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LITERARY.

[[For the Voice of Angels.]

SONG OF THE SOUL.

THROUGH TRYPHENA O. PARDEE.

WAVING on the floating breezes,
In the light from Heaven's bright goal,
Sighing, singing sound that pleases
All the senses of the soul—

Hark!—sweet whispers come from Heaven,
Whence ceaselessly life-echoes roll,
Binding heart-strings death had riven,
But could not disturb the soul.

Softly bends the power of feeling,
For the suffering, poor and cold;
Goodness answers on an appealing
From the depths of Nature's soul.

Softer come the mellow echoes,
Whence'er on earth we stroll;
Heavenward ever do they beck us,
To the home of every soul.

Life immortal lends the dew-drops,
That all earthly griefs console;
And beaming beauty rippling thenceward
Wasteless charms for every soul.

Strains of Love relieve our sadness,
And bend us to their bliss control;
And call us, in rich tones of gladness,
To the palace of the soul.

And the Angel-hands do hold us
Tranced with thoughts of bliss untold;
Tender gleams of grace enfold us
In the music of the soul.

Thankfully we greet the voices
That life's eternal worth extol,
While Heaven and earth as one rejoice
In the mystic song of soul.

Life-thoughts send their silvery murmurs
Through chattering time to heaven's white scroll;
That we may chant in golden numbers—
"Eternity's the wealth of soul."

ELLINGTON, N. Y., May 12, 1878.

[For the Voice of Angels]

THE CAUSE OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY S. D. W.

THE *Banner of Light* of March 30th contains a very interesting, instructive and eloquent address for the opening of the new volume, with a slight or synoptical review of its origin and history up to the present time. All Spiritualists who were contemporary with its birth and advent into public notice, probably knew at the time, and those who are still living remember the war of opposition, the ridicule, contempt and persecution it encountered at every step of its progress. Neither is it likely that any other paper of modern times ever drew upon itself a more deadly or envenomed spite and hatred, than the *Banner of Light*.

It was "something new under the sun," and carried at its mast-head an unknown and suspicious looking flag, which calmly and fearlessly kept its proud position, unscathed, while tempests of sulphurous wrath and ecclesiastical cannon bent and roared around its devoted head.

Still it lived, grew and prospered, and "went on from conquering to conquer," till now in the strength, purity of principles, and beauty of perfected development, at the age of twenty-one, it stands by right at the head of the vast army of Spiritual Progression. Its clear and beautiful folds, sparkling with gems of divine truths, spoken by angels through mortal lips, are to be met with in every land where humanity has reached civilization. It is welcomed as a loved and honored guest in the far-away Orient, and among the ever green isles of the ocean, as it journeys around the world.

I regret the limited space at my command prevents me from making copious extracts from this address of the editor to the patrons of the *Banner*, as I had intended when I began this article. However, it is within reach of every Spiritualist who feels interest enough in the cause to read it for him or herself.

But that to which I particularly desired to call the attention of all Spiritualists, who may be as ignorant as myself, is the fact, so clearly set forth and with ample proof, that the inception and origin of the *Banner of Light* was the

work of the Spirits themselves. No wonder the company chosen to carry on this new enterprise were amazed and bewildered, and shrank in fear and trembling from the imposed task. And I think if they could have foreseen the long years of trials, bitter disappointments and anguish of spirit they were to be called on to endure, and their almost ceaseless suffering while the storms of cruel persecutions raged the fiercest, they would have been justified in running for their lives.

Brother Colby, who I suppose wrote this address, does not mention by name the companions who started with him in this work, with the exception of Mrs. Conant. And as the great army of Spiritualists have come into the field since then, there are but a few comparatively who know the names, even, of the noble band who voluntarily submitted to the crucifixion demanded of them, in order that Spiritual light and life might be born into the world, to dispel its doubts, darkness and fears, and break the chains of slaves to falsehood and ignorance.

It could not have been very encouraging to be told by the spokesman of the Spirit Band that they were neither chosen for their "extra literary qualifications nor moral ethics, but because of their peculiar magnetic make-up, both physically and Spiritually." However, the result of that convocation of Spirits and mortals, at that wonderful seance, the world knows. But there is one thing in that same world that those who claim to be Spiritualists will never know, and that is how great the work these noble men have done, and how incalculable the indebtedness of those who have been led from darkness into light, from bondage to freedom, from despairing grief to a calm and peaceful trust, until they have laid down their weapons of warfare against all evil, folded their tents, and passed on to receive the just reward of "Well done, good and faithful servants" of the Spirit-World; "come up higher."

For twenty-one years have these faithful watchmen stood guard on the battlements of freedom's castle. For twenty-one years never once has the light grown dim in the watch-towers, or the beautiful "*Banner*," with its rustling, silver folds glinting in the sunlight, been struck to the enemy in defeat.

And let us not forget the woman-angel, or angel-woman, by and through whose instrumentality and Mediumship the mortal part in this work was made possible, and sanctified by her sacrificial labor. She stood where her sisters will all some day stand—when Spiritualism, pure and unadulterated, shall have purged the earth of all its gross brutality, and blind, perverted selfishness. Then will woman fill by right her sacred station, a fountain of creative power, unselfish love and devotion, the trusted agent of the Spirit-World, to aid in working out for her brother-man his redemption, and to guide his developement into a higher, nobler manhood, than this world has ever seen.

Now, how many men and women, claiming the sacred name of Spiritualist, can come forward and say: "I have done what I could to sustain and uphold the hands of these, my prophetic brothers, and our translated sister Conant, in the work they have done for us, for all. My share of the debt is paid in full"? Perhaps it is. Sometimes our sins of omission find us out, and astonish us by their proportions, and bring us to a judgment we would gladly evade. The *Banner of Light* has "fought a good fight," yet the battle is not over, nor the enemy, though defeated at every turn, yet silenced.

So the angels, seeing the need of more workers on the earth-plane, and of more channels to be opened for the communion of loving friends, pressing in increasing numbers on both sides the open door between the two spheres, have sought for and found other instruments to carry on the mighty work.

Notwithstanding the constant cry from pulpit and press, that "Spiritualism is dying out, most dead already," Media for new and widely diversified manifestations are rapidly increasing, and not always from the ranks of Spiritualists, either. There seems to be "no respecter of persons" in the choosing. Many are called, but there is only now and then one whose "peculiar magnetic make-up, both physically and Spiritually," fit them for the arduous and responsible position and duties of editors, publishers, and everything else pertaining to the issuing and carrying on of a weekly paper.

But another public channel or highway was to be opened; another paper was wanted. So another band of Spirits set themselves to work to bring about the desired end. They must have had a long hunt before finally discovering in *one man* all the requisites needed to successfully inaugurate and carry on the enterprise. But they found in D. C. DENSMORE the man who was to be himself the Medium for the Spirit's use—their amanuensis, editor, writer, publisher. In short, through this man and brother alone was to be given to the world

THE VOICE OF ANGELS.

It would seem from his account of himself that he was chosen by the rule of "contraries," and to be and do that which he had never been or done all his life. He was forced along, against his will and inclination, to obey the behests of the Spirit Band. The needs of humanity were very great. Doubt and skepticism were chilling the life-currents of the soul, and

covering all the land like a sable pall. The Spirits, full of love and sympathy, desired to reach their earthly friends; and the Band who had gathered around this bewildered brother, and who kept him in their faithful charge, promised him, again and again, that he should be sustained, should have all the help he needed, if he would only submit to their control, as their earthly agent. And like unto the noble Band of Workers, who have so faithfully fulfilled their promises to the *Banner* brothers, these Spirit-Friends also required of Brother Densmore full and unquestioning faith in them, and they would ensure him "financial and Spiritual success."

Months and years he fought against the influences that were urging him on to this uncongenial task. But the Spirits, through his own hand, and fully corroborated through our good Brother Mansfield, finally brought him to terms, and in the end conquered.

What his anxieties, trials and sufferings have been, and how great the strain on his faith in man, if not in Spirits, is best known to himself;—as single-handed and alone, he has toiled on, in pain and weariness, well nigh to the verge of despair. And it may be a betrayal of confidence in reading his private letters, shown to me by a friend, when I say he cares very little how soon his task comes to an end. He does not work for his own profit or pleasure, but solely as a helper to the Angel-World in their efforts to reach and bless humanity, and keep open another and much needed channel of communication between the bereaved of earth and their departed friends. And who among us can say, "I have not tasted the cup of bitter anguish; I have no need of the services of these Angel Messengers from the Spirit-Land"?

And without these earthly instruments, our Media, of which Brother Densmore is a somewhat exceptional, but truly wonderful example, our departed friends *could not reach us*. And as they are as anxious to communicate their glad tidings to the sorrowing, and still remembered and beloved, as we are to have them, let us throw no barriers across their paths, or vitiate their influence by neglect, indifference, or suspicions cruel as the grave, against their chosen instruments, helpless and unconscious as they are, while doing their holy work.

And this little paper, named by themselves the "VOICE OF ANGELS," is the foster-child of another Band of Spirit-Workers, who, probably for good and wise purposes, brought it into existence, on the same old battle-ground that witnessed the birth of its elder brother, the *Banner of Light*, twenty-one years ago. The same promises were given of aid and protection by the Spirit-Band, exacting the conditions of their chosen earthly helper and amanuensis—that of unquestioning trust and full faith in them. Their aim, object and purpose the same, wrought out by like influences and means, no doubt thinking that its elder brother, the *Banner*, grown strong in its perfected manhood, would, seeing its weakness and struggles to live, throw around its tiny form its large mantle of protection, and by a true, unselfish sym-

pathy, give the helpful aid and encouragement, so much needed to ensure success.

It has safely passed its infancy, and in its growth gives promise of great good and usefulness. Already many a mourning and despairing mortal have received messages from their loved and lost dear ones, after waiting many weary years, by its aid, and it seems singularly fortunate in nearly all of the messages given, being so soon followed by corroborative evidence of their truthfulness. And it is this fact that has induced me, though a stranger to Brother Densmore, to offer this feeble tribute of a grateful heart to him, as the earthly agent through whose instrumentality has been given to me the first message from a Spirit-Friend, through an independent and unexpected channel.

Henceforth it must ever seem to me a link between me and my invisible friends; and it is asking no more than simple justice for each and every individual who has been blessed in a like manner, to give all the aid in their power to strengthen the hands of him through whom these richest of all blessings come.

CORROBORATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE.

SOUTH COTTONWOOD, Utah, May 18, 1878.

DEAR BROTHER DENSMORE,—In your invaluable paper of April 15th, is a message from my son, Henry Warrenski, through E. Randle, which is true in every respect, as he speaks of things and names of persons no one knew of but myself. Hence I feel just as sure that it was from his Spirit, as I am that the sun rises and sets. He went away from here some eight years ago, and I have not heard from him for the last five years, only through our circle, and the message referred to above. At that time he was going to Texas, through the Indian country, and says he was killed by red men. In addition to the above message, I see in the May 1st number, a message purporting to come from Mrs. E. Randle, from my sister Fanny, more familiarly known as Tilly, which I am happy to say is also correct in every respect. She died a year ago, and left a new-born infant, which I am bringing up. She speaks of her brother Spriddy as being a Medium, which is also correct.

I send these two verifications with great pleasure, and with many thanks, kind sir, for publishing them, I remain fraternally yours,

ELIZABETH HOLDEN.

THE necessity for a constant supply of fresh air in houses and workshops, is indicated by the fact that every person, during each minute of his life, destroys a quantity of air twice as large as himself, and unless there is perfect ventilation, the same air is breathed over and over again.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

ANOTHER VERIFICATION.

MUNGERVILLE, May 9th, 1878.

MR. D. C. DENSMORE:—*Dear Brother,*—In the VOICE OF ANGELS for April 15th and May 1st, 1878, a spirit-message was given to Mrs. C. M. Higbie, of Mungerville, Mich., through "West Ingle," from Rhoda and Ira Strong, formerly of Northampton, Mass., to their eldest daughter in Michigan. There are some points in Ira's message of special interest to his friends on earth, and it is only simple justice to the spirits communicating, and no less so to the Medium, to give a public verification of their truthfulness.

The reader will please bear in mind that the Medium had no clue to any of the points designated in the two messages; hence they could only be given by the Controlling Spirits. The Medium said: "I. Strong's right hand had been seriously crippled by a saw, and it was done in an instant." The facts are as follows: In the village of Northampton, Mass., he lost, about 1832, two of his first fingers on his right hand by an upright saw, in his own saw-mill. The Medium also says: "I get fearfully stiff," etc. Some ten or twelve years previous to his death, he had two paralytic shocks, from which he only partially recovered, either mentally or physically. His life hung in a doubtful balance for weeks. Mind and body were seriously affected. At his death, he experienced another fatal stroke. His wife, in her message, doubtless refers to the embarrassed state of his mind, where she states, "his faculties, so weakened before the change, are gradually unfolding."

The Medium describes a Lady-Spirit, called the Mother-Angel, leading two children, and holding one in her arms, and she says: "Tell Lucy I will keep her treasures for her," etc.; that "she is a cross-bearer in life."

This Lucy is their youngest daughter now living. She lost two children in one week from scarlet fever; one three years, the other one year old, and a small infant since. For many years her life has been a cross-bearing one.

Rhoda Strong says: "Theodore Strong was drowned long years ago," and the Medium says, in speaking of some friend whom she saw was engulfed in the watery deep, "I can hear nothing but the sound of water."

About 1826, Theodore Strong, youngest brother of Ira Strong, shipped on board a whaling craft at about twenty years of age, and neither he, crew, nor vessel have ever been heard from until

reported, with manner of death, through this Medium. She also says: "Here are grandparents, aunts, uncles, men, women and children, all ready and willing to aid you in your spiritual developement. I know we can come to your own homes. We can now throw around you an influence which will work out comfort and happiness. Your uncle, Theodore Strong, Ira Strong, and Rhoda Strong, are now gathering our forces, that we may form a band of love around you," etc.

Now, dear brother Densmore, the most remarkable verification of a message of this kind is from my angel-mother, which I will now give. Three weeks ago, I received a letter from a Spirit-Medium and lecturer, one of the twenty State missionaries—a stranger, by the name of Mary C. Gale—saying that her guides had directed her to come to Mungerville and give us two lectures. I at once responded, saying that I would aid her what I could—that we had never had a Spiritual lecturer here, and much prejudice and bigotry existed. I could see no indication that her lectures could result in good. It had been very wet, and roads bad, and the outlook anything but cheering. She came, she saw, she conquered! had fine weather for three days, a full house, and was listened to with respect and marked attention. She read a portion of Scripture from Paul, in reference to trying the spirits, gifts of healing, of tongues, of prophecy, etc.

Mr. Shobes' splendid Spirit-Pictures of transition and celestial visitants were suspended back of the rostrum. Her eloquence, warmth, love, and sparkling truth, her excellent inspirational singing of the "Sweet By-and-Bye," "O, Sing to Me of Heaven," "Sweet Land of Beulah," and "The Evergreen Shore," seemed to warm and fertilize the soil of human hearts before her.

She will speak here again in four weeks. Arrangements were at once made to locate her headquarters here, from which to radiate to various points in the lecture-field.

A new impulse seems to stir our hearts, to help push forward the car of Spiritualism. I have been thus particular, that the reader may see how promptly these Angel-Friends have gathered and applied their forces, as indicated in the message. Does it not indicate intelligence, love, and foresight, and active effort, on the part of dear ones gone before?—the loved, but not lost, in trying to bless and elevate humanity.

One circumstance more, and I will bring this lengthy matter to a close. It

may be thought by some that the following simple coincidence has no significance; but here it is: On the forenoon of the day that the Medium came, a small, strange, beautiful sea-green bird, with a yellowish brown base for its elegant plumage, flew into our sitting-room, and flitted round and round. We caught it, and caged it for a few hours, then relieved its palpitating breast by giving it freedom amid the glory, the bloom and aroma of Spring. And on the day she left us, (she came on Saturday, and left on Monday,) the same kind of bird, if not the same bird, came into the same room and flitted about as before. May not this bird phenomena be kindred to the manifestation present in the form of a dove at Jesus' baptism, and the white doves, canaries, flowers, etc., at some Spiritual seances given under strict test conditions? "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in our philosophy." Can we rationally suppose the above facts and verifications can be accounted for on the ground of "mind-reading," "unconscious cerebration," "electricity," "oddylic force," etc.?

The great error of Materialists and the Church is, that they give no careful thought to this subject. One affirms that there are no Spirits to come back; the other believes that they exist, but denies their ability and disposition to return. Can it be possible that the Church will blindly continue to oppose that very class of phenomena upon which their entire system of Christianity is predicated? I tell you, dear friend Densmore, the Spirit and power of Elijah, and other grand and noble Spirits, are leaving the church and clustering thick and fast around true mediums of truth, and deliverers of the race from the thralldom of ignorance, bigotry, and superstition.

Thine for freedom and truth,

D. HIGBIE, M. D.

CORRECTIONS.

IN May 1st number of VOICE OF ANGELS, is a message signed, "Tilly Randle," which should have been "Tilly Kendall." Also, in May 15th number, the message of Mrs. Elizabeth Weston, should read, "Direct to C. F. Weston," instead of "C. R. Weston," as printed. In same number, in the poem entitled, "I Come to Thee," should have read, "The Spirit Greeting of John Critchley Prince," instead of "John Critchley Prime," as printed.

☞ "West Ingle" will answer all letters from friends requesting messages, either to be published in the VOICE OF ANGELS, or otherwise, by sending one dollar to her address, 427 M street, Washington, D. C.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

SPIRIT EXPERIENCES OF JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

THE ENGLISH POET, GIVEN BY HIMSELF THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELHAMER.

INTRODUCTION.

MR. EDITOR AND FRIENDS,—Bearing the fraternal greetings of not only myself but hosts of higher Spirits, whose pleasure and duty it is to mingle with you here, and strive to teach you wisdom and knowledge concerning the highest, grandest phase of human existence, that of the immortal soul, I come to you laden with the experiences of a modicum of time passed in the super-mundane spheres, and craving this opportunity of unfolding them before you, not with the desire for earthly recognition or adulation, but with the hope that I may be enabled to show to the dear souls of humanity, yet dwelling in the mortal, the reality of those Spiritual conditions that we aggregate to ourselves while here, and their practical effects upon the soul—trusting that I may enlighten you somewhat as to real life and its legitimate mode of manifestation in the upper world. For it is time, my friends, that mortals should understand more of the life to which they are going.

It is now a period of seventy years, since I, John Critchley Prince, was born upon the earthly plane, at Wigan, Lancashire, England, of poor, hard-working but honest parents. My only schooling was given me at a Baptist Sunday School, where I received a slight knowledge of reading and writing. However, reading with avidity all sorts of books, that happened to fall in my way, I acquired a certain command of language and composition that served in after years as a noble substitute for the education I was unable to procure, and for which I always craved.

At the early age of nine years I was obliged to labor for my living, as a reed maker for weavers, at which I was kept busily at work sixteen hours per day, and my only opportunity for indulging in the luxury of reading was stolen from sleep.

In 1821, I accompanied my father to Manchester, where we both obtained employment as mechanists. Here for the first time, I came across a copy of Byron's works, which I devoured with astonishing rapidity, but drinking in and retaining all the glory, beauty and fire of those exquisite lines, and that delicate imagery, that made of Byron, despite his faults, one of Nature's poets.

What a world of delight, what a scene of enchantment was for the first time

opened before me! I seemed to breathe a new atmosphere, that thrilled my being to its very centre; and while revelling in the new scenes of splendor that I had found, I forgot my poverty and toil, and my soul stood forth erect in its conscious pride and dignity, feeling itself to be no longer a poor, toiling, tired slave, but a creature of the universe, with powers and capabilities for expansion and growth. It was then I determined within myself, that I would one day sing my songs, and give them forth to the world.

But time went on in the old routine, still toiling in the shop, and dreaming my dreams all unknown to others, when my father again changed his abode, to Hyde, taking me with him, and there, in the early flush of youth, ere yet nineteen summers had flitted over my head, there came to my waiting soul that most exquisite of all life's experiences, "Love's young dream." It came upon me like the first sweet, dewy blush of early morn, bathing my spirit with a flood-tide of ineffable glory, and thrilling my heart with that ecstatic bliss that I think none but the poetic soul, who has been attuned into harmony with Nature and her works, and who can find happiness in spite of toil or sorrow, can ever realize. And here let me say, that to this day, returning as I do from the immortal shore, I thank my God for that experience of true, heart-felt emotion. It has gone through all my life, like the melody of a happy song, and has thrilled my despairing soul with its sweetness. It has run through the evil days of wrong-doing like a golden thread, and with its sparkling light revealed to me the glory and honor, the sweetness and purity of life, that might yet be mine.

It is useless for me to depict the image of my charmer to you. To others, she was only a neighbor's lassie, good enough and pretty enough in her way; but nothing uncommon. To me, she was all that was fair and canny, and as beautiful and good as Eve appeared to her Adam, in all her innocent purity of expression, on that first awakening, which we are told of in that beautiful allegory of old.

In 1827, I was united to my dear one, and we commenced life anew, as happy as two birds; and although, from my poetic fancy and ardent temperament, I was led to look for more happiness, in a life of conjugal felicity than it is possible for mortals to attain, yet upon the whole, my domestic life was a blessing to my inner self, and from its bowers I wove some of my sweetest garlands to grace my name. Poverty and toil, with their train of

evils, still attended; and in 1830, work being slack at home, I left and went to Picardy, leaving my family, consisting of a wife and three children. The revolution had paralyzed trade in France, and it was impossible to procure employment there; consequently, after experiencing a great deal of misery, I returned home, only to find my family in the work-house, from whence I removed them to a Manchester garret, where we should have starved, had it not been for the labors of my wife at power-loom weaving.

That was a time of misery; but at length I obtained temporary employment, and our prospects began to brighten a little. But through all my life, a scarcity of work seemed to attend me like a fatality.

During my residence at Manchester, I began to contribute short poetic pieces to the papers and periodicals published at that place, which, by the kindness of friends, and those powerful in government affairs, were issued in volumes, from time to time; the first of which, "Hours with the Muses," was brought out in 1840, and reached its third edition in two years. The subsequent volumes were "Dreams and Realities in Verse," 1847; "The Poetic Rosary," 1856; "Miscellaneous Poems," 1861; and one more, containing all my principal poems, published the year of my death, 1866.

I have been accused of imitating too closely the style of others before me. But while I may have done so, yet I think none of my critics will deny that the ideas expressed, and the thoughts embodied, together with the arrangement of language in my productions, were entirely my own. At the same time, I was never satisfied with my efforts; none of them reached my standard of worth and excellence, and they sometimes breathed a wail of my dissatisfaction and disappointment throughout their numbers.

From the disappointments I had encountered in early manhood, I was all too easily induced to hie away from my miserable attic home to the public-house, where, in the company of men who pretended to admire my "genius," and court my society, while plying me with the accursed fluid that maddens humanity, until it sinks below the level of the brute, I would spend hours, ay, days, away from home, indulging in sin; thereby seeking to drown the memory of disappointed ambition and blighted hopes; and to this, together with a certain unsteadiness of purpose, that kept me from holding on to any employment for any length of time, I

am indebted for many of my early experiences in Spirit-Life, which I hope to unfold before you, that you may learn how a soul is plunged in darkness from the effects of deeds done in the body, and also how it may progress through degradation and woe, to scenes of happiness and pleasure, if it only desires to do so.

I have been thus prolix concerning my earthly life, in order that you may understand my experiences in the Spirit; and although I may have seemed too personal, it was unavoidable, and I crave your kind indulgence.

It is impossible for me to convey to you an adequate conception of the ecstatic bliss I experienced in Spirit, when lifted above material bonds, and basking in the realms of poetic fancy; neither of the toil and sorrow of physical experiences, or of my feeling of utter degradation and self-contempt, when recovering from a debauch, which I was obliged to outlive in Spirit.

In my next, I will relate to you my first experiences in the other life, together with their surroundings and conditions.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

COOPERSVILLE, Mich., May 6, 1878.

In February, 1848, my child Martha A. Allen, by accident, left me for parts to me then unknown, at the age of one and one-half years in this life. But in 1858, I commenced to learn of a future, and have been learning since that time. The clergy could not teach me anything in that direction, because they knew nothing themselves.

Well, the message is right, except two names. "Henry," should read *Harvey*, and "Wooding," should read *Woodling*. But this I charge to your type-setter. Now, brother Densmore, she speaks of my reading and reasoning so much upon the follies of theories and creeds, which is true; and I do know that neither you or the Medium, nor any one else outside of my neighborhood, knew anything of the kind. To me it is positive proof that it is what it claims to be. What she says in regard to what her prayer used to be, I don't know to be a fact, but I presume it is true. As I am not clairvoyant, I cannot hear Spirits pray. She asks, "Was my prayer answered?" I will respond by saying, No, not as yet. This is the first public message she ever sent me, and I hope it may not be the last. I hope also my other children may gain control of some Medium, and send messages, to add still further proof of a life beyond this.

I will relate to you, brother Densmore, confidentially, what an old man, an M. D., said in regard to said message, after he perused it. Said he, "Have you a daughter by that name in Spirit-Life?" "Yes, sir," said I; "and she went there very young." Said he, "There must be some mistake. A young child could not write like that." "Well," said I, "She has been there thirty years, and is and has been a grown woman for some time." "What," said he, "Children grow in Spirit-Life? What an idea!" "Certainly; what is to hinder?" "Well," he replied, "I have lived most three-score years, and all the preaching and education that I ever heard or learned, I never heard that mentioned before." "Well," said I, "the clergy has kept you and others in the background." He is a church member and has been for years.

I remain yours, truly,

OSCAR ALLEN.

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

BY HER MOTHER, MRS. L. N., NORWICH, N. Y.

THOU art gone from our home, angel Mary,
To the realms of bliss above;
Where beautiful seraphs sing anthems around thee,
In that world of truth and love.

How I miss you, my angel Mary,
In our home now sad and drear,
With no star like thee to guide me
Through my last few waning years.

But I know thou art watching o'er us,
With thy face beaming full of love
For the dear ones left behind thee,
Who wait to meet you with angels above.

Oh, I yearn for the time, darling Mary,
When I can clasp your precious hand,
And soar to life immortal,
With thee and thy Angel Band.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

TO THE MEDIUM.

GRACE and strength to thee will be given,
And love will light thy path to heaven;
Then sigh not; these harrowing cares of earth
Are preludes to a home of worth.

Through the vale of earthly strife,
Thou hast guided many souls aright,
And he who hears the ravens' cry,
Will not the "staff of life deny."

MRS. A. ANDREWS, New Orleans.

Jan. 19th, 1878.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

LOVE—WHAT IS IT?—OH, TELL ME!

THROUGH MRS. A. B. F. ROBERTS.

CAN ye fathom the deep ocean
From the surface-water's motion?—
Or the treasures the earth contain,
While roaming o'er its vast domain?—
Or painful heart, with anguish deep,
By tearful eyes that sadly weep?—
Or depth of love within the soul,
When in your arms that love enfold?

As well might know the heavenly state,
Ere we pass the bright portal gate;
Each soul knows for itself alone—
Outside of self cannot be known

The depth of pain or strength of love,
Except the angels from above.
It's love that beautifies the soul,
As polish does the shining gold.

Love is a boon, angelic bright,
And fills the soul with divine light,
Flowing from the eternal good,
And feeds the soul with Angel-food.
Love is a gem within the soul,
And passionate beyond control;
Pure love is not for every mind,
Most of men are to earth inclined.

Love is an element innate,
Which men oftentimes do underrate;
But Love is not an idle tale,
With a weak mind, simple and frail.
Joys are not found in idle rest,
The active mind is most times blest;
Heaven does not lull love in sleep;—
Ever its onward motion keep.

Angels impart love's golden rays,
And sing the songs of love and praise;
Their love forever onward roll,
And happiness o'erflow the soul.
CANBIA, April, 1878.

QUESTIONS.

BY GRAY UNDERWOOD.

HAVE you ever missed us walking alone
By the beautiful shore of the jasper sea?
Do you keep the old place in your heart for your own?
Do you love us, and watch us, wherever we be?

HAVE you sat in the hush of some holy place,
When heaven was flooded with God's own calm,
And kissed for its mother, the angel face
Of some little child that crept to your arm?

IN the harmonies that the holy sing,
Have you heard the voices we've missed so long?
HAVE you seen the light which their glad eyes bring,
Shining up through the heavenly throng?

ARE there any to comfort, to cheer, to bless?
Is this the work to the free soul given?
HAS earth's most beautiful tenderness
A part in the blessed life of heaven?
—National Repository.

FINISHED is the earth-life now;
A crown of light surrounds the brow.
Flashing back, in letters bright,
"A life well spent in doing right."
T. CLAPP, New Orleans

THY heart is as an open book.
O'er its pages we all look,
And read the motives well defined—
The wish to love and help mankind.
MRS. A. ANDREWS, New Orleans.

FROM our life's troubled gloom,
Spring fadeless laurels for a crown.
MRS. A. ANDREWS, New Orleans.
Jan. 19th, 1878.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE.

BRO. D. C. DENSMORE:—The two messages published in *THE VOICE OF ANGELS* to me from my father, are satisfactory and are truths to me—the whole world to the contrary notwithstanding. If you wish you can publish this. Respectfully yours, for the cause of truth.

HIRAM BICKFORD.

MIFFLIN, Iowa Co., Wisconsin.

ERRATA —In the "Mystic Rap," in the May 15th number of *VOICE OF ANGELS*, the first stanza, fifth line, the word "chickling" should be "chicking"; second stanza, third line, "waiting" should be "wailing"; sixth stanza, third line, "while" should be "where."

VOICE OF ANGELS.

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D. C. DENSMORE, Amanuensis and Publisher.

BOSTON, MASS., JUNE 1, 1878.

EDITORIAL.

CUI BONO.

WHEN speaking of our beautiful philosophy, our knowledge of a continued existence after the death of the body, and of the power of Spirits to return to earth and manifest their presence, we are sometimes asked, "Of what use is this belief?—what good has it done?"—a question which we propose to answer in as concise and lucid a manner as possible.

Spiritualism is of practical utility to man: for it not only demonstrates the fact of continued existence, outside and apart from the body, thereby demolishing the theory that all of life is contained within the mortal form, and when that decays life is extinguished and annihilation ensues; but it also gives to humanity a knowledge of the country it is to inhabit, and teaches it how to prepare itself to enjoy its highest state of existence.

Spiritualism, when used properly, is of practical good to man; for it gives him hope, encouragement and cheer, and teaches him that however low he may have sunk in the depths of degradation and misery, there is still opportunity for him to rise and attain the same eminence as those more favored in the higher conditions; and also shows him how to make the best possible use of the opportunities for progressing to higher conditions.

Spiritualism lifts humanity out of the darksome conditions of moral depravity, and places it upon a brighter, broader, freer platform.

It bursts the shackles of that despotic bigotry that assumes control of human judgment and reason, and gives man a chance to develop and expand under the full sunlight of truth, untrammelled by creed or dogma, where he may dare to think and speak for himself.

It teaches man that evil is only the unripened condition of good, and as it develops into the perfect state, evil ceases to be, and only good results.

Spiritualism teaches humanity not to look beyond the clouds for the Deity—that God, whose word is love, and whose laws are omnipotent, supreme and eternal; but to search within the universe for the Divinity, and to find his highest expression in the human: for divine wisdom, eternal justice and fraternal love are

the attributes that link the human family together, and which constitute God as found in humanity.

"What good has Spiritualism done?" It has healed countless wounded hearts, that were well nigh broken at the supposed loss of their dear ones. It has come with its sweet whispering of Spirit-Voices, its gentle touch of Spirit-fingers, and brought comfort and consolation to the weary and sad.

It has swept away the clouds of doubt and distrust, and opened out to the anxious gaze visions, the glory and brightness of which transcends the splendor of the setting sun.

It has removed the prejudices and superstitions of the past, and illumined the present with the light of truth and reason.

It has taken away the fear of death and the sting of the grave, and given man a calm, confiding trust in the life which is to come.

It is ready and willing to banish injustice and wrong-doing from the earth, and to inculcate sympathy and brotherly love.

It comes, not to bring evil, but to do good; not with the sword, but with the sceptre of good will and universal peace.

It comes with a balm of Gilead for the wounded, bleeding hearts of earth, that they may be healed and made whole.

It is the mighty lever which uplifts the car of Progress, and propels it forward, towards Eternal Wisdom.

It is "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land," where many who are faint with life's journey pause to rest and refresh themselves.

It is a guiding hand, pointing upward and onward to the topmost heights of life;—a shining pathway stretching outward to the realms of immortality, and to the perfections of infinitude.

Such is Spiritualism, its practical utility, and the good it has done.

That which is evil connected with it is not pure Spiritualism.

It is like the cloud that gathers across the sky on a summer's day, that only serves to darken and obscure for a time. By-and-bye it will burst and scatter, dissolving all its blackness before the glory of the shining sun.

THE FAIR VIEW HOUSE.

THIS house, as will be seen in our advertising columns, on our last page, is situated at North Weymouth, ten miles from Boston, on the Old Colony Railroad, in the midst of the most attractive and enchanting scenery on the South Shore. The house is fitted up in the best manner for the accommodation of summer boarders,

where they will not only have the comforts of a home, but being situated near the water, the air is highly invigorating to those in failing health. The table will be the best a bounteous market can afford. The prices are in accordance with the depressed condition of the times. Trains both ways many times daily; also boats. Good bathing and boating and stabling; also three cows on the premises, securing plenty of fresh milk and cream. The house will be opened the 1st of June. To those anticipating going out of town during the hot weather, no better place for comfort can be found on the coast. To Spiritualists, it will be a congenial and harmonious home, as everybody connected with it are *real* believers in our glorious philosophy.

PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

THROUGH WEST INGLE.

MRS. MARY BALDWIN, IN SPIRIT-LIFE, TO HER BROTHER WILLIAM N. HART, OF MATAPAN, MASS.

DEAR BROTHER WILLIAM,—In answer to your kind letter, I send this message from my present beautiful home in Spirit-Life. You are pleased to know I can come to you, and that your beloved son has the power to manifest, though at present, we are both compelled to come through our Medium, "West Ingle," who is ever willing to give us an opportunity to speak with our dear friends.

Oh, William! what changes there has been in our conditions since we were children. Life was a struggle to me, even when a child. I felt its great responsibilities crushing as it were my very heart. Nothing was true or real to me in the earth. I lost all that I loved, so it seemed to me; for I never set my heart upon anything in my life, but I lost it, or was disappointed with its possession. Now I am satisfied. I can have communion with those I love on the earth; and I have the pure in heart, the sinless little ones, to be my comfort and solace. Here are all whom we loved, and for whom we mourned. I found them all waiting for me and brother Hill.

I have found many whom I never expected to behold again, knowing they died unblest of the church. You and I were taught to believe in the eternal punishment of the wicked. I find that we are the only ones to be punished for our own sins. And brother, dear, there is a perplexing mystery connected with the matter of sin. What we were taught to be sin, is only seemingly so; and the most useful instruments in the hands of the Spirit-World, are those who are pronounced by the religious world to be the greatest sinners. They are men and women who possess congeniality of

thought and feeling, and look more to the interior state than the outward, and they then are below the attractions which pervade in the social world; yet they have a powerful influence in spiritualizing the material world. The world's best and purest-hearted people are those who do not make long and unnecessary prayers. Knowing their own wants, they are not fearful of using God's best gifts, and of making life pleasant to others.

The human mind is full of sorrow, and is constantly dwelling upon the causes of trouble and perplexities. This gives men the idea that life is dark and joyless. You thought my life was dark because of that great disappointment you spoke of in your letter. I know mother was right, when she said—"All things were for the best, since God so willed them." And, brother William, a woman's best room is her heart. Purity and truth guards the door. Disappointment cannot enter if she trusts her Spirit-Guides. Sorrow may come, friends prove false, and fortune pass away, but truth and sweet womanly sympathy linger behind to illuminate life's winding pathway.

I am happy now, my brother. Tell my family and friends that I am living among the ministering Spirits, working with them for the welfare of my dear friends. Edward will come to you again, and impart more knowledge in regard to his present happy life. His present life is a rich compensation for his earthly trials. Edward sends love to you and his dear mother. I send my best love to all who will receive it, knowing that I am still Mary Hart, or Mary Baldwin. There are many of my old friends, and some of my husband's, who will rejoice that I am still alive, and able to help them onward through the world.

God bless you and yours, my ever dear brother William. I am still your affectionate sister,

MARY BALDWIN.

JOSEPH BEALS, IN SPIRIT-LIFE, TO HIS SON
JOSEPH BEALS, OF GREENFIELD, MASS.

My SON,—There is nothing new or strange to you in the theory of Spirit-Communion. You are familiar with all the mysteries and glorious facts connected with the soul, and its relations to the Deity. Your own well-developed mind has mastered these facts, and your intellectual faculties, aided by intuitions, have grasped the truth at all points, and you comprehend God's great plan of creation and immortality in the most perfect manner. You have learned, like Paul, that a man who depends upon earthly state and circum-

stances for Spiritual happiness, is necessarily restless and unquiet, and is always deceived as to coming events and their operations, and the result must ever be dissatisfaction and unhappiness.

Your life, my dear son, has been full of the most wonderful events. From boyhood to the present time, you have been guided and led by powers higher than the human. You grew in childhood as one having grace and knowledge of truths superior to those taught by church and creed; and I know who and what it was that laid the foundation of noble and sublime principle deep in the inner silence of your soul. In boyhood, you appeared at times to have been overshadowed by Supreme love, as if your own soul and the Divine Mind had formed mysterious, yet essential connections with all things appertaining to the material universe. You seemed to be governed by a separate and extrinsic power, superior, and beyond my comprehension; and I thought God had heard my prayer, and granted me a son destined to work out good in the earth.

I was proud and happy, Joseph, and I watched your progress in life with more than a father's pride and hope. You possessed a power over me which none of your brothers and sisters ever had, and that power has been yours through life. You hold your fellow-men by the same power. Prompted by justice, you have studied your fellow-men; you understand their social relations; you can investigate, classify, and also harmonize all the elements of human nature. And this, my son, is the source of your power over them.

You have fulfilled the promise of your boyhood, and I rejoice with exceeding great joy over you. No man is perfect, because there is a tendency to evil in the human heart. It must be so, in order to develop the immortal impulses of the human soul. Your innate goodness is illuminated and brought into full light, your conceptions of God are grand and beautiful, and you know, by the answering testimony received from the Spirit-World, that the soul is destined to live on in a progressive state throughout countless ages, each soul ever growing according to its actual wants and capacity to improve. You understand, my son, that God, together with His material and universal body, is pictured to the Spirit-World in the same glowing light which represents Him to the children of men—as a vast, glorious, majestic king, enthroned above all power, all light and life.

They who come up from the earth are

banded together as Ministering Spirits, and return again and again to comfort those who mourn in the by-ways of life.

My son, the Spirit-World is filled with those who were once embodied in the flesh, who are, and ever were, God's dearly beloved and eternally progressive children.

I rejoice today that my life ended when it did, though I was not prepared for the change, and it came upon me like a thief in the night. My children were left, though many are now with me here. Your dear mother stands by my side, and she says: "Tell Joseph my hands are resting on his head; I give him my blessing. Your sister Harriet desires to communicate with you. She has more power over the physical forces of the Medium than I have. Ask 'West Ingle' where she first saw the spirit of Hattie Beals. Annie and Betsey are waiting their time to communicate, and will do so soon. Here are many of our old friends waiting to speak with you. George Grinnell says: 'Tell Joseph I have changed many of my ideas since I came into the World of Reality.' All who were bound to church creeds are rejoiced to find there is a freedom in Heaven which their religion never taught them.

How much we have to do, my son, before we can come and walk before the world in material forms. Yet it must be done, if we would satisfy some of earth's skeptical mortals that there is a reality in Spirit-Communion, and that there is a supremely wise and immutable power directing all the operations of nature and the changeless laws by which both the Spirit and material worlds are governed.

This will be one of the most useful and prosperous years of your life. You will help the cause of Spiritualism in many ways. Your hands will light the lamp of faith in many darkened souls. Do not stand apart from the work, my son. What ever is worth doing, is worth doing well. I taught you this truth when a boy, and though your head is crowned with the years of manhood, you will find the rule still golden.

Remember me in love to all near and dear ones; and if Brothers Pardee and Densmore will give me a chance, I will let the Spiritualists know that strength lies in harmonious union, and if they would cast up a highway for their friends in Spirit-Life to return to them, they must not use supernaturalism for paving-stones, nor miracles for guide-posts. God is not going to violate or suspend any of His natural laws, that the human family may rise and entertain proper ideas of His

power and wisdom. The Spirit-World is Nature's most holy temple. Remember this, my son.

JOSEPH BEALS.

FROM EDWARD HART TO HIS PARENTS.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—I am rejoiced to communicate with you at this time. I want to give you all the information I can get from the Spirit-World, that you may know how it is with us here, and what awaits you when the weary years of earth-life are ended. You want to know who are with me, and who are my companions?

Do you remember when I was sick with a fever, or something like it, the year before I passed away? I never got over it, though I appeared all right. I knew I should never live to be old; for I saw a vision, (I know it was a vision, for I saw myself dying, and caught a gleam of the life of Spirit-Worlds.)

You always thought me a strange boy, and wondered where I took my peculiar nature from. I was like you in many things, enough to be called a true-hearted, honest Hart.

I have much to thank you for, and, dear mother, you prepared me for the true life. I have found many of our own friends here. Grandfather and grandmother Hart would rejoice if they could communicate as you and I can. Is it not grand to be able to speak with our friends on the earth, and better still to be able to watch over and help them?

Ask mother if she knows I have a little sister here? I have, and other dear friends. Some of them have been dead (as you call it) a long time. I met uncle Edward and your great uncle William. There is a beautiful lady here who calls herself aunt Mary. She has been my guide and best friend. She will tell you who she is, and says I must let her speak to mother about her head and side. Mother is not well, and must be healed magnetically by Spirit-Healers.

Oh, I shall be rejoiced when you get here with us, father. You will find the lost ones of your family. Willie is my companion and friend. Do you know who I mean by Willie? It is the name of one who passed into Spirit-Life before he had an earthly name. He belongs to our family, and you will know where to place him. I do not, and only know I love him, and we are constantly together.

I should like to take you with me, and show the earth as it is in its present transitory state. Revolutions are the order of the present day. Changes are constantly taking place, and the nations of

the earth will soon know why God moves in such mysterious ways. There will come a time when Spiritualists will not be looked upon with contempt. You will see the truth as it is, my dear father, and learn to control circumstances by intuitive light given by your guides. Prosperous and happy years will be given you and mother. Do all you can to convince our friends of Spirit-power, and I will aid you.

I did not want to pass from earth so early; but I see now that it was all for the best. Don't think of me as you last saw me, lying white and still in my coffin. I am alive, happy, and contented, and I am your faithful son Edward still—love you the same, and will never leave or forsake you.

E. HART.

HANNAH ANN MOSER,

TO HER NICK, MRS. EMMA TAYLOR, OF AMERICA,
LYON COUNTY, KANSAS.

MY DEAR EMMA,—I find it pleasant to communicate with you. I have been trying for a long time to speak with some of my earthly friends. I know they need what comfort and hope I can give them, and yet they will not believe we can come back. To most of them, death means a grave for the body, and a heaven where eternal Sabbath reigns, and everlasting preaching and praying is the order of the day.

I want you to know the truth, Emma; and through you I can convince many others of immortality and the soul's progression after death. Spiritual knowledge will give you help and happiness, and if you will open your heart to the Divine Messengers, all the events of your life will be shaped successfully, and you and yours will prosper.

I want you to tell them that the friends in Spirit-Life are doing all they can for them. Your grandfather Moser is able to help you. He comes to mother and gives her strength; and as she grows old and feeble, he will help her to bear her burdens of age and physical weakness. Your aunt Rebecca would like to send a message to your father.

Tell mother (my mother and your grandmother) we are waiting and watching for her. She will soon be with her husband and dear children in the beautiful Spirit-Home.

You may become a Medium, Emma; and when our friends can see how wonderfully the Spirits will care for you and help you, they will be convinced that we do still live. You and your husband will be happy. All things will prosper with

you, for you are protected by your friends in Spirit-Life.

Give my love to all. I am sure they will remember us tenderly; but tell them, Emma, that we are living still.

Affectionately yours,

AUNT H. A. MOSER.

THROUGH C. E. WINANS.

MARY A. MANVILLE.

My name is Mary A. Manville. I have been told that if I should come here I could converse with my husband.

Dear Robert, I confess for one, that I have never seen the time, until today, when I was ready to sacrifice myself. I never dared to trust myself on the ground of return until today, for I own to being by nature a coward; and I have been told that they who return through these means are obliged, at first, to take on all the distressing, uncomfortable conditions that they went out under. It would seem that it was not necessary for me to return to prove to you, Robert, and my own friends, that this was a blessed truth, and yet I know that the friends wait for just this kind of evidence before taking the first step to inform themselves of the life to which they must come sooner or later. And dear Robert, I am passed from so much suffering. You know that I suffered so long; now don't grieve for me. I passed through the valley, and am happy and contented. Robert, you know we have heard of this Spiritualism, and so I have come back to tell you that it is a blessed truth. Oh, give my love to John and the rest, and accept my love, and remember all is well with me. Don't be afraid to recognize me through the paper, and I will come again. I am your wife still, Mary Manville, of Vernon, Ind.

To Robert Manville.

CHARLES GRIFFITH.

CAN I come here? I haven't got anybody I can go to at home. Papa don't care about this thing at all, and mamma is afraid to lend a listening ear to our pleadings. So I have come here to tell you about my nose. My nose hurts awful bad. I got a boil on it. Oh! Grandpa says it is erysipelas. I expect he means a boil. Well, he says that is just what took me away from my dear ma and pa. When I went I felt awful bad, and I wanted to come back, 'cause ma cried, and pa cried; we all cried. But grandpa came and took me to heaven, where the good angels live. I was awful glad I went with grandpa, I seen so many beautiful things. But after a little while I wanted to come back and see ma and pa. But I couldn't

come back to stay. Grandpa says I came to this beautiful place to live.

My pa is not very stout. William says if he could believe in the power of laying on of hands, he would find relief. O, ma, I know you would believe in this blessed truth, if you wasn't afraid of public opinion. Don't be afraid; the people can't hurt you for believing the truth. Aunt Mary and Uncle John, open the door of their hearts, and let us little children come in. O! why can't you? I am your little dark-eyed boy still. Yes, I am, and I love to come to you if you will let me come. Don't you know, ma, how hard it was to give me up? You thought I was dead. I am not dead, but am alive, and will come to you and gladden your lonely life, if you will let me. Yes, I will bring you light, and knowledge from my Spirit home. And ma, there's more of your friends that will bring you glad tidings, if you will open your heart and let us come. I will come again, if I am recognized. Grandpa is coming too. Your name is Jane Griffith. You live in Welland; you don't live where I passed away.

• Good-by. CHARLIE GRIFFITH.

THROUGH MRS. E. RANDLE, SALT LAKE.

JOSEPH RANDLE TO HIS SON.

MY DEAR SON,—It affords me great pleasure to come here tonight. James, it is some time since I was here to talk with you; but it has been circumstances that have not permitted my coming.

My dear son, I am very happy to see you are doing so well, and making things look so comfortable around you. We need not say we are doing well, as you understand that we are. John and William are here. Accept their kind and tender love to you and the family.

As the conditions are not favorable, I cannot say much, nor can I tell you why they are not right; you cannot help it.

Your mother and Sophia will come and talk to you soon; but they are now in the hall at Salt Lake City. They are doing well there; but you, my children, are shut out from all society, which is so much needed to enlighten your minds, and give you strength to battle through the struggles of life. But nevertheless, you are doing good, and the day will come when many will come to you from distant parts to hear from their Spirit-Friends. So be not discouraged. You will have a letter from Samuel soon.

I don't know that I can say any more now; only your darling is well. She says, "Grandpa, tell papa and mamma that Luly and Charley and Tody and

Fanny are here. Fanny knows how to read, and will learn Luly and Tody soon."

We must go now, my son; for to remain here long would fetch back her longing for you too much. So we all join in saying good-by. We will meet here again soon.

[Dear Brother Denamore,—The above message is from the Spirit of my husband's father, and he says it is characteristic of him. The letter he speaks of our getting was from my husband's son. We had not heard from him for some time, and were feeling very anxious about him. But today, April 4th, we have received a letter from him, thus proving what the Spirit-father told us. Now, dear brother, if you think this worthy our valuable paper, you are at liberty to use both message and note as you please. Thanking you for your kindness in giving place to us, I must tell you that our noble paper is doing much good here. It is opening the eyes of many, and I hope soon to get many people to send for it. I look for it, and could not well do without it. May our paper have wide circulation. That it may become a cheerful companion to all, is the wish of a sincere friend and co-worker.]

MRS. E. RANDLE.

SOUTH COTTONWOOD, March 31, 1878.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

THEOPHILUS SMITH.

[Received April 7th, 1878.]

I've been gone some time, I think; but nothing is clear to me tonight. I belonged in Sacramento, California. I am in hopes to reach a friend in this way. If he sees my name, he'll be apt to know it's me, and will try to hear from me in some other way. I was never so far East as this before. My name is Theophilus Smith. I was fifty-five years old.

CARRIE GURNEY SNOW.

[Received April 7th, 1878.]

I'VE SO SLEEPY. I went to sleep and I had such a pitty dream. I seed lots of fowers and Ise heard the birdies sing, and every thing was pitty, and a nice old lady took me awny to hear the music. I called her gramma. It was a pitty dream, misser, but Ise dot waked up now, and I want my mamma. Mamma ky, and I want her ever so bad. [What's your name, dear?] Carwy, Carwy Snow. Ise dot naver name, its Durny. [Is your last name Snow?] Um; papa's name Snow. I want to see papa, nice, pitty papa. I loves him. Papa wants his ittle dirl; so does mamma. I

tan't talk; it hurties me, (holding on to her throat), it hurties. I went to seep when the big snow was on the dound. Ise dot a pitty blue deess on now. Ise brought a luvly white fower for mamma. I want mamma. She don't know her little Carwy can come. I climbed in her lap today. She didn't know it. She didn't have an-aver ittle dirl. [What's your mamma's name?] Helen, I deess; mamma say Will. to papa. [Where did you live?] It's a long word; nico man here say he'll fix it all right.

Ise free years old. Tell mamma I luva her heaps and heaps, and Ise a dood ittle dirl, and Carwy will be jus as dood as she can, so mamma'll be pleased when she comes, and papa too. I deess she don't believe I can come like dis.

Ise waked up now. I don't know 'oo. [No, dear; but you've got acquainted now, and we'd like to have you come again. We love little girls.] Yes sir. Bye. [Good bye.]

[We have tried to render the childish prattle of the little spirit as given by her, as near as possible. We are informed that she passed out from Winchester, Mass., last winter, and that if the message is addressed to Mrs. Helen F. Snow of that town, it will reach its destination. The child's name, we understand, is Carrie Gurney Snow. We very often have little ones come to us who are unable to give all the names, dates and places they could wish, because of their being so very young, hence it devolves on the older spirits to complete their messages for them.]

CONTROLLING INTELLIGENCE
OF THE CIRCLE.

HENRY FESSENDEN.

[Received April 7th, 1878.]

[THE spirit seemed to be weak about the chest and stomach.]

Good evening, sir. [Good evening.] I would like to send a message of love and greeting to my father, mother, and all the dear ones.

My name is Henry Fessenden. Never mind about my other names; they are so hard to impress on the Medium. I have not been gone a year yet, but I thought the folks would like to hear that everything is as beautiful with me as they thought it would be. I am progressing rapidly now, and I feel so light and free, now that I am away from the body, that it is delicious to live and to feel that I have the power to go forward and learn all that my spirit craves to know. I was seventeen years old.

Dear father, your eldest son is still with you to comfort and to bless. How thankful I am that you realize this; but thank

heaven that you have not laid away the earthly forms of all your treasures; and he who was called will only go forward to make your future home-coming a joyous one.

I went with you on your journey in August, and I brought back with me from the lumber State a dear, kind old Spirit, who sends a blessing to our home.

Give my love to my dear, darling mother, and tell her how often I think of her, and how I hasten from the beautiful home I have found, to bring my deepest affection and sympathy to her. Darling mother, God bless you. What a delightful home you will have when you are united to all your dear ones.

My mother's name is Lizzie. I've been here before, but couldn't control. I went to the *Banner* circle and heard of you there. I passed out from Charlestown. Our home is indeed in an Eden; for love is there, and a knowledge of Spirit-presence.

Please direct to Isaac L. Fessenden, Charlestown District, Mass. I thank you. Excuse me, a stranger, for coming. [You are welcome.]

REV. DR. MASON.

[Received April 7th, 1878.]

ALTHOUGH the summons came to me in a sudden and startling manner, sir, yet I can say I was prepared to go; and it is a pleasure to me to return tonight, and to be able to truly say that I have gained a clearer comprehension of the laws of life—a higher knowledge of truth and of humanity, since my transition, than I could have acquired had I remained in the world another half century. Although not always clothed in the clearest language, yet I can say that when on earth, my perceptions of the life of the soul, and of the needs of the Spirit, were pretty correct, and I tried faithfully to render them equally so to those under my charge. I have still a work to do, still a field to labor in; but while I continue to be a teacher, I have become a pupil myself, and have entered the higher school of knowledge, in the temple of wisdom, to learn of exalted souls, the needs and necessities of human life, and the means to alleviate them.

I have found two organisms on earth whom I can make use of to do good. One is engaged in leading a literary life, the other stands upon the rostrum. Through them I hope to accomplish something. Should this meet the eye of any of my flock, I would like them to receive it as a message from their old friend and pastor, with his love and benediction, and as an

exhortation to them to strive earnestly for the right, and to seek the elevation of their kind. Miss Babcock, the gentle, kind lady missionary, connected with my church, is with me here tonight, and sends love and her blessing to all her former pupils and friends. God bless you all.

I am Rev. Dr. Mason, of Cambridgeport, who was scalded at the Revere disaster, in the summer of '71.

L. JUDD PARDEE.

[Received May 6th, 1878.]

I AM, indeed, happy to meet you, Mr. Chairman and friends, and to come into rapport with this little Medium. I have been introduced here by Mr. Prince, and have come in connection with the work we have to do. I was here for the first time last evening, and was very much pleased and instructed while here.

I would like to send a word of cheer to my Medium and co-laborer. I am L. Judd Pardee. [We are, indeed, glad to meet you, Mr. Pardee.]

Dear friend and brother, we have long been laboring to bring affairs connected with our little journal into smoother running order, and to make the load easier for you to bear, and now I feel that I can safely promise you smoother sailing for a time. You have wondered why I have not reported before; but I always believed that, if we allow time for life's efforts to grow and expand, they will show a richer fruition, than if we try to force them.

D. K. sends his greetings, as does Jennie. We are all engaged in the work. The future season will be a busy one, but we feel equal to the occasion.

When last I influenced you, I told you all was going as we would wish, and better things were coming. That is, indeed, so. Be guarded, be watchful, and we will be triumphant. You understand?

I send my greetings to my good friends everywhere, and also to the mundane readers of the *VOICE OF ANGELS*. By-and-bye, we promise you even a better paper than before.

Yours for truth and human progress,

L. JUDD PARDEE.

JENNIE ROSS.

[Received May 5th, 1878.]

I'm only a little girl, but I'd like to come and send my love to, mamma, and grandma, and every one. [We are quite glad to have you come.] I came before, through another Medium. [At the *Banner*?] No, through this paper; but I didn't like to trouble the same lady again, and so I went to the office, and a real nice gentleman sent me here.

Tell mamma I've brought her heaps of flowers; I guess she knows what for. I put some over the picture and it looked beautifully. I've come with a *new* blue dress on, all spotted with little figures, and its real pretty. I put my hands on mamma's head when it felt bad, the other day, and she felt so nice and cool. Before that, things seemed to fret her; she was wanting to see me so much, and I was close beside her. Oh, I do love my mamma and all the rest so much, and grandma too. I want to send them all lots of kisses. And oh, grandma, I've got a little bird! He's just as tame as he can be; he don't live in a cage, but hops round the bushes; but he comes when I call him. He's a brownie.

My head feels nice and cool now, and I'm getting strong. My hair ain't coming out, and it looks nice. I seen mamma fix my hair, and I know what she did with it.

I've got such a pretty auntie here; she's been gone a long time; she knows all about Spirit-Life, and she's teaching me too, and grandpa's so good; he don't look old like grandpas do, and he knows lots. He says he understands life better than he did when here, and he views some things in a different light.

I don't want to see ma in a black dress, unless she has a flower or something pretty at the throat. Oh, there's so much I'd like to say, but I stayed too long; but please, ma, kiss 'em all for Jennie, and heaps of 'em to grandma. I've brought her some flowers, and I saw her looking at a picture the other day; she was thinking of me.

Mamma's Lizzie, at Walpole, N. H. I'm Jennie Ross. Tell papa I'm all right.

FRANKIE STEER.

[Received May 19th, 1878.]

How do you do, Mister? [Pretty well. How do you do?] Oh, I'm all right now, I ain't too hot, nor I ain't cold neither, and I don't feel achey a bit. I come all the way from Connecticut; I went to the other place, but they said they had so many from our State I'd better come here. This is Old Boston, ain't it? [Yes.] Well, I kind o' thought I'd like to see it some time. I come from New Boston; there was lots of girls come here, but I wanted to come, if I *am* a boy. [We are glad you've come.] I'm going on nine years; my name is Frankie Steer, papa is Horace, mamma is Ellen. There's a nice old man here who's 'dopted me, I guess. I call him grandpa; he calls mamma Nellie. You tell 'em I'm doing splendid, and its just jolly. Oh I come home often, I'm getting used to things now, and I like

'em. I'll like 'em better bimeby, when mamma feels better.

Papa was disappointed 'cause I died. He didn't think of such a thing a little while before, but you tell him it's all right; he'll find me here one of these days, and I guess he'll be glad then he's got me here to meet him; and ma too, my nice, pretty mamma, tell her I'm her little man now, just the same, and bimeby I'll be a big man and help her. If I ain't in the body I can bring her rest and peace, I guess.

They say you can see Spirits, Mister; can you see me? [Yes, I see you very plain.] I don't look sick, do I? [No, not a bit of it; you didn't feel bad long, did you?] No; I got right over it as soon as I left. Well, good-bye. I'll come again, if they'll like to have me.

Oh, direct to Mr. Horace Steer, New Boston, Conn.

LIZZIE.

[Received May 19th, 1878.]

Oh, pretty, pretty! [referring to a flowering plant on the table.] I be a little bit of a girl, but I do want to come to mamma ever'n ever so much. Mamma reads the paper. I hasn't been gone a year yet, an' I went away quick, I did. Mamma feels bad. [What's your name?] Lizzie; an' mamma's Lizzie, and grand-ma's Lizzie, too, and I wants to sen'm heaps of love, and papa, and C'sarley, an' the other little girl.

I tum to mamma an' puts my arms right round her neck and hugs her tight, I do. I dess she knows its I.

I tum from way, way off, ever so far, but I isn't afraid, tause I tum to sen' love to mamma. I'se nice now. I'm with Auntie Fanny and grandpa, in a pretty, pretty place, and the red woman makes me feel strong.

Man says when I tum adin I'll do better. But mamma, mamma, I tum with heaps of love. She's looking for me, mamma is. Dood-bye.

MOLLIE EDWARDS.

[Received May 19th, 1878.]

Oh, I like the flowers! The gentleman says no one but children can come tonight, 'cause the lady's (Medium) sick. I never saw you before, do you like little girls? [Yes; we all love little girls very much.] My name is Mollie Edwards; I was six years old; I've been gone about three or four years. [Where did you live?] In Pawtucket, R. I. They used sometimes to call me Mamie; but papa called me his little Mollie.

I want to send my love to them all, and

to tell them I'm well and happy, too, and I've found such a nice old grandpa. We are having lovely times; I go to school, and I'm learning fast, but I want them all to know I can come, and I love them so much, and I want them to think of me as right with them. I guess they'll get the paper, 'cause they know a man who reads it. [Thank you. Good-bye.]

MURIE WILLIAMS.

[Received May 19th, 1878.]

Is this a children's party? [Yes; this is a children's party.] Well, I wants to tum, too, and sen' a letter; I'se only four years old; I went away in the winter, I did—no, I didn't do away; mamma t'ought I did; I stayed right with her, and I seen 'em put some one looked like me in a box; but I was dere, an' I kissed mamma, but she cried, she did, an' papa looked white, too; I'se live, I'se ain't sore any more; dis is all nicey now (pointing to her throat). [What's your name?] I'se Susie—Susie Williams, an' mamma's Hattie; she is Harriet, but they calls her Hattie; I dess papa's John—don' know. [Where did you live?] Here—no, not here—in Bos'n, big street. [Tremont?] No—Washington; 'ess that's it; tell mamma I brings some roses for her—she likes 'em, she do—an' ever so much love; an' I'se dot a pretty home; and she musn't cry, 'cause I tums every day; she hadn't no more little dirls. You sen' the letter; I dess the man in a gray coat 'll tate it to her 'tause he alles bings the letters, ess he do. I dess mamma don't know I tan tum. I wants her to. Bye, good-bye.

To Mrs. Harriet Williams, Washington street, Boston, the letter had better be addressed.

CAPT. JOSEPH CURRIER.

[Received May 19th, 1878.]

I WOULD like to have my letter directed to the Old Gentleman's Home in Boston. I was a resident there for many years, and there are inmates there who will be glad to hear from me.

I am Captain Joseph Currier. I have been gone but a very few years, yet I am glad to return and to reaffirm my knowledge of Spiritualism. I have found it all true, as I expected, and those unseen helpers who guided me while here, have rendered me great assistance since I came over.

Many of my associates thought me eccentric—a little out perhaps in certain things; my own family, I regret to say, had the same idea, and there were those related to me who thought I was better off in "The Home," than to be resident

with them. Well, so I was. I was pretty comfortably off, and I have no complaint to make, only I would like to say that I was not so eccentric as others imagined, that my sights and sounds were realities to me, and I have found them still more so since passing out.

I have been growing. I have needed ripening in certain directions, and much that was green and sour has been turning mellow. I am again interested in nautical matters since I have regained the use of my eye, and have grown young again. I find much that is instructive and interesting in the oceanic business. We have vessels so constructed here that they will skim the water like a bird, the models of which are yet to be given to you on earth. I have met old-time friends who give me welcome and instruction. I am happy. I would be remembered to all. I still live.

THROUGH ALFRED JAMES, PHILADELPHIA.

HENRIETTA OGDEN.

GOOD MORNING, SIR:—I was told to come here and say what I had to say, and it would benefit me. I was a poor girl. I had no particular friends or relatives who were interested in me. My life was a struggle. I was never much of a thinker, and liked to dance and enjoy worldly pleasure. I never thought much about a life such as that which I now experience. It seems everything is so bright about me here. I do not mean Spiritually bright, but frivolity and revelry.

Oh, sir, there must be something better than this for the spirit. I thirst, I hunger; not as you do, but Spiritually, for something higher and better. I have grown soul-sick of my condition. I have seen no one in Spirit-Life who was near to me while here. I came here today because a Spirit told me it would be good for me: that I would get advice here that would benefit me.

[The advice sought was given, and its acceptability acknowledged with thanks. She concluded by saying: "My name was Henrietta Ogden, and I lived in Lawrence, Mass."]

BENEDICT ARNOLD.

GOOD MORNING:—Too much ambition in a man is as bad as if he has not enough. In my earthly life I was rather envious. That is a bad disposition to wish every man's fame your own. Such was my career, that at one time I might have had a great name, and been honored throughout the land as one of the greatest apostles of liberty that ever lived; but all men have their weakness, and mine was of such a kind that I wanted to be first in every

scheme, and I cared for nothing else. This moral taint follows me in Spirit-Life. I am not a progressed spirit. I have not advanced to any great extent, although many years in Spirit-Life. If I see a Spirit that is more bright, more glowing than the condition in which I am, I envy that Spirit. This disposition must be an hereditary taint, and so firmly is it seated in the essences of which my soul is composed, that it seems to pervade every part of it. If, when here, I sold that which was true to the enemy, by so doing I have driven virtue from me to such an extent that I find it most difficult to regain it in Spirit-Life. In this state I have received much counsel from brighter and more advanced spirits than myself, and although I have great ambition to be like them, yet I find I am bowed down and kept down by this envy of other men's best parts.

What I have said here to day, I have said for the benefit of those who tread the earth, and I hope they will be true to themselves, true to their interior sense, and remember that by helping one another, they will divest themselves of all envy and strife. My name is Benedict Arnold.

LOUIS AGASSIZ.

GOOD MORNING, SIR:—Strange but true, that Spirits do communicate with mortals—that they leave all conditions in their Spirit-Homes, to come here to inform mankind of their earthly and Spiritual experiences. This light brought by Spirits must in time revolutionize the world. I feel a glow of enthusiasm in this sacred cause, for here no creature stands between man and the life beyond. This organism which I control is simply an instrument not knowing what it says, to bring news from a far-off land. It requires the closest observation and deepest thought to analyze these conditions and report upon them in such a way as shall be clear and comprehensible to all. The only way you can understand and grasp infinity is through the divine influx that is poured upon you. You cannot get this through colleges and universities. You can only achieve it in the quiet of your closet, or amid the mountains, or in the deep and pathless woods. There you stand face to face with Divinity. There ministering angels come and whisper secrets upon the air. There your spirit grows and comprehends its immensity. Oh! spark that never dies, what language of mine can do thee justice? What can I say that will enable humanity to understand their great and glorious destiny? When the pure soul is purged from all passions, it will rise higher and higher,

until it meets with those bright and advanced Spirits, who will greet with, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." I am done, sir. I feel happy in what I have said here today. Yesterday my name was mighty in the earth. Today it is what? Simply an echo of what I achieved; that's all. Write me

LOUIS AGASSIZ.

EMERANDA J. MARSHALL, TO HER MOTHER,
DRUSILLA MARSHALL.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—How kind this is of you to allow me an opportunity of talking with you and my dear pa. Could you see me as I come to you from day to day, then would your heart and mine be satisfied. But, mother, it seems to me you doubt my presence, or the power of Spirits to communicate; but, dear mother, I am with you, and not long since I came to you with my dear auntie, who said that she would do all that she could to make Drusilla see her; then would her cup of bliss be complete. But mother, do not doubt us; we are near you, and try our best to make you and pa feel our presence. You often ask the question if your dear Emeranda is by your side; and does she know how much you think of her? Yes, mother; when you are thinking of me, then it is I am with you. Say to my brothers and sister that I am with them also, and ere long hope to come to them through their own organisms; how it would delight my soul to do so! I love you dearly, my dear parents, and we shall meet again, never more to be separated. Would that auntie was present to speak for herself. I have not time now to tell you all about my Spirit-Home; I will by-and-bye. From your loving daughter,

EMERANDA J. MARSHALL.

Oh, life! in thine onward course
Thou leavest the impress of eternity.

MRS. A. ANDREWS, New Orleans.

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