

"TRUTH, PURITY AND JUSTICE."

THE VOICE OF TRUTH

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO SPIRITUALISM.

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VOL. I.

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No. 7

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THE HARMONIA.

VOL. I.

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ONE WITH THE FATHERS.

Is there a law on earth as in the varied spirit spheres adjacent thereto, that does not apparently seek to enslave the free expressions of mind? The lower the order of humanity the more cruel and circumscribed the law to those who had no voice whatever in its enactment. Higher up the scale of material life one reaches representative forms of government, wherein all are required to yield something of their own wishes, that thereby the whole as a nation may be blessed, and as a whole led up to higher altitudes of thought-life. These facts, and well known ones they are, point unerringly to the greater fact there are many kinds of souls inhabiting bodies in this world; and also, that there is method and purpose in this strange admixture of "brute changed to angel." After a while, by and through successive reincarnations, the brute man reappears on earth to do unto others, in the way of personal sacrifices, what the angel man did for him eons of ages ago. The angel man of that long ago has in turn become the old brute man's God, and the old angel's God is now building another material world, and this latter God is now, with others, engaged in creating souls, to pass, in eons of ages to come, through a similar process of soul-evolution which they passed through.

The emanations of our universal nature—earth, rock, trees, water, insects, animals, etc., all permeated with soul force, reappears in the spirit spheres again as universal nature there; consequently everything here is reproduced over there with similar surroundings, only more beautiful and finer in their respective minutia and organisms. Now, man accomplishes more, as he is endowed with an emotional trait, and it is this that makes of him the master of all below him in the order of soul-evolution. Consequently it is this emotional force that shapes and establishes his surroundings in the spirit world—that which we emotionally long for will be ours when we meet it over there, because we have literally created the same in spirit. The reason why so few spirits encounter the ante-diluvian men and monsters, trees, reptiles, etc., is because the souls which worked in such forms in those days have in turn left them to rot on earth after death, and when they had no further use their better counterparts in the spirit spheres dissolved these old counterparts instaneously, one by one, and the souls of those men—and the

sub-divided souls of all that were beneath them at that time—re-entered the soul realm as orbit lights. The lesser to their other parts; the greater (or man), each alone shone out with increased luster, and there was then and is now great joy in that heaven when a sub-divided or entity soul returns laden with increased knowledge and thereby greater cohesive magnetic strength and power for good. Those old sub-divided souls are, many of them, now with us as a low order of humanity, and others sub-divided have taken their former lower place as the expressions of universal nature to-day. The men and women entity souls of those far back ante-diluvian days are here also, but as workers in a grand field of usefulness. I need not point them out, they are abroad in the world.

Now, to create a soul is the work of two souls who have passed through all these varied experiences, then have been called upon to build and guide worlds, suns, etc. In fact, have put all matter under their feet by hard labor in their different stages of soul refinement. Such souls to a spirit look very much like our sun and stars do to us—they are vast orbs of light, and many of them are immense in size and of intense whiteness. In their sphere there is nothing like form—either trees, houses or any thing we know as forms; in place thereof is individuality; light, which is their clothing, and knowledge, which is their wealth. It is just as hard for some spirits to believe in this style of existence as it is for many mortals to believe in the reality of the spirit world and its tangible form surroundings; as a soul divested of its spirit body is only seen clairvoyantly by spirits and sometimes by mortals.

Well, two of these great sun souls proceed to return unto nature (as a whole) the same which they received—a living soul. These two—male and female—souls become interblended in one luminous, rapidly revolving globular sun light; they, in this state, absorb from nature the super-refined emanations from all material and spirit outlaying worlds—the emanations from rock, earth, water, fowls, fish, minerals, beasts, man, spirits, angels, gods or associate companions, and into this emanation collection they pour their united wisdom-love, and after ages in this condition, two little threads of light are seen to come out of the grand orbit, one on each side, and up and down they move, until finally becoming disconnected from the main orb, they begin to roll over and over, ever receding, until finally they sail away into that vast realm like two little moons with baby looking faces therein. These are soul infants, and their first incarnation into matter will be in those fiery, world-forming whirlpools perceptible in the heavens; and in soul-subdivisions they will first literally pass through a burning lake of fire; up and up, by successive reïmbodiments, will they come, until finally, by such labors, and the leaving of old forms on their new earth to become the different stratas thereof, will they have made it ready, and will then in their entity capacity reappear as man—brute man. Now, these brute men require a higher order of training, and like all else in nature, the want is supplied, as the fathers never

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desert their children. Into the midst of these brute races are born men who appear and are literally above their surroundings; these men are what history and legendary lore have handed down to us as gods; they were simply reincarnated souls who thus re-entered matter, not for the need of its experience, but rather that thereby they might lead the brute man's thoughts upward—these are the gods and devils of the past. The first acted out their part to instill into the brute man a love for the beautiful; the others, to literally show the brute man an actual picture of himself as he really was, as we can only judge of good and evil by comparison. The mills of the gods grind slowly, and after each one of us has finally passed through the mills, and actually in soul existence returned to our heavenly soul parents, we will discover upon reviewing the complicated and wondrous process of soul evolution, that all our experiences have been the links in the great chain of soul development, and that each and every experience, every embodiment, every tear, smile, disappointment, hope—all combined, were necessary, and that nothing has expressed itself upon earth in vain. All its wealth then becomes our wealth collectively, and that treasure is knowledge.

Now, as the soul is thus the combination of sublimated matter and universal soul-love, these infant souls when entering matter redevelop all the characteristics in that matter similar to its old parent's form life. So that each planet passes through a like process of being populated; the lower appearing first; the higher later on. The first forms of every species were instantly created when the souls working upon the planet had qualified themselves to take up the higher form, whatever that form might be. No form life produces a new form, and when the new form man appeared, being the highest, and in the image of his fathers, this work of creating forms ceased, and then commenced what has now culminated in the grandest of all evolutions—a spiritual man. The brute man has by his struggles and the guiding help of his fathers, gradually qualified himself to build finer and more sensitive bodies, so that now he is beginning to realize that after all his tempters have been his saviours—his instructors in disguise; sometimes as angels, at others as devils.

All old religions have taught obedience to a personal ruler. All these were right in their days and generations, as disciplinary schools; but now, upon the earth, in the freest of its governments, there appears a "spontaneous" religion which gives man broader conceptions of his duties to his fellow man; and with them a greater God to worship. It is unnecessary to say this new light is Spiritualism, for it is seen and known of all men. It ennobles man, and in doing thus broadens out his soul life to come en rapport with all nature, for in all they work, and by their works are they finally baptized in that knowledge which by its comprehensive light transforms all gods and devils into brothers.

The above is the merest outline sketch of what our spirit friends have

explained to us as the objects and ultimate purpose of life—simply an educational training, preparatory to entering upon a wider field of labor; and these, at least to us truths, points unerringly to the grand fact that the laborer on earth who liberally individualizes his mind, and thereby evolves, even though they be but mental ripples, will be able with comparatively little effort when dwelling with those who have left earth and contiguous spirit spheres, to surge back upon her heavy laden atmosphere thought impulsions which will mould the very rocks of earth into new forms of life-clusters.

“Oh, death! where is thy grave?” can well be asked by the one whose soul-life is so imbued with the pulsating light of angelic wisdom that, like a cork, he will only disappear from earth as a mortal to instantly flash up a living soul-light beyond the chasm of time, “death,” and the earth sphere of spirit. Down the murky river of life man comes at death, and far out in the crystal-like ocean of eternity can discerning angels tell what kind of a spirit has passed within the charmed life, by the spots circling round about, and thus the honest-intentioned man is revealed, judged and rewarded—he feels it, and every spirit, high or low, sees it, and thus, from the very house-tops are truths proclaimed, beyond the formalities and shams of this imperfect world.

The worship of gods and the fear of devils are necessary and beneficial to those who have not, by the process of soul evolution, reached the plane of soul comprehensiveness. He whose daily life is above the criminal code has no fear of the gallows; but he who lives by thefts and murders worketh by night and day to evade the law. In spiritual matters, he who walketh forth among his fellow men as but a soul infant, looketh to the right and left for some prop upon which to lean—some Christ at whose feet he may cast his sins: on earth they look in vain for that Christ, beyond the grave they will do the same. For it remains for them to learn that soul infancy is ignorance, soul maturity, light; and when, in each one's career, this light has dispelled the darkness, then, and not until then, will they become one with the fathers in *comprehensive* wisdom. This stage, this sublime portion within and not outside of nature, is reached by and through manly labors, both in this world and that other conscious existence we must all enter into. Few souls are qualified to enter the soul realm and abide there as guiding angels, after but one life on earth in the human form; often many in this form are necessary. Then is it not manifest that this life in the body is a *very important one*? Many are here the second time in the last eighteen hundred years, because the lesson and purposes of life were not learned before, and this is the reason why they are trying so hard to learn them better, day by day, while here this time. These compose the great army of Spiritualism. The pre-hisotric man is the Anglo-Saxon race of to-day; therefore, he responds not as readily as many wish he should, and this truth will not flash upon some minds until they look more to developing soul comprehensiveness, than of devising some short-cut road to celestial wisdom through faith in a partial personal God. Bring out the God that is within, and the Gods beyond can then be located, classified and their works and ours comprehended. R. S. WOOLFORD.

Little Rock, Arkansas.

MY VISION.

I slept, not the sweet dream of childhood, but the troubled sleep of one that had had an invitation out to a late supper. I had not slept long before my guardian angel came to me in robes of living light. I knew her at once, I had seen her before; she had often called upon me; oft in the stilly night, ere slumbers chains had bound me, had she suddenly appeared before me. At this particular time I wondered as I awoke what could be her errand of mercy to me now. She bid me rise, yet how could I, my body was asleep and only my spirit had awakened at her coming; yet she bid me arise. I made the attempt and felt myself going, following her, and as I glanced backward I saw my body sleeping, yet guarded by two Indian spirits. As I left the body a sense of loneliness came over me, and I wanted to return to the companionship of that old body and to that earth life. My angel guide comprehended all of this in an instant, and with a quiet glance and a smile led me on, whither I knew not nor did I much care, for had I not often longed to leave the tired old body and drift to unknown shores, some where in eternal space, and then explore the realms of the, to us, incomprehensible. How we drifted along, my angel guide and I, o'er towns and villages that were quietly sleeping in the moonlight; o'er the great city we swept and into space and away beyond the sleeping earth that grew less and less at every second of time, the last sound from earth was the boom of the old town clock as it resounded o'er the plain and through the night air, and told the hour of low twelve; a thought struck me then, will I ever hear that old bell again? and as I turned toward my angel guide she read my thoughts and answered, "yes." "Then I am not dead?" "No, not dead; *man never dies.*" We flew on, flew from out of the mists of earth; sailed out of the cold night air that hung so heavily o'er the plain; and now, as my guide raised her hand and pointed upward, I looked and saw light, light like the coming dawn, and as smiles wreathed the angel face, my listening ear caught the sound of music. Oh! how sweet it came floating over the air, like waves of eternal joy; how soothingly sweet, how melodiously and how harmoniously it smote upon my soul; I seemed to bathe in it; it was laden with love, and as I turned again to my guide she told me with a glance that this music that sounded like the sweetest tones of the æolian harp, was the faint outlines of the music of the spheres, and that it came from the birth place of love, and that it resounded through all the arches of the spirit world forever. Onward we swept, and upward we sped, light breaking o'er us and around us in waves of glorious splendor, until we seemed to fairly swim in ethereal light. Occasionally I caught sight of forms that were not of earth, they were spirit forms, but not so supremely beautiful as my angel guide. Was I dead and out of the body now? Surely I must be. Again my guide assured me that *man never dies*, then I was content. 'Twas broad daylight now, and in the distance I could just discern the beautiful border-land, could see the blessed country, and

through the "gates ajar" see rising in the radiant air the shining hills of paradise. And onward yet we sped, until the glowing splendors and ever turning sights fairly dazzled and dazed me. Suddenly I was blinded and laid to rest amid cool, shady bowers, where soothing breezes swept o'er me and music as sweet as ever floated from an angel choir charmed my being; spirit friends fanned me, and with noiseless tread cared for me. I was indeed in paradise. How long I rested I know not, but gradually I returned to full consciousness; gradually I caught the sound of voices, voices that sounded like sweet music, voices that were the very essence of love and harmony; gradually my sight returned, and gradually I, one by one, was greeted by all the friends and loved ones that had left the earth years, oh, so many years ago. The wife of my youth was there, and with her I passed o'er all the earthly scenes of joy that we had shared together. I was supremely happy then; I lived over my days of youth; I was a boy again. Then the sisters that had gone before stood in the circle before me; my mother came, and with heartfelt joy embraced me; and father was there too, not the old man of nearly a hundred years that left the earth so long ago, but a man in his prime, with the face of an angel, and a form erect and manly, and as he led mother to me, she seemed truly, she seemed more of an angel than I deemed her to be, when on earth, a child I had knelt at her knee and lisped, "Now I lay me down to sleep." Again came the thought to me, "Am I dead? have I left the earth forever?" My guardian angel again whispered the forever welcome strain, "*Man never dies.*" But hark! I hear a voice, it comes from earth, how harsh it sounds compared to the melodious sweetness of the whispering voices of summerland. Voices I say, 'tis soul hearing, there are no voices here, for this is the realm where soul echoing answers to soul, and waves of love are met by answering waves of sweetest affection; 'tis the realm where the loves of earth are made spiritual and forever perpetuated; 'tis the realm where the light of purity and love never fades; 'tis the realm where earthly fears and earthly cares never come; 'tis the realm where father, mother, sisters, brothers, wife and children will meet to part no more; 'tis a realm where all, all the loves of earth, will be renewed, and where earthly ties will be lengthened and strengthened, until time shall be no more. That voice again; it calls me back to earth. I'll heed it now; it's well loved tones are sweet to me; how much sweeter still they will be when they are spoken here in this doubly charmed circle, and in the purity of spirit life. Called back to earth! I'll go, but wait, I must bid the spirit friends a short farewell. That voice again! How it calls in accents wild; how loud its earthly tones, and yet how lovingly sweet. Hark! 'tis Rose, my darling, that calls me now; go I must; I start, I fall out of bed, and I am on earth again. Was it a dream?

J. W. DENNIS.

Buffalo, New York.

SPEAK THROUGH THE NIGHT.

[To Mary E. Van Horn, on her expressing regret at the state of apathy and doubt, into which she seemed to have fallen.]

Speak through the night, oh voice of love,
And guide my faltering steps aright.
Speak through the night, dear voice,
And move the veil that hides the light.

Speak through the night, oh hope, speak strong,
That I may know thee and be cheered.
Speak through the night, dear hope,
Revive the rose that doubt has seared.

Speak through the night, oh faith, I pray,
That on my heart shall fall God's calm.
Speak through the night, till breaks the day,
Sweet with thy healing balm.

Minneapolis, Minn., Nov., 1885.

EDSON B. RUSSELL.

TRUST EVER.

[Reply to Edson B. Russell's "Speak Through the Night."]

Yes, thou hast spoken through the night, oh voice of love,
And bid my aching heart grow strong
To battle on, nor fear the storm without,
Though it may rage, and all the night seem long
With anguish and with pain,
Love bids me hope for brighter days
That *once* methought could *never* come again.

Thou too, oh blessed hope, come to cheer
And lift me up from devious ways
My weary feet have trod ;
When I have murmured or have cried aloud
To thee, oh Father, thou didst take my hand
And lead me to the light now breaking over the land.

Faith, too, speaks trustingly and says,
Arise, put on thy armor and be strong ;
The day is breaking, soon the sun will shine,
And with his warm effulgent rays
Pour o'er thy drooping soul new life ;
A healing balm shall strengthen thee,
And in the coming years shall fall God's calm.

So rest assured that all is well with thee ;
The rose that seemeth seared shall bloom afresh
With beauties rare, and flowers perfume laden
Breathe their fragrance on the desert air.
Go forth with faith renewed,
The victory shall be gained, the mountain climbed,
And all thy fears lulled to rest.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

MARY E. VAN HORN.

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HOME MANIFESTATIONS.

"My dearly loved pa, again am I permitted to come and exchange greetings with you, the best and kindest of fathers to your boy, who was called from you so suddenly, just as I was entering manhood which was cut short so quickly by so-called death, that removeth me from your sight on earth only to open my eyes in the world above, where all the fine abilities we possess are brought forth to light, opening our eyes to the ignorance we were living in while on the earth plane; yet, pa, this light, with its eternal truth, is but just beginning to spread itself with great rapidity in the last few years; but oh! it is yet to come in all its glory, bursting forth with force and reason that many will wonder why it was that they were permitted to walk in the old ruts so long in darkness and uncertainty, when they might have had the blessed assurance of the life and light beyond the grave, lo! these many years of heartache and sorrowing for those who were called from them, not knowing what their lot may be. Oh! where is the comfort of the grief-stricken soul? Christianity fails to give them any; but the blessed gift of spirit return brings with it knowledge to their aching hearts and making their burdens seem lighter to bear by allowing their loved ones to return and give their messages. Oh! that I could impart that knowledge and truth to every sorrowing heart; but alas! it is beyond my control, although it will come in time. Now I must go. Your boy in spirit land, WALTER."

Waco, November 4, 1885.

Now, I am well aware that there are many who will call this a delusion; it seems to me if a delusion, it is one that has the bible to back it. It is a delusion that explains all the occult phenomena of mind, such as mesmerism, clairvoyance, etc. It is a delusion that courts investigation, advocates free thought and the truest benevolence, and teaches that a man's happiness or misery hereafter depends on his personal conduct here. Its wonderful phenomena goes far to prove the actual truth of miracles and demonstrate the teachings of Jesus Christ and his love for sinful man. It teaches that the purer and more Christ-like the life on earth, the more estatic will be the bliss in that home-land of the angels. It has severed the bonds of ignorance, fear and superstition, and convinced Materialists and Atheists of a future conscious existence. By unbaring the gates of death, it has brought the inhabitants of the summerland into our homes, and permitting us to read their written words of love and comfort, and kindling in our souls the loftiest endeavor, the broadest tolerance, the noblest charity and the warmest heart-fellowship. They teach and demonstrate an immortality beyond the grave; to guide our feet in paths of virtue and wisdom; to comfort those who mourn, and lead us in ways of purity and peace, and tell us that reason and affection, conscience and memory go with us into the future state, and that all the good, all the wisdom gained on earth is retained in the world of spirits--

they come to impress and inspire mortal man with the spirit echoes of eternal life. The religion of Spiritualism is not death, but life and immortality brought to light. True religion is born of God, and elevates every soul who feels its pure and holy impulses, to that communion which God designs to effect by making his angel ministers to teach the way of truth.

Waco, Texas.

G. C. MCGREGOR.

SONG.

[Written for the Independent Voice Circle, which meets at 24 Fountain Street, each Tuesday evening.]

Come, beautiful spirit! come close to our side;
On bridge you are making cross over the tide
That rolls between this and the love-lighted shore—
O, speak to us dear one, oh speak as of yore!

Come, beautiful spirit! come nearer to-night
Than ever before, with your magical light!
Your dainty white hands, let them over me stray—
O, speak to us, loved one, speak to us, pray!

Come, beautiful spirit! we're waiting for you!
We feel your soft touches, though hidden from view;
Your low, gentle whispers fall sweet on our ear—
O darling come near to us—nearer—more near!

Come beautiful spirit! so tender and true;
We wait for the sound of your fairy canoe,
The plash of its oar, and the message you bring—
O, come with light footfall and brush of your wing!

Come, beautiful spirit! to each of us here,
To bless us, and help us our pathway to cheer!
Come hold up the weak one, the faint and the frail—
We welcome you, red man! forget not the trail.

Yes! beautiful spirit, our presence you seek
Like light, evening zephyrs just brushing our cheek
Our heart-beat is lighter with gratitude's flow,
For home is in sight, where the white lillies blow.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

MRS. M. K. BOOZER.

Spirit communion, how beautiful; to listen to the voices of the loved ones gone before—what a privilege; not all are blessed in this way; but can we not be if we truly seek it? Place ourselves in a condition to receive loving words from the other side of life, cultivate the spiritual. Our spirit friends stand ready to assist us in this great work of educating ourselves, and thereby educating others. This philosophy is capable of being developed to a much greater extent than can be conceived of in the mind of man. There are many ways and means by which the masses may be reached, if we show by our daily life and loving ministrations that we are in earnest, and many are the lessons that may be taught in this direction if we only apply ourselves to the truth, so that it accords with the sentiments we advocate.

MARY E. VAN HORN.

A HOME EXPERIENCE.

Much of the phenomena attending Modern Spiritualism is of a private or home character; in fact, that which reaches the heart most effectually is the manifestations that are ever occurring amongst every class within the sacredness of home. But little, and many times nothing, is said of them by the happy recipient, who fears the cold criticism and ridicule of a material humanity. Yet, friends, this extreme delicacy should not exist; these same footfalls of angels have been heard in other homes, and telling them will strengthen others, whose cup of joy has been made full by similar experiences. The time has not been long since we made the inquiry, "Who are Spiritualists?" but to-day we ask, "Who are not?" Those who are too creed bound to outwardly express it, inwardly believe it, or at least, hope it may be so. I have belonged to two different orthodox churches. In the early days of life I sat regularly under the drippings of a Christian sanctuary, yet I never yet have seen the man or woman who thought hell was made for them, but I have seen and met many who believed it to be made for their next neighbor. Touching incidents of the fact of the constant loving care of the spirit world have many times occurred in our family, and when related to others, although these same others may have been professed opposers to the Spiritual philosophy, yet it would evoke from them some like experience. The presence of the celestial visitants is not confined to the homes of believers, but they are crossing every threshold, with the eager hope of gaining an entrance into the consciousness of some loved and grief-stricken heart. They are ever laboring with watchful and tender care, to break through the credal walls that custom and so-called religion has been so long building, and in this enlightened nineteenth century, venture to assert, that not one man or woman who is possessed of any degree of human affection and feeling, and ordinary mentality, do in the sincerity of their souls subscribe fully to any church dogmas or doctrine. While we all admit that sweet memories cluster around the past dispensation, because it was the belief, perhaps, of a sainted mother or manly father, yet be it remembered that these same fond recollections cling to many other time honored institutions and things with which we have been compelled to dispense through the irresistible law of *eternal progression*. The discovery of the spirit world is not surrounded with half the seeming impossibilities that was the discovery of this western world of ours—this continent all pulsating with new life, and prophetic of grand possibilities, and destined in the future to give birth to a people who will be truly enlightened, a liberty loving and living race. These late upheavals and strifes between organized men and organized money; these feelings of doubt and distrust permeating both church and state, are each and all finger points on the road of time, indicating where we are going. My pen or inspirations have somewhat taken me from the incident that

I started to relate, which at the time awakened within my soul such emotions of gratitude and love that I am sure it will touch a tender chord in some other sorrowing, hopeless heart. Not long since a last and youngest daughter had chosen one upon whom she lavished more affection than those of her childhood's home, consequently wedded him of her choice. Now, while my reason and judgment said this was altogether right and proper—these marriage relations, I mean; these relations which the most of us have or will form, yet unhappily for me my soul cries out in agony at other ties that are so often sundered, in this life at least. It too may be a mother selfishness that I have tried in vain to conquer, but the marriage of my children has ever been attended with a heartache worse even than their bodily death could cause. This feeling, however, has been crushed and smothered on each such occasion, in consideration of their feelings and happiness. This last darling daughter was yet to remain in the old home with us, which she did until the illness of her husband required a change of locality, and duty called her by his side. I have written the above by way of explanation, that the following may be fully comprehended.

She came one night to my bedside after I had retired, and imprinted upon my lips a warm kiss of affection, saying: "Mother, we must leave you to-morrow." For some moments a choking sob of grief prevented any reply, but upon gaining self-possession, I calmly replied, "Be it so." Both our hearts were too full for further utterance, and thus we separated for the night. When left alone, under the weird influences of darkness, my mind became occupied by the great problem of life—why we lived, loved and were separated; why these painful changes that time was ever bringing to each and all; of the dear ones that had thus left, forming new but no holier ties than that of mother and child. I was thinking that now mine had grown to man and womanhood, soon the last may pass through the home doorway and I be left on life's bleak roadside alone, and in the depths of my heart I prayed to be taken before that be. In that moment of agony I saw the page of a book, upon the top corners of which were the words arranged as below, with the names and marks:

SUSAN J. FINCK.

A. A. FINCK.

LOOK ON PAGE 26.

This at once aroused me from that state of intense thought into which I had fallen, and I reached to feel for a pencil on a table standing near by, but failing to find one, I kept repeating the words and fixing their arrangement in my memory, until I was sure I could retain them until morning, which I did, making a note of it, after relating the vision to the family I was much impressed it was fraught with meaning. Time passed on, and the circumstance was forgotten, until one evening very recently we were sitting for slate writing, and my son, A. A. Finck, had been asking about some clairvoyant vis-

ions he had seen. (Just here I will state, that while sitting for slate writing I can never think to ask any questions, and furthermore, the good spirits for some reason never give me any thing in that way.) After we were through with the slate communications, we were speaking of what had been written in regard to my son's clairvoyant perceptions, when it occurred to my mind that I might have learned something of what I have related, and I so stated to him, who replied in a careless, unthinking way: "Mother, I can tell you, it was page twenty-six of our book." In the same manner I replied: "That is so!" We had been passively sitting for spirit communications, and were both sensitives and in good condition to receive impressions or inspirations from life's more elevated plane. We got the manuscript and turned to page 26, which was the close of the introducing chapter. Dear reader, bear in mind the book is a product of his spiritual experiences and mine, and was written by and through my son and self, whose names were seen on the corners of the page as above. Your own perceptions will readily discern why the good angels presented a vision of that particular page at that most needed and welcome time. I copy from page 26 these comforting words: "Through all our eventful and oftentimes perilous lives, have we struggled through most trying scenes, receiving spirit aid and direction when heart and flesh had failed us, and freely lending our humble organisms to the blessed immortals to pour consolation's sweet balm into other sorrowing souls, whenever conditions were favorable and opportunities offered." I was comforted, and saw there was work still for me to do, and I know the same sustaining hands will lead, direct and aid me.

In conclusion I would say, we as Spiritualists need more of an affectional nature in our literature. Spiritualism has been largely treated upon in its philosophical, intellectual and scientific aspects, but our kind guides tell us that these manifestations are born of human affections, and I am impressed through the affectional nature of humanity they are to be emancipated from all error, and finally come forth in pure and perfect freedom, a royal people, fitted to walk and talk with the angels.

SUE J. FINCK.

Galveston, Texas.

We have received most flattering reports from the psychometric readings given by Mrs. T. P. Allen, of Gowanda, New York. Mrs. Allen is undoubtedly one of the finest psychometrists in the country. Subscribe for THE HARMONIA for one year and you will be entitled to a reading free.

We have received a number of very satisfactory reports of the remedial and curative properties of A. A. Finck's Magnetized Paper. All those who are afflicted should by all means send for a few sheets of this paper and give it a fair trial and report results to us. The paper is on sale at this office, or can be had by addressing A. A. Finck, Twelfth Street, between Strand and Avenue A, Galveston, Texas.

SOME PERTINENT QUESTIONS ABOUT REINCARNATION.

MR. EDITOR:—I have been thinkin' for a long while that I would write you and see if yourself or some of the deep thinkers who write for your magazine could make just one subject, that worries my mind more than all others, clearer to me. I read every number of THE HARMONIA, and think every number is the best. I am a Spiritualist; I always believed our spirit friends were around and with us, and for many years I have *known* they could communicate with us. Now what I want to understand is this *reincarnation* business. If I understand them rightly, some writers say that spirits who *once inhabited* earthly forms, and had an earth-life experience, are often reincarnated again into mortal bodies for improvement. Now, I want to know *why* they should want two or more earth experiences? All the spirits I have communicated with tell me that earth-life is almost a blind existence, compared with the advantages of spirit life. It seems to me that if experience of earthly existence was the object sought, they could surely gain that by looking on or coming in contact with it. They can enter any house, walls and locks are no obstacle to them; they can find out how the inmates are enjoying their condition in earth-life; they can see how the common laboring classes get along; they can visit the asylums and see the condition of mortals there; they can enter the prisons and see also the condition of suffering and crime-laden mortals there suffering, *why?* Because the spirits *already* incarnated were blinded by the coarse covering of a *physical conditioned earthly* body. They can walk beside the pauper and beggar and gain their experience also; they can visit the mansions of wealth and luxury and find out just how happy or unhappy are the possessors there; they can gain an earth life experience in so many more ways than we can, they have so many more advantages for enlightenment and improvement than we who are confined by earth conditions can have, and after having gained all this knowledge, *why* they should wish to be *reincarnated again* is a mystery beyond my comprehension, when in so doing they would certainly lose their individuality and all the golden store of knowledge they had gained before. I love life *here*; this old earth is beautiful, and full of sunshine as well as shadows. I appreciate earth life and would be loth to give it up; but still, if spirit life is what it is told us by spirits, it is superior in every respect to this, and I have no reason to doubt their statements. I think one experience here in mortal flesh and blood, with the fairest sorrows and the most happiness that could be crowded into it, would be enough for me, and I calculate enough for any one. Spirits tell us that little babes and children, when they go to spirit life, grow and develop unto men and women, and that their progress is much more rapid than if they had stayed in the form. Thousands of us have children there, all of us have friends. My belief is, that when I leave off this mortal form I shall meet them all and dwell with them through all eternity. Is it possible, can it be that *time* will make father and mother any the less our

father and mother, or any the less our brother and sister whom we so love here? Can time make the little ones whom we almost worshipped any the less our soul's treasures over there, even after millions of ages have rolled by? There with angels to instruct us and solve many knotty problems that so puzzled our beclouded brain while here in the form; over there in that world of love and enlightenment, free to study and learn, and power to return and impart those lessons to us of earth—*with all that*, and then not *satisfied!* but wish to reincarnate again into blindness, trouble and ignorance! That is the question, *why?*

AUNT RHODA.

THE THREE ROADS OF LIFE.

There are three roads of mortal life
That lead to death's dim portal,
Through joy or sorrow, peace or strife,
Out into realms immortal.
The lower is the narrow way;
In long and weary miles
It leads through twilight dim and gray
Down into sin's dehles.

The pools of poverty are there,
And vice holds its position,
With depths of suffering and care,
And clouds of superstition.
The walls of ignorance stand high
For those who pass to climb,
While down beneath, the quicksands lie,
Of wrong, and sin, and crime.

O, many, many weary feet
Pass through the waves of error,
And tread the dim and narrow street
Of suffering and terror.
They bear throughout their earthly years
A heavy, toilsome load,
And pass to heaven's brighter spheres
On life's rough lower road.

The middle road is smooth and fair,
But ever upward tending,
And through a pure and bracing air
Its grades are e'er ascending;
Though sometimes steep and toilsome too,
The goal that lies before
Shines forth in rapture to the view,
A beacon on the shore.

Its scenery is broad and grand,
Its promises supernal,
With wisdom's power at their command
Would grasp those truths eternal.
In possibilities divine,
Upspringing from the sod
It reaches to the lights that shine
About the throne of God.

There is no light too true and good
For this broad path to enter,
And right and justice understood
Forever forms its center.

O, blest are they whose feet shall find
 The middle road so free,
 That leads through work and worth combined
 Out to eternity.

The upper road is ever steep—
 So steep the soul grows dizzy ;
 And those who there a footing keep
 Must be forever busy.
 Its mountain peaks are white with snow,
 Its air too rare for breath,
 While yawning chasms lie below,
 And threaten instant death.

It is a way whose golden gleam
 Is bright to every stranger ;
 But 'neath each radiant tinsel beam
 There lies a hidden danger.
 And those who gain its summit high,
 And stand upon its crest,
 Will often turn with weary sigh
 Back toward the vales of rest.

The heaps of gold, the tons of fame
 That constitute its glory,
 May leave the record of a name
 To those who read its story ;
 But ne'er its vast material worth
 Has life's best boon bestowed,
 And far the hardest way of earth
 Is this, the upper road.

There'll come a sometime, pure and fair,
 When lives have all ascended
 Beyond the reach of want and care,
 Where these three roads are blended ;
 And those who walked through sin and pain
 Shall find the crown of life,
 Upon a purer, higher plane,
 Beyond all sin and strife.

While those who sought the dizzy heights
 Shall find a rest in duty,
 And know the clear and steady lights
 Are life's intensest beauty.
 Than there'll be one way, broad and free,
 With progress evermore—
 One road for all humanity,
 Upon the angel shore.

EMMA TRAIN.

North Collins, N. Y.

Bro. Samuel Watson, of Memphis, Tenn., has generously donated a dozen copies of his latest work, "The Religion of Spiritualism," to THE HARMONIA. These books will be sold and the proceeds applied towards defraying the expenses incurred in the publication of THE HARMONIA. Those of our friends who desire to see us succeed in the enterprise, can help us and at the same time get the worth of their money, by purchasing a copy of this work from us. The book is one of unusual interest, and is just the kind of a work that will engage the attention of investigators. Price, \$1.25 per copy, postage free.

THE TRUE CHRIST PRINCIPLE.

Not long since we received a letter from a trance medium, thanking us for the stand we take in defence of mediums. This medium writes that she fully and truly comprehends the fact, that she stands as a medium between mortal and the spirit life, and while standing thus, with her mental vision fixed upward toward the higher life, she never forgets the earth life below and around her. To use her own words, she "stands with one hand reaching upward for help from the higher spheres of the immortal life, and the other down, down toward the mortal world that is seeking for light from above." What a beautiful sentiment! One hand stretched aloft for help, the other reaching out to help poor humanity. She refuses to take a step upward unless all humanity should advance with her. Receiving light from the spirit world, she diffuses light to the world around her. Receiving help from those above her, she instantly reaches out to help those below her. To us this is *the true Christ principle*—"Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you." This medium has not reached the "too-too" stage of Spiritualism on earth yet; neither did Christ reach it while on earth. Both received light, and both diffused it, and neither were contaminated by diffusing the good that was given them, any more than the angels were that showered the light down on them from the realms of the higher life.

EXPOSURES.

Almost daily we run across some article in the secular press, under the heading of "Spiritualism Exposed." Well, we have not the least doubt in the world that something has been laid bare, and every time it will be found *truth* which is thus revealed. Too often this truth is the ignorance of the medium for entering into a packed circle, or the infantile stupidity of the circle; but in no case can Spiritualism be exposed when such exposure is exulted over as its destruction. As there are all kinds of people in the world to-day, it warrants us in asserting, that there are all kinds of spirits in the other world. If we go into a "dive" on earth, we do not expect to find saints there, although occasionally we may find an inmate thereof who would have been a better person no doubt if circumstances over which they had precious little control had not literally forced them into such associations. On close inspection such people will be found to be either positive or negative mediums, and as such are really placed there, often unconsciously to themselves, as beacon lights for spirits who went out from similar dens, or for those who wish to study life as it is there lived. Consequently, in such a place we do not expect to gather honey from wasps, but one can satisfy himself to his heart's content how hard a wasp can sting, especially if curiosity tampers with his stinger too freely. Now, a mixed, "harrum-scarrum," curiosity circle is a veritable junk shop, and if occasionally one unearths a scorpion, it is his or

her luck, perhaps just the thing they were looking for, but all the time wanted it to sting the "other fellow." We have often sat in these jumped up circles, and if the sitters could have heard what we have, in the way of side remarks, they would, many of them long since have come to the conclusion that before uniform and ever recurring choice test circles can be organized there must be just a little regard paid to the character of sitters; in fact, spirit manifestations are not kept in stock as plows and anvils. The emotional side of human nature plays quite an important part. Persons of cold, icy temperaments will do, in limited numbers, in a circle; but too much snow and ice will freeze a spirit out, just as too much faith will attract practical jokers from the other side. Some people will learn after awhile that mediumship is not a very pleasant vocation, and often when they shout exposure, it is themselves standing before the mirror, not the medium. Spiritualism reveals as yet a little understood law of nature, and before its value is appreciated, as it will be, spirituality must become more generally diffused in the biped cranium. The human family have hardly yet comprehended the true import of Christ's teachings, then why expect them to comprehend that which is destined to remould and rule the world? New children must be born and old things and ideas literally pass away before the masses will be qualified to even ape the videttes of the present century. The children of darkness perceiveth not the light, therefore, ignorance with them is both pleasant and supremely blissful. 'Tis ever thus, and ever will be to the end of time, comprehensive minds are too often prescribed by popular monkeys.

In response to a proposition we made to Bro. Daniel G. Garnsey, to fill unexpired subscriptions to the *New Era* with THE HARMONIA, Bro. Garnsey writes as follows:

MUSKEGON, MICH., November 22, 1885.

BRO. RICHARDS:—I have concluded to accept the proposition made me in yours of the first instant, whereby the unexpired subscriptions of the *New Era* may be filled with THE HARMONIA, and in doing so I cannot give myself greater pleasure than to say to my subscribers that they will find in THE HARMONIA all that I hoped to make the *New Era*, namely, a journal of "Truth, Purity and Justice," and I trust as their subscriptions expire, they will renew with you permanently. Yours for the cause,

DANIEL G. GARNSEY.

Last month we sent out a few copies to these subscribers, and this issue we trust will be received by each and every one of them, and henceforth until the expiration of the time for which they paid. We also send copies of this number to those whose subscriptions have expired, and if they think it worthy and have a dollar to spare, we would be pleased to enroll their names on our subscription book.

NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

DEAR HARMONIA:—We wish you a very Happy New Year, and hope the greeting will find a response in the hearts of your many readers. We are glad to know THE HARMONIA has reached the bed-rock of self-support. It is very evident that "*our baby has come to stay,*" and I doubt not the coming year will add largely to its popularity and influence. It is elevated, pure and true, and the public are showing their appreciation by thus early making it self-sustaining. May it grow in grace and beauty, and add many stones to the temple of Spiritualism, which is gaining a height and magnitude never before seen in the world. Many who have large beams in their eyes are beginning to see it, and indeed it is attracting attention from persons and places that have hitherto ignored it; it will increase, until the whole world is one vast temple, for its high priestess is *Truth*, and her hand maidens are Love and Wisdom, who open the door of immortality, that all who come in humility may learn that "Truth shall make you free." She will show you such beautiful things that if you go in sorrow, you will come away rejoicing. She will give you strength, and honor, and knowledge; above all, she will give you immortality. Seek her in humility, nothing doubting, and ere long you will bow in spirit before the Most High, thanking him for all his mercies. Did not our elder brother, Jesus of Nazereth say, "The kingdom of heaven is within you," and again, "Except ye become as little children ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven?" Let us strive to put away all arrogance and pride, and with humility of heart study the laws of Father God and Mother Nature, and with Truth for our guide seek to read the pages of immortal life. We shall never weary, for God is the author, and he and his works never pall upon the sense, for as fast as we gain one gem of knowledge he has other and more beautiful things for us to enjoy. There are many ways for gaining knowledge, and doubtless the same way will not answer for every one, but each have some cherished way, yet we will all be benefited, and become humble and charitable, by trying each other's way occasionally. Our mediums are of many grades and kinds; few have all gifts in perfection, some may have but one or two in partial development; but let us encourage all, scorning none, that all by diligence may be able to increase their gifts, and not fold them away in a napkin. Let us have a grove meeting this year. Let us begin this early to think and talk about it, making it one of the plans for the year. Next summer will soon be here, and we who love the same cause ought to meet and take each other by the hand, and speak words of encouragement, and sitting quietly together in the cool of the evening, realize the presence of our arisen ones, who would surely be there. We would find our gifts, and learn how to improve them; would form plans for future culture and work; would gather many who would be glad to learn of *this way*, and so our lives would broaden and deepen, and grow more earnest in the fulfilment of our many duties. Oh, yes; let us have a grove meeting in as central and accessible part of the state as possible.

Such a meeting would be a summer school of science and philosophy, from which we would return strengthened in body and renewed in mind; a psychological school, where spirits embodied and disembodied shall meet together in sweet converse, and teach and learn many new truths concerning the soul life of the immortals. I would like to say a few words about psychological schools and some other things, but this article is already too long, so I will wait until another time. There are many things for us to do this year, so it is well for us to look over the ground in advance; but, one thing at a time, so if these few words should meet with an answering chord in other hearts, I think we will have a grove meeting this summer from which we may expect grand results.

MRS. CLARA E. RICHMOND.

Fort Worth, Texas.

MESSAGES.

My name is Isaac Shannon, lived and passed out near Murfreesboro, Tennessee, at the age of seventy-one years.

*
* *

I lived and have friends at Rusk, Texas. I want them to know that I live and am not dead. I often try to manifest my presence to them.

ANNIE BLACK.

*
* *

You do not know me, Bro. Richards, but I am one of the workers in the interest of our magazine. I gave the motto, "Truth, Purity and Justice," and my hands helped to baptize you for the work, and we will give you sustenance.

E. FINCK.

*
* *

How do, little brave, me want to leave a message with you for me meedy will like it heap. I try get to do something and her no want to; her 'fraid it not right, but me say it is. Me meedy have more confidence now. Me am

CHIEF LOGAN.

*
* *

Bedad it is a merry Christmas I am after wishing you, friend Richards, and many returns of the same day. And its getting along foin ye are with your little book; more power to ye and all loike yez that's at work for the enlightenment of all mankind. It's busy we are in this same work, and bad cess to them that would crush us.

PAT MCCARTHY,

His X mark.

OUR EXCHANGES.

The Christmas and New Year numbers of the *Spiritual Offering*, published at Ottumwa, Iowa, by Col. D. M. Fox, are exceedingly interesting and beautiful ones. Each number comprises ten large pages of excellent reading matter, interspersed with fine engravings, and are printed upon extra heavy sized paper. The *Offering* is an excellent paper, and from appearances is receiving the support it so richly merits.

Bro. Moses Hull is making an excellent paper of the *New Thought*. It is bright, filled with interesting and instructive reading, and another thing, is published at the low price of \$1.50 per year. Send for a sample copy. Address, Moses Hull & Co., Maquoketa, Iowa.

Jay Chaapel has assumed editorial charge of the *Liberal*, published at Liberal, Mo. Bro. Chaapel is a vigorous writer, a strong and forcible reasoner and a progressive man. The *Liberal* gains much by securing his services, and we trust will weather the storm for many a year.

Every Spiritualist should subscribe for the *Golden Gate*. It is bright, clear cut and a vigorous expounder of Spiritualism. Address, The Golden Gate Printing and Publishing Co., 734 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

Mrs. T. P. Allen, of Gowanda, N. Y., has kindly offered to give a psychometric reading free to every new subscriber for one year to THE HARMONIA, who shall send receipt for the paper and stamp for reply. Applications must be in the person's own handwriting, stating age and sex. Readings will be given any one not a subscriber for fifty cents.

SPIRIT COMMUNICATION.

Spirits have wanted to control you, but you come nearer controlling them. You have strong psychological power, use it. We will try to give some ideas about it. Learn to bring all lower order of matter to which you are related in subjection to your own will. Don't try to destroy any material desire in yourself, but bring all into complete control. Always have a motive, and work patiently and without passion for its consumation. When you have self under complete control all else is obedient to command. You have much, you have naturally great powers of self-command; this is why you are good at healing. That with your honesty and purity furnish what is needed for a healer. We do not use an unholy, impure organism lest it be imparted to those who are to be healed. This is why we hold to you, my young friend, let us use you.

C. SMITH, D. M.

After being urged by a band of spirits, and receiving the above communication from the control, I have concluded to place the paper before the public. To all who have used it the most satisfactory results have followed. Many cases have been cured, where medicine failed. We recommend it to all suffering humanity. Mailed to any address upon receipt of price, with full directions.

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ARTHUR B. SHEDD, Assistant.

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