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### VOICE OF THE ANGELS

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### MR. HANCOCK FROM HONORABLE HANCOCK TO THE PATIENTS

[Introduction by the Editor]

THE HONORABLE HANCOCK TO THE PATIENTS

Commentary on the article of the Honorable Hancock to the Patients, which was published in the last issue of the Voice of the Angels.

[Article by the Honorable Hancock to the Patients]

[Continuation of the article by the Honorable Hancock to the Patients]

Honorable Hancock

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### Medical Department

[Introduction by the Editor]

#### CHINA RIVER WITH CANON

Mr. Hanco, of the China River, has sent the following, which the Voice of the Angels is glad to publish.

[Article by Mr. Hanco, of the China River]

[Continuation of the article by Mr. Hanco, of the China River]

#### MIAMI AND PHYSIC

[Introduction by the Editor]

[Article by the Editor on Miami and Physic]

[Continuation of the article by the Editor on Miami and Physic]

[Continuation of the article by the Editor on Miami and Physic]



stances rich in infective matter were exposed to those conditions which have been found by experience most favorable to the development of the disease, (30° to 40° C., or 86° to 104° F.; plenty of moisture deeper in the soil and rapid evaporation on the surface.) Small particles of substances thus prepared were transferred to different liquids for cultivation, and then experiments were made to determine whether, after frequent successive fractional cultivation, the same activity was present as in the substance first employed. Finally, the liquid was mechanically separated from the solid microscopic particles in the cultivated liquids, as in the original, by filtration through gypsum and other filters, and the relative activity of filtrate and residue separately examined. To test the activity of these different substances they were injected hypodermically into rabbits; the temperature was measured every two hours, and the dead body examined. The regular intermission of the fever and the swellings of the spleen and want of other changes were employed as guides and measurements.

The results may be briefly summarized as follows:

1. The malarial poison is found in large quantities and largely disseminated through the soil of malarial districts at a season when people are not yet attacked by disease.
2. At these times it may also be obtained, in especially favorable places, from the strata of air nearest the surface. To test this, 300 liters of air were thrown with great force and velocity against a glass plate covered with glue solution, to which the solid particles in the air adhered.
3. Stagnant water in malarial districts seemed not to contain the disease, although it may be, like the lake of Caprolace, extraordinarily rich in lower organisms. Their experiments indicate that a large quantity of water hinders the development of malarial poison and renders the germs which are present inactive.
4. By infection with the above fluids, some directly from the soil and others prepared by cultivation and filtration, a fever was produced in the animal of the regular type, with intermissions, which lasted up to sixty hours, and an increase of temperature up to 40° C. (104° F.)
5. The filtered liquids caused but very slight increase of temperature, even when five times the quantity was injected. Even filtering through a double paper filter seems to remove the malarial poison.
6. Animals infected with malarial liquids all showed a swelling of the spleen, and in many of them was found a black pigment.
7. The organisms which were the real cause of the malaria belong to the genus *Bacillus*. They are present in the soil of malarial regions in the form of numerous movable brilliant spores, of long oval shape, with a greater diameter of 0.95 micrometer. They grow, both in animals and in cultivating apparatus, into long threads, which are at first homogeneous, but afterward divide and develop again within the limbs. These spores first form on the walls, but finally the whole interior of the member becomes filled with these little bodies. Owing

to their peculiar morphological action they must be looked on as a new kind of bacilli, and have been named *Bacillus malariae*.

8. These organisms will not develop if atmospheric oxygen is excluded, and hence belong to the class of Aerobii. They do not develop in water, but will in nitrogenous liquids, like solutions of glue, albumen, and the fluids of the body. Sometimes the fibres reach the length of 0.06 to 0.084 mm.

#### DAMPNESS OF SOIL AS PRODUCTIVE OF CONSUMPTION.

RECENT studies of this subject, in England, have abundantly confirmed the opinions of Bowditch and Buchanan, that there is a constant relation between dampness of soil and phthisis. An English writer justly remarks that, without denying the determining and sometimes fatal influence of hereditary tendency, yet it is no less an assured induction from a vast number of observations, not now recent, that the continuous breathing of a damp, sodden, and devitalized air has much to do with the promotion and development, if not the distinct origin, of this disease. In it we have, throughout the country, the outcome of overcrowding, the deficient drainage of the foundations of houses, absence of spouting, and inattention to the ventilation of living rooms and workshops. All these matters are within easy scope of the powers of sanitary authorities, and attention to them has fortunately as much a tendency to the preservation of property as to the preservation of life. By every effort made for the improvement of the drainage and ventilation of domestic premises, we are aiding in the abatement of a painful and pauperizing complaint, now far too prevalent throughout civilized communities.—*Medical and Surgical Reporter*.

#### CHANGE OF TREATMENT IN DISEASE.

DR. HARRIS, the distinguished statistician, said a few months ago in conversation with a friend: "You know that we physicians have been compelled during the past twenty years to change our entire course of administration. It has not been change of theory merely, but compulsory change of practice. Twenty years ago, if a man had an attack of pneumonia, we bled him and took away his strength, and in most cases, even after this process of depletion, he would rally and recover. But now, we from the outset of the attack must stimulate and build up his strength, and still in most cases, if at all severe, he gives way and dies. Now what has brought about this great change? If the altered state of things were confined to civilized lands alone, we might look for some cause in the changed habits of this generation, or the use of gases and furnaces, or other enfeebling luxuries of domestic living; but the same facts existing in savage and uncivilized countries, show that the cause lies outside of these influences. Now, for a universal evil there must be a universal cause. My opinion is that some cause has been in operation affecting the whole world, and the constitution of the race.

Whether it be atmospheric or planetary, or whatever the source, there has been some agency which has gradually but surely been lowering the tone of the human system, and making it more difficult to rally it from the attacks of violent disease. This, the testimony of all medical men everywhere will most surely corroborate."

#### EXPERIMENTS ON DISINFECTANTS.

In a recent pamphlet by Dr. J. L. Notter, of the British Army, he relates a number of experiments with various disinfectants.

The facts ascertained (that is, the results) may be thus simply stated in relation to the agents experimented with:

Carbolic acid subdued the offensive odor, while the activity of the quite free bacteria is persistent, though diminished.

Chloride of lime destroyed the putrefactive odor and the bacteria themselves, no free bacteria being visible.

Permanganate of potash (Condy) presented similar microscopic characters, but the bacteria seemed to elongate, and torulae were developed.

The terebene preparations destroyed the odor and precipitated the bacteria in flaky masses, but left some free, isolated, and almost motionless ones in the field.

Very similar characters were presented by M'Dougall's disinfecting liquid—the odor being affected to a very small extent, while the activity of the bacteria, though very slightly diminished, is persistent in the interspaces; while some are precipitated, others appear in the zooglœa form.

Burnett's fluid acted similarly, but a very slight odor remained.

This abstract may possibly assist medical men, and others, to a satisfactory choice of some disinfectant.

#### USE OF WOOLLEN CLOTHING.

PROFESSOR JAEGER, of Stuttgart, recommends the use of woollen clothing both in Summer and Winter, and has invented a sort of normal dress by which he claims the accumulation of fat and water in the system can be prevented. This normal clothing has two essential properties:

1. It consists exclusively of wool, avoiding all materials woven from plant fibre (cotton or linen.)
2. It makes a strong point of keeping warm the middle line of the front of the body.

But the principal peculiarity of the clothing is the exclusive use of sheep's wool, even avoiding pocket and other linings of cotton.

#### THE BEAUTIFUL CITY.

We speak, when the work of day is done,  
Of the dawning by-and-by,  
And number our treasures, one by one.  
In the Father's house on high.  
And oft we think when our rest shall come,  
Of the meeting there will be  
When the good and the beautiful all go home,  
To the city beyond the sea.

It is necessary to repent for years in order to efface a fault in the eyes of men; a single tear suffices with God.—*Chateaubriand*.



## CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

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

[For the Voice of Angels.]

## THE SUNBEAM.

BY SPIRIT MAY.

A SUNBEAM enters through an open door,  
Where little Willie plays in childish joy,  
And danceth gaily on the snowy floor,  
Says, "I have come to see you, little boy."  
The tiny, tottling three-years' old in glee  
Puts forth his hand to grasp the shining prize  
That sparkles so in matchless brilliancy  
It nearly dazzles little Willie's eyes.

He claps the treasure, but it will not stay,  
And slips between his fingers to the floor;  
Again he tries in every cunning way,  
But still the beam eludes him more and more.  
And shaking back his curls in deep surprise—  
As if some problem filled his little brain—  
He lifts in wonderment his sunny eyes,  
As if for light to make its meaning plain.

But, no—the little coral lips unclose  
And whisper, as in solemn, silent awe,  
He presses closely to his mother's side,  
And eyes the sunbeam on the cottage floor—  
"Oh, mamma, now I truly think it is  
A little light sent down from heaven above  
By 'at sweet angel 'at you tell me comes  
An' watches over me wif holy love.

"I deem she knows I love her all 'e time,  
An' want to see her, oh, so very bad;  
An' so she sen's 'e pitty shining light  
To make me think about her an' be glad;  
An' 'at is why I cannot make it stay,  
Tause it belongs to heaven, where angels are;  
But, oh, I'll be so very dood today,  
Betsause they sent me down 'e pitty star."

## LITTLE TROTCOSEY.

LITTLE TROTCOSEY was going to bring home the cows.

A yellow-haired child, with cheeks sun-burned as brown as a berry, and bright brown eyes—a little girl whose bare feet danced along over the daisies as light as thistle-down.

And as she danced, she sang:

"Fairies, fairies, come back once more,  
Come from the old, forgotten shore!  
Bring your treasures from land and sea—  
Fairies, fairies, come back to me!"

For this was old Nita's favorite song, and Nita had been telling her fairy stories all the afternoon, as they picked ripe blueberries together in the pasture, until Trotcosey's head was full of fairy visions.

As she sang, she looked this way and that, and waved her branch of tall scarlet lilies in her hand; but she could see only the leaves rustling in the breeze, and the sunbeams braiding themselves in and out among the reeds and rushes by the river.

"There must be fairies somewhere," said Trotcosey, "for Nita says there are, and Nita knows!"

Here Trotcosey paused to pick up a poor little fledgling which had fallen out of his nest in a hedge of alder bushes, and to put him back again, to the great relief of the fluttering bird-mother, who was uttering sharp cries of terror and dismay as she flew around and around in ever widening circles.

"Don't be afraid, birdie!" said Trotcosey, "Do you think I would hurt your poor little one?"

And she trudged along, still singing:

"Bring your treasures from land and sea;  
Fairies, fairies, listen to me!"

Just then she found a withered Rose lying by the roadside—a rose which some one had gathered and flung away.

"Poor Rose, how pitiful you look!" said Trotcosey. "If I were to sprinkle some water on you, perhaps you might revive again."

And she carried the poor withered Rose to the river edge, and laid it carefully down where the ripples could wash its dry stem and wet its drooping petals.

"There, Rose," she said, "now grow beautiful again! Let me see—where was I?"

"Fairies, fairies, come back once more?"

Oh, here is a poor Rabbit, limping along with an ugly thorn sticking in his foot. Come here, Bnnny, and I'll pull it out for you!"

The Rabbit was too lame to run away, and so he stood still. But Trotcosey thought he cast a grateful glance up into her face, as he scampered away, with the cruel thorn removed from his foot.

"He can't talk," said Trotcosey, "but he certainly looked as if he were obliged to me."

And she stood still, with the branch of tall red lilies in her hand, to listen for the sound of the bell around the leader-cow's neck.

"I hear it jingling up in the woods," said Trotcosey, "and it's coming this way. I'll sit down here and wait until they come."

So Trotcosey sat down on a round, moss-covered stone, little dreaming that it was the very wishing-stone, of which old Nita had that day told her, upon which a fairy spell descended, once in every year, just as the sun was setting. And the yellow light came down upon her head—the last beam of the sinking sun—exactly at the moment in which she said:

"How I wish I could get a peep into Fairy-land!"

Swift as the gliding of a river's current, the trees and rocks and golden sunset sky vanished away, and Trotcosey found herself sitting on a throne of glistening pearl, in a garden of flowers, where fountains sparkled and strange birds sang, and where she could see a palace, with columns of shining spar and steps of opal! And all around her the fairies were floating, with their gauzy wings and crowns of shining stars, and wands all tipped with diamond sparks, and all the air was filled with golden mist. And then it seemed to part away, like curtains of sunshine, and Trotcosey saw the Fairy Queen herself, with her tiny diadem of dew and her sceptre of precious stones.

"Where is the little girl who scatters kind deeds as she goes along the world's pathway?" said the Fairy Queen.

And the Robin flew down among the blossoming trees, and the Rose, fresh and crimson once again, dropped into the Fairy Queen's lap, and the lame Rabbit nestled at her feet, and they all cried out, at once:

"Here she is! Here she is!"

"For this three wishes shall be granted to you," said the Fairy Queen. "Speak, and tell me what they are!"

"If you please, Fairy Queen," said Trotcosey, very much frightened at the tone of her own voice, "I should like, first, for humpbacked Peter to be made straight again; and next, I should

like little Lotty; the miller's daughter, to become as strong and well as I am, because she's dying of consumption, you know, Fairy Queen; and—and, if you please, I want old Kattchen to find the blue hen she lost last week, because she's very old and poor, and she needs the eggs!"

The Fairy Queen smiled as she listened to the unselfish little girl.

"But you have asked nothing for yourself!" said she. "All the same, you shall not go empty-handed out of the Fairy-world!"

She touched Trotcosey's tawny hair with her wand, and it became bright and shining like gold. She laid the withered rose against her cheek, and the loveliest tint overspread the sunburnt skin.

"I grant you a heart that is always merry, and footsteps that are ever light," said she.

And, as Trotcosey listened, there was the far-off sound of chiming bells, and the pearl throne and glittering columns faded away, and she was sitting once more among the ferns, with the cow-bells close to her ears and the stalk of red lilies in her hand.

"I must have been dreaming," said Trotcosey, "for it's long past sunset, and the cows are on their way home! But it was almost as good as real Fairy-land to have such a beautiful dream as that!"

So she walked along home, singing the old song as she went:

"Fairies, fairies, come back once more!"

And just on the edge of the meadows she met a little lad skipping and dancing.

"Why, surely!" she said, "that can't be humpbacked Peter, for he is as straight as a young birch tree. But he certainly looks like humpbacked Peter."

Wonder of wonders! It *was* humpbacked Peter, cured of his sad affliction.

The child had scarcely ceased marvelling, when along came old Kattchen, with a face all smiles.

"Little Trotcosey," said she, "have you heard the news? I've found my blue hen again, eating berries in the cedar glen! And what is better yet, Lotty, the miller's daughter, is much better today, and the doctors say she will soon be well again."

And then Trotcosey knew that she had really been in Fairy-land.

When she got home, everybody cried aloud with surprise.

"What has come to our little Trotcosey?" said they. "Her hair is like spun gold, and her eyes are like diamonds, and her skin is softer than the heart of a rose!"

Trotcosey told them her adventure, but they shook their heads.

Except Nita, who was nearly a hundred years old, and knew many strange secrets.

"Yes," she added; "yes, the child has really been in Fairy-land!"

But although Trotcosey sat on the wishing stone at sunset, many a time again, she never got another glimpse into Fairy-land.—*Golden Days.*

I know no real worth but that tranquil firmness which seeks dangers by duty, and braves them without rashness.—*Stanislaus.*



(For the Voice of Angels.)

## THE NEW DISPENSATION.

SERRAVALLO FOCCHETTI.

We insist that God is the Creator and source of things and the author of everything and not a part. The Christian claims this bad part is from the devil; but this does not make it any better, for the devil is a creation of God. If God is not the direct author of all evil, as well as all good, then there must be another author and designer, and who is he?

But it is stated that God outworks all these forms of life through matter, and all this evil appears as the result of the progress of matter. Is that so? Matter is a dead, inert substance; according to this idea, incapable of anything in and of itself. Well, suppose it is?—then the life imparted to it. No, it being dead, it can receive nothing. The very idea of receiving implies social affinity, relationship. If a dead, inert substance, it may be moved and formed. This is all possible; but all the phenomena in its motion must only represent the power that moves it; it can represent nothing else. The whole of its life and its attendant phenomena is simply the power that moves; and as there is but one source, God, it is simply God made manifest.

But it is asserted that matter progresses by being refined. We affirm again that cannot be, and that a positively inert and dead substance is incapable of being changed in any sense whatever, not even refined; because if it can, then it must come under the law of chemical affinities, which pre-supposes innate within itself the quality of likes and dislikes, which is in itself one form of the manifestation of mind; and by giving matter this quality, you raise it from death to life.

But suppose it is true that this infinite power we call God does thus operate on matter, and that matter is progressive; matter at once assumes the positive position and God the subjective one; because God made manifest is subjected to the condition matter is in, and he can do only as he finds matter fit for doing.

We throw out these ideas suggestively, not taking a positive position about it.

Now, by many it is affirmed that God is Spirit; that Spirit is a something intangible to our physical senses, neither is it tangible to the senses of the humanity in what we call the Spirit-world. Neither there nor here have we only a mental conception of it. The position assumed is that this Spirit as a something is the Source of Life, and that it is progressive. Acting upon matter, it moves it into forms

of being called life. As to matter, it assumes the same position those do who believe a Personal God is the source of life, dead and inert of itself. Also, that Spirit, like the atmosphere, is something that pervades all space, and matter is permeated and enveloped in it; that in the formation of things we call life, a portion of this Spirit is detached from the mass in bulk, and associates with matter, collecting homogeneous matter to make up a form to express itself by or through; but whether it forever after becomes individualized, or whether at dissolution it goes back into and with the bulk of Spirit, or whether it forever remains detached and separate as an individual entity or not, is not stated; but from detached statements, it would seem that it then forever becomes an individual entity, a thing of life by itself, and what then progressive; if so, what is the manner of its progress? Progress means a great deal, and still it is not much understood. If it forms into a world, does it always remain a world? or if a rock, always a rock? or if a vegetable, always a vegetable, or animal, or man?

If the ascension of life through the progress of Spirit be fact, then it seems to me that at dissolution it must go back into the body of Spirit, or else that body in bulk could not progress; and yet, if the portion that has once been incorporated in a thing of life has really progressed, and it goes back to that bulk, then that portion cannot mix with the other portion, because the law of affinity is changed, but remains there in an unrest state, seeking to find expression as it may or when it desires. Remember now this Spirit in some of its forms of development is the moving cause of all life. If this be true, then there must be some law in progress, or produced by progress, that is not understood; for in order to reach man, this detached Spirit must have first been incorporated in the lowest forms of vegetable life, rising higher in the scale through the higher forms of vegetable life, until it reaches the animal plane; it enters that, lives through all the degrees on that plane, until it reaches man, and then it comes to be in its expression a human being, having added to it by the law attending progress powers that are differentiated or added to it in its upward march. We could easily see how this might be if this be true, and we do not know that it is not. Still, all this to us is speculation; we cannot prove it true, therefore leave it an open question, just as we do the idea of a personal God.

When we turn and ask ourselves who we are and where we came from, we get no response from within; we go back as far as our memories take us, and there we stop. We turn to the world outside and fathom its heights and depths, but it universally ends in chaos—we don't understand it.

A great many form conclusions about it; but we cannot do it, we prefer to let the idea of God, the source of life, rest by saying we don't know, and we don't believe anybody does. To us it is unthinkable.

This *I*, this *ego* that writes this, does not understand his origin nor the Source of Life from whence all came.

All the faculties of the brain we hold in the possessive case. We say, My firmness, my benevolence, my spirituality, my hope, my organs of order, of music, of figures, etc. So it is with the terms, *soul* and *spirit*; we speak of them as we do of our hands or our feet. The *I*, the *ego*, must be something back of and behind all these. Now, we would like to ask the question, What is the use of the terms "soul" and "spirit"? Neither in this realm nor in the world we enter at death was a soul or spirit, as such, ever seen or known of in its distinctive modes from anything else. These terms are generally used as synonymous with life itself, or the *I* or *ego*.

Also there is a continual confusion in using the term "Spirit" as meaning the life that acts and moves in connection with the Spirit-world. What we term the Spirit-world is nothing more or less than life made manifest through matter, in one of its modes of manifestation; and it seems we detract too much from real facts when we call human life spirits. They are just as much human beings after leaving this form as before.

It is very desirable that all these things should be kept as simple and understandable as possible. We advise this because it seems such things keep us so mystified about facts that we lose the real significance of these revelations in the mist they raise.

If Spiritualism cannot be of practical service to us here in our mundane existence by informing us of our errors and making our relations one with another to our mutual advantage, it will be of little use to us; and it is right here we believe we should turn our attention.

Mediums are the only source through whom these revelations come. Without these channels, Spiritualism never would have been. Our knowledge of that exist-



ones must come through these sources. Those who want the knowledge we get through these channels are interested in keeping them open, pure and free as possible. Those who do not like the intelligence it brings will seek to close up these avenues, and continue what we have so long had—theories and speculation.

Let us have all the facts we can get, and then be wise in applying them, and active in measures for application.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

Waverly, Morgan Co., Ill., Sept. 15, 1880.

D. C. DENMORE:—Dear Brother,—Four or five months ago, some one placed in my hands a copy of the Voice of Angels, and notwithstanding I had been a subscriber and reader of Mind and Matter for several months, I had not yet entirely rid myself of old Orthodox views, which had fastened themselves involuntarily upon my mind from infancy. I confess I was much pleased with the spirit of your paper, and soon made up my mind to subscribe, which I did for three months, and as the time has expired, you will please let the paper come right along without any break or loss of a number from the time I commenced, for which please find 43 cents enclosed.

I love you and all concerned in the publication of such a high-toned and (by me) highly esteemed paper, and my prayer is that the culminating point you anticipated in undertaking its publication may be attained.

LEVI CHURCH.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

THOMAS BARRISTER

COMES and opens communication throu' Mrs. S. W. Jewett, today. He says, "Well, in this death? I died ten days since, and they tell me to come here because many political Spirits centre here. I have been waiting to gain control. They are cheating like h—l up in the suburbs and outskirts of the State of Maine."

He then unsheathed his sword—it was dripping with blood. Looking at its gory blade, he said, "Blood will flow, not only in the State of Maine, but in many States of this Union, both before and after the Presidential election."

I have fished in the waters of Memphremagog Lake since boyhood. I am

THOMAS BARRISTER."

ROL. W. JEWETT, Scribe.

BURRHEAD HOME, Vt., Sept. 10, '80.

[NOTE.—We are not a politician, and do not dabble in political waters; but we print the above on account of the possible test it may contain.

Pub. Voice of Angels.]

LYNES READ AT THE FUNERAL OF  
ESTHER DUNNING.

BY REV. C. T. BROWN.

Our pilgrim now gains home at last!  
Last lingerer of that weary trail  
Of slaters, now brighter light  
In Heaven's unclouded, deathless land.

When on the far Pacific shore  
Earth faded from thy mortal sight,  
Were not loved Spirits hovering o'er,  
To meet thy Spirit's upward flight?

Were not sweet voices calling thee  
To that more calm Pacific shore,  
Where heaven no more Time's troubled sea,  
Where clouds of sorrow never more?

And thou, sweet mother, gentle wife,  
With what ecstatic joy didst thou  
Stretch thy frail arms from that fair shore,  
To clasp another darling now!

Oh, faithful daughter, sister, wife!  
Daughter of God! the thought of thee,  
Thy parental, pure and patient life,  
Is full of immortality.

In this broad open, bright home at last  
With kindred dust, pale relics left  
But thou, fair Spirit, Heaven's new guest,  
Hast found the freedom of the sky!

Where life's free river rolls its tide  
And freshets all the balmy air,  
Dear Spirit-sister, I see you glide  
Mid throngs of Sister-Spirits there.

There as in heavenly fields ye walk,  
The Father's glorious face ye read;  
And where the Lamb leads forth his flock  
Your souls in Truth's fresh pastures feed.

Heaven's light streams back upon the ways  
Your feet through earthly shadows tread,  
And filled with wonder and with praise,  
You bless the guiding hand of God.

Blest Spirit! we, on earth's rough road—  
How oft we stray or stumble here!—  
Yet musing on your fair abode,  
Our long and lonely ways we cheer.

"Farewell!" we sigh, who tarry here,  
As one by one loved friends depart:  
"All hail!" they cry in that bright sphere  
Where heart still clings to kindred heart.

Once more, to-day, we breathe farewell!  
Yet not with sad regret adieu;  
Assured that thou art gone to dwell  
Where pain and grief no more are known.

For thee are only thoughts of peace;  
The long and weary strife is done;  
The Angel Death has brought release,  
The Cross is borne—the Crown is won.

But Memory's evening dream will come,  
While yet Hope's morning-star beams bright,  
And days of earthly bliss return,  
Reclothed in new and heavenly light.

Where Past and Future blend their rays  
In one serene, eternal Now,  
Thy form, transfigured, meets our gaze,  
The Spirit's aureole on thy brow.

And as, in Memory's glass, a train  
Of beauteous days glides swiftly by,  
One perfect hour will still remain  
Unmoved, before my spell-bound eye.

The vision is before me now—  
The sky bends down in beauty there,  
And calm and clear the bridal vow  
Breathes out upon the listening air.

It seems but yesterday!—oh, where  
In these immortal scenes abide?  
Is it an empty shape of air,  
The vision of that youthful bride?

Oh, not in mockery of our woe  
Are Memory's sweet illusions given!  
For glimmers of that bright world, they show  
Where she now dwells, a bride of Heaven!

And in that home above the skies  
Can she these earthly homes forget?  
The soul that looked through those calm eyes  
Glows with each pure affection yet.

She waits the hour when loved ones all  
Here fast united, one Day shall meet,  
When each has heard the heavenly word call,  
And the fair spirit is complete.

She waits—in no far distant place—  
She hath given us, that's not to share;  
The Spirit knows no far or near;  
God and his heaven are everywhere.

She waits—yet not in vain—  
But quickened by the heavenly Word,  
She comes from mansion of the dead,  
An Angel-messenger to earth.

For so, in us, with us, hereafter,  
She lives, a Spirit pure and free,  
To help us live true lives on earth,  
And win the Spirit's victory.

To help us wait, and still work on,  
In patient love and hope and joy,  
Till through earth's darkness Heaven shall dawn,  
And in new lives we meet above.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

SPIRIT MESSAGES.

BESSIE LOCK.

PLEASANT, sister, I am poor Bessie, who was starved out of this earth. I have found some good friends since I passed out, who gave me something to eat, and treated me oh, so kindly! I want to say to them, I thank them very much; I have learned so much. Since I passed away, I find many things to eat better than turnips. I thought at first they wanted to poison me. When they gave me something, I did not know what it was; I know better now, through their kindness.

I want them to see this is from Bessie Lock, who passed out in Texas.

MARY BLACKMORE.

DEAR GEORGE, I have thought so much of you, and tried hard to get near you; but there is always a drawback. I know I did not serve you right, as I ought to have done. I see my mistake now, when it is too late. I can tell you some strange things that I see now. You are made a stumbling-block around your own house, by some that live therein. You can't see and won't see until it is too late. I send much love to my friends. I have many in the form who won't believe that Spirits can return. I say they do return; you may be sure; they are around all the time fulfilling their mission, and they bring light to their friends.

I will soon have a chance to send again, now that I know the way. Thanks for a helping hand. I will tell more next time.

MARY BLACKMORE.

Some of the Indians of the West are exceedingly fearful of Spirits. They believe that the ghost sometimes strikes individuals, who always sustain some injury thereby. Paralysis and like diseases are the result of these Spiritual blows; the victims frequently or always die.

Amelia Bloomer, the inventor of the Bloomer costume, is the wife of D. C. Bloomer, ex-State Senator of Iowa and ex-Mayor of Council Bluffs, in which city they live.



## VOICE OF ANGELS.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION:

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BOSTON, MASS., OCTOBER 1, 1880.

## ANNOUNCEMENT.

On the 15th of this month, (September,) the VOICE OF ANGELS' CIRCLE WAS REMOVED FROM NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS., TO NO. 5, DWIGHT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.,

After which date all letters and matter for the paper must be directed there.

Pub. Voice of Angels.

## EDITORIAL.

## REASONS WHY THE MILLENNIUM IS TARDY IN MAKING ITS APPEARANCE.

SOME six months since, we received several communications from a highly intelligent and scrupulously honest lady friend of ours, touching the subject at the heading of this article, and which, but for a long protracted illness, should have been responded to before—in one of which she says: "Is it not lamentable to contemplate that people will not do better than a majority of them do, and hurry up the Millennium, when everybody could 'sit under their own vine and fig-tree, with none to molest or make afraid'? If people would only deal justly and honestly with one another, divested of all selfishness, and work for others' good instead of their own, the world of humanity would be much happier and contented than they now are; If they would only do this, that long talked of and hoped for condition, the Millennium, would long ere this have greeted the children of earth with its life-giving, harmonious atmosphere."

Yes, Sister K——t, the happy condition you speak of would indeed be a most joyous and glorious one, and would no doubt be acceptable to all. But as that high estate can only be reached through the unfolding laws of nature—as we shall endeavor to show further on—it will yet be many ages before that happy result will be realized by the mass of humanity.

Before giving our reasons why mankind is not further advanced in Spiritual lore than it is, and the causes which prevent a more rapid progress in that direction, we will ask our good sister a question, namely, If that condition had already come, that is, if everybody were perfect in all the moral and Christian attributes—if there were no bad, wicked people in the world to compare the good ones with—

how, we ask, would anybody know whether they were good or bad? Hence, if for no other reason, our good sister can see that these angular, selfish conditions, she so much deplures, have their uses. Then again, as progression is the universal law of all things, in both the lower and higher spheres of thought, and always must be, which none will question, to wish for different results, growing out of those laws, than now exists, is, to say the least, unwise and illogical.

To show that human unfolding from a lower and gross condition, into a finer and higher one, depends entirely upon the unfolding and spiritualizing of the earth and its surrounding elements, and that try as hard as we may we can never forge ourselves ahead of Nature's unfoldings, we will refer to a point in the earth's history when only the lowest forms of insect and reptile life could exist upon its surface. At that time, and for untold ages, nothing could be seen but huge monsters—corresponding to the developement and unfolding of the earth and its surrounding elements—crawling over the earth's surface. As the process of developement went on, the elements becoming somewhat purged of their poisonous gases, those great overgrown monsters referred to passed away, and a new and finer set of animals took their places, corresponding, however, to the more refined and harmonious condition of the elements. And as this process of developement continued to go on, and the elements became still more refined, new orders of the vegetable and animal kingdoms made their appearance—each order being an improvement upon its predecessor. This unfolding and refining process continued to progress until the highest type of the animal kingdom, man, made his appearance. Although but one remove from the animal, yet he was a decided improvement upon all that had preceded him.

After the lowest type of the *genus homo* made his debut upon the over-changing scenes of life, the refining process still going on—he (man) not unlike his predecessors of the vegetable and animal kingdoms, kept even pace with, but never ahead of the ever unfolding and spiritualizing process of Mother Nature.

From the above, it will be seen that, if by any possibility a man could force himself far ahead of these unfolding processes of nature, he could no more exist in that more refined and harmonious atmosphere than could those monstrous, overgrown reptiles, spoken of in the early history of the planet, exist in the clear and salubri-

ous atmosphere of today. Hence, as the conflicting elements in the incipient life of the planet were in constant war with each other, the earthquakes, the thunder and lightnings of that early day in the earth's history, were absolutely and positively necessary to bring about a higher state of things. So are the conflicting and warring elements of society just as necessary for producing a higher, more refined and harmonious condition of mankind in this day and generation.

Thus it can but be made plain and acknowledged by all deep thinkers that all the lower, angular conditions, of every name and nature, are absolutely necessary for producing higher ones. Hence, if the above crude and imperfect deductions are conceded to be founded on correct premises, it will be seen that all who are so very anxious, as is our correspondent, for instance, to hurry up things, that is, those who cannot wait for the slow processes of Nature's unfolding to get people into finer and more harmonious conditions—in other words, converted from bad to good—all they have got to do to obtain it is to tackle and convert the elements, and the job is completed, and the Millennium will be the reward of their pushing proclivities and indomitable perseverance.

Weakness of the physical prevents our pursuing the subject further.

## UNWILLING MEDIUMS.

At the end of a friendly letter, the writer, Mrs. J. A. Campbell, asks: "Are communications reliable when the Medium is driven or urged to sit with people against her will?"

Answer.—If the Medium is compelled by surrounding influences, whether of a Spiritual or mundane nature, to sit for Spirits to manifest their presence, and the Spirit can get sufficient control of the Medium to give a message, and he does give it, it makes no more difference, as far as the message itself is concerned—whether the Medium was willing or not—than it would affect an armful of wood a boy was compelled to bring in against his will; as long as he does it, that is all the boy is required to do. So with a Medium who is compelled to sit for Spirit-manifestations, and one or more are given through her organism; that is all the Spirit expects or wants. As to the reliability of the message or messages, that must be decided by the party or parties to whom they are addressed. If the controlling Spirit was known to have been an honest and reliable man before he "shook off the mortal coil," and they are satisfied that it



is in reality the one it claims to be, they can feel safe to take what comes as being correct. But if they are not sure of the controlling Spirit's identity—that is, if the Spirit gives no further evidence of its identity than what comes from itself—the sitters may be imposed upon by some other Spirit assuming to be the one claiming to give the message. This is often done. Hence, when investigators are in doubt as to the Spirit's identity, very little confidence should be placed in what it says, whether the Medium is willing to sit for manifestations or not.

#### THE WATCHMAN.

THE first number of a new four-page paper with the above heading has just reached us. It is devoted to the interests of modern Spiritualism, and issued once a month, published by the Boston Star and Crescent Company, at 439 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y., Arthur B. Shedd, Manager. Terms of subscription, in advance, one volume, (12 numbers,) 30 cents; in clubs of ten, \$2.50; single copies, 3 cents. Specimen copies free. James H. Berry, Agent, Cambridgeport, Mass.

WE heartily endorse the sentiments expressed in the following editorial from a late *Light for All*, the new and able Spiritual paper recently started in San Francisco:

#### DON'T DO IT, FRIENDS.

WE see by several of the Eastern Spiritualist papers that a very sharp fight is being conducted, mainly on the questions of Christian Spiritualism and materialization. For our part, we can not see the necessity of it, and we deprecate the fact that it has occurred, and among the ones who should be looked up to as leaders in this great movement for the benefit of humanity at large, and not for selfish aggrandizement or for the purpose of abuse. Surely there has been enough obloquy heaped upon us at all times to satisfy the most depraved spirit in existence, and as if this were not enough, we must heap up coals of fire upon each other's head, in the vain endeavor to destroy the whole movement; and we tell you it is worse than useless for mortals to attempt to destroy that which comes from the infinite. We believe that the Spirit-world looks on this conflict with pity and sorrow, and that they are using every means in their power to dissipate the angry feelings and restore harmonious relations, without which there can be no progression.

We wonder if they are not aware of the crime they are committing against themselves in suffering their columns to be filled with teachings of the most vindictive character, creating a depraved taste, where a kindly feeling should exist. What's the odds if Tom believes in materialization, while John believes in trance mediumship only, and Will in clairaudience and clairvoyance only. Each manifestation affords satisfaction to the believer in it, and that

is one great law of Spiritualism. Really this growth of intolerance among Spiritualists should be checked at once, ere we resolve ourselves into the old conditions from which Spiritualism rescued us.

The present situation calls to mind the old story of the blind men and the elephant, wherein each felt of a certain part, and gave his testimony of a portion as constituting the whole, and there is probably as much truth in the different positions of the parties to this fight as in the assertions of the blind men. We do not think any one of them knows all there is of Spiritualism, and until they do, they had better live and learn, and in so doing, it would be well to respect the opinions of those who do not exactly agree with us, and always remember that

"He who's convinced against his will,  
Is of the same opinion still."

#### THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

A SUCCESSFUL EFFORT OF SPIRITS TO GIVE STRENGTH AND VITALITY TO AN INVALID.

"THANK goodness, I have got home at last!" was what unexpectedly greeted my ears, as I was waiting early one evening lately, just as I was convalescing from my late illness, for Tunie and her co-workers, for a social chat, before it was time to open our Circle. Turning my eyes in the direction from whence the sounds came, I saw a beautifully formed, delicate looking lady, about 30 years of age, standing not three feet from where I was sitting. She had dark brown hair and eyes, and was elegantly dressed, and from all appearances she was highly educated and refined. Rising, I welcomed her, and invited her to take a seat. Thanking me in sweet, dulcet tones, she sat down. Not having heard Tunie say anything about a stranger coming—as I then supposed she was—as she always does, and especially since I have been so very ill, it was somewhat mysterious how she effected an entrance.

As she did not seem inclined to talk, I broke the silence by asking if she knew who let her in. She promptly replied, "No one let me in; I have been here before, and upon leaving, you told me to come at any time without any ceremony. I hope I did not misinterpret what you said."

She was assured she had not, if I gave her the privilege of an old friend, explaining that, as I did not recollect her features, and as it is seldom that any one comes without Tunie's notifying me, more especially of late, I was a little curious to know how she got past the door-keeper without his knowing it. "Oh," said she, "he did know it; but I told him I had lately joined the Band of Spirits controlling your Circle, when he motioned me to enter."

At this juncture, Tunie and all the band of young ladies belonging to our Circle came tumbling into the room in the greatest glee, laughing and cracking jokes with one another, just as I have seen young ladies do while inhabiting earthly bodies.

After the usual ceremony of saluting me, and hand-shaking and inquiring after my health, Tute says: "Let us smother father with kisses, and see if it won't give him some strength.

No sooner said than done, for instantly the whole bevy of girls came at me with a rush, all vying with each other to see who could do the most—some pounding my back and shoulders, while some made passes from head to foot, and others, who could not get near enough, did nothing but shout and laugh at the ridiculous scene they were witnessing; for when they are alone with me, they know they have perfect liberty to romp and play to their heart's content.

They kept up the manipulating process, amid the din and noise of merry, side-splitting laughter, for half an hour or so, when they ceased, and I found the perspiration streaming out of every pore of my sick body. Whether the effect of the treatment will last, I have no means of knowing; but I confess that when they got through I really felt stronger than when they commenced.

After they rested a while, Tunie proposed that, as they came to "entertain father," and have a good time generally, to have a dance. The proposition was seconded instantly, amid the greatest uproar of applause, when each young lady commenced to select a partner from among the young men attending them; (for it must not be lost sight of—although I have neglected to speak of it—that every girl is always attended by a young man wherever she goes.)

All things being in readiness, Tute asked me what they should dance; at this, Ed., my son, who is always round when there is any fun anticipated, said—"I know what tune father prefers; it's Rory O'Moore, isn't it, father?" looking at me for my approval. I nodded assent when he again said, "I knew it was; but there is Money-Musk and the Devil's Dream, he is partial to; haint you, father?" I told him they were all good ones, but I preferred the first one to start with.

This being settled, the band of Spirit-musicians, who had been previously engaged for the occasion, struck up my favorite air in such sweet, dulcet tones, which, coupled with the gorgeously attired and harmonious dancers, whose every movement was the very poetry of motion, made it look more like a fairy scene of enchantment than a reality of every-day occurrence; and such scenes are constantly transpiring in the Higher Life.

When participating in, or watching such beautiful and soul-lifting, soul-inspiring scenes, it is difficult to realize at times that they are being performed by disembodied human beings.

While the dancing was going on, Mr. Raymond, a Spirit who got relieved somewhat of his earthly surroundings by coming to our Circle, came in, and it was amusing to me to see him keeping time to the music with his feet, yet to all appearances didn't know it.

After the dance ended, and the dancers had enjoyed a chat with Mr. R.—for he was a favorite with all hands—he placed a chair in the middle of the room, and motioned me to sit in it. I did so, wondering what was coming next. A moment after, every one in the room formed a circle round me, and joined hands, when, at a nod from Mr. R. to the musicians, they struck up a tune applicable to the occasion, and danced



round me one way a few times, and then the other way the same. After going through this performance the music ceased, when Mr. R. put his right hand on my head, followed by every one in the Circle, male and female, alternately, doing the same.

After remaining so a few minutes, each withdrew his or her hand, and in doing so, made passes from head to feet, the harmonizing influence of which, that thrilled through and through every fibre and muscle of my body, I shall never forget. Now, this entire evening's entertainment was suggested and gotten up, as I afterwards ascertained, by the lady who made the ejaculation at the head of this article, to give me more strength and vitality, and who proved to be the one who had visited me some two weeks since, and who said at the time she thought she could assist me physically.

After the programme of the evening was ended, a short chat was indulged in, and bidding me a "God bless you," the whole party marched out of the room, two and two, to the tune of "Hail Columbia" by the band, seemingly very much pleased with the evening's entertainment, when I was left alone, feeling very much stronger than when I entered the room at sunset.

So ends one of the most enjoyable seances that it was ever my lot to participate in.

[NOTE.—Since the above was written, some ten days since, I have not felt that terribly weak sensation in the pit of the stomach, I have had for months before, although the weakness still remains; yet it seems scattered all over the system, each part bearing a portion of the burden, instead of remaining concentrated in one spot.]

[For the Voice of Angels.]

### ETERNITY.

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

I AM reminded that several months ago, in a Spirit-communication, I was given the word "Eternity" as a text or subject for an essay or lecture. Since then, the word, with all its solemn and imposing accentuation, has fallen upon my ear, and was sensibly felt and realized in the intuitive and conscious elements of the soul, as partaking of the grandeur and sublimity of a deific essence. More than once, in the evolution of the thought, the word, with its awful meaning and significance, was involuntarily repeated by me, the utterance adding largely to the reactionary effect upon my mind. During my contemplations of the subject, my eyes fell upon the following, which is full of the deep convictions of immortality and eternal life. The author was a Spiritualist, or he never could have given forth such sentiments, so boldly and reverently, and therefore I quote him. The quotation is made because expressive, knowing at the same time that, for similar testimony, one need not go so far back in time, and make available the sentiments and words of a dramatic author. The sentiments expressed

are as if an angel had given them fresh from the altar of Eternal Truth:

"It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well;  
Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
This longing after immortality?  
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror  
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul  
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?  
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;  
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,  
And intimates eternity to man.  
Eternity!—thou pleasing, dreadful thought!  
Through what variety of untried being,  
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass?  
The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before us,  
But shadows, clouds and darkness rest upon it.  
Here will I hold! If there's a power above us,  
(And that there is, all Nature cries aloud,  
Through all her works,) He must delight in virtue,  
And that which He delights in must be happy;  
But when or where?—[With hand upon his sword.]  
This in a moment brings me to an end,  
But this informs me I shall never die.  
The soul, secure in her existence, smiles  
At the drawn dagger and defies its point.  
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;  
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
Unhurt amid the war of elements,  
The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds."

Here is an essay, a lecture right to hand, drawn by the mind of a master intelligence, either mortal or immortal. Comment upon it would be superfluous, and in effect demoralize the sentiments; and therefore we will rest content, asking of our readers to read it attentively, and give it scope for full mental digestion. Though borrowed, it is good, and will be the brighter and beautiful the more it is put into the revolutionary process of thought. With the hope in that direction, we put in circulation that which, in the opinion of the writer, sets forth in very terse terms the philosophy of Spiritualism. Let such thoughts, either old or new, be cast, like bread, upon the waters, which may be seen after many days! J. W.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

### WAS IT A SPIRIT-VOICE?

JAMESTOWN, Colorado, June, 1880.

DEAR SISTER:—I suppose you do not remember a man by the name of Mark Caswell? He went to California, and was killed there. I remember as it were yesterday a circumstance seldom happening to any man. It was the morning after the Fourth of July; I thought I heard a voice saying, "Mark is dead." I knew there was a man over the river by the name of Mark, and I got up at once and opened the window-blinds, looked up and down the road, but saw no one, and I immediately dressed myself and went out where you girls were. My wife and you all said I had been dreaming; my own girls had a good deal to say about father's dreams. But I told you it was no dream; that the voice I heard impressed it upon my mind that it was Mark Caswell in California who was dead, I then sent word to his wife that he was dead. A short

time afterwards she got a letter, saying he was killed at a shooting-match. I claim it was the voice of a Spirit that gave me the information of his death. This is just as it happened. Please give me your idea of it, and oblige Yours, truly,

BARNABAS SMITH.

[NOTE.—The above is an extract from a letter I sent to a Methodist sister, asking her if it was not a Spiritual manifestation. What was it?—n. s.]

[For the Voice of Angels.]

### WAYSIDE BLOSSOMS.

NUMBER FOUR.

BY SPIRIT VIOLET.

ONE of the sweetest things in human life is sympathy; it is the golden link uniting heart to heart and soul to soul, and from its mystic power sweet associations and holy recollections grow. Some day, when humanity shall have attained the perfect state, sympathy will unite every heart throughout the world, and each one will care for the other as for another self.

A sweet incident occurred not long since, which so touchingly illustrates the power of sympathy, that I feel to relate it in this paper:

A young and beautiful girl, one who having passed through the fiery furnace of human sorrow, had become so refined as to enter into sympathetic communion with those more unfortunate than herself, was pursuing her way along the dimly-lighted streets of a large city, at early eventide. Suddenly her attention was attracted by a gathering crowd of boys of all sizes, which a policeman was endeavoring to disperse: as the crowd parted under the magic touch of the officer's hand, a woman became exposed to view, sitting upon the curb of the sidewalk—a poor, unfortunate, half-clad, moaning creature—who appeared unable to care for herself. Filled with that divine pity which is akin to the love that Angels know, the young lady paused, and approaching the unfortunate one, stooped to speak to her, just as the officer laid his hand upon her shoulder to bid her move on.

It was evident that the forsaken woman was the victim of strong drink; it was also evident that she was ill and destitute. Unable to gather any information from her lips, and yet unwilling to leave the unfortunate being to the inhospitality of the midnight street, or the tender mercies of the law, our young friend entreated the officer to call a carriage, that she might remove her to her own home.

This was done, and in the sacred privacy of her own quiet room, with no one to molest her in her noble work—for she was



an orphan, and lived alone—our young friend ministered to the unfortunate one, clothed her in her own garments, fed and cared for her until she was able to care for herself. And what was the result? The unfortunate creature, found in the street, was still young and beautiful; a victim to man's perfidy, she had wandered away from a once happy home, and become despairing and ill in a strange city; had it not been for the care and sympathy bestowed upon her by one who walked in humble, yet exalted life on earth, she would have become one more victim to self-destruction and death; but as it was, she became redeemed, and today lives in sisterly love and sympathy with the lone one who saved her from herself.

These two young beings dwell together in their tiny home, made beautiful by the presence of blooming flowers, a singing bird, and the natural little adornments that a refined and cultivated taste can display; live together and work in harmony from day to day; the one—our beautiful friend—by giving lessons in music, the other—our redeemed friend—growing contented and peaceful in her new surroundings, by embroidering fancy articles for a large establishment; and best of all, she has at last made up her mind to communicate with her parents and friends, and assure them of her safety and well-doing.

Under the divine influence of sympathy and love, these two souls are daily expanding into beauty and fragrance, and they purify and bless all things with which they come in contact. Angels love to gather around them, and scatter into their lives sweet and holy thoughts, that shall blossom into deeds and words of cheer and goodness.

This case of which I have told you is a rare, though true one; yet cases of this kind might be multiplied, until woe and desolation ceased to be. Could mortals realize the divine heritage of love awaiting them, which would expand their hearts and develop their capabilities of enjoyment, they would not grow chary of bestowing sympathy upon their fellow-beings, but would extend their protection unto all in need. Very few people would leave a brother or sister to suffer in want and woe—those who would deserve pity and commiseration themselves—and when they learn fully that all men are their brothers, all women their sisters, they will begin to realize that sympathy is meant to be extended to all.

He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.—*Charron.*

[For the Voice of Angels.]

### FRIENDS FOR THE JOURNEY.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

"ALWAYS your friend!"—I cannot tell how precious  
Those three words are to me;  
The world, and everything therein seems rocking  
In mutability.

And if exists one fraction of creation  
Which is exempt from this,  
There will I rest my soul when all too weary,  
In silent, moveless bliss.

"Always your friend!"—I did mistake thy meaning;  
Thou surely movest along  
To where the whiter flowers of peace and wisdom  
Echo with Love's sweet song.

Thou only breathest a sweet, prophetic promise  
That I could keep in sight,  
And travel with thee toward the hills of knowledge,  
Whose peaks are bathed in light.

Could climb within the reach of voice and hand-clasp,  
And with thee faint and rest—  
Sometimes with bleeding feet and rocky pillow,  
But sometimes 'gainst thy breast.

And that is more in keeping with God's wisdom,  
Who made this changing world;  
'Twere strange indeed if in the growth about them  
Souls lived with pinions furled.

Therefore I know if I am thine in friendship,  
As thou hast promised me,  
I must forever change by endless effort  
Towards white divinity.

And for the wreath of poppies I did covet,  
I must another twine.  
Of all the tear-dewed, angel-tended blossoms  
Which grow toward lands divine.

So for the dearest lull which first came o'er me,  
Reading thy promise sweet,  
I waken from the baptism of thy friendship  
To make life all-complete.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

### CHEERING WORDS.

ASHERVILLE, IOWA, Aug. 30, 1880.

DEAR BROTHER DENSMORE:—As my dear wife has been writing to you, I tho't I would say a few words by way of explanation of our financial matters. We came here with but very little money, between seven and eight years ago, and on account of the excessive drought and hot winds, together with the grasshopper scourge, for three or four years of our first settlement here, and then my sickness and inability to labor or make much improvement on our land, we have had to live very closely with our scanty means. Some would say, "Why don't you sell off a part of your land, and live better?" The United States laws were of such a nature, that, had we disposed of any part of the land we took of the government, until we had lived upon it five years, and made certain specified improvements, the whole would fall back again to the United States.

The five years expired last April, and a few weeks ago I went and made proof according to law, and got my final receipt for the same.

We do acknowledge our hearty thanks for the opportunity of reading your valuable and interesting paper, (*VOICE OF ANGELS*), and intend as soon as we can make

any turn, that will bring any money, to send you some. I saw, when it was first started, or thought I did, that it would fill an important, and hitherto vacant place in the Spiritual press, and would eventually meet with well-deserved success.

Truly yours, J. W. ENGLE.

SEARSBOROUGH, IOWA, Sept. 3, 1880.

BROTHER DENSMORE:—The *VOICE OF ANGELS* for Sept. 1st just received, and on reading your polite request for remittances, I am reminded that I am still a delinquent, and hasten to respond. I enclose two dollars. Please acknowledge receipt and place to my credit. I believe this amount puts me ahead some. And right here let me thank you for your kindness in waiting on me so patiently; for at one time I was so far behind I thought I could not pay up, and so wrote you; but you kindly continued sending me the paper, and I by remitting a little at a time, now have the pleasure of knowing my subscription is paid for, and I hope have helped to relieve you of your burden.

I love the little sheet that comes to my home every two weeks—there is so much of Spiritual food, so many encouraging words to help us over life's troubles and trials—light for our spirits when the way grows dark and the path seems rough.

When I think of all the harsh experiences through which we have passed, and know that the end is not yet, the little Spiritual leaflet tells me that these things are a necessity, and that my life, my home over there will be all the brighter and better for them; then I take up my life-task, and try to go bravely on my way, forgetting these little troubles in contemplating the beauties of the Beyond.

Cheer up, my brother! your task is not yet done; toil on, for the rest that you are longing you must till set of sun—

"Yet a little longer labor,  
Sow the seed in many a field;  
Somewhere still a golden harvest  
Waits its ripened grain to yield."

"Yet a little—and the longest  
Day of all our life is done,  
The long journey is accomplished,  
And heaven's glory is begun."

May angels continue to guide, guard and protect you until that time, is my heart's desire.

Thine in the spirit of truth.

T. J. MORGAN.

At the age of seventy-five, one must of course think frequently of death. But this gives me no unrest; for I am fully convinced of the soul's immortality. It is like the sun, which seems to our earthly eyes to set in night, but which has gone to diffuse light elsewhere.—*Goethe.*



## BRIEF ITEMS.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT, that old and reliable medium of the Spirit-world, commences its forty-eighth volume with the number for September 25. We hope all Spiritualists who are not already subscribers will send their names in immediately, and so help along our honored cause in a practical and substantial manner. We can assure them all that both the literary and mechanical execution of the *Banner* are beyond praise;—the type and paper are super-excellent.

The Sunapee Lake Camp-Meeting commenced August 31, and was attended by a large company, including many of the leading Spiritualists and Mediums of the country, quite a number hailing from Boston and vicinity. Among others present were Horatio and William Eddy, C. E. Watkins, Miss Jennie Rhind, W. J. Colville, Dr. H. B. Storer, and Miss Jennie B. Hagan. The people of the neighboring towns, to a distance of twenty and thirty miles, have visited the grounds in large numbers, and a very profitable and useful season has been enjoyed.

The exercises at the Lake George Camp-Meeting were opened on Sunday, Sept. 5th, by singing by the Grattan Smith family of Ohio, and an address by H. J. Newton, of New York City. During the ensuing week, the company present enjoyed themselves in the usual way at such gatherings, with music and addresses; and on Sunday, Sept. 12, Dr. H. B. Storer of Boston and Mrs. N. T. J. Brigham of New York City spoke to the people. The grounds are beautifully situated on the margin of the lake, whose calm surface is dotted with green islands and sprinkled with the white sails of yachts and pleasure boats. The best of water is brought in pipes from the mountains; and with proper management the annual gatherings here will be large and pleasant.

Mr. W. J. Colville continues his interesting meetings at Berkeley Hall, Boston. On Sunday, Sept. 19th, he gave an excellent inspirational lecture on "Spirit Materialization," and in the afternoon, Mr. J. W. Fletcher was on the platform with him, and gave an address and numerous tests.

We call the attention of our readers to the beautiful lives in another column, read by Rev. C. T. Brooks, of Newport, R. I., at the recent funeral of Esther Dunning, the last surviving daughter of our valued friend and occasional correspondent, Thos. R. Hazard.

Resolved by the Prohibitionists in Convention at Worcester, Mass., Sept. 8, 1880: "That we are pledged to the ballot for women by past declarations, by present convictions, and by the nature of our organization." About one-half of the delegates were women.

The meetings of the various Spiritual organizations of New York City and Brooklyn have started off for the coming campaign under the most favorable auspices; the audiences are large and attentive, with numerous new faces present; and it is evident the cause of Spiritualism has received a new impetus in this region during the late camp-meeting season.

Mrs. Richmond is meeting with continued success in England, and is favored with large and intelligent audiences whenever she speaks, in many instances every inch of standing room being occupied. It is generally thought this is her last visit to the old world, and there is consequently the more anxiety to hear her. She has spoken repeatedly in London, Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, and the other large towns, and the number of her engagements is limited only by her ability to fill them.

Singular manifestations are taking place in the township of Wellesley, Canada, at the house of Mr. Geo. Manser, a farmer of that place. Showers of water fall in open day, without a cloud in the sky,

and windows are broken, without apparent cause, with a report like a pistol-shot. The matter is creating quite a stir in the vicinity, and the house is visited by large numbers, while the strange events continue to go on.

Dr. Slade is lecturing in Michigan, and his slate-manifestations grow more inexplicable. He spoke in East Saginaw on the 8th ult., and the *Herald* of that place commends the address as a plain and convincing argument, and relates several satisfactory experiences of his power as a slate-writer and Medium.

The meetings at Amory Hall and Paine Hall, Boston, are attended by large numbers every Sunday, and the prospects for usefulness for the coming season are more favorable than ever before.

A correspondent of the *Banner* has made a recent visit to Mr. A. H. Phillips of New York City, and commends him as the best Medium for rapping, slate writing and physical manifestations he has ever seen.

The late meeting at Lansing, of the Spiritualists and Liberalists of Michigan, although not so well attended as the one of last year, on account of continued rain and other causes, was a season of great satisfaction to those who were present, and they all mean to come again next year.

The Brooklyn (N. Y.) Spiritual Society has passed appreciative resolutions on the life and death of that bold and fearless champion and untiring worker in the cause of Spiritualism, E. V. Wilson. They do him no more than justice.

The late meeting of the Iowa State Spiritualists at Cedar Rapids lasted a week, and was attended by considerable numbers, fifteen hundred people being present on Sunday. Miss Susie M. Johnson was the principal speaker, and her efforts are commended highly by the local press.

The *Religio-Philosophical Journal* of Sept. 18th contains Emma Hardinge-Britten's answer to Joseph Cook's late attack on Spiritualism at Saratoga, N. Y. It occupies nearly eight closely printed columns, and is a convincing argument, and well worth reading. We wish we had room to print even an abstract.

Charles H. Foster, the Medium, is temporarily located at Salem, Mass.

C. Fannie Allyn is lecturing to good audiences at Rochester, New York.

Thomas Gales Forster, accompanied by his wife, is making a brief visit to Boston and vicinity.

The new census shows that Boston exempts from taxation church property and its improvements to the snug little sum of thirteen million one hundred and eighty-two thousand five hundred dollars.

Father Healey, of Marblehead, had a fair in his church the other day. There was a raffle for a picture of himself. A young lady was asked to take a ticket, and on her refusal the priest struck her twice in the face. He was fined only \$20.

J. Frank Baxter has just concluded a series of most successful meetings in McLean, Freeville, Lansing and Cassadaga, N. Y.

Prof. Wm. Denton has made arrangements to lecture in Melbourne, Australia. He intends to leave the East for San Francisco, about the first of February, and will leave there for Australia about the first of March.

Mrs. Nettle Pease Fox has lectured to fine audiences during the past month, in Moberly, Milan and Kirksville, Mo. The last Sunday of September and the first two Sundays of October, she will speak in St. Louis. Will then return to New York City and resume her labors there.

Mrs. Elizabeth C. Putnam has recently been appointed trustee of the State primary and reform schools of Massachusetts, by its Executive Council. This innovation is commended as eminently fitting, even by conservative journals.

Spiritualists may count among the accessions to their ranks Prof. Hiram Corson, of Cornell University, who will justly rank among the very first philologists in the country. He believes that since his daughter's death he has several times seen her "materialized Spirit." He appeals to the four gospels in corroboration of his faith.—*Boston Herald*.

The Camp-Meeting at Lake Pleasant this year was a great success, both in numbers and financially. We are informed that after paying the expenses of the meeting just closed, and paying up all that was due on the hotel building, there will be at least five hundred dollars left in the treasury. At the close of the meeting in 1879, two hundred and twenty lots were taken for 1880 and paid for. At the close this year two hundred and seventy-five lots were taken and paid for—an increase of fifty-five lots. So it is safe to conclude there will be a at Lake Pleasant next August.—*Banner*.

Mrs. Mary A. Amphlett, of Cincinnati, O., passed to Spirit-life in Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 10th, aged 72 years. Her funeral obsequies were observed on the 12th, at the hall corner 8th and Spring Garden streets, that city. She was a prominent trance speaker, and well known to the friends of the Spiritualist cause.

Miss Kate Sanborn has been appointed to the chair of English Literature at Smith College, Northampton.

D. D. Home has been very ill. For some days it was thought by all his friends about him that he must take leave of his frail body, but we are glad to learn that he is gaining strength though very slowly. We can ill spare such noble Mediums at this time, and we hope he will stay with us here for many years to come: his work is an important one.

The editor of the *New York Christian Advocate* gives the following story in its columns, apropos to Camp-meetings: Said a farmer to his wife, "I really thought I would go forward; but I went out in the woods and found a half dozen preachers smoking and telling yarns, and among them was the very man who preached that big sermon last night that made me feel so bad, and I've about made up my mind that I am not so bad after all."

The Harvard College Library is to be opened for the use of students on Sunday afternoons; another good move against the Sabbatarian superstition. The Museum of Comparative Zoology is already open to the public free of charge, on Sunday afternoons, with results very gratifying to the officers.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

## CRITICISM OF DR. HARE'S MESSAGE.

MONMEE, Kankakee Co., Ill., Aug., 1880.

To the Editor Voice of Angels:

DEAR SIR:—I find in Aug. 15th number of your paper, a message in relation to Christ and his mission on earth, purporting to come from Robert Hare, thro' Dr. Fahnestock. It seems that Hare is still in doubt about the divinity of Christ.

He says: "I find that even here the same diversity of opinions exist; but one thing I have observed, that those Spirits here who acknowledge his divinity are certainly in advance of others who do not."

Now, if this is true that our condition is better in Spirit-life by believing in the divinity of Christ, every Spiritualist in the world ought to go and join the church.

Now, I do not believe that Prof. Hare communicated that message. It looks as if some old, antiquated Orthodox minis-



ter got possession of the Medium when that was written.

Does Hare believe that all the murderers that are executed for that crime are in advance of other people who deny the divinity of Christ? Let us hear from him again on this subject H. S. HALL.

(Selected.)

### THE VISION OF ANGELS.

Once at the Angelus,  
(Ere I was dead),  
Angels all glorious  
Came to my bed:  
Angels in blue and white,  
Crowned on the head.  
  
One was the friend I left  
Stark in the snow;  
One was the wife that died  
Long, long ago;  
One was the love I lost—  
How could she know?  
  
One had my mother's eyes,  
Wistful and mild;  
One had my father's face,  
One was a child:  
All of them bent to me,  
Bent down and smiled.

### A STRANGE BUT TRUE STORY.

#### A CONNECTICUT MURDER CASE.

SOME time before the war, there was committed in the quiet region of the Willimantic river, near the borders of Willington and Mansfield, the most atrocious murder that ever shocked the good people of Connecticut. John Warren, the murderer, lived within the limits of the township of Willington, near the northwest part of Mansfield. He was a young man, who had not been married a year, and his victim was his own wife. He killed her by holding her down under the waters of Ronring Brook, a shallow tributary of the Willimantic, at a secluded, shadowy place, not far from the junction of the brook with the river. For a while, the crime was enveloped in mystery; but a gathering cloud of suspicion began to rest upon Warren, and finally, when a warrant for his arrest was issued, he disappeared. For about three weeks nothing could be seen or heard of him; but circumstances led to a suspicion that he was concealed under his father's barn. At last a determined search revealed him hidden there, and it was found that he had been living there, with the knowledge and aid of his brothers and father. He was arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced to State Prison for life—his lawyer saving him from the gallows. Of late years there have been petitions, to more than one session of the legislature, for his release; but his release is improbable. His father and brothers are still living in this neighborhood.

It appears by Warren's confession, that after murdering his wife, he dragged the body to some bushes up the bank, near a rock, and there buried it, under earth and brush. A day or two later he went by night, with a hired team, took up the body, carried it off two miles or more, placed it in a secluded spot in the woods near the river, and there left it. He drove by that place, on one or another errand, almost every day, and almost always stopped, got out, and went down into the bushes to see the body.

The above related facts were published at the time.

The singular part of the story is now to come. On the afternoon of the day on which, in the morning, the crime had been committed, Mr. Philo H. Presbrey, of Merrow Station, Mansfield, was driving to that place, in company with a young woman of the north part of Willington, who afterwards became his wife, and her sister. The road was the one near which, as yet all unknown to the occupants of the carriage, the murder had been committed. When he had reached a certain part of the road—somewhat wooded, with bushes on the sides—Mr. Presbrey and his companions observed a woman walking at the side of the road, in the same direction they were driving. She was about two or three rods ahead of them, but the carriage quickly came up with her. Just before it reached her, the unknown woman suddenly turned, and crossed the road close to the horse's head—so close, that Mr. Presbrey reined up and "turned out" for her, in order not to hit her; and was in the act of passing her and leaving her on the left side of the road, trying, as did his companions, in vain to make out who she was, when at a point exactly opposite the seat on which he sat, and at a distance of scarcely ten feet from him, the mysterious figure, as it was in the act of entering the bushes, faded away and disappeared. It did not disappear by being hidden in the bushes, as Mr. Presbrey and his companions emphatically declared, but dissolved into nothing—became dissipated, in an instant, into thin air, in their very presence and right before their eyes!

Astonished beyond measure, they waited and looked for the strange figure—but, not seeing it again, they took note of the exact spot where it had so strangely disappeared, and drove on. They told their story on arriving at their destination, and described the dress the woman wore. What struck the two young ladies in the strange woman's dress was the entire absence of the crinoline, or hoop-skirt, then in such universal use; and they noticed also that she wore a sun-bonnet which shielded her face, and a calico dress. They were surprised, on relating the story, to find they had exactly described the dress of young Mrs. Warren, (whom they did not know,) and still more astonished to hear that she had disappeared that day, and was believed to have been murdered. As the noise of the murder became bruited all around the region, the belief that this mysterious female figure bore some relation to the case gained possession of the minds of a few; and when it became known, from Warren's subsequent location of the spot where with brush, leaves and clods he first covered up his murdered wife's body, (he went there and identified the place,) it was found by Mr. Presbrey and his lady friends that the mysterious figure that they had seen, had vanished at a point exactly on a line with the spot where the body actually lay buried when they drove by, and only a few feet above the location of the rudely improvised grave.

Mr. P. still lives at Merrow Station, a few miles from here, and he and his wife and her sister confirm this singular story, without being

able to explain it. Of one thing they seem to be sure—the mysterious figure actually did vanish into nothing, and in a second of time, and was *not* lost to view by hiding in the bushes. If it had been a *bona fide* flesh-and-blood woman, her identity, in such a neighborhood as this, could not have failed to be revealed in the talk and inquiry which the strange circumstances elicited.

One other odd circumstance in connection with this case of the unfortunate Mrs. Warren, was the fact that her mother, then living in a town in Massachusetts, had a dream, that night, that her daughter had been murdered—and so vividly was it impressed upon her mind, and so dubiously and unpleasantly did her son-in-law figure in the dream, that on the following day the mother could not rest by dismissing it as an idle dream, but was so impressed with a strange sense of the reality of the sleep-revealed scene, that she wrote and despatched a letter to Warren, earnestly asking him if anything had happened to her daughter. Failing to get a reply, the mother, who as yet after the lapse of some three days had not heard a word of the news of the murder, sent a man to Connecticut with instructions to find Warren and ascertain if anything had happened to his wife. The man found him, and was told by Warren that his wife had run away with a tin peddler. Warren's own arrest, trial, confession and sentence came afterward. He still practices the lock-step and wears the cropped hair and parti-colored suit of a State Prison convict at Wethersfield. Does the pale figure of a young woman in a sun-bonnet, lying cold and still on the bush-grown hill-slope above the winding Willimantic, ever come to haunt the nightly visions of his cell?—*Hartford Times*.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

#### QUESTIONS BY A. A. TANNER.

ARE they deluded who imagine themselves inspired to perform some certain work under the special direction of the Divine Creator—God? Was Mohammed an impostor? Was Joseph Smith, the Mormon Prophet, an impostor? If so, under what influence were they acted upon to perform the work which they did? Is there a difference between the inspiration of God and the whisperings of a Spirit? Is the spirit of prophecy more or less than a Mediumistic gift? Are the doctrines of Jesus Christ superior to those of Spiritualists today? Do Spiritualists deny the existence of a God? If there is a soul, who is the father of it? Had it a beginning? Is the soul God? Was Jesus the son because of his flesh? Should we follow the instructions given to us by Spirits?

For some cause or another, I have felt like asking the above questions. Should any person feel like answering any or all of them through the VOICE OF ANGELS, I would be pleased to have them do so. If the theory of Jacob A. Spear, is true, in



his answer to J. C. B., "Is Man a Fallen Being?" in June 15th VOICE OF ANGELS, we have a very clear idea of some of those things that have long been a mystery to the world of mankind, and truth is now just beginning to break forth to our understanding.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE INDIANS.

WEST PITTSFIELD, MASS.

This is one of the great questions of the day, and has received a variety of solutions. It has been suggested by some that the Indians ought to be annihilated! This exhibits a very ungenerous feeling. The Indian has a place in nature as well as the white man; and it is the duty of the superior race to ascertain the positions the lower races should occupy.

In taking a view of the processes of Nature, we are led to believe that the *genus homo* commenced its existence on the earth from the lowest type—lower than anything now on the earth—and that the higher species came along one after another, till at last the Caucasian species, the highest of all, was introduced. The species immediately below the Caucasian is undoubtedly the Mongolian. The latter species claims a priority of existence as regards the white race, and it is probable that this claim is a just one. It was a Mongolian female, no doubt, that first received the Spirit-germs of the first pair of whites that came on the earth. Consequently the whites got their first tuition and instruction from the Mongolians. When the white race became sufficiently developed to take care of themselves, a separation took place—the white leaving the Mongols and seeking their fortunes in distant lands. Now the whites are able to teach the Mongols, and the latter, by being influenced by the Caucasians, are capable of further development.

The Chinese, in consequence of their seclusiveness, have remained stationary for many centuries; but now, on account of more frequent contact with the superior race, they are catching the inspiration and are going ahead.

The race immediately below the Mongols appear to be the Indians. It is quite probable that the Mongolians were introduced to the scenes of time through the medium of the Indians. Consequently the Indians must now look to the Mongols for help and instruction. The chasm between the whites and the Indians appears to be too great for practical purposes. The Indians, feeling their inferiority, cannot learn or be influenced by the whites.

It is probably owing to this that our government has had such poor success in treating with the aborigines. From the Chinese no doubt the red-man would catch the spirit of improvement and go on in the line of progression.

The race below the Indians is the Negro, and the red-man received his birth, perhaps, from the black race; and now the negro must look for instruction from the Indian.

According to the view herein given, our government ought to send a tribe or two of Indians to Africa, within a few years, and the procedure should be kept up till the Indians are transferred to that country.

J. B. POOL.

REST is not quitting  
This busy career;  
Rest is the fitting  
Of self to one's sphere.

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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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