own comments. They are to me evidences of Spirit-return and tests of Spirit-life in the Beyond, given among the millions that come to mortals daily, over the length and breadth of our planet.

In conclusion, let me furnish a communication which the future scientist may dissect, analyze or combine, as to its metallurgic character, and find in it a test of the prophecy of Franklin, as follows:

The Medium sees a stout man, dressed in the style of a hundred years ago. The Medium sees the table (at which we were sitting) broken up, and the particles rubbed through his (the Spirit's) hands, and ground to nothing, apparently.

This stout man appears to be Benjamin Franklin, who says we can break the table up by will-force, and even so stone. The cohesive force of matter can be overcome by the will, which is the Executive of the Spirit. It can reduce metals or any hard substances to impalpable conditions; also, take a piece of bread, and by chemical combinations produce metals, etc. "From the elements of the air," he says, "you will some time or other make bread; yes, in time, from stone or metals, etc., by combination you will make food, so that the earth will not be called upon for her productions. Shakspeare understood this when he made Hamlet say, 'I eat the air.'"

Here is a hard nut to crack; but the future chemist, in ages to come, doubtless will find the prophesied metamorphose, although he may not know of the prophecy given in this century to me.

Yours, &c., J. W.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

MESSAGE FROM KATIE KINSEY TO HER FATHER.

[THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. ANNIE C. RALL.]

DEAR BRO. DENSMORE:—This communication from "Spirit Katie Kinsey" I am impressed to send to you for the VOICE, and I obey. ANNIE C. RALL.

MY BELOVED FATHER:—Occasionally I am permitted to control this Medium, and give a few thoughts from the Spirit-side of life. No mortal can as yet be expected to fully comprehend this grand Spiritual unfoldment. This work is gradual, nearing step by step the seemingly invisible realms. Soul-life to Soul-life—if in the earthly form or out—the beloved and gone before through the love element now know no separation. The Angel-messengers of God are the uplifters of thousands out of darkness into light.

Mortals naturally crave a future vital being, and as their Spiritual natures unfold, then comes a new sense of the naturalness of our Spirit-side of life. Day by day, in the exercise of the inherent Spirit, we are brought into a more perfect understanding of each other. I find it would not be best for Spirits to render to mortals in full the condition of many things—only in fragments, that a healthful growth of Soul-life may exist.

Dear father, we can come to you thro'

Mediums; but as your soul enlarges, we come as it were into your innermost life, thereby becoming as one; and as mortals Spiritually unfold, there can never be to them that which is called "death," for the vilest and most corrupt are teeming with life, and on the earth-side must the angelic Spiritual life commence.

Then, though in grief and sadness, lift up, oh, mortals, your drooping eyes, and behold revealments descending from the Supernal Spheres. Mortals may become like the warm rays of the sun, if they with loving kindness lift the veil that has hidden its Spiritual rays.

Light permeates and penetrates. No bigot's warning or pride of science can change it into darkness. The time has come when the visits of angelic beings are blessing and satisfying their loved ones on earth. We as Spirits have a tender affection for the children of earth, and the day is not distant when it will be folly to laugh and deride the idea of ministering Spirits.

Oh, my dear father, I love and reverence you for your bravery in the midst of worldly-minded men. I find you oft-times dropping seeds of wisdom, when others have only time to count their dollars and cents.

The world needs this great awakening. Be earnest, all who have espoused this glorious cause; become true soldiers in this Spiritual warfare. Let our weapons be love and wisdom. Be ye sure that the upward path leads to a Spiritual Philosophy and natural religion.

We look upon the rose, and exclaim, How beautiful! Why? Because the beauty that is in the rose is in our own soul. Oh, that all Mediums would seek to be pure without blemish! Then not only will our thoughts take form in language, but forms and features will be discernible, tangible; then face to face, dear father, can we hold sweet commune.

My soul goes out in love towards Mediums, when I know I could not pen these words had I not this channel. I am glad to know that you go hand in hand with angels. I know that you are not only blessed by them Spiritually, but also financially. You have never given one dollar for the good of others in need, that it has not been returned with interest. If much is given you through the intervention of the Spiritual World, much will be required.

Dear father, I now have no weakness.

The time has been when I felt that my abilities were very inferior to others; but

I find that in feeling that I had no power,

a greater force has enveloped me, making me a greater worker. On this Spirit-side we have no time to think of our unfitness. For every moment is fraught with use. I am working with you and many others, that this grand Philosophy may cover the face of the earth. KATIE KINSEY.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE

EDINBURGH. Johnson Co., Ind., Nov. 23, '80.

D. C. DENSMORE:—*Dear Sir,*—I received a copy of the VOICE OF ANGELS, and found in it a grand communication from my father-in-law, John U. Miller. He passed away two years ago. I was well pleased with the advice he gave me, and I am glad that he can come back and converse with me; and I have conversed with him several times since he passed away. Certainly this is a blessed truth.

Yours, Truly,

JAMES W. LAMAR.

FUTURE OF OUR COUNTRY.

WHEN, in 1776, the thirteen North American colonies put forth that Declaration of Independence which preluded the birth of a nation, the combined white population inhabiting them did not exceed 2,500,000 souls. Yet they had the courage to throw down the gage of battle to a Power which has dotted the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat circled the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of martial airs of England. Fourteen years later came, in 1790, the first census of population taken in the United States, and it was found that within the borders of the young nation there were not quite 4,000,000 souls. At the expiration of ten years it appeared, upon taking the second census, that the population was a little more than 5,550,000, having increased between 1790 and 1800 at the rate of 36 per cent. The tenth census of what has long been a mighty people has been taken, and we risk little in saying that in Joseph Hume's phrase, "the tottle of the whole" shows a population of about 50,000,000. In other words, the population of the great Republic in 1880 is nearly their population in 1776 multiplied by twenty, and, were it likely that the same ratio of increase could be maintained for another century, the mind of man would sink before the effort of imagining what it is possible for the monster Republic to be in 1980. However boundless the resources of the North American continent may be, it can hardly be expected that the second centenary of the United States will be celebrated by a thousand million human beings. Anyhow, it is certain that a century hence no such assemblage of men speaking the same language and amenable to the same general traditions of feeling, habit and education, will ever have been gathered together upon earth as will then probably occupy the great Western Continent.—*London Telegraph.*

BRIEF ITEMS.

Our subscribers and friends will take notice of the announcement under the editorial head of the change in size and terms of the Voice, after Jan. 1st, 1881.

Mr. James Kay Applebee, of Chicago, was the principal speaker at the quarterly meeting of the Northern Wisconsin Spiritual Conference, held at Omro, Wis., Dec. 10, 11 and 12. An illustrated lecture on the "Structure of the Brain" was also given by Prof. Lockwood.

Mind and Matter of Dec. 4 says, "Physical manifestations of a remarkable character are occurring in many circles in this city, [Philadelphia.] Last Monday evening, at the developing Circle of Mr. Jas. A. Bliss, every person felt the influence of the new power. . . . Voices were heard speaking to their friends. A little girl of nine years was powerfully controlled by an Indian Spirit and forced into the cabinet by the controlling Spirit, and while there gave several remarkable tests to different persons in the Circle, giving full names, etc. The indications are that several new Materializing Mediums will be developed."

The movement for a Home for disabled and worn-out Mediums is taking definite shape. An organization of the Association for founding a Home was effected Nov. 15th last, at the residence of George Rall, Esq., Cincinnati, Ohio, and the following officers elected: President, Mrs. Annie C. Rall; Vice President, Thos. P. Hughes; Secretary, Charles S. Kinsey; Treasurer, George Rall; Trustees, Benj. L. Fagin, Annie C. Rall, Thomas P. Hughes, Chas. S. Kinsey, George Rall; Legal Adviser, Judge A. G. W. Carter. Articles of Incorporation under the laws were drawn up and are in process of completion through the various county and State officers. Now let the friends of the movement throughout the Union come forward with the necessary means, and carry the project to speedy completion.

The Children's Lyceums connected with the various Spiritual organizations in Boston are having an unusually active and favorable season. Their meetings are largely attended, both by children and adults, and the speaking and singing are excellent.

W. J. Colville's meetings in Berkeley Hall continue to be interesting and are largely attended. Last Sunday, Dec. 5th, Mr. Colville spoke both morning and afternoon, it being the second anniversary of the gathering of the congregation. Mr. Colville lectured recently in Rumford Hall, Waltham, and in Temperance Hall, Providence, Dec. 7. Subject, "Man Here and Hereafter."

Dr. Henry Slade spoke before the Brooklyn Spiritual Fraternity, on the evening of Nov. 26th, and gave an interesting account of his almost instantaneous cure from consumption and a paralyzed leg and arm, by Spiritual influence.

Mr. J. W. Fletcher gave an interesting lecture at the Pembroke Parlors, Boston, on the evening of Sunday, Nov. 28, the subject being "Ghosts, or Spirits without Mediums." The novel subject was treated in a happy manner by the speaker, and the lecture was much appreciated by the large number present.

J. Frank Baxter completed his long series of meetings in Central New York with the close of November, and devoted the early part of the month of December to lecturing in the towns and cities of Maine. He speaks for the month of January before the First Society of Spiritualists of Philadelphia.

Allen Putnam's new book, "Witchcraft of New England Explained by Modern Spiritualism," is attracting a great deal of attention, from both the religious and secular press, and is highly spoken of, by many who are not believers in Spiritualism, as a logical and interesting production. It is for sale by Colby & Rich, Montgomery Place. Cloth,

12mo, 482 pages. Price \$1.50, with ten cts. added, if sent by mail.

The *Banner* contains a letter from G. B. Crane, of St. Helena, Cal., giving an interesting account of materializations at various seances held by Mrs. Crindle, of California, now on a visit to the East, which can be explained as caused in no other way than by Spiritual means.

Epes Sargent's new book, from the publishing house of Colby & Rich, upon "The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism," is well spoken of by the press. The *Boston Sunday Herald* says: "It is crowded with seemingly well-attested facts, apparently inexplicable by anything short of super-mundane agencies." The *R. P. Journal* of Dec. 4 contains a long and appreciative review of Mr. Sargent's book, from the pen of Hudson Tuttle.

The esteemed and well-known Medium, Mrs. E. Goodwin, of New York City, was recently given a genuine surprise party by some of her numerous friends, including Prof. Denton, Mr. Mansfield, Mr. Van Horn, and many others. The evening was pleasantly spent in addresses, readings, singing and conversation, concluding with a bountiful collation and a pleasant dance.

Thirty cents for the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* for three months seems cheap and a good investment.

A writer in *Mind and Matter* says comparatively nothing has yet been received towards paying the mortgage on the farm and homestead of the late E. V. Wilson, and that unless something is speedily accomplished, the law must take its course and the farm be sold. The writer suggests that it would be a kind and just thing, in view of the eminent services of Mr. Wilson, that during the coming holiday season, those who can afford it, send to Mrs. Wilson [Farmer Mary] such sums as they can spare, from one dollar upwards, to help pay the mortgage—which is a good idea, and we hope will be carried out.

The *Banner* of December 4th contains a number of conveyances, letters and affidavits referring to the charges against Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Fletcher, which seem to show conclusively that they have always acted honestly and in good faith in their transactions with Mrs. Davies, and that the prosecution, which has been abandoned, was a malicious and baseless one.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond arrived at New York, Sunday morning, Nov. 28, after a stormy passage from England in the Baltic. She was in good condition, notwithstanding the fatigues of the passage, and proceeded in travelling costume to the hall, where a lecture had been previously announced, where she found a goodly number of friends to welcome her. As no subject had been announced, she answered questions from the audience in her usual incomparable style; after which she improvised a poem, on the subject chosen by the audience—"A Storm at Sea," which was marvellous in its poetic and descriptive power. The *Banner* says Mrs. Richmond remained in New York during the following week, and that a reception was extended to her by friends in Boston last week.

A "Haunted House" is reported in Nashua, N. H., with something more than the usual disturbances and manifestations. Several families have moved in and tried to stay, but have all been forced to leave.

A correspondent of the *Banner*, who has recently returned from Chicago, says that Mrs. Maude E. Lord's seances in that city have recently afforded some splendid tests, and that the gifted Medium is doing a good work there.

It has been officially acknowledged that the removal of the Ponca Indians from their reservation was illegal and unjust; and it would seem to be in order to restore their lands to them; but as the matter is complicated by the said lands having been

ceded to the Sioux tribe, we fear not get justice in that way.

The Ladies' Aid Fair, which was held at Washington St., and closed Nov. 28, was successful, and will add about \$100.00 to the Society.

W. Stalton Moses, of London, Irving Bishop succeeded in making easily-begulled Scotch, by "exposing"—*R. P. Journal*.

Dr. Peebles has just closed a series of lectures before the Liberal Society in Mrs. E. H. Britten speaks to this the month of December.

Mrs. Ellen Foster, of Iowa, is a law business with her husband. She appeared before the Superior Court, and is a powerful speaker.

A Woman's Anti-Polygamy Society organized at Salt Lake City, and a paper in aid of its object.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, the dramatic Medium, will speak to Cleveland, O., on Sunday, Dec. 19, at the Opera House, corner of Prospect and B.

C. B. Lynn's engagement in Stillington, Mass., Dec. 19th and 20th; in Troy, N. Y., Jan. 1st; in New York City during the month of January.

The Second Society of Spiritualists in New York City is still in a prosperous condition. It is now filling a six weeks' engagement. The engagements are all that could be desired, and seats being taken even during this interval.

Both houses of the Oregon Legislature passed a Woman Suffrage bill for an amendment to the Constitution of that State—the majority of two thirds. The Assembly passed it 27. It must, however, pass through the Senate and receive a majority of three fourths. It can become a part of the fundamental law of the State.—*Banner*.

WHY?

O'er daily cares why anxious grow,
And load the heart with sorrow?
The winds to-day that rudely blow
May softly sigh tomorrow.

Why look for bliss to coming years,
Not prizing constant blessings?
Today's bright smile may change to tears
With stern tomorrow's lessons.

Why scan with vain regret the past,
For treasures left unheeded?
The present brings within our grasp
As many as are needed.

Why in misfortune mourn and sigh?
Its ills are mostly seeming;
When blackest clouds obscure the sky,
The sun beyond is beaming.

When motives pure are misconstrued,
Why yield to vain repining?
All goodly acts will end in good,
Through paths oft hid from finding.

Why think our own peculiar ills
Are greater far than others?
The pain that one sore bosom fills
As sharply stings another's.

Life's lesser ills and greater cares,
Its trials and its grieving,
Are steps in the ascending stairs
To peace—for the believing.

[Albany Sun]

SAID a maiden lady of uncertain age, a noted punster, "They say you can make one out of one's name, will you make one out of mine?" "Certainly, what is it?" "Henrietta." "Ah, you are no chicken."

Medium sees a stout man, d
style of a hundred years ago (For the Voice of Angels.)
um sees the table (at which) CATION PURPORTING TO
(2) broken up, and the NAME FROM CONFUCIUS.
through his (the Spirit) THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. CAWINE,
d to nothing, appare TRANCE MEDIUM.
stout man appear (CONCLUDED)

lin, who says: Man must comprehend that he stands
by will-for superior and godlike in Nature. He can
hesive for add or take from this developement. Add,
by the by giving thoughts to the pure intellectual
Spi development, which interblends with
rd Deity, the great God-power; taking from
it, by adhering to the material of this un-
developed life. Through this divine prin-
ciple, which is imparted through intel-
lectual, defined beings to mortals here,
this intellectual force gives strength to the
Spirit. It seeks to work out on a higher
plane. Being guided by superior force,
it unfolds the aspirations of Love, which
is the sensitive activity of the Spiritual
nature of man.

Life is short comparatively. And yet
so much good can be accomplished, if
mortals seek to interblend with the good,
the pure—the intellectual. This power
so sublime, cannot reach all in its effects.
Minds that are corrupt natures, that ad-
here to evil, material influences, interfere.
The pure in nature will develop the fac-
ulties, that interblend with the sublime
expressions, making conditions for the
spirit of Love, for the spirit of Truth, the
spirit of Harmony to impregnate their
souls; giving strength to the faculties to
penetrate and work out their material ex-
periences to their own benefit, as well as
the benefit of those drawn hither for as-
sistance.

Oh, man and woman kind! Oh, posi-
tive and negative material!—See that you
aspire to more noble attractions, by un-
folding your faculties, throwing off the
crude material, interblending with the more
ethereal, benefitting each other. When
you comprehend this Divine Spiritual
power, so democratic in its nature, so po-
tent in its effects, you will seek to perfect
yourselves, throwing off selfish motives,
developing out of arrogance, and giving
that universal love to all alike. As God
gives it to every creature, so must man
distribute it to his fellow-man—let him be
undeveloped or cultivated, it matters not;
he has the germ of Spiritual life within
him; he is not to blame for that organiza-
tion. You, who have created him, are to
blame. The ignorance of the fathers and
the mothers are traceable in the organiza-
tions of the fourth and fifth generation,
and even further on. The nineteenth
Christian century (so termed) receives the
light which conveys life—new energies,
new desires—within the mortal minds of

men. That light and life is the magnetic
force which is Nature, or the negative
power of the God-principle. It is, in-
deed, new to the present generation, hav-
ing lain dormant so long—inactive to work
upon the faculties of the human race, on
account of their too material propensities,
misconceived ideas and arrogant, selfish
education.

The intellectual powers of the universe
have come to the assistance. Few, in-
deed, are they who can receive and com-
prehend; for their organization corres-
ponds with that of their progenitors. They
cannot give birth to those intellectual germs,
that flow with expressions to their Spirit-
ual perceptions, until they are brought
within the magnetic circle, as Jesus the
Nazarene brought his disciples into a circle.
When they were gathered together, with
their doors and windows closed, he im-
parted the divine spirit of magnetic power
to each and all of them. This pure mag-
netic essence cannot be imparted in bene-
fit, without the proper conditions.

The holy spirit of love, of purity, of
virtue, is given by us, the same as the
Nazarene gave to them, who were in rap-
port with him. So we give all alike to
those who seek this truth. They will find
in our works the pure developement of
their inner nature, drawing it out external
towards the magnetic sun, which draws it
up out of the material atmosphere, into
the more ethereal atmosphere, where it
interblends with the superior intellects,
then descends through approximating sym-
pathy to the individuals of this mortal
sphere.

Oh, man and woman kind! learn that
you are godlike in your caste. Develop
the inner aspirations of your soul's sym-
pathy. Learn to comprehend that you
can make yourselves happy—that all lies
within yourselves. Outgrow this crude
material. No matter if temptations are
great; cultivation of will-power, will con-
trol temptations. Adhere more to the
Spiritual; for that is life beyond this veil.
Reformers and martyrs have suffered in
demonstration of this infinite truth. We
have lived in Spirit-worlds centuries and
centuries. The present has developed
conditions for our approach to earth. We
come laden with truths, with power, with
strength to assist you in the noble work.
You too will reap laurels, that will waft
your Spirit above the material plane.
You, who are sincere, will not see the
contention, feel the animosity, or realize
the arrogance that is thrown over you.
You will be raised above them, being pro-
tected by a superior band in Spirit.

Strengthened by their love, inspired
their will, assisted by their work, you
interblend with them so much, that
will not or cannot feel the material in-
fluences that are hurled against you.
Christ, you become Spiritual in nat-
ure, you work upon a Spiritual plane, see
to benefit one and all, as the Great F-
ather in his infinite mercy gives succor
alike, good and evil. So we in our
real Spheres come to assist you, in-
vite you to have charity for all alike.

Fatherhood of God developes the
hood of man, so we interblend with
motives, co-worked for this new bi-

Spiritual light is magnetic essence
veyed hither through angel portals.
real beings who know no anger, that
no malevolence, that aspire to love,
and charity, pure motives wedded
thoughts—gives strength to such,
prouch and work upon the face
mortal man, drawing him out to
tality.

[From the Sunday Press.]

T O D A Y .

I.
In the long calendar of years
One little point of time appears,
One point alone
Which I can call my own—
Today.
Alas, I can but claim it,
Scarce time have I to name it,
When, like a dream, it floats away.

Sure, this is my house and I
I have the title-deeds at hand
Meadow and orchard and garden
So many acres to the lot
By the map of survey.
Alas, alas, there's a flaw in it
My title is only guaranteed
For today.
God's truth! my tenure is very poor;
My freehold a foothold and no more.
Tomorrow I may be clay,
And the land which now I hold in fee
Become freeholder, and hold me.

God! teach me this lesson I pray:
How quickly life doth pass away,
Freighted with hopes as heaven high,
And boundless as the boundless sky,
'Tis but a day,
A body lewd and a spirit proud,
A clay-cold form in a white shroud—
So endeth many a play.

II.
To-day the grass grows bright and green,
Its banners waving gay;
Tomorrow the reaper walks between
The rows of hay.
So gay and bright the life we lead,
So speeds that life away;
And tomorrow gathers in her dead
Where all is bloom to-day.

To-day the voice of mercy calls,
"Come away!"
Solemn and sweet on the ear it falls—
Obey! obey!
Tomorrow morning may give no warning
So kind as this to-day.
Oh, hasten I see to your soul's adorning
While still you may.

HUMANITY is never so beautiful
praying for forgiveness, or else
another.—Richter.

'Tis the good reader that makes
book.

PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

THROUGH C. E. WINANS.

MARGARET.

My name is Margaret. It's Margaret A. Bonner that wishes to speak here to-day. I am very weak yet, and I may not be able to speak long. You see I passed away with consumption at Park Avenue, Walnut Hill, some time in December—in the latter part, I think. My mother's name was Lucy, and father's name is Stephen Bonner.

I bring with me a little daughter of J. H. Ratterman—Wilhelmina, two years old. She is a little stranger. I did not know her in the material world. I bring her with me, that her pa and ma may know that their little darling lives; she is transplanted into bliss, and she now adorns immortal bowers.

What was my surprise when my eyes opened into the Summer-land of Spirits ! Was I dreaming ? Oh, no ; for I rubbed my eyes and rubbed them, and still, on looking around, I could see stretched before me, and further than my eyes could see, a vast plain ; there was no end of the grandeur and the beauties of the Spirit-land. I then know that I had made a change, a change from the worse to the better—a happy exchange, for I am freed from the aches and pains of sickness ; I

ed in the dark valley of death, and
 breathe again, a new and wiser
 Spirit.

folks to know this, and not
for there is no death. The
leaves, and flowers may fade and
but we, born unto that undy-
ing you but to come again.

-This Child-Spirit sends her
: ma and pa ; her bird-like voice,
joyous tones make glad the Spirits
spirit-life, sings now an everlasting
ng around the tree of life.

Mother and father, in life there is no
ath. Affectionately, your child,

MARGARET.

HROUGH A. A. TANNER. UNION, UTAH.

THOMAS MIDDLETON TO HIS FATHER.

FATHER, I want to tell you to take care

the farm, and do the best you can with

do the best you can for my family.

...you are not able to tend the farm

without any help; but it will not
be long before you are to stand the whole of

Summer-fallow a part of

and let the hay-land out on

...not able to attend to it;

ing of everything

...and by

...suddenly,
...event

for the

But no doubt it was to be
happy and contented Ier
would not trouble yoursel
the affairs you have to att

ROBERT PA

I WANT to say a word have an opportunity. I col that he is not doing he will know what I hav knows he is not fulfillin ought to. But he will later. Mother must ke to the end, and her Rob at the gate, where he is

PETER VAN VALKENBERG TO HIS SON PETER.

MY SON, I want you to tend the farm, and be upright and just among men, and honorable in all your dealings with men ; and it will be the means of making you many friends. I am with mother all the time, and will be as long as she lives. I am her Guardian Spirit, and have been with her ever since I have been here. I want you, Peter, to be a man, and act as a man, and put away childish things ; for you must now take the responsibilities of a man upon you.

THROUGH J. WM. VAN NAMEE, M. D.

GEORGE N. WILCOX.

I CAN see with clearer vision now than

I could while on earth, and I am as en-
less and determined as ever I was. I
have worked hard, and I am glad to say
not in vain, to bring a more liberal ele-
ment in the rigid, blue and one-colored
town of Madison. The people are be-
coming impregnated with a certain degree
of liberality, which will increase in time
and bring forth good fruit. That which
cannot be denied, nor explained, must
necessarily overcome prejudice and over-
throw ignorance.

I am glad my own immediate family are progressing so well, and advancing in the knowledge of the truth, which is mighty to save.

I want to say a few words to my old friend and earnest worker in the cause, Annie E. Heinman. I often think now of conversations we have had, and good times we have enjoyed together. I am glad you grow stronger to battle for the right, and hope you will long be spared to benefit, instruct, and strengthen others as you have me. God bless you! is my heartfelt prayer.

To those at home I would say, Do not worry, everything is working together for good; and when you get thoroughly strong in body, you will be happy and contented in mind. Do all you can for the cause, and it will bring you blessings every day.

telligent action, and respond in the finite soul of my being to this Supreme Spirit, that I perceive to be cause of all intelligence, law, order, love. The finite intelligence cannot become infinite, unless merging in the infinite it loses finity in infinity. I perceive finity is not lost in infinity, but responsive to infinity, actional and harmonious with infinity; finite so becomes one in infinity as to act harmoniously with the infinite Supreme Spirit.

I am on the plane mortal, cannot comprehend Immortal Life until the immortal has laid aside the mortal and passed the veil that covers the mortal vision and hides the portal gate. From the mortal eye, Infinity by comparison is incomprehensible.

Infinity by comparison is incomprehensible.

1. *To finite.* The Spiritual eye gets a glimpse of the glories of Immortal Life while yet in the mortal; so in like manner the finite comprehends the glory of the Infinite. Today, the finite is on the Soul Spheres, and in progressive growth is being elevated upward toward the Spiritual glory of Infinity. Finite and Infinite are the same Spirit, but one the offspring of the other—one the author of the other—one the cause of all intelligent finites, and cause of all Soul Spheres, all mortal bodies, all terrestrial planets, all Celestial Spheres. All systems of planetary action are responsible to Infinity—the Supreme Spirit, actional Spirit to whom all effect responds.

CHALONER.

SAGES and Suinted Martyrs are all in progression toward the Infinite. The law is infinite, progressive and perfective—today the same as tomorrow—ultimate perfection—the unchangeable Infinite Law.

WITHIN the last two hundred years, or since Galileo and Bacon taught us this great lesson, we have been employed in recording facts in the thousand several volumes. But, thus scattered, they lose so much of their value and importance that we may hope that in another age some aspirant after literary glory will perform the herculean labor of condensing the whole into a volume.—*Playfair.*

by M. J. K.]

ABOUT three miles northwest of town, there is a farm, known as the Zahller place, one of the oldest in the State, and owned by the heirs, one of whom occupies it. On last Friday afternoon the folks went blackberrying and two of the children went to a picnic near by. About five o'clock the children returned, and they say as they came into the yard a man of small stature, bow-legged, and very ragged, came out of the kitchen, walked past them, opened the garden gate and went in. He then jumped over the picket fence into the barnyard and disap-

Now comes the mystery : Mrs. Zahllner went to the barn-yard to milk ; corn-cobs commenced falling near her like some one was throwing at her. Mr. Zahller was standing near by but didn't notice them. She asked him if he saw that. He answered no. Just then a large one hit near him, but he could not see where it came from. During Saturday, the children were hit with corn-cobs, pieces of bark, and small stones, every time they attempted to go into the barn-yard. Two of the family—one a boy of seven, and the other a young lady of eighteen—seemed to attract the most. When they came near, the missiles were sure to fly. The boy, especially, was hurt about the face with small stones.

he saw corn-cobs start from the ground and soar over his head and light on the ground without the least noise. Another one says he was standing near a chicken-house, the door of which was open, when some half-dozen cobs came flying out. The house was searched, but nothing found. Some say the flying pieces are not noticed until they either strike them or fall on the ground near by. The strangest thing is that they light as easy as a feather, no matter how large the article is. One man brought home a piece of an old walnut rail about a foot long and two by four inches thick; that, he says, he tried to aggravate the Spirits, and said in a loud voice: "Don't throw any more corn-cobs; throw a club this time." Just then this piece lit on his shoulder as easy as a feather and rolled to the ground. The whole neighborhood is excited, and watch the barn from morning until night, trying not to believe it, but at the same time convinced that they saw something, they know not what.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

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.

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PUBLISHED BY
 THE BOSTON STAR AND CRESCENT CO.
 AT 439 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y. HATHE
 Press. ARTHUR B. SHEPP, Manager.

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