

VOL. III.

{ D. C. DENSMORE }
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BOSTON, MAY 15, 1878.

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IN ADVANCE.

NO. 10.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

Enlarged from 8 to 12 pages, will be issued from its office of publication, No. 5 Dwight Street, Boston, Mass., the 1st and 15th of each month.

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

" D. K. MINER, Business Manager.

D. C. DENSMORE, Amalgamator and Publisher.

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LITERARY.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

MY GOD!—HOW BEAUTIFUL!

(THE following poem was written several years ago, after hearing a lady relate the circumstances of her brother's death, in substance thus:—"My brother died of softening of the lungs. He could not lie down. It was a beautiful Spring morning, a Sabbath in April. He sat on the sofa, reclining his head upon his hand, when all at once he looked out at the landscape, then glancing quickly from one side of the room to the other, he exclaimed 'My God!' and then gasping, for breath, 'How beautiful!'—and sank dead. It seemed that he drank in at a glance the whole beauties of that fine morning, as he left the world.")

The next morning while getting breakfast, I received the following lines on the subject, and pencilled them on a slate, just as they here appear.] TRYPHENA O. PARDEE.

As the wasted clay drew near the shore,
To sink into the sleep of death,
How my brightened spirit leaped before
Drinking Life's sweet incensed breath;
My God! how beautiful!

When the vernal Spring in beauty shone
For my parting spirit's last adieu,
Then a flood of glorious light came down—
Life eternal's first glad view;
My God! how beautiful!

How my pinning soul then longed for strength
To tell you all that vision bright—
Of the opening joys that called me hence—
Falling words just spoke the sense;
My God! how beautiful!

When the pulsing heart had ceased to beat,
And you, my friends, were bathed in tears,
Oh, my quickened spirit must repeat
Life's new joys beyond death's fears.
My God! how beautiful!

Then the soul released stood forth alone,
Redeemed from every thrall of earth,
And the light of Life's immortal crown
Decked my brow with heaven's new birth.
My God! how beautiful!

Oh, the gasping breath still seems to choke
The words of life that I would speak;
For earth's cold, formal, creed-bound yoke,
Living truths fond life-tones break;
Yes, break the beautiful!

Oh, my sister, Life is beauty's own,
And power eternal is her thought;
Mind eternity's ne'er waiting throne,
Feeblest in expression wrought.
My God! 'tis beautiful!

On the feathery wings of Life's pure grace,
And clothed with light that ne'er grows dim,
Do blessing Spirits waft through space,
Chanting Life's all-charming hymn;
"My God! how beautiful!"

Dearest sister, bend to Life's high throne,
Through Nature's laws, that God has given;
I'll meet you in communion's zone,
Bringing Life's fresh fruit from Heaven.
My God! how beautiful!

And reunion of long-sundered hearts,
New blending o'er earth's sleeping clay—
Two joy-bound souls, no more to part,
Shall bathe in Heaven's delicious ray;
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ELLINGTON, N. Y.

THE SPIRITUAL CONGRESS.

A SPIRIT MESSAGE.

THROUGH THE HAND OF J. M. A.

[GIVEN AT NEW HAVEN, CT., MAY, 1863.]

THE Spiritual Congress is a body of men and women inhabiting the Celestial Spheres, whose earthly object is the removal of sickness, sin and sorrow, the harmonization of the races, and the inauguration of perpetual and universal peace on earth, good will. Composed as it is of the greatest and best minds that have ever occupied the flesh form on earth, it may well be expected that there will be wisdom in its operations and success in its eventuation.

Such in brief is the Spiritual Congress, in its composition, purposes and prospects. A thorough comprehension, however, of the mighty interests involved in the movement inaugurated by the body thus termed, can only be realized by an extended examination of the present condition of the races, nations, institutions and average individual. Thus it will appear that there is indeed a mighty work for such a body to perform; and it may well occupy the thought of the noblest and best of earth's children, whether still in the flesh or ascended to the higher life.

A mighty concourse of souls awaits the realization of the unitary system of Ethics and Religion, Science, Education and Commerce. The oneness of nationality realized in the

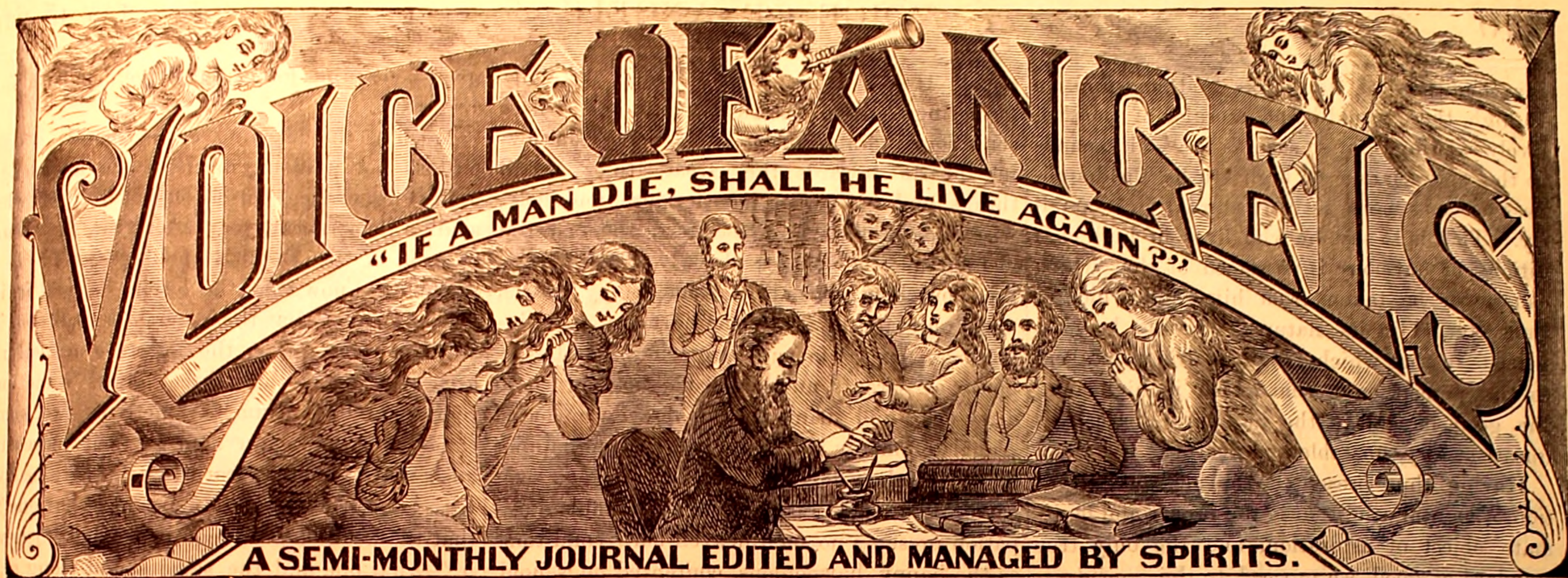
higher spheres of Spirit-Life, and the harmonization of the entire human race foreshadowed thereby, are worthy subjects of our thoughtful contemplation.

Let us elucidate, to some extent, the principles underlying society as it now exists. Commencing at the fireside, let us branch out into all the avenues of Life—embracing in our investigations the Schools, the Churches, the Governments, the fashions, the customs and the manners. Let us elucidate the principles of thought and action predominating in each, and compare them with those which *should* actuate in every department.

We lay down, as our fundamental axiom, that all things are designed for good, and will eventuate in or be over-ruled for good. We also affirm (what would seem to be self-evident, but which is denied by many,) the eternity of good and the temporality of all evils. It follows that whatever conduces to good temporal, must also conduce to good eternal; or, in other words, the evil which is in men, if met by the good, must result ultimately in death of the evil and supremacy of the good. By evil is meant that which conduces to temporary unhappiness. By good is meant that which conduces to permanent happiness.

Happiness in low conditions—or low grades of happiness—may exist temporarily; but the admixture of evil, or unhappiness-producing conditions, is so potent, that the *real* good, the eternal good, is lost sight of or unattained. Thus humanity, in the vain pursuit of wealth, fashion, popularity, or sensual pleasure, deprives itself of the true, the real, the substantial, the *eternal* good, in being satisfied with that which is, in its very nature, transitory and fleeting. Thus the high and the holy is lost sight of, in the greed for the low and the unholy; and man lives and dies the mere creature of circumstance—buffeted about by the tickle breezes of temporality, rather than guided by the strong, unerring and unwavering principle of good; and unhappiness or low grades of happiness is hence the common lot of the world.

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low conditions of happiness, and unaspirative to high, there would be no eternity of good actively existing; but so soon as the soul expands to the appreciation of high truths, the happiness becomes more actively eternal in its quality. That is to say, he who lives in high conditions of harmony is possessed of that which can never be taken from him, and which is thus eternal in its nature; whereas he who persists in that which is low, stultifies his soul to the perception of that which is high; and the good he enjoys, the happiness he feels, is unsatisfactory, unstable and fleeting.

Having thus presented the idea that elevation of mental condition is the proper and legitimate object of aspiration, and the only true standard of good, we proceed to the consideration of some of the conditions now existing in the world. Commencing at the fireside, what do we find?—a state of peace, harmony and wisdom, lovingness, confidence and purity, frugality, culture and refinement? Except in rare instances, the domestic circle is but little more than a place for eating, drinking, sleeping, talking, etc.—for the general and special gratification, that is, of the animal wants and desires. The holy interchange of thought and affection, outgushing like the gentle rivulet from the cool spring in mid-summer, or like the glowing beauty, the gorgeous serenity of the setting sun in fair Italia; the loving sweetness which should characterize all the manifestations of domestic life; the hallowed feeling of rest and quiet, peace and contentment, serenity and cheerfulness, which should pervade the atmosphere of home; the satisfaction which should exist with partner and children, and all that pertains to the domestic circle, (whether of mind or matter, thoughts or things); the perfect heaven of conditions which home should embody;—oh, how sadly deficient are the firesides of the world in all these essentials!

Instead of perfect love and confidence between husband and wife; instead of the soul-commingling and perfect bliss of union which should pertain to marriage; instead of heaven, realized in the conjugal relation; instead of perfect unity and sympathy of objects and desires;—there is discord and wrangling, unappreciation and recrimination, heart-burnings and unsatisfied soul-yearnings, bitter spurnings and devious turnings, separation and desolation. Instead of home being the holy of holies, where none can invade the blessed sanctity of the "household gods," dissatisfaction and unhallowed seeking after "strange gods" tears up the very foundation of the domestic edifice, and brings woe and remorse, wretchedness and despair, curses and bitter agony, into thousands of homes, daily and hourly.

Oh, what a sad picture does the domestic life of man, as he now is, in his undevelopedness, present! How gloomy the spectacle of a hearthstone, made desolate by the dreariness of domestic inharmony, by the bitterness of discord and wrangling! How sweet, on the other hand, are the endearments of connubial love, where harmony reigns! How delightful to contemplate the beautiful sports of innocent children, made happy by the lovingness of par-

ents! How charming and blissful the daily gatherings of the sacred home circle, where souls communing send up aspirations from loving hearts towards the Great Ruler of all things, and his loving, gentle, pure and holy, wise and protective messengers, the celestial visitants of the spheres above! The music of the household ascending from happy hearts, made pure and lovely by the harmony of conjugal love, and the mutual appreciation and sympathy of parents and children—how sweet to draw near, and drink in the flowing melody! Angels of mercy and peace can find no happier scene in their love-impelled wanderings over earth. The gaudy display of fashionable dissipation presents no such heaven-born conditions as the happy, harmonious, contented household, where angels of light may walk, and feel at home, as in the very atmosphere of Heaven!

The hollow honors of public life can never compensate the loss of domestic endearments. The blandishments of fame are but poor satisfaction to him whose heart-strings are torn and bleeding. Love must permeate and wisdom regulate the every-day life of home, or "church honors," educational emoluments, political advancement, or whatever else the outside world may convey to the struggling soul, are but as "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals," full of empty sound, signifying nothing. Oh, for more glimpses of heaven, 'mid the wide wastes of desolation which the homes of the world present! Oh, for pœans of divine harmony, instead of the discords of tempestuous wrangling! A dreary desert of wretchedness greets the weary traveller, with scarcely an oasis of beautiful joy. Half-happy, unhappy, wretched, are many homes—happy, harmonious, blissful, but few. And thus will it ever be, until the true meaning and issues of life are thoroughly comprehended by young souls, leaping together, as they fondly trust, through the promptings of true mateship.

The work devolving upon the Spiritual Congress is indeed a mighty one, if it is to probe to the very core the rotten fruitage of domesticity, as it now exists, and substitute a fresh and sweet, true and pure, gentle and wise, beautiful and harmonic Love-Eden of bliss. Any power which can bring true angelic conditions into the homes of the world, must be mightier than armies and potentates, "principalities and powers."

The education of the world presents almost as sad a picture as the domestic life—perhaps even more sad, in some of its aspects. The systematic cramping of the human powers, from early childhood to vigorous manhood, by unnatural methods of development, is by no means a trifling matter for consideration. Rigorous in its exactions, the established code of education is directly calculated to wither and stultify, rather than expand and strengthen, the growing powers of the soul. From the intricacies of written language, growing out of unphilosophical alphabets, and still more unphilosophical methods of combination in spelling, very much of the real wisdom in Nature is forever excluded from the grasp of multitudes of minds, yearning for light, but receiving darkness in-

stead—yearning for true fruitage, but receiving dry husks.

Much of the learning of the schools, we repeat, is not wisdom; much of the knowledge, useless ignorance, falsely labelled. Of what avail is it to repeat, year after year, the absurd dogmas of the English spelling-book? Is it wisdom to know that the letters *i s* spell *iz*, instead of *ice*?—that the letters *d o* spell *doo*, instead of *doh*?—that the letters *a m* spell not *aim*, but *am*?—that three letters sometimes represent three sounds, sometimes two, sometimes one, and again none? Is it increasing one's real wisdom to learn that *till* is to be spelt with two *l*'s, while *until* must have but one?—that the word "leave" requires *ea*, but "believe" *ie*?—that one and the same sound (long *ee*, so called,) must be spelled differently in each of the following words—that is, by the letter *e* in "be," by *ee* in "see," by *ea* in "bean," by *e'e* in "e'en," by *eg* in "impregn," by *ei* in "conceit," by *eo* in "people," by *es* in "demesne," by *ey* in "key," by *eye* in "keyed," by *i* in "magazine," by *ie* in "grief," by *ig* in "signor," by *il* in "fossil," by *is* in "debris," by *eig* in "seignor," by *a* in "fœtus," by *ui* in "mosquito," by *nay* in "guay," by *naye* in "gnayed," by *ea* in "fleaed," by *egh* in "Legh," by *eigh* in "Leigh," by *eip* in "receipt," by *aiu* in "Caius," by *hæ* in "diarrhœa," etc.? Is it a profitable or wise use of time to commit to memory the arbitrary and absurd spellings of a hundred thousand words? Can that deserve to be called "orthography," or correct writing, which permits less than one word in a thousand to be spelled as it is pronounced?

The foolish and wicked waste of time, labor and means, the injury to the intellectual, moral and physical nature, involved in the common spelling of English, and in the study, acceptance and use of it—are they not absolutely incalculable?

We who have grappled with these stupid intricacies of written language, and have become familiarized with the abominable and innumerable falsehoods of "correct" spelling, by long and weary years of laborious effort in youth, and continued use in later years, have become also (too often) measurably reconciled and indifferent—unmindful of the terrible darkness and entanglements of the road over which we have travelled.

"Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,
That to be hated needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiar with its face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

So as men and women long accustomed to the jargon of English orthography, we are prone to forget our original unutterable disgust, and even in some instances to imbibe a factitious longing for a continuance of the bondage at first so irksome.

Let but the philosophy of a true Phonism (including alphabet, orthography, and speech itself) ramify the whole structure of education, and the mighty outburst of intellectuality (conjoined with an emancipated Spirituality) which will enure will eclipse the achievements of the past, as the trained lightnings outstrip the lumbering mail-coaches of by-gone days.

The very foundation of all literary culture is

at fault, and the Spiritual Congress has taken it upon itself to revolutionize the existing systems of education, commencing at the beginning. A universal natural alphabet and language, transmitted to earth from the heavens, will form a visible rational basis upon which to build a Spiritual Natural System of Education and Life, and the world will be blessed as never before by rational and progressive methods of culture, and adequate and impartial facilities for the pursuit of wisdom and happiness.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

WINTERSSET, IOWA, April 21, 1878.

DEAR BROTHER DENSMORE,—I was greatly rejoiced to find in your much esteemed paper, *VOICE OF ANGELS*, of April 15, through "West Ingle," a characteristic message from my son William. It was so much like him in every respect, that I have no hesitancy in saying it was really from my son Lafayette; which fully confirms me in the belief that our Spirit-Friends do come back and hold sweet converse with their earthly relatives and friends, thus benefitting both parties. Thanking you for your kindness, in publishing it I remain,

Truly yours,

J. H. WAY.

P. S.—You are at liberty to publish the above, if you think it will advance the good cause.

J. H. W.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SOUTH COTTONWOOD, APRIL 8, 1878.

MR. DENSMORE:—Dear Sir,—Some two or three years ago, while busily engaged in my house duties, with baby in my arms, I was startled by the approach of two Indian women, one old, holding a club in her hand, the other a young woman. They came and asked for biscuit, which I gave them; but they were not satisfied; they wanted everything they could see. My baby had on a pretty pink dress, which the younger one said she wanted, and commenced to take it off the baby. My other child, the oldest, was much frightened, and the old Indian woman threw him on the sofa, and was about helping herself to the glasses in the cupboard, and I felt very much afraid they would give me a good deal of trouble. But they were suddenly arrested in their mischief. For I saw before them a large Indian Chief Spirit. He spoke to them through me, and they immediately put back the things, and were calm and quiet. The young woman saw the Spirit, and recognized him as one that had been killed some time before; and she was much

pleased, and said she would be my friend ever after. She came to see me twice after that, and talked to her Spirit-Friends through me. But since then, they have passed on to the other side of life, where she has found the chief that so kindly arrested her in her mischief. The Indian woman is now here, thanking me for the good I did her by letting her Spirit-Chief talk to her through me. She says she will help me, and will come and tell me lots of good things to send to our beautiful paper. She says she shall be happy to do me all the good she can. If she is an Indian, yet she will help me, and come again soon. She is a beautiful Indian Spirit, with long black hair reaching to her waist, and on her feet she wears beautiful moccasins, nicely decorated with beads in the form of a dove.

Now, Brother Densmore, you can make what use of this you like; and if you think it worthy to be published, do so. The above is exactly what was done; as I told many of my neighbors at the time.

Yours, truly,

MRS. E. RANDLE.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

PHILADELPHIA, No. 1506 NORTH SEVENTH ST.

FRIEND DENSMORE,—I am still constrained to furnish to the Angel Voice the sweet messages of little spirits. They come in all their *petite* innocence and purity, intent upon being the messengers of peace and good-will to mortals. The little *bijous* speak for themselves, in the simplicity and artlessness of their childish natures; and if they do not teach us philosophy, as a gentleman in one of our conferences sneeringly said, on the occasion of my reading and dilating upon some one of the sweet messages published in the *VOICE*, they come in such accents of tenderness and sympathetic sentiments of love, that our deepest affections are stirred within our souls; and we hail their celestial salutations with a delight beyond the power of expression in words.

The subtle and sublime ties of natural affection seem renewed again, as in life here, when we seem to feel the touch of their little fingers, and listen to their simple prattling, which, often given in the melody of sweet song, entrances us as if we, too, were in the celestial spheres among them.

Who will venture to disregard their kind intentions? Who will dare to despise their manifestations of love for mother, for father, for sister and brother? Is it not possible to learn even from little children? How many lessons are we fur-

nished, in watching closely their little lives, when among us, and how much more may we not gather of knowledge, and improve ourselves upon the visitations of our little ones, from the life beyond?

Are they not examples of innocence, purity, humility and love? The Nazarene thought so, when he called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them, and said, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." And further, he said, "Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven; and whosoever shall receive one such little child in my name, receiveth me; but whosoever shall offend one of these little ones that believeth in me, it were better for him that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the bottom of the sea." Here is example and precept put forth for the benefit of not only skeptics and unbelievers, but for Spiritualists, too.

Nor are the sayings and doings of the Nazarene, in reference to children brought to him, less significantly touching and instructive, as recorded in Mark, tenth chapter, all of which, in perceptive eloquence, appeals to us not to make light of the "day of small things," much less the visit of "Spirits though we are small," as they speak of themselves, in their tender and simple messages.

Let me quote from "John Wesley's Search for Heaven," as published in the "Banner of Light" of December 1st, 1877. After visiting several spheres and sub-spheres, he "approached a luminous body gathering round a centre, within which there seemed a radiant form, teaching and instructing them." He says, "I saw women clothed in spotless white, whose countenances were radiant with self-sacrifice." Query—Were these not the movers, guides and teachers of childhood? For he then adds, "I saw little children bearing lilies and white flowers, as though intent upon some errand of mercy. They sped downward toward the earth; and ever, as they came back, they came laden with burdens, and laid them down at the feet of this teacher."

Further, he says, "I bowed me down in great humiliation, and asked if I might be a message-bearer from this heaven. My guide departed; I was left standing in the midst of a group of little children, who each came forward, offering me a flower, and said, 'Go, if you know any one who is sorrowing, and leave a flower at his

hearth-stone.' I have been bearing messages, performing this work."

Who will not be tempted to envy the blessedness of Wesley, as a message-bearer, in sweet companionship with little children?

And now for our contributions. Let me here say that our little band of Spirits, of which we have heretofore made mention, augments its numbers by picking up little waifs, some of which, while here, were homeless and friendless, and know as yet neither father nor mother, sister nor brother. They are happy, nevertheless.

These little Spirits have been, like children here, fretting and worrying for toys and for flowers, until we of the circle have made the sitting-room of the Medium a complete baby-house. Little Helen, tho' apparently a leader among them, was the last to have presented to her a doll and a lily. To the former she has given the name of Emma, after that of her only sister, and of the lily she thus speaks:

MY LILY, FROM MY GRAND-PA.

I HAVE a lily, pure and white;
I have a lily—it is my delight:
I have them here in my Spirit-Home,
The emblem of purity, truth and love.
What a beautiful lesson mortals can learn
From the pure white lily!

Let all mortals be as pure and as innocent as the lily.

Oh, we wish (we little Spirits, that are gathered here in a little band,) to help to bring mortals into that truth and light that teaches all to be happier and better in this world of sorrow and care.

We are trying, in our Little-Spirit way, to make all those feel, that are around us, that we are trying to make them know and see the truth of Spirit-Life, love and happiness.

I thank my grand-papa for his love and his regard for me, and his help to all us little Spirits.

My love to my grand-mamma, my love to my mamma and papa, and my *only* sister Emma.

My love to my darling grand-papa; love to all, from me and my little companions.

LITTLE HELEN.

The following is from a waif, introduced by a "little boy," one of the band, which we would like to have reach the hands and hearts of her papa and mamma:

LITTLE EVA'S SONG.

ON yonder shining shore I stand,
With radiant smile and outstretched hand,
To welcome those I left behind,
To greet them as they cross the strand.

They soon shall follow, one by one,
Friends plume their flight, and soar away
To join the happy Spirits bright,
In yonder realms of endless day.

This lower world is not our home;
We pilgrims tarry but awhile;

We journey to a brighter home,
To dwell with angels in the sky.

I am little Eva Strausse, from Baltimore; I am with the other little children, and a little boy brings me here. I am now thirteen years old; I don't know how old I was when I passed away. My mamma and papa live in Second street, Baltimore, Maryland. EVA STRAUSS.

We hope our sneering philosopher will not find occasion, in the perusal of the above, to gibe the unselfish attempts of these little ones to lead him, with others, to "see the truth of Spirit life, love and happiness."

J. W.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE.

SOUTH COTTONWOOD, Utah, April 14, 1878.

DEAR BROTHER DENSMORE,—I take great pleasure in saying that the message from Mr. A. Lyman, in the VOICE OF ANGELS of March 1st, is correct in all its details. Mr. Lyman had been connected with the Mormon Church from his boyhood, and in the latter part of his life was one of the twelve apostles. I knew him some twenty years. He was one of the best men I ever knew. For years before he left the church, he had outgrown its theory. He was a splendid orator, and many times, while listening to his inspired teachings, I have been made most happy. Some years before he died, he became a firm believer in our glorious philosophy.

I sent a paper to his family containing the message, and received a note from them, acknowledging it correct in all its details, and expected they would write you about it; but as they have not, I thought I would, out of respect to my old-time friend, and so give to the world another test in our little messenger of light.

Respectfully yours,

JAMES RANDLE.

RELIEF FOR BURNING FEET.—To relieve burning feet, first discard tight boots; then take one pint of bran and one ounce of bi-carbonate of soda. Put in a pail, and add one gallon of hot water; when cool enough, soak your feet in this mixture for fifteen minutes. The relief is instantaneous. This must be repeated every night for a week, or perhaps more. The bran and bi-carbonate should be made fresh after a week's use. Bi-carbonate of soda can be purchased for about ten cents a pound from wholesale druggists. The burning sensation is caused by the pores of the feet being closed, so that the feet do not perspire.

TRUE happiness lies beneath the cross.
Those who the cross do bear,
Angels' white robes shall wear.

Mrs. A. B. F. ROBERTS.

CANDIA, APRIL, 1878.

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

I COME TO THEE.

[SPIRIT GREETING OF JOHN CRITCHLEY PRIME, THE LANCASHIRE POET, TO HIS EARTHLY FRIEND, R. ANDERSON, THROUGH M. THERESA SHELHAMER.

WHEN evening shadows lightly fall,
And earth is wrapped in holy peace,
When over cottage roof and wall
The sounds of toil and revel cease,
I come to thee.

When in the fair and cloudless skies
The golden stars their vigils keep,
Like countless hosts of angels' eyes,
That guard the world while hushed in sleep,
I come to thee.

Not when the roses climb the wall,
And sweetly scent the balmy breeze,
Not when the joyous song of birds
Make music through the leafy trees,
I come to thee.

But when the earth is nobly ruled
By Winter's weird, majestic reign,
When moonlit snow is on the roof,
"And pictured frost is on the pane,"
I come to thee.

Not when youth's fair and sunny morn
Hath bathed thee in its mellow glow;
But when upon thy honored head
Descends life's winter's driven snow,
I come to thee.

From fairy lands, whose silvery gleams
Stream oft across thy earthly way,
Where life, more fair than pictured dreams,
Glow with the light of perfect day,
I come to thee.

To speak of that eternal shore,
Where gently beat the waves of time,
Where zephyrs chant their sweet refrain,
And life is evermore sublime,
I come to thee.

To strew before thy weary feet
The roses of eternal love,
To plant the lily bud of truth,
Transplanted from the world above,
I come to thee.

From fairy lands beyond the tomb,
Where flowers of peace forever bloom,
To guide thy soul thro' realms of love,
To fairer, sunnier climes above,
I come to thee.

And when thy pilgrim feet have trod
The starry road that leads to God,
When thou hast reached the shining strand,
And angels clasp thee by the hand,
I'll come to thee.

To greet thee once again with joy,
Unmixed with sorrow's dark alloy,
To sing the songs of sweet accord,
To teach thee of the *Living Word*,
I'll come to thee.

* Quotation from one of his published poems.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE MYSTIC RAP.

MANY years have passed and flown,
Like so many darkened shadows,
And the Golden, chaste seed sown
'Mid sad trials and fanged woes,
Now is sweetly chickling, Child,
By the wayside—in the heart,
Where once grew lorn and wild
The Thistles of Life's upstart.

Yes, thirty years have been flying
Like fairer bird of cleaving wing,
Amid the whirling and the sighing
Of the many on the swing;—
Their old beliefs abjuring,
When they heard the tiny Rap,
They were too alluring—
They loved the Rap, the tiny Tap.

The noise, like chiding waters,
Is still washing away the sand,
Where once old Fiction's daughters
Doused in the humid strand

For cold ablution, knowing—
And the time was not far off—
That while the fruit is mellowing
They'll conning giants dwarf,
Making great the honest dwarf.

Physical phenomena,
Of which men know but little,
Were at their height, one day,
When Spirits were a riddle;
While in the background sinking,
Waiting for the ban,
Its choice advocates, winking,
Formed their nefarious plan.

Philosophers ne'er frame a plan,
Nor a truth reject.
It's not right—they're under ban.
"Truth" their standard, they own no sect.
Once these commandments transgressing,
They philosophers cease to be—
Don a fool's garb, confessing
They're probationists, and not free.

The "Fingers of God" are seen
Indices to the Unknown Way,
While headlong ones must run between,
And be trained day after day.
Magnetism and Electricity,
"The Fingers of God," we find
The base of of all things, bound or free—
They hold the particles they bind.

MORAL:

Science is limited on all its sides,
A medium line 'twixt two great tides—
The Physical, that courses the lower plane,
The Spiritual, moving onward, joins again,
And forming an intangible strait,
Which no crude conniver can explicate.

[BROTHER DENSMORE.—The above lines go to show how obstinate philosophical doctors are, when they reject a truth not because it is apparently untrue, but that they are advised to do so for blind prejudice sake. They can never make any progress unless they do accept Modern Spiritualism, for the physical and metaphysical worlds are so interblended, so dependent one on the other, that no one can tell where mind begins or where matter ends; and this gives rise to a great many obstacles, which traverse the progress of science, and which can never be removed, unless the metaphysical be taken into consideration. But who knows anything about the "Fingers of God," any more than that they are imponderable—only a few of their uses? They are about us, in our physical surroundings, like the wind—are physical phenomena—yet who knows anything about them? They are slightly tangible; yet when we ask a question as to them, science tacitly informs us that she don't know; and taking into consideration the obscure knowledge of the physical, what of the metaphysical? Let Spiritualism prosper, and the VOICE OF ANGELS ring loud and clear, from the little now to the great hereafter.]

LEOPOLD KOHN.
844 ORCHARD STREET, Philadelphia.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

TO D. C. DENSMORE.

THROUGH MRS. A. B. F. ROBERTS.

FEAR not, the way will be made plain;
Whatever you do, do in God's name;
A noble work will bring you fame,
And of your gift you'll ne'er complain.
Pursue thy onward course begun,
Thy evil genius you then will shun;—
The fire of love burn in your soul,
The angels then will you control;—
The Angel-Guides, called Spirit-Band,
Will ever be at your command.

SPIRIT-FRIEND.

CANDIA, April, 1878.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

LINES,

BY MRS. A. B. F. ROBERTS.

FATHER DIVINE! Our hearts incline
To do thy sacred will;
Send from above thy perfect love,
Free us from every ill.
From realms above, oh, come with love,
To aid us on our way;
Whilst trav'ling life, free us from strife,—
Thy laws may we obey.

We'll worship thee in purity,—
Keep us from sin and harm;
We'll shout thy praise in endless days,
Leaning upon thine arm.

Thy loving hand o'er sea and land
With goodness ever flow;
On each and all, both great and small,
Thy blessings rich bestow.

God ever near, our souls to cheer,
Truth be our only aim;
With holy fire our minds inspire,—
We'll ever praise thy name.

Oh, God, divine, do thou incline
Us to thy perfect will!—
In songs of praise our voices raise,
Our souls with gladness fill!
CANDIA, N. H., April, 1878.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

BY SHAKSPEARE.

THROUGH MRS. SUSAN GOODHUE WAGNER.

THRONES were made for kings, not kings for thrones;
Nature's kinship is the kingly mind—the kingdom all her own,
She counts not those of royal birth;—the birthright that she gives,
Oh, kings are vassals, and vassals e'en are kings—the plebeian and patrician all the same;—
One by birth, the other perchance by name;—
The low-born genius cheated of his fame.
Gliding is thin, and often weareth off;
Fops and fools do wear the finest cloth.
The peacock struts and feels so proud and gay;
The jackdaw pipes throughout the livelong day;
The parrot chatters to the popinjay;
And everything inferior doth aspire
To be superior to the something higher.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN., April 30, 1878.

MR. D. C. DENSMORE:—Dear Sir—I received a few days since a copy of your paper, VOICE OF ANGELS, of date of May 1st, containing a communication from the Spirit of my late husband, Charles S. Middlebrook.

Coming from such a source, that is, through the Mediumship of one who is an entire stranger to me, without solicitation on my part, and alluding, as it does, to matters that would not probably be known to others, it bears to me striking proofs of its genuineness.

You have my sincere thanks for giving room to this message, and for sending it to me. I trust I may hear from him often through the same instrumentality.

What should we do, when left to struggle alone in this world, but for the blessed assurance that we are watched and guarded by those who have gone only from our mortal sight?

Fraternally and gratefully yours,
ANNA S. MIDDLEBROOK, M. D.

PROGRESS A FACT.—I am old enough now to look back with some capacity of observation for forty years; and I can see in the progress of society a most marked evidence of the higher general intelligence, the greater aptitude for looking at things as they are, and for not allowing strange, absurd notions to take possession of the mind; while, again, I can trace, even within the last ten years, in a most remarkable manner, the prevalence of a desire to do things right for the right's sake, and not merely because they are politic.—Dr. W. B. Carpenter.

SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

RUBY.

[Received April 14th, 1878.]

GOOD EVENING.—I have been requested to come to some one of these places and manifest, and so I am here. [You are welcome.] I am not to give any name, only Ruby; that is sufficient.

Yes, I do know what is going on, and I am delighted that affairs have taken the turn they have. No, I do not regret anything; everything is right as far as I can see. Go on, and success will attend your efforts. I am with you oftener than you know; but I do succeed sometimes in manifesting. Then I am happy. Sometimes you do not realize it is I, when it is. But go on, and the angels will help you.

This is a beautiful life and a beautiful world, and to the earnest soul, whose desire it is to learn of God's laws, knowledge and truth come like an inspiration, and intuitively they know what they desire, at least I have found it so. Go on, falter not, and all will be well. I thank you.

ANNIE BRAMHALL.

[Received April 14th, 1878.]

MAY I come and send a letter to my mamma? [Yes, indeed.] I came with Nettie. I'm the little girl who was burned, and I went to Spirit-Life. It's a long way from here, I guess, where I had the fire, and a long time ago. I was a little baby girl, then; now I'm a big girl, like Nettie is. The doggie was all right.

Oh, I'm Annie Bramhall; I don't look like the picture now, 'cause I'm growing up. I've got my nice grandma now, and she sends heaps of love to mamma and auntie; so do I, lots and lots of it; and to papa, too. He's away. Grandma calls him Bartlett; her head's all right now; it don't go wrong a bit; and uncle don't trouble her now, he's better, too.

Mamma has got a little boy, now; she thought she didn't like boys once, but I guess she does now. He's a real nice little brother, and I love him dearly. I wish I could see the nice auntie that loves little boys; I'd like to give her my love, lots. I mean where I used to eat grapes, heaps of 'em. She's got a big Walter. I've seen that uncle that lived there; he don't feel very nice in Spirit-Life, 'cause he went out the wrong way.

Mamma will get this, 'cause Nettie's mother reads the paper. Nettie calls my mamma "auntie," but I guess she ain't. Grandma calls her Laura, and I call her mamma. Good-by.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

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BOSTON, MASS., MAY 15, 1878.

EDITORIAL.

SOUL AND SPIRIT.

DEAR AMANUENSIS,—As we have many requests on file to give our ideas from our present stand-point, as to the difference between the two words heading this article, we will now try and do so to the best of our ability; although, for reasons given further on, it will be impossible to give them in all their details satisfactorily either to ourself or any one else. Nevertheless, we will do the best we can, with our limited knowledge.

The question at issue is, "Which is the most interior—Soul or Spirit?" To approximate anywhere near to its solution, it becomes necessary, in the first place, to ascertain as near as possible their real meaning and significance. To do this, it is absolutely essential to consult the best conceded authorities for defining the meaning and signification of words. In consulting these works, it will be seen that the two words under consideration have many definitions; and although they may seem at times to have different significations, yet it is only in seeming. To prove this, we will refer to a few cases, where they run into and lose their identity in each other. To begin with, in one instance *soul* is called the reasoning part of man; in another, the cardinal principle of the Christian religion; in another, an intellectual principle—vital principle. Then again, it is called *Spirit*—essence of things: as "Charity is the soul of virtue." Again, it is called *life*—animating principle: as "So-and-so is very popular, and the soul of society." Then again, it is called a *human being*—a person—without reference to anything but the physical body: as "There was not a soul present; there are a million souls in Peking." Again, it is used to express an active principle or element, as fire. Then it is used to express some emotion or sentiment of the mind, as "Poor soul, how I pity him!" Thus we could go on multiplying different definitions of the word, almost *ad infinitum*; but the above are sufficient to show that the word we are analyzing is not confined exclusively to any one thing, but is applicable to many, every one of which may have an entirely different significance. Thus much for the definition of *soul*.

Now, then, that being settled, we will

see by the same authorities, what they say about the definition of *spirit*.

First, spirit is defined to be the essence or *soul* of things: as "the soul of man; the immaterial, immortal part of human beings." Then, "to exercise a spirit of building up, instead of pulling down." Then again, as with the definition of *soul*, it is used to express some sentiment or emotion of the mind: as "We found our friend so-and-so in good spirits, and we tried to animate him with vigor and inspire in him a spirit of ambition," etc. Thus it will be seen, from the accepted definition of the two words, that it is extremely difficult, to say the least—if words mean anything—to draw the line of demarcation between them. Hence, in summing up this part of the subject, it amounts simply to this, namely, that their real significance, and *inner* meaning, as before stated, is the same; the long and short of which is, both mean "the essence or soul of things." There can be no question as to this, if the authorities for giving the definition of words can be relied upon.

But to tell what this essence or soul is, what it is composed of, where found, and how combined, is quite another thing;—as thousands upon thousands, throughout the religious world, as far back as man begun to think, have exhausted the best part of their lives in trying to find out, with as yet no satisfactory results: forgetting, for the nonce, that nothing outside of Deity himself can comprehend Infinity. Therefore, what *we* may say, or in fact any one else, as to that, must necessarily be nothing more nor less than theoretical speculation and guess-work, based entirely upon self-assumption, without one absolute, undeniable fact to sustain it. This must necessarily be so, if the above premises are correct—that is, that the soul is a scintillation from the Divine Mind. This will be apparent when taking into account that, to analyze a thing, one must know, in the first place, all about the constituents composing it—what they are, where they came from, and how combined. And as we know positively nothing about the elements composing the human soul, or where originated, or how combined,—and consequently, there being no reliable data to start from, we might write and talk upon the subject until doomsday—if anybody knows what that means—and be no nearer a satisfactory solution of the mysterious problem than when we commenced;—simply because, as we before suggested, finite beings cannot comprehend the Infinite. In other words, the lesser can no

—until it has grown equal in wisdom and knowledge—than can a new-born infant take in and comprehend the possibilities of mature manhood. Hence, as far as instilling light into the dark, muddled mind of an earnest, reasoning inquirer upon this subject—which should be the end and aim of all teachers and preachers upon metaphysical questions—we might as well have said nothing: because such minds never take anything for granted, unless founded upon substantial, undeniable facts. And as we cannot give these facts—that is, as to the make-up of the human soul, its mission, or where it came from, except what we have gathered from others equally ignorant—we are consequently as far as ever from enlightening those seeking light upon this great subject, and the less said about it the better. For the more it is ventilated, unsubstantiated with proofs, the more perplexing and muddled it gets.

With all our acknowledged ignorance in regard to the Divine status of the soul, and its mission, there is one thing, however, that we *do* know, namely, that there is a cause for every effect, which cause we believe to be the soul, or part of God. But if asked what that cause is, or where originated, echo answers *what?* Therefore, when speaking of the soul, all we can say about it is, we *believe* it to be intelligent, and the cause of all animated things;—in other words, God, or the Divine Mind. And we also believe that this cause, or God, or whatever else it may be termed, permeates all space, and is the active life-principle of all things—the same yesterday, today and forever; and that this almighty something can manifest its presence and power only through organized matter. This, however, whether well or ill-founded, is *mere belief*, without one particle of proof, as before stated, to substantiate it, other than finite reasoning from cause to effect, and from effects back to the causes that produced them.

There are other things, also, that we might say we *know* to be facts; as for instance, from science, observation and intuition combined, we know that there are countless systems of worlds suspended in space, some of which are hundreds of times larger than the planet earth, all whirling and revolving, not only around a common centre, but on their own axes, as well, and that all these whirling planets of the skies are kept in their respective orbits by natural laws. But have we any positive knowledge of what those laws are, or the elements composing them, that can keep millions of worlds and systems

of worlds in their proper spheres and orbits? If we have, then we can talk understandingly and intelligently about the *human soul*. If we cannot do this, then all we may say upon the subject will be downright assumption and idle speculation.

It is conceded by most people that this animating principle called the *soul*, or immortal, never-dying part of man, is a scintillation from and part and parcel with this Almighty Power so often referred to. But do we *know* it?—can we prove it? Supposing it *is* true, without being able to substantiate it by facts, that is, that the soul is really and substantially a part of the Divine Mind—which few, if any, will question—even then, in summing up the whole question, in all its bearings, soul is nothing more than the spirit or essence of *all* wisdom, *all* knowledge, *all* power, and *all* goodness. Hence, in the very nature of the case, it must be the most interior and sublimated of all things, whatever may be said to the contrary.

Thus, friends, we have briefly responded to your requests, by giving our ideas upon the subject in hand, as best we can, with our limited knowledge and space; and if they do not coincide with your highest reason and better judgment, all we have to say about it is, neither do they meet ours as fully and completely as we could wish; but they are the best we have to give at the present time.

THE PHYSIO-ECLECTIC JOURNAL: Devoted to Medical Science and Reform. Edited by Wilson Nicely, M. D. Cincinnati, Ohio.

This new journal has been laid upon our table, and after perusing its contents, we take great pleasure in recommending it to all needing medical advice, as it treats of disease and its cure from a scientific stand-point, and of all other sciences that conduce to the health and happiness of humanity. Each number will contain valuable formulas and specifics. It is printed in pamphlet form, on nice paper, in large, clear type, and the work is beautifully executed. Subscription price \$2.00 per year; less time same proportion, and twenty cents per single number. Postage free. Hoping the above much-needed work will meet with the success it merits, (which we know it will,) is the earnest wish of the editor of the VOICE.

THE instincts of the ant are very unimportant, considered as the ant's; but the moment a ray of relation is seen to extend from it to man, and the little drudge is seen to be a monitor, a little body with a mighty heart, then all its habits, even that said to be recently observed, that it never sleeps, becomes sublime.—Emerson.

PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

THROUGH WEST INGLE.

TO HENRY BICKFORD, MIEFLIN, IOWA CO., WISCONSIN, FROM HIS FATHER.

MY DEAR SON HIRAM,—Again I find it pleasant to commune with you, through the Medium "West Ingle." I have much to say to you, my son, and coming from me, you must not doubt its truth. I will not deceive you, and by-and-bye I can communicate to you in your own house. I have done so once before, and should have been able to do so often, if there had been kept up the desired harmony. We sometimes find good Mediums, through whom we can manifest, but they will not develope if outside influences are against them. The best Mediums refuse to work, and we cannot compel them against their will. I will try and hold my influence over "West Ingle," till I succeed in developing one in your own family or near home. The day is coming when pride and selfishness will no longer stand between the Spirit-World and those through whom the Angels desire to work.

Father did manifest to you, and he was led by a child called the "Lily," and you will know more of this child, who comes to you, and is now a guide. She is a light to those of our family, and whenever her sunny face appears, peace and prosperity follow. "Lily" was still-born, consequently she was never touched by mortal sorrow. There are many of these Star-Spirits, who act as torch-bearers on the heavenward journey.

Men gradually develope into the knowledge of Spiritual beauty and truth. I did not know much about the Spiritual Truth when I came here, and the time I communicated with you was my first attempt, or the first successful one; and that was not satisfactory to you—was it?

You think I died of brain-fever; but my death was caused by trouble in my spine, near the base of the brain. Oh, what fearful suffering I went through, before I found rest! Now I feel all right, and can do for my children what will prove an eternal benefit.

Hiram, my son, the Spiritual Church is destined to outrun all others in the race of progression; and you, my son, are to become a great helper. Your Spirit-Friends will give you the desired power and knowledge, and you will use it with earnestness, which will have a mighty force.

My father's life was crowned with a century; and if I had been careful to obey the laws of Nature, I should have lived to be nearly as old. Your mother's

family are not so long-lived, but you inherited the vital forces of the Bickfords, and you will live to see the glory of the Spiritual World manifested in the flesh, my son.

Man is the connecting link between the Spiritual and the material universe. Below him are the animals, birds, plants and minerals; and above him, drawing him continually upward, are the Angels, Archangels, Saviours and Prophets, who are his Spirit-Friends, known and beloved through life associations.

Hiram, my beloved son, you must not think I take up all the time, cutting off the others who are waiting to communicate with you.

The old man I showed the Medium, who was palsied, was one of my uncles. He was not palsied, but his limbs were useless.

You will hear from all your friends, and some will come to you in your own house.

Oh, my son, tell our friends I am still alive.

FATHER.

JOSEPH DAIN IN SPIRIT-LIFE, TO HIS SON, DR. WILLIAM DAIN.

MY DEAR SON,—It is one of the dearest and sweetest truths connected with the goodness of God, and his loving kindness to his children, that Spirits disembodied may at all times and in all places minister to those in the body, and guide and direct them in Spiritual and temporal affairs. I rejoice that you can realize this truth, and are conscious of a Supreme Power over you. You have had a peculiar life, my son. You have been led from your earliest youth, by what might seem to many a strange fatality. You know you have been led by wisdom higher than the human mind, and far more powerful.

I was Mediumistic all my life long. I was conscious of the influence of disembodied Spirits. I had certain signs by which I read coming events, and you know how I used to act by impressions. Your mother, also, felt and knew she and her children were surrounded by powerful Spiritual influences. You have inherited a part of both natures; and the Mediumistic power in you is more fully developed than it was in me or your mother. You have greater forces controlling you than I had. Your Spirit-Guides are numbered among Heaven's most gifted ones, and your power for good will be great and far extended. You are a healer of the people. Whenever you command disease to depart from the human system, you will be immediately obeyed; and the

commanding power your soul possesses over others, will bring you fame and honor among the dwellers of the earth.

You have many friends here, my son—brothers and sisters, and your dear mother, aunts and uncles, and others who are near and dear. All are waiting to aid you in your coming work.

My son, the world is full of the sick and sorrowing. Man is unkind and often unjust towards his fellow-men. Try to make your life a type of human usefulness. We will aid you. You will leave Adin for a broader field of usefulness, and you will attain a perfect development Spiritually. Your mother gives you her tender blessing. We bless our children. You and yours shall be doubly blessed. The coming year will find you very successful, and you will live to fill the place I desire you to occupy among men. Speak the truth at all times, and fear not. Your friends and companions will learn to know from whence you derive your powerful influence.

JOSEPH DAIN.

MERCY JANE WOOLSON,

TO HER FATHER, MILAS WOOLSON, OF GREAT BARRINGTON, MASS.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—I will try to converse with you a short time through THE VOICE OF ANGELS. I have not been gone from you since 1859, though my spirit passed from its earthly temple at the beginning of that year. Was it in February?—I have almost forgotten. I remember now; it was the 17th of February. I was dying a long while. I felt the chill upon my vitals all through the night, and when the morning came, I ceased to feel the pangs of nature. My spirit was free. I was wearied out, and was glad to be at rest. I was not afraid—how could I be fearful, with so many friends surrounding me—so many I knew and loved? We all stood looking upon my dead body. I saw how tenderly my loved ones prepared it for the grave. I saw the tears they shed fall upon my still, cold face. You thought it a pretty face; it looked to me like wax-work, lifeless and cold. I like my spirit-face far better. Love makes the beauty of spirit-features, and my love is pure and abiding, and my face shows the beauty and peace of harmony.

My dear father, I know how you mourned for me. You missed me out of your home and life. Dear mother! She loves and misses me, even now. I have stood by her side, when she was conscious of my presence, though she long ago ceased to interest herself in the philosophy of Spirit-

communion. She will read this communication, and, after thinking it over, will know it is I—Mercy—who comes to her when she is alone or in trouble. You must not cast me out, dear mother, let me keep near you, and I will give you a sight of my face, if possible. I will come when you least expect, but I will come to you, mother. Do not let pride, and the opinion of our friends, keep you from receiving me; you will need me when earthly friends cannot help you. My dear mother, why have you buried your talents, and hidden your spiritual gifts? Do you think they will never be called for? They surely will, mother. You have the power to comfort others, and if you refuse to do so, you will have to answer at the last hour. You are skeptical now—not in yourself; for, deep down in your soul, you know there is truth in the theory of Spirit-ministration. You used to believe it. Don't you remember, mother, what the angels used to say? They have always conversed with you, from your childhood. Your mind gathered knowledge intuitively, and your love for the flowers and green fields, beautiful pictures and works of art, all came from heaven; they are the gifts of the Spirit. It does not matter where you worship, mother dear. The spirits of love and harmony will find you out.

Dear father, you must look deeper than the human for help. Hearts of flesh are often like granite. Money is a ruling power among men. Your own friends who have money will never be rejoiced to meet you, as long as they fear you need it from them. We can often influence people to do acts of kindness, but they who are rich do the least good for the poor; and people are often influenced by those who have neither love nor sympathy. Pride dreads public opinion. I am glad you are superior to such weakness, my dear father.

I want you to tell Aunt Lydia that I want to talk with her. She knows there is truth in Spirit-communion. There is one angel friend who is always near her. She will know who I mean. Her friend has a pure soul and a loving heart.

We are going to form a band round your home, my dear father. Uncle James and Aunt Charlotte, grandfather and mother, and Aunt Sukey, Uncles Paul and Benjamin are ready to join us, and we will bring you up into better conditions. There are many of mother's dear friends who will help us, and you will be prospered. Aunt Charlotte would like to have cousin Charlotte be more liberal with her money, and not spend it so freely for

pleasure. That money cost Auntie many years of toil, and deprived her of all spiritual development. By using it for the poor and suffering, her daughter may bless and comfort her parents, and aid them in their progression.

You understand me, dear father. Be of good cheer; you and mother will see a sunny old age. I am still your affectionate daughter,

MERCY JANE.

SHERMAN H. HUNT.

TO HIS WIFE IN GRANVILLE, MAHASKA COUNTY, IOWA.

MY DEAR WIFE,—I have at last succeeded in sending a message to you. I have tried to talk to you through our friend Williams, but have now control of the Medium "West Ingle," and will give you tidings from myself and our dear ones who passed on before me. I promised, if possible, that I would come back and let you know that I still live. I was myself a Medium, and if I had used my gifts I might have done much good. Pride forbids many using their power as a Medium, but they learn too late "what might have been." Let those who have gifts of Mediumship, use such powers for the comfort and benefit of their fellow-men.

I desire to impart knowledge which will be convincing proof of the immortality of the soul, and its progression after death. There are many of our dearest friends who are still in doubt in regard to these matters. Death reveals all mysteries in time, and those who doubt most are oftenest called to the knowledge of the truth, by changes in their own lives, and in the lives of those nearest and dearest to them.

No one can believe till they have ample proof; and there are times when tests may be given freely. Revelation comes as the higher power determines. I may not give you a sure test at this time. I gave you the best test through the Mediumship of Friend Williams, who has been chosen to work for the Spirit-World as their Medium. He will soon develop into one of the very best Mediums in the "Harmonial Circle."

I desire to communicate in regard to your personal affairs, and changes which will take place in the immediate future, as soon as opportunity permits. I will try to write through Friend A. Williams, and think I shall succeed.

You desire to know if I am happy, my dear wife. I am more than content. The exchange was a happy one for me. The peace of the Spirit-World is a rich reward for earthly suffering. My life was not all pleasant or successful. You know,

my dear Mary, what I wanted to accomplish for myself and family. I did not attain to the desired place on earth, and I must now try to accomplish what I aspired to, prior to leaving my earthly home. I always had premonitions of events that were to take place. The Mediumistic power I failed to use, will be given to you, if you desire it; if not, it will go to one of the others. There will be a power so clear and patent, that all of you will acknowledge its divinity, and this power is even now over you.

My dear wife, darkness and perplexities will soon be swept away, and sunshine and prosperity will overshadow our earthly home. If you will let me come near you, I can guide you and our beloved ones safely to the happy conditions found only with those who are pure in heart.

I am satisfied with all you have done since I left the form. You have displayed wisdom and judgment in your business affairs, and you will be successful. Think of me not as one far from you, but look for me when you are alone, and I will come to you. And when you are in trouble, call upon me, and I will help you out of all perplexities. No sickness nor death will come to break the harmony now hovering around you. Your Angel-Guides are near, and I am still your affectionate husband.

S. H. HUNT.

MARY E. DUNN.

I DESIRE to send a message to my dear father, Isaac M. Sigler, of Council Bluffs, Iowa. He is eagerly looking for a sign from me. My name is Mary E. Dunn. I passed into Spirit-Life from my father's house, near Council Bluffs, or about fifteen miles north of there, on the Big Pigeon, in the township of Boomer.

I died on the tenth day of September, in 1872. I did not want to die at that time. Life was sweet to me, and the earth very beautiful; but I was called, and had to go.

You know, dear father, that I deserved to live for many reasons. There were ties, sweet and tender, which held me bound to the earth; and yet I was compelled to sunder them. It was only in seeming, for really there was no parting after all. I knew you all when passing out of the body, and could hear and see you; but could not make it known to any of you. I saw my body laid away, and heard the bitter mournings of my dear, dear friends, and tried to tell you I was not dead.

I say to you, father, and I want you to

tell my friends, one and all, that I am happy and contented, though I am divided in one sense from my family and friends. There are many of our own dear ones here—many friends and neighbors, and all send messages of love to you all. Oh, my father, my dear husband, and friends, can you not hear me calling to you to open your hearts to the blessed truth, "That if a man die, he shall live again"? There is no death, no separation spiritually; for I am still with you; I can comfort and cheer you, and lead you through all dark and dangerous places in the earth-life.

Here are our friends, the dear little ones; and some who died long ago—grandfather Sigler, and many you would like to hear from. All send love, and we hope to come near you and make ourselves manifest to you in the future.

If this reaches you, and Mr. Pardee says it will, I will send other messages to my dear, dear friends in earth-life.

MARY.

MARY DAIN IN SPIRIT-LIFE,
TO HER SON WILLIAM, LIVING IN ADIN, MURDOCK
COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

OH, MY DEAR SON WILLIAM,—I am rejoiced to communicate with you, as your father has already done. I have so much to say to you, and through you to my other children and friends, that I cannot hardly wait for the opportunity. Death did not divide me from my children. Neither did it weaken my love and anxiety for their welfare.

I have tried to communicate with you many times before, and have done so to some extent; but I want more particularly to help you in your work as healer among the sick and afflicted. Women and children demand more from the real physicians than do the men. For they often suffer more than the pangs of death in trying for help, or to be healed of their infirmities. It is better to kill without mercy, than to keep the soul fluttering upon the confines of eternity, without power to progress either way.

You have a band of guides, and one Spirit-guide holds you in a strong control. You cannot go far wrong, my dear William.

My love for my children has kept me near the earth, and I am content to stay here till you are ready to join me here. You may find the time long, and sometimes you will feel perplexed and weary. But, my dear son, you may be sure of help and protection every hour of your life. Power will be given you to help those who are in trouble. The sick and

the afflicted will call you blessed; and your own family will look to you as one holding the magic staff of success.

I know your father and grandparents are seeking to bestow upon you a greater and more useful development. You were ever your father's pride—his favorite son; and he looks to you to work out his charitable desires for others.

I desire my children to become more united and happy. I want them all to know the truth in regard to the immortality of the soul. William, you have the power, and must convince them. Tell them mother says believe, and they will not refuse the testimony; for I never deceived my children. I am looking forward to the time when I shall have them all with me once more. I cannot tell you all I desire to do for you. I shall remain with you for a season. I may call it the life-season.

Spirit-Life is superior to the earth-life; and there is no picture in all the earth so fair as the heavenly landscapes. Here we have flowers of immortal bloom, and we also have fruits, and all that makes up the glory and beauty of the inner life.

Oh, my son, be cheerful, be happy and useful, and you will be happy and contented on the earth, and you will surely be happy in the Spirit-Life.

God bless you, my children, is the earnest prayer of your affectionate mother.

MARY DAIN.

THROUGH MRS. E. RANDLE, SALT LAKE.

MARTHA WASHINGTON.

KIND AND DEAR FRIENDS OF EARTH,—It affords me great pleasure to be able thus to return to express many thanks to you for the great good all you Mediums are doing us.

Oh, I say unto the Mediums, one and all, if you strive to live so that our presence and love may ever be with you, to lead and direct you in the path of truth, that you may never be led astray, it will give us unbounded happiness. Live to set a good example to your children and friends, that when your mission is ended here, you may look back with pleasure, and see your children following you in that bright and rosy path, which shall be made all the brighter by heavenly visitants.

Oh, dear ones, if you knew how much we love you, how we throw our arms of protection around you, just as a loving mother will in striving to protect her child from harm! We do all in our power to protect our Mediums from harm. For, my friends, were it not for you, this

world would be in greater darkness than now.

So I say to all again, strive to live a true and upright life, so that your Spirit-Friends will be able to come and spend very many happy hours with you, and strew flowers in your path instead of thorns.

Now, my dear friends, strive to carry out my desires, as they are given in all kindness and love. Thanking you for your kind attention, I now bid you adieu. May the good angels ever be with you. A stranger, yet a sincere friend to all.

MARTHA WASHINGTON.

[The above was a lady spirit of fine culture and noble bearing. Her presence filled me with sublime peace and happiness. Though a stranger, yet I felt that she was a friend to all. She appeared to be very aged, yet her features were lighted up with love. Her hair was white and shining; she was rather stout, and very graceful in appearance. She had been on the other side many years. Her message I think is one that would do us all good to study, and try and live up to; and by doing so, we shall be making those heavenly ones happy and proud of us.]

E. RANDLE.

JULIA TANNER, TO HER FATHER, NATHAN TANNER.

DEAR FATHER,—I am so glad to once more be able to send my message of love to you and dear mother. Oh, if you knew how hard I have tried to show myself to you, so that you should know how happy and well I look! But the time is soon coming when I shall be able to materialize myself through the Mediumship of my brother Alvah, who is to become a great and mighty instrument in the hands of the Spirits. He is now doing a great deal of good, but he is yet only learning the first lesson. I want him to go on as he began, and very shortly his name shall be spread broadcast over the world. So be not discouraged, and his sisters will all help and bless him for it.

Dear father, you have been disappointed in some things; but be not discouraged; there are good times coming yet, and I say you shall prosper in your undertakings. Oh, if you could see how happy we all are, and how pleased we are to come and tell you of things that are for your good! You often give us the chance to come to you.

Give my love to Ellen and all the children, and tell them I can and do often pay them a visit, though they cannot see me. Tell them if they would form a circle, and sit round the table, say one hour

in the evening, twice or three times a week, I would then show them what I could do.

Now, dear father, I was with you when you read the communication from your friend Amasa Lyman, and I thought I would try and send a message to you, through the noble little paper, VOICE OF ANGELS.

From your ever loving daughter,

JULIA.

THROUGH M. T. SHIELHAMER.

DR. SAMUEL G. HOWE.

[Received March 31st, 1878.]

"AND God said, let there be light, and there was light." These words have often rung through my mind, Mr. President, when striving to bring light, knowledge, and understanding to those darkened minds entrusted to my keeping. I believe, sir, that the all-wise, merciful Father intended that every human soul should receive light; and by light, I mean knowledge and understanding, whether they were held in darkened chambers or not. And that in his infinite goodness he had provided means whereby those whose outer sight was sealed, should yet gain that knowledge that should make them of use, not only to themselves, but to others.

I was attracted here by meeting this Medium in a company of my former pupils. I am Dr. Samuel G. Howe, and I would say I am still engaged in looking after the interests of those who are unfortunate. Because I have left the form, it is no reason why I am not still at the Institution for the Blind. And I find there are those there whom I can make use of in this way, to carry forward the work. I was cramped when here. I saw how the work of educating the deaf, dumb and blind could be extended, but I was unable to do as I could wish, for lack of conditions; but in the higher life there are countless noble souls at work in this direction, with whom I can co-operate and perform something more for humanity.

They tell me this is the anniversary of your religion. I am happy to be able to add my testimony to its beauty and utility. I will not send any message to my dear ones, save love and benedictions. They know how to meet me, if they wish. I thank you, Mr. President.

RHODA KEITH PERKINS.

[Received April 14th, 1878.]

[GOOD EVENING, friend; how do you do?] I'm a very old lady; I have only been gone a little while, just a few weeks. I've got rested a bit, and so I thought I

would hunt round and see what's going on. [We are glad to meet you.] Thanks. I have all the singing I want now; all the music, too. I always did set a heap by singing; it used to lift my soul right up out of my body. There's plenty of it here, and I can hear it well, too. [How do you like the Spirit-World?] Pretty well. I guess I'm not much acquainted. I've been resting. But I've met my husband, and I guess he'll set me all right. He was a minister, and a God fearing man; liberal, too. And he wished every one well, saint and sinner alike. Where I am must be a good place and holy, because he's there. I've met others, too—father and mother and hosts of others.

I'm pretty comfortably off, that's the truth. I didn't expect to be hunting around the earth in this fashion; but I thought I'd like to come and try it. [You must come again.] I'm much obliged. I'm pretty well known in East Braintree, Weymouth, and West Bridgwater. I've got children living whom I'd like to send my love to, and tell them that I bless 'em for all they did for me. My name is Rhoda Keith Perkins.

ROSA T. AMEDY.

[Received April 21st, 1878.]

WILL you allow me, sir, to make use of this means of communication, to send out an appeal to the Spiritualists of America, in behalf of the Helping Hand Society, of New York! [Certainly; we shall be glad to have you do so.] I am very much interested in this Society, sir, inasmuch as it has been organized by a noble band of workers, to aid those Spiritualists who are in need of assistance, and to benefit and care for Mediums.

I was a Medium and speaker myself, and I know from experience some of the trials they have to bear, and some of the obstacles they have to encounter; and although I have been in the higher life for years, yet I am still interested in the cause of truth, and anxious for its dissemination; and if Spiritualists will but look after their Mediums a little closer, guard them a little more carefully from want and suffering, they will not fall at their posts so early in life, as many of us have done, and they will also receive truer, more glorious manifestations from the higher life.

This organization—the Helping Hand Society, sir,—was inaugurated by a noble band of Spirits, who, recognizing the need and necessity for something to be done to alleviate the wants of those of our belief struggling with poverty, and of encouraging and assisting those Mediums

whose paths are thorny and hard to climb, came to earth, and by their influence induced a few earnest souls yet in mortal form, to take hold of the project and to do what work they could.

The movement is controlled by a number of glorious Spirits. Were I permitted to give their real names to you, you would be surprised indeed, and you would also be proud of the opportunity presented you to co-operate with them in fulfilling their mission.

In the comparatively short time since they first commenced, much grand and noble work has been done; but they are in need of funds to forward the work as they wish, and I call upon all true Spiritualists of America, who are able to do so, to come forth and show your gratitude and fidelity to the Spirit-World, by sending this Society what you can afford; be it ever so little, it will be acceptable, and will be faithfully applied to a good purpose. Whether you wish to become one of their number or not, you can send your mite, and be sure it will bring you a blessing. You can send to Mrs. S. Adams, New York, or to L. C. Reeves, West Thirty-Seventh street, New York, I think, for the corroboration of what I have said as to the Society, if you wish.

I come here, sir, as you are not connected with this organization, that I may send out my appeal.

To those dear friends who knew and loved me here, I would send my earnest love and sympathy. Tell them it is well with me. Life's roses cluster thick around my path now, and while I inhale their fragrance, it gives me strength to go onward with the work.

I remember all with blessing. I thank you, sir. You may call me Rosa T. Amedy.

ESTHER DENSMORE.

[Received April 21st, 1878.]

WILT thou (addressing the chairman,) allow a stranger to come? [You must not feel like a stranger; all are welcome here.] I thank thee, friend. I do not really feel like a stranger, as there has been a sort of connection established between thee and one dear to me.

I would like to send a word of cheer and encouragement to my brother. I have been in the higher life a whole lifetime—over forty years, and although I sometimes come around to see what is going on, and see if I can assist any friend in need, yet it seems strange to me to come thus, as I want to use expressions strange to the Medium's tongue.

My parents were Quakers; father didn't

have Quakerism ingrained in him constitutionally, hence I think we girls took after mother more in that respect than the boys did. My name is Esther; my brother is David C. Densmore. [Ah, we are glad to meet you.]

I wish to tell thee, David, we are all pleased to find thee engaged in a work which the Spirit-World has been guiding thee all thy life to perform. Go on, my dear brother, let thy light shine that the poor darkened souls of heaven and earth may be glorified. Mother sends her love and blessing; she shrank from coming among strangers herself, but she wished to send thee greeting; thou wast always her darling. Dost thou know thee takes thy Mediumistic powers from her? Had she been placed in different circumstances while on earth, she would have been a remarkable Medium. She says, "Bless thee, my own boy; thy mother's love is watching over thee, thy mother's care guards and protects thee."

I'd like to tell thee much of our Spirit-Home; it is beautiful beyond description. Thee should visit the Temple of Peace in Spirit-Life, where the Society of Friends hold their meetings. Thee used to think it grim and solemn; here it is grand and impressive; their meetings are held in a temple, burnished until it glows like molten gold; its avenues are guarded from the approach of any noise or disturbance; the brothers leave their sandals at the door, and lave their hands and faces in pure Christian waters before they enter, that all may be pure and undefiled. They differ from our convention on earth, as they have such grand and glorious music, that it seems to lift the worshippers off their feet, and when it dies away, the whole temple is filled with a holy inspiration which touches the tongue of the brethren and sisters, when harmonious anthems of praise ascend to the Father of all. I wish thee could witness it; but I must not tell thee more now.

I have met thy loved ones. The fairest one of thy flock is with me. Born under peculiar conditions, her spirit was too pure and too much in harmony with the angels to linger in the body, and she came to us, to be a star of hope to many a wandering Spirit. Thy sons are doing a good work, and will be a blessing to thee. I am with Mary sometimes, and we both receive benefit from it.

There are a large number here who send thee a blessing. We were with thee on the anniversary of thy birth; it was a gala day for us, and we brought thee blossoms and palms, and greater influx of

Spirit-power to help thee forward. We did not want thee out of the city at that time, as we could do thee more good at thy own home.

ESTHER.

[NOTE.—The above communication claims to come from my sister; and as neither the Medium, nor any one else outside of my own family, knew of her, it is the more remarkable, as the Spirit, through the Medium, used the Quaker language. The message was sent me, with the request to tell her if it was correct. Upon reading it, I found it was true in every particular. The expression of language is precisely Esther's. At first, I thought there must be some mistake as to the length of time she had been in Spirit-Life. But upon consulting the record, I found the communication was correct. Taken as a whole, considering the Medium knew positively nothing about my family or religious belief, it is a very remarkable test.]

D. C. DENSMORE, *Pub. Voice of Angels.*

ELIZABETH WESTON.

[Received April 21st, 1878.]

I WOULD like to send a message to my husband and children. [You are welcome.] I have not succeeded as well as I could wish in my previous efforts to come; but I thought if I could come to Boston, where Spirit-power seems to be centralized, I might do better. If I don't, I shall continue to control at different places, until I succeed.

My name is Elizabeth Weston. I passed away at Fort Dodge, Iowa, not quite three years ago. I think it was on the last Monday in October. My illness was such that it wore away the strength of the body, sloughed off those bands that hide the Spirit-World from our sight, and towards the end I was given that which I had longed for, a sight of my dear friends who had passed on before, and I was enabled to hear their words of welcome ere I left the body.

I was an earnest Spiritualist; no amount of opposition or fraud could turn me from my belief. I knew the angels were with me and mine, and the knowledge was a great comfort to me. I promised to return, but even I did not know the difficulties a Spirit has to encounter in its efforts to do so.

May I send my earnest love to my darlings? Tell them I am with them constantly. I have seen the changes that have taken place; have watched events as they go by, and am satisfied, feeling that all is for the best. God and the angels bless you, my dear ones. Remember that a wife's and mother's love follows you everywhere, and that when happiness comes to you, she is rejoiced in spirit. Move on in life as well as your souls can dictate, and when you come to me, I shall rejoice with unspeakable joy.

Send my love to my folks—my father's family; tell them I live, and love them still, and bless them all. There are so many dear ones I would like to be re-

membered to, so many friends! Can they not, every one, feel that my best wishes are with them! I shall be forty-seven, I think, the last of June. I thank you. Direct to C. K. Weston.

CAPTAIN JUDAH M. SIMMONS.

[Received April 14th, 1878.]

GOOD EVENING,—I am not quite as old as the lady who preceded me, but I was rapidly getting along that way, being in the seventies. I haven't been gone long, either. It's only a few months since I passed on; but the change was glorious to me, and I was glad to go.

In former years I was well known in Connecticut, that being my home. Many in Essex knew of me, but I departed to the higher life from Boston. I thought I would like to report as soon as I could, and to tell my daughter that everything was as real and beautiful to me as I could desire.

Yes, I have met the loved, and I am satisfied. I have renewed the vigor and strength of early manhood; and I return to night, blessing you for all your thoughtful, loving care, and bring you the deep love and sympathy of those nearest and dearest to you.

I expected to come back; others expected I would. I am not disappointed. Spiritualism is truly a religion to live and die by; it is the grandest philosophy of life, and happy the soul that receives it in all its truth and purity.

Angels have you, my dear child, in their keeping. Fear not, you shall find the silver lining

I am Captain Judah M. Simmons. Please direct this to Mrs. M. A. French, of Eliot street, Boston. Tell her to give my love and regards to her dear ones; also, I send my greetings from Spirit-Life to all former friends. I have a dear one with me, who will try and send a word sometime.

I am much obliged for this privilege. You are doing a noble work. Good night.

LEANDER G. RUSSELL.

[Received April 21st, 1878.]

I AM told, my friend, that this is the Spirit's post-office. [Yes, it seems to be.] I would like, then, to transmit a letter through the mails. My name is Leander G. Russell, formerly of Bethel, Maine, later of Augusta. I went out between two and three years ago.

I understood this thing thoroughly, and I feel quite at home here. My wife is Mediumistic. I can come to her quite readily, but she does not realize it every time. I would like to send her assur-

ance of my continued care over her, and of my undying love.

I have met parties who were induced to investigate our beautiful philosophy, and the meeting has been joyous. I have met our dear ones, and find all happy and peaceful. So many of us send a blessing to you with words of stirring love and sympathy. I have met the little Francesca, the beautiful darling who passed out recently, and she comes to you laden with flowers, with sweet caresses and cooing love, to comfort your heart and refresh your spirit. She has a beautiful home and tender care.

I am in my element when at these gatherings, I enjoy it so much; and I have work to do still to assist others to find the word of truth. I have been here before, but not to control. I went to the dear old *Banner*, but found so many there needing to come more than I did, I hadn't the heart to push in ahead. I was told this was a branch office, so I came here and bided my time. "Patient waiters are not losers." [That is so.] I'm much obliged to you. I hope when you come over, I will be able to give you as kind a reception as you give to Spirits here.

I feel that I must say, "Bless Spiritualism; God bless Spiritualists;" for they need it; and God bless humanity.

Be kind enough to direct this to Mrs. Lydia W. Russell, Webster, Maine.

I was about sixty years of age.

EACH man has an aptitude born in him to do easily some feat impossible to any other.

NEWTON was a great man without telegraph, or gas, or steam-work, or rubber-shoes, or Lucifer-matches.

CHILDREN are unconscious philosophers. They refuse to pull to pieces their enjoyments to see what they are made of.

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