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BOSTON, JULY 1, 1878.

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VOICE OF ANGELS.

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LITERARY.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE MYRTLE WREATH.

THROUGH TRYPHENA C. PARDEE.

SISTER—for your temples twining
The myrtle, with its glossy shining.
We're plucking from its humble bed, and folding spear by
spear;
Full many a flow'ret unseen blushes,
'Neath low'ring trees and verdant bushes,
And the blue-eyed myrtle blooming, hides its modest beauty
there.

And the flowing zephyrs sighing,
On earth's bosom, where they're lying,
Breathe softest inspirations in the soul of innate life;
And with silent eloquence,
Hushed in Nature's meek effusion,
Their beauties speak to angel-eyes, who watch them day and
night.

Mirrored on heaven's amber lining,
Their sky-blue glories faintly shining,
Peeping through the fallen flush dropped from waving trees
of bloom,
Attract the angel graces thither,
So green that frost nor snow can wither,
To mingle with the laurel in wreaths to crown the tomb.

The cradled baby, cooling, laughing,
Life's crystal waters thoughtless quaffing,
On giggles forth in raptures that angels o'er it sing;
And ere the earthly years on rolling,
Give chance for education's moulding,
They touch the wires of soul-life lyres, and bid the child-
birds sing.

Bending o'er their being gently,
Breathing on their thinking quaintly,
The seeds of Truth in Life's broad bower must germinate
and grow;
And Reason, Nature's garden stalking,
With the angel-teachings talking,
Send peerless Freedom's matchless power to glean each
fruitful bough.

And the verdant vinelet clinging
To the bush around it springing—
The latent talent of the poor, in obscurity's dark vales;
Seeking light in silent ponderings,
They nurture in its dim meanderings
With gleams of Psyche's holy gifts from heaven's immortal
dales.

The soul that's sung in melancholy,
Despair's cold song, from creed-taught folly,
As on the lark's light pinion's poised, shall climb the skies
of Love.
And from the bright abode of angels,
Where God-Love infinite ne'er changes,
Catch joyful tones from deathless strains, and sing like
Noah's dove;—

Returning to the hope-ark, swimming
In floods of peace, with trust-sails skimming
To the port where Free-Thought gives to Life a majesty
sublime;—
Dropping sprigs from olives taken
In sinking creed-wastes, truth-word shaken,
To cheer some other soul of doubt, o'er deluged sands of
Time.

Then bear aloft the low green myrtle,
And wreath it in Life's fadeless girdle;
Strike palm-decked bands that break the skies, and shout—
"Triumphant Life!"
For Mind, the crown of Life immortal,
Is never asked at Heaven's portal
For honors more than Good can give, wrought out through
thoughtful strife.
ELLINGTON, N. Y., May 28, 1878.

THE UNIVERSALITY OF SPIRITUALISM.

A SPIRIT MESSAGE.

THROUGH THE HAND OF J. M. A.

[GIVEN AT FAIRHAVEN, CT., JUNE, 1863.]

[NOTE.—The reader will please bear in mind that the following was written during the progress of the late (un) Civil War. A few sentences have been omitted from the original, the occasion for them having passed by; and some others, of temporary interest, mainly, but which could not well be omitted, have been retained.—J. M. A.]

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Men are prone to consider Spiritualism in the aspect of sectarianism. The broadness, comprehensiveness, thoroughness, of its work and mission, are not realized, even by believers in the genuineness of its phenomena. It is narrowed down, in its significance, to the paltry things of proselytism. Adherence to a certain set of ideas, amounting in reality to a creed, aims to become a test of genuineness. There is not that complete liberality of sentiment among the accepters of the Spiritualistic phenomena which there must be, ere the true work of Spiritualism can be accomplished, or even thoroughly comprehended. There seems to be a certain degree of bigotry already in the ranks of the great Spiritualistic army. "Test questions" are already applied to claimants for the honors of the "church," and none but those who can "reply satisfactorily," are considered in "good standing." The evil is not great as yet. It has hardly manifested itself externally to the fulness of the internal; but the condition exists. It is but a lingering relic of past customs of thought and growth.

Like the engrafting of Judaism upon the tree of Christianity, through the consecration of the earlier apostles, the principle of Sectism is creeping into the Great Church Universal. It is well to be warned in time.

Let not Spiritualists suppose that their work is done when they have succeeded in swelling the numbers of avowed believers. Though the whole world be leavened with a little intellectual crumb from the great mass of Spirituality, yet there is something lacking. Though the whole human race become believers intellectually in the bare, bald fact of Spirit-Communion, yet, unless that acceptance be followed by an entire uprooting of all existing established evils, the work of Spiritualism will be unaccomplished.

by any means; because they are to the unfolding spirit what straw and husks are to the production of wheat and corn. And as the latter could not by any possibility be produced without straw and chaff, neither could the soul ever unfold its possibilities except through the vicissitudes incident to earth-life; or the atmosphere become purged of poisonous, deathly gases, without the aid of the artillery of the skies, and its attendant co-partners, gales and tornadoes.

I do not come to condone your hard conditions, as though they were unnecessary, but rather to congratulate you, and show their usefulness, and teach you, by appealing to your reasoning powers, to hail them as your greatest blessings; because, without them, as before stated, you could never rise above them. Once our friends on earth can grasp that truth in all that it signifies, although they may writhe and cringe under its purifying influence, yet realizing that its necessity will round off all the rugged points, and they will comparatively enjoy, instead of deploring their presence.

You may call me Walter Gibbs, of England.

MARY A. WRIGHTMAN, IN SPIRIT-LIFE, TO HER HUSBAND.

PUBLISHER VOICE OF ANGELS:—*Dear Sir,*—I have got the liberty from Mr. Pardee, to send a message to my dear husband, through his paper, the VOICE OF ANGELS, and I want it published. I want to tell him that the original cause of my leaving the body prematurely, was an injury received in confinement, years ago; and as I grew old, I had a continual pain in my side. From that, and overflowing of the gall, I passed from earth to Spirit-Life, May 7th, 1878. My name is Mary A. Weightman. Please publish this in the VOICE, that my husband William, and numerous other friends in St. Louis, can hear from me again; and my husband and children will know I am still with them.

Love from this sphere surrounds each individual on the earth-plane. Could they only realize this, it would morally reform and lift, with its beautiful warmth, many who now pine in darkness. Oh, mortals, love ye one another as Christ's disciples. In doing this you will find many hidden gems, which without it would never have seen the light, adding still brighter ones to your own crown in the Father's kingdom. Remember, Christ said, "I had only love in my heart." Possessing that love, none are estranged toward each other, but feel a brotherly unity of purpose.

Mrs. A. ANDREWS, New Orleans.

[From the Watchman and Reflector.]

MINISTERING ANGELS.

ANGELS are near us, their presence unheeded;
Unheard are their voices, unseen are their faces;
Watching, they sigh when we grope in the darkness,
Smile when we sit in the sunshiny places.

Angels are near us; they counsel and guide us,
Lest we stumble and fall in the rough, rugged way;
Keeping our feet from the snares of the tempter,
Guiding us safe to the city of day.

Angels are near us, to comfort and cheer us;
When our hearts are overburdened with sorrow they come,
Bringing some balm which will lessen the smarting,
Some message of peace from their heavenly home.

God's favored servants, ministering angels,
Cross with us over the dark, silent river,
Through the pearl portals of heaven's mystic mansions,
To be our companions for ever and ever.

H. J. O.

CONSCIENCE is an upright judge, but not a law.—*Whately.*

OUR justification does not depend upon the degree of our faith, but upon the reality of it.—*Davenant.*

WHATEVER busies the mind without corrupting it has at least this use, that it rescues the day from idleness; and he that is never idle will not often be vicious.

As the world becomes more spiritually developed, will be understood the symbolic meaning of all the natural productions of the earth. They contain beautiful and instructive lessons. Mortals, you have much of the godlike nature; awake to these realities. They are divine, and will lead you up out of the darkness of earth surroundings to the progressive knowledge beyond. How grand the thought that spirit can soar into immensity, while yet in the form! Oh, give it the wings of Will; for there stand the opened books of Knowledge, that will fill the world with wisdom for the upraising of humanity. Read aloud from these pages; they are

Letters of gold, in settings of light,
Jewels of heaven, than diamonds more bright.
MRS. A. ANDREWS, New Orleans.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.—Subscribers are requested to write the name of the State, County, and Town where they want this paper sent, in plain words; otherwise, it may not reach them. Some neglect one or the other, and in some instances forget to write their names.

Several such have already been received,—one from Damariscotta, Me., one from Iowa, with no names attached, two from Wisconsin, and one from Missouri, with neither town nor county named. If any miss in getting their paper, they should notify us immediately.

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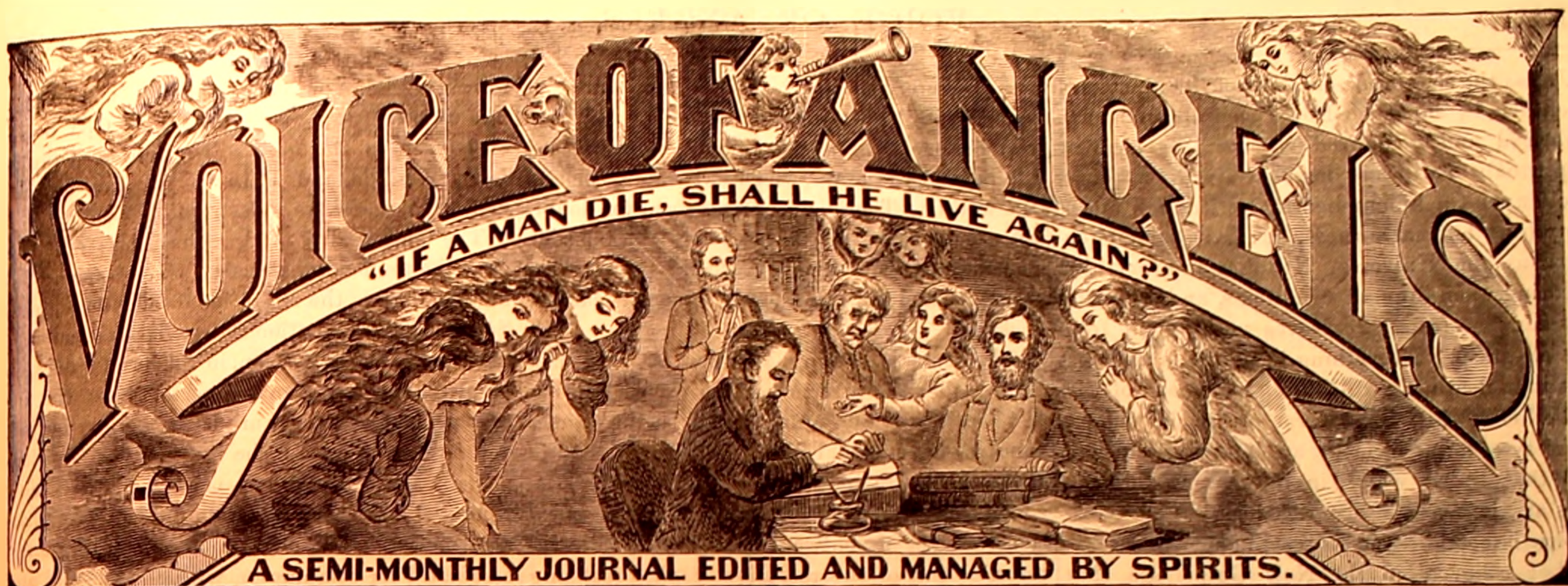
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Unless the cold intellectualism of the nineteenth century be superseded by a mentality which is warmed and genialized by the love element. Spiritualism will not have attained its proper hold upon the human heart. Spiritualism means anything but narrowness. It is as comprehensive as the Universe. It takes in everything bearing upon human conditions, and affecting human interests. It leaves nothing out from its all-grasp. Everything in nature is a subject for it to deal with. All the phenomena of life, whether in the human form, or in the endless variety of forms beneath, are but manifestations of that Spirit, which, in its acknowledgment, lies at the basis of Spiritualism. The Great Spirit is boundless in its reachings.

Let believers in the New Gospel see that Spiritualism be appreciated as equally boundless. There is no limit to the manifestations of the God-principle. Let there be no limit to the permeation of Spiritualistic principles in the structure and condition of human society. Let them not be limited by creed or ritual, but be free as the boundless flowing ether.

The great heart of Deity overflows with love to all the Universe. Let the followers of the love-crowned Gospel of Spiritualism be equally filled (to the extent of their finite capacity) with the sublime principle of Love. Let the beautiful lovingness of their lives attest the superiority of their faith.

Deity rules in harmony. Let the "rulers," guides, and teachers of earth, (in high places or low,) be also internally harmonious. Let them show that the harmonizing power of the Spiritual forces has done its work in their hearts.

God plans wisely. Let the thinking powers of Spiritualists so manifest themselves, that the world may see that there is a Divine Wisdom outworking itself in the Spiritual movement.

God executes successfully. Let the workers in the new field see to it that the powers which are urging them on, be not prevented from the full accomplishment of their designs, by perverseness in their instruments.

The human race knows not what to think concerning life. There is no settled basis on which to build securely a firm and enduring structure—no sufficient comprehension of life's meaning. The certainty of Immortality, and the inherent capacity for unending Progression, are glorious and beautiful facts, lying at the basis of Spiritualism. On this basis mankind may rest securely. Building up beautiful theories upon such a foundation is at once easy and rational. The idea of Universal Brotherhood grows so naturally out of these two fundamentals, that it may also be termed itself a basic principle.

No certainty of immortality has been established in the past. A few glimpses have been obtained, at intervals, of a renewed life; but no demonstration of a natural and unvarying law of immortality has been given to the world, until quite recently. The revealments of the past few years have established, beyond doubt, the existence of a law of immortality, which can no more be expunged from the human soul than light can be converted into darkness at the nod of a school-boy. There is a certain-

ty, absolute and most soul-cheering, now connected with the faith of those who have been recipients of the blessed proofs of continued life beyond the grave, which have lately come to the world. There is no longer room for doubt. Skepticism must flee away, before the tangible demonstrations of identity which have been repeatedly and multitudinously given to earnest seekers.

The time is coming, and now is, when men shall realize the presence of the "loved and not lost," as keenly and unmistakably as the coarser concerns of external life. The time is coming when the entire mortal world shall realize the communion of angels, and none doubt or question the fact of outward "Spiritual Manifestations." Out of the reception of this realizing faith, (based upon actual demonstration), there will grow up a universal acceptance of the doctrine of Progression.

The idea that all souls have the capacity of unlimited progression, in all lovely and divine attainments and conditions, will so liberalize the world, that the brotherhood of humanity will dawn upon the understandings and hearts of the whole human race. Thus charity may find a resting place at last, in the affections of a progressed and liberalized world, and bigotry and intolerance be buried forever.

If all souls are immortal, and endowed by nature with a deific principle of good, and a resultant capacity for unlimited growth in harmony, jealousy of race must be discarded, and color be no longer a pretext for enslavement, persecution, despisement, or neglect. All stand alike upon the platform of incomplete or unfinished development. Egotism or tyranny ill becomes man, then; for his brother, whom he now despises or abuses, may some time occupy far higher conditions of development than he—if he does not already, indeed. The lesson of humility, then, should be learned.

He is wise who loves his brother;
Folly teaches love to smother,
Teaches self to prize 'bove all things,
To despise the "day of small things;"

To neglect the suffering, erring,
Never others' burdens bearing.
Charity seeks out the lowly,
Finding ever something holy.

True and bright, in every lone one,
Gasping, struggling, sighing, groaning,
Humble minds their neighbors' weakness
View with gentleness and meekness.

Ne'er forgetting they are lowly,
As compared with angels holy;
Hovering round them while they slumber,
Loving seraphs without number.

Loving souls forget no creature
Fashioned by the great All-Teacher;
All are lowly, you're not highest—
He you hate, has God the highest!

Spiritualism thus destroys the prejudices of race, color and nationality, and makes of one blood and one destiny the whole human family. It reaches further than a limited patriotism. It says to the believer, The world is your country, all mankind your countrymen. It is thus expansive in its tendencies, universal in its reachings.

It neglects no human soul, but says to all, You are creatures of one God, and heirs of the same destiny—happiness and harmony. It says

to every soul, You have the capacity of indefinite unfoldment; you are a part of God, being evolved from the great Fountain of Infinite Love, Wisdom, and Power; you have an immortal character, an indestructible identity.

The Universality of Spiritualism is manifest from the tendencies already evinced among believers to give the right hand of fellowship to Spirits of various nationalities. To be of another race is a recommendation, in Spiritual circles, to immediate hearing and respect. Thus the antagonisms of the past are being rapidly buried, and forever, as one of the first fruits of Spiritualism. The formerly despised Indian is now respected and loved by the multitude of Spiritual believers. The negro comes to waiting ones, assembled for communion with the "dead," and pours forth his simple tale of wrongs endured at the hands of the task-master; and straightway the blood boils with indignation, and the sympathies flow out towards the whole race of down-trodden ones. The Chinaman comes and is allowed a respectful hearing. All are recognized as *souls*, immortal and progressible, and therefore entitled to respect.

The great lesson of universal sympathy is thus being rapidly learned. Oh, how much this was needed! And the wisdom of the Spirit-Cultivators—of the directors of the Spiritual movement—has been especially manifest in this one direction. The first lesson to be learned was broadening of sympathies, so as to take in the whole world. Not only this, but all humanity, whether in the flesh or in Spirit-Life, were to be included in the all-comprehending grasp of Universal Love; and souls having birth upon other planets but Earth, were also to be fellowshipped with, and a universal intercourse established throughout the vast realms of illimitable space.

This is, indeed, a Universality well worthy the efforts of the greatest minds; and let Spiritualists see to it that they fail not to comprehend and realize the immense scope of the work that is before them, as co-laborers with the mighty hosts of the Celestial Spheres. A glorious destiny awaits them, if they prove true to the sacred trust reposed in them. They stand as mortal heralds of Progress, in that vast array of reform workers, "seen and unseen," which is yet to sweep away, with a resistless power of integral Spiritual education, all the evils of human society and human governments, and to establish the era of Peace and Harmony, Wisdom and Unity, throughout the world.

Is there aught of inharmony connected with, or growing out of the institutions and life of the civilized world, or in the conditions of any portion of the peopled earth? Spiritualism has come to remove that inharmony, (and its causes), and to produce in its stead beautiful conditions of harmony.

Is there, in any or every portion of the globe, gigantic wrong practiced upon dependent laborers, by unscrupulous "capitalists" and speculators? Spiritualism has come to demand that honesty and honor prevail, and to secure to productive labor the full benefit of its productions.

Is there anywhere Intemperance, Gluttony, or Sensuality? Spiritualism has come to purify, spiritualize, and regulate the appetites and passions.

Is there anywhere Vice? Spiritualism has come to destroy it, and to develop and intensify a universal love of Virtue.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE. THROUGH WEST INGLE.

MR. DENSMORE:—*Dear Sir*,--The message from Leander Bowley to Daniel Came of Cambridgeport, in the last number of the VOICE OF ANGELS, is recognized as being characteristic of the Spirit communicating, and was also a good test to Mr. Came, who has always been an earnest worker in the church, and a deep reasoner upon Spiritual subjects. The message was thankfully received.

There was also a message in one of the back numbers of the VOICE, from Lucy Chase to her brother, Jacob Chase, of Carthage, Me., which we all recognized as being correct. I am well acquainted with all of the parties, and gladly give this testimony. And here let me say to all the readers of the VOICE OF ANGELS, when you receive a message from your friends, come forward and cheerfully acknowledge the same, that Brother Densmore may have the courage and sympathy, which he needs, to cheer him on in his work.

There have been hundreds of good and truthful messages given through the VOICE OF ANGELS. People have received them, recognized them, and either neglect to acknowledge them, or do not care enough about their Spirit-Friends to do so. Either case shows unkindness and lack of appreciation.

Friends, one and all, let us hereafter acknowledge all messages received from our Spirit-Friends.

SUE B. FALES.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

IS THE SOUL IMMORTAL?

SHALL the soul after death, live forever in the coming train of eternal ages, as an organized form—a living, thinking, tangible individuality, as endless as the primeval essence of all things? Or does the Spiritual part of man, after long ages have come and gone, eventually follow the same great law governing all material forms: decay, dissolve and disorganize, returning to its original elements in the grand laboratory of nature, to be worked over again, and enter into other organizations, *ad infinitum*?

Does the human soul, as a positive in-

dividuality—an original germ—possess the attributes of a real self-hood, existing from all eternity in the past, as beginningless and as endless as the primordial essence out of which all things, material and Spiritual, were evolved?

If the soul is not immortal upon this basis, what other grounds can be assumed that it is so? God is supposed to be the great central sun, from which all Spirits were evolved. All souls are said to be offshoots from the Deity, and a part of him—God, the inexhaustible fountain of all life, the great repository of Spirit in its unindividualized form.

Now, the question arises, will not all souls return to God, and will not God finally attract and absorb all other souls, and their individuality cease as separate beings? All beginnings involve an end; therefore, if the soul had a beginning as an individuality, it will undoubtedly have an end. Consequently, nothing is immortal and eternal except God, and the original chaotic essence of all material things.

J. W. GIBSON.

GENTRYVILLE, Mo., May 15, 1878.

[In answer to the desire passing through the Medium's mind, that her memory might be as good as in girlhood—that on the subject of Spiritual Philosophy she might profitably refer to it:]

Deep down in the heart are buried treasures, which need only the magic wand of memory to revive. They will then spring up as an everlasting fountain unto this life and the life to come.

And precious Memory there will find
Treasures of the undying mind,
That life's cares have long dispelled,
Yet still are sunken in the well;
But with Memory's wand shall spring up afresh
For the parched soul in the wilderness,
Where it hath only been buried for years
By earthly trials, crosses and tears;
But with the light of this beautiful truth,
Will spring up anew with the freshness of youth.

MRS. A. ANDREWS, New Orleans.

THERE is present at the birth of each mortal one or more Spirits, who watch over it through earth-life, and when it has left the mortal, to put on immortality in the order of its progression, it will become fitted for the circle of that Spirit who was present at its birth; and in company with others of like affinity, will be instructed, until at last fitted for a higher plane, it will enter, still permitted to visit those it has left, to bring light and instruction through its experience.

MRS. A. ANDREWS, New Orleans.

ALL manifestations are results of natural causes, imperfectly understood even by the most scientific minds of earth. Glory in the light, the truth of which will make you free! Knowledge is as boundless as the universe. The mind in contemplating is lost in wonder and admiration of the Deity, the universal Father, the God of all.

MRS. A. ANDREWS, New Orleans.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

SANTA BARBARA, California.

BROTHER DENSMORE,—The little poem by "Birdie," in the VOICE of May 1st, reminds me of another communication I have from her. It is her experience in Spirit-Life. It was given in this way: The Medium heard or felt the words, and took them down, one by one, as spoken.

In proof of the genuineness of the "experience," let me say that "Birdie" (Mrs. M.) was speaking through a trumpet (Mrs. George Smith, the Medium.) The question was asked: "Did you give, in the main, your experience as given thro' Mrs. —?" "Yes, I gave every word just as taken down," was the reply.

I send herewith only a part of it. I may send the balance by-and-bye.

I trust the hints and suggestions will be good and acceptable to your readers.

H. M. F. BROWN.

THE EXPERIENCE OF MRS. LOUISA M. IN SPIRIT-LIFE.

DEAR H.:—Those who knew and loved me will be glad to learn something of my last hours, and how it is with me in this life. If you will lend me your brain and hand, I will give you a few fragments concerning myself.

The last of earth that I remember was on the steamer McGregor, going from San Francisco, Cal., to Honolulu. I remember the mist that came over my eyes; remember that I no longer heard the sound of waters; the ocean seemed silent. Then new lights, soft, musical sounds and beautiful faces seemed all about me. I grew calm and glad and trusting. I thought I was falling asleep, and so I was; but it was the sleep that precedes the resurrection to a new life. How long I slept I do not know—some hours, it may be. When I awoke, the pain was gone, my respiration was free, my brain was clear and strong; I did not know that death had wrought the change.

To give you some idea of my feelings, of my joy, imagine yourself doomed for years to wear an ugly yoke, full of thongs, that continually vexed the flesh; and when asleep, some friendly hand had loosed the yoke, and brought healing to the bruised body. Would you not cry out in very thankfulness? Then know my delight when I found myself, for the first time in years, without pain, without fever—chills gone. My mother sat by me, holding my hands. Forgetting that she had ceased to suffer, I exclaimed, "Peace has come at last! The sea is my panacea! Where is my husband? He will rejoice to know how well and happy I am." My

good mother, with the quiet look of other days, said, "He needs rest;" and by some power she soothed me to sleep. When I again awoke, I found myself in a charming place. The house was in the centre of a large garden; it was many-hued, and transparent as glass. Vines and shrubs, heavy with dew, and fragrant flowers were clinging to walls and entwining pillars and arbors. And such grand and handsome trees, human eyes have not seen. Such charming and musical birds among the branches! You have not heard nor seen the like on earth.

With all this beauty and freshness about me, I did not know that I had reached the land beyond the breakers. I thought our steamer had come to anchor on the beautiful island, and that I had been fetched ashore while yet asleep. Presently, I heard familiar voices; my mother and sisters came in. How glad and young they seemed! And how lovingly they hailed and welcomed me! "We are in port," I said. "Yes, the port of Rest," was the reply.

Then I understood, for the first time, that I was in the world of souls. And shall I tell you that, though free from pain, and surrounded by beauty and old friends, my heart cried out for the old life—for home, child, husband? At first, I felt a great way from them. Death makes no change in love, and breaks no tender ties. Was not my life still tethered to those I loved? Did they not call me—need me? To me, then, it seemed sin to shirk the duties of wife and mother. "Where are they?" I asked; "let me go to them." I made haste to rise from my soft couch, but found myself too weak to walk. Then friends formed a circle about me, making a battery to give me strength. Then, by a sort of will-power, as you move the pencil, I arose and moved into the grounds about the house. I think I heard my husband call me. I felt his sorrow, his regret, because I had gone—because the ocean was my sepulchre. I followed the direction of the sound, and then, by some subtle law, not yet fully understood, I found myself at his side in the ship. I tried to speak to him, tried to comfort him, by the assurance of my love, my presence. But in vain. We both knew there was a method of intercommunication; but the law we did not understand. This was a real sorrow. Near, yet not seen, not felt, not heard. For the first time I understood the disappointment felt *here* by those who wished to speak to earth-friends, and failed to be understood, or if understood, were re-

jected. My husband did not reject me, but he could not hear nor see me. Do you wonder that both of us were sorrowful? My boy was sleeping the sweet sleep of childhood. Kissing him, I returned to the home of my mother.

My next effort was to find some way by which I could gain a hearing. I had known many Mediums; could I, through them, get a hearing? Would any of them listen, receive and send my message? Could I report myself? Had I the requisite strength? Did I sufficiently comprehend the principle by which the two spheres interchange thought? When strength came, I began to study the *modus operandi* of message-giving. I visited the old home; went among friends; sat at loved firesides; listened, wept, laughed;—yet I was not counted among the guests. I was with Mr. M. when he returned to our home. I noted the desolation he felt when he entered the room I so long occupied. Could he have seen me at his side, in the freshness of my youth, what joy it would have given him!—what gladness to me!

At last, I made myself known. When one is waited for, looked for, and prayed for, it opens the way. If the call is to one particular person, others give way; the call is heard. You have to understand mental telegraphing, to know how we hear the call. And then a magnetic circle is often formed *here*, to aid the operator at his end of the line. When the two circles are in harmony, there is but little trouble in sending or receiving communications. Blunders often come from our inability to comprehend the questions.

By-and-bye, I may be able to give lessons in this "lost art"—the art known to the ancients. A fine gentleman of the old, *old* world has proffered his services as teacher.

Let me state another fact. Mediums are often puzzled by test questions. Desire, fear, caution are as clogs to the wheels. Off the track they go—the wheels, not the Mediums.

Of myself you ask, "What am I doing, and how do I find things in the unknown land?" By some it is expected that here we have new harps, white gowns, and a genuine lazy time; nothing to do but to walk around the great white throne and sing, "There is rest for the weary." If you are looking forward to a pretty harp and shining robes, you may be disappointed. As to my robe, it is pinched and patched. My harp is of about the value of a tin trumpet; and I am glad enough

to get the use of tin. Spotless robes come by hard work. Another's labor is nothing to us. Dress does not come by credit or cash; it belongs to the wearer, as does a smile or frown, a sweet or ugly face; and this possession depends upon the inner life. Envy, hate, meanness, will bring rags, shags, empty houses, desolate lands. Good deeds, sweet and honest lives, win great riches—"treasures laid up where there is neither moth nor rust." I have just what belongs to me—no more, no less. Some whom I had known on earth as poor and obscure people, seem very princes now; while others, who sat within kings' gates, are beggars.

I have found no recording angel, with a great book, waiting to read aloud my long and short comings. The open book was my *life*. I had made the record, and I read it. In the clear light of this life, I see the way to mend mistakes. The good I did is here my imperishable riches. If I do not wear the "white stole," I am not all in tatters. Indeed, I am quite surprised to find that my small benefactions have been out here at interest, which yield me a little revenue; and I am still more surprised when people come to me with gladness, and bless me for some little deed of kindness done to their loved ones on the "other side," as the earth is often called. These persons knew me, but I had been too blind to see them.

I have just begun the study of Nature's laws; I hope to have many things to relate to those who care to listen—things that will render life a blessing.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE. THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

WEBSTER, Me., May 7, 1878.

MR. D. C. DENSMORE:—*Dear Sir*,—I received, a day or two since, a copy of your little sheet, the VOICE OF ANGELS, of May 15, which was to me the voice of one angel at least, as it was to me the voice of my beloved husband, speaking words of love and encouragement to his lonely wife. I can truly believe that that voice was no other than Leander G. Russell's, who spoke to me April 21st, last. It is characteristic of him and true in every respect. It contains test after test; his age, time and place of death were true to the letter.

He speaks of my being Mediumistic; and his coming to me is also true. And he speaks of meeting my little adopted grand-daughter, Franquitta, an odd name, who passed out last January of scarlet fever. It is a great test. And of her caressing me is true, as I felt her presence

sensitively. Although my grief for her great loss so recently, drives her somewhat from me, my joy knew no bounds when I received the message from her, through my dear beloved husband. Coming as it did through entire strangers, without their knowing anything about our family, is to my mind proof positive that our friends live on, if no other proof should ever be given. I have shown the message to a great many, who all say it sounds just like him.

He says he is in his element at the gatherings, and that he has work enough to do to help and assist others to find higher conditions. This was also true of him in earth-life, for he was very active in the cause of Spiritualism. The communication is as true as that the sun ever shone in the firmament of heaven.

You have my unbounded thanks for giving him a chance to speak, and sending the same to me. I trust I may hear from him often, and others of our dear friends, for they are numerous. I wish I had ever so many copies, or at least more, to send out among our friends, so that all could see what blessed assurance we Spiritualists have of a continued existence.

I wish the *Banner of Light* would publish the communication and verification, as he always read and subscribed for the *Banner*. He was so well known, and a great worker in the Spiritual field, being a Medium himself, it would give me great pleasure to know that many might see it, to add more evidence of the truth of Spiritualism.

I will draw to a close by enclosing forty-two cents for the *VOICE OF ANGELS*. I am left poor and destitute, yet I feel as if I must have the little sheet for three months, for it has been the vehicle for conveying my husband's message.

Now, may the angels sustain you in your noble work, is the prayer of Mrs. Lydia W. Russell.

CONFIRMATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE.

CODDEN, Ill., June 7th, 1878.

MR. D. C. DENSMORE, PUBLISHER
"VOICE OF ANGELS":—*Dear Sir,*—The communication through "West Ingle," signed "Sarah," and published in your excellent paper of May 1st, 1878, embodies the spirit of a conversation on death I had with her just before she passed away. This occurred before the advent of Modern Spiritualism. That, and other things mentioned in the message, make it a very convincing test to me.

Yours, in the cause of truth.

MARIA CLARK.

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

TO EARTH.

[The following verses were written like the others upon a slate, with no contact of human hand.—H. F. M. B.]

Once more, O Earth, to thee I turn,
To dusty ways of pain and toil;
The voice of God, still deep and strong,
Demands me back to earthly toil.

He will know me by some token
Of love within my soul-lit eyes,
Which will tell of ties unbroken—
Ties cemented in the skies.

He'll not see by mortal vision;
'Tis soul that hears and sees us here;
Yet in this land elysian
There are no clouds of grief and fear.

BINDIE MILLS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE?

Oh, FATHER, is it true
That we shall know
The friends we loved;—
And in the ecstasy of joy
In sweet commune
Have kindred pleasures
In the realms of light,
Beyond the hopes and fears
Of mortal state?

True, let the answer be,
Through all eternity.
Truth never fails to give
What it proclaims to live;
Though crushed to earth it lie,
It has no death to die;
But ever-living, ever life
Through ages yet unborn
And ever having birth.

"Shall we know each other there?"
Why ask the question here,
When all the finger-points of truth,
When heaven-born messages, forsooth,
Declare the glorious fact?
Does not the soul aspire,
With strength of pure desire,
That in the world above,
In golden chains of love,
With visions bright and clear,
We'll hail and clasp a mother near,
A father, brother, sister dear?—
And, joined together in one band,
Forever roam the summer-land,
Or form the circle in a home
Where angel-peace will ever come,
And Truth shall prove it to our gain,
That mortals have not lived in vain!

I. W.

PHILADELPHIA, No. 1506 NORTH SEVENTH ST.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

"LITTLE FEET."

BY SUSAN B. FALES.

I HEAR the sound of music—
Gay voices in the street;
In the hall is childish laughter,
And the tramp of little feet.

I hear it all, and sighing,
As I've sighed e'er since he died,
Say, Little feet, now lying
In the coffin, side by side,
Ah, would that ye were dying
Through the hall at eventide;—

Or coming, slow and weary,
Back to my chamber door,
When the long bright day is ended,
And the children's play is o'er.

Oh, how my heart with rapture
Would bound those steps to hear!
Till like a dream would vanish
The sorrows of a year.

But all in vain I listen—
I shall hear them never more
This side the "mystic river,"
For they tread the "other shore."

When I listen to the music
And the sound of little feet,
I think of little Elmer,
In his calm, eternal sleep.

I too shall sleep beside him,
When the years of life have fled;
I shall track his little footprints
Through the valley of the dead.

I shall hear again the music
Of his little pattering feet,
As they measure steps with angels
Along the golden street.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

BY RUC B. FALES.

LAST night I dreamed of mother,
And though she is lying low,
With my kind and honored father,
Where the mountain violets grow,
I dreamed my head was lying
Where it never more can rest,
On my childhood's holy pillow—
A mother's faithful breast.

Last night I dreamed of mother,
And it thrilled my soul with joy;
For I thought she still might hover
Around her suffering boy.
Oh, I feel her cool hand gently
Rest on my aching brow,
And hear her murmur faintly,
"Fear not; I'm with you now."

All pain of death is over;—
Come, Chaplain, let us pray;
For I am going home to mother,
Ere the dawning of the day.

The morning sun shone brightly
On that thickly-tented plain,
But Charlie's dream at reveille
Was never heard again.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

PROVIDENTIAL PROVIDENCE.

BY DR. D. ANDROSE DAVIS.

TRIALS are constant to our souls
As orbs around the sun;
And surely as our earth-orb rolls,
Their perfect work is done;
For if misfortune's darkest pall
Is all around us spread,
God's purpose is within it all,
Though seemingly so dread.

Why, therefore, then, should we repine,
And wish it were not so;
Oh, if we ask the Great Divine,
The answer will be, No!
For as students in life's college,
In the primal class we stand,
To acquire the needed knowledge
For the glorious summer-land.

And what though vivid lightnings flash,
And fearful storms arise,
And oft we hear the thunder's crash,
As if to rend the skies—
Yet drift we never to a strand
In all creation's realm,
Where we may not in safety land,
Since God is at the helm.

The clouds upon their billowy track
Are never cast away,
But always bring some blessings back
Upon another day;
The flowers that bloom upon the plain
May fade and pass from view,
But Springtime brings them back again
With all their charms, anew.

Then let us vallant be and brave
Through all the walks of life;
Though from the cradle to the grave
There may be much of strife;
For, sure as heaven, our laboring oars
Will from their labors cease,
And we shall walk God's starry floors
In paradisaal peace.

Oh, Life! in thine onward course thou leav-
est the impress of Eternity.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

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D. C. DENSMORE, Amanuensis and Publisher.

BOSTON, MASS., JULY 1, 1878.

EDITORIAL.

DEAR AMANUENSIS.—As there has been a good deal said, first and last, about our being too lenient to evil-doers in general, and dishonest, fraudulent Mediums in particular, we think it best at this time to respond thereto, and show the basis upon which our leniency has been founded. In doing so it becomes necessary to repeat much that has heretofore been said in these columns on this and cognate subjects: yet it is unavoidable.

In a recent letter from an old-time acquaintance, and one of the very best meaning men in the world, after deploring the terrible condition of things in general, and especially the low state of Spiritualism, he ends his doleful fears by making a direct appeal to us for help; intimating by this that all our efforts heretofore in that direction had proved fruitless. Here follows his supplicatory appeal. He says: "I wish to God you would come forward and lend us a helping hand to put down and exterminate from the face of our fair earth the hordes of unprincipled vagabonds calling themselves Spiritual Mediums, who are going up and down the land, filching the hard earnings out of the pockets of their credulous dupes, thus bringing disgrace and contumely upon the glorious cause of Spiritualism;" winding up with, "I for one, want Spiritualism in its purity, and I insist upon it that it is the duty of all Mediums, whether good or bad, that they be put under strict *fraud-proof* conditions every time they sit for form materializing."

From the above, the inference is that our friend fears that the old ship of Zion, (as he calls Spiritualism,) will founder amid the sunken rocks and quicksands of materialism; in other words, that the light from the supernal spheres is in danger of being obliterated by the darkness it came to drive away. This seems to be the sum total of his fears. In the same letter he says: "I like your paper, and take a great interest in its success; but you are too lenient to evil-doers, and more especially to fraudulent Mediums, etc." It is a very easy matter, friend K., to make a declaration, but quite another thing to prove it. Now, let us see how far we are justified in the course we have pursued. To begin at the beginning, it is conceded by the

most of mankind that there is a being somewhere possessed of all knowledge, wisdom and power: that this being, commonly called God, is the author of all things, and "doeth all things well, the same yesterday and forever." If this is so, that is, if this being called God is the direct cause of all things, as they say he is—then he is the actual cause of all the sin and misery in the world; hence, when it is said that such a one is bad and ought to be squeezed out of existence for his bad deeds—as our friend intimates he should be—it is saying in substance that God, the author of his miserable existence, was in fault for allowing such a character to disgrace and pollute his fair name and fame. If this is conceded, viz., that if there had been no such being there would have been no good or bad ones to pollute the fair earth—if such a theory is correct—then individually the ones who are complained of as being so very bad, had not the slightest control over their destiny: that is, they had no more control over the formation of their dispositions and general characteristics than in the formation of their physical bodies. To illustrate: if a child is not to be blamed for coming into the world a physical monstrosity, neither should he be blamed if, in addition to his physical deformities, he is cursed with a snarling, quarrelling, selfish disposition; because it must be self-evident to all that whoever was at fault for his misshapen body and ugly disposition, it certainly was not the fault of the child. Hence, whatever condition a man may find himself in, after arriving at maturity, either mentally, spiritually or physically, he owes it all to conditions and circumstances surrounding his mother prior to and subsequent to his birth. Hence, if we allow reason to decide in the premises, we must recognize this great fundamental truth, viz., that circumstances over which he had no controlling influence, and conditions growing out of them, made him what he was.

This consideration is the basis upon which our charity towards the unfortunate rests, and the primal cause of our leniency so much complained of. Now, if it can be shown that our premises are untenable, nothing would enhance our happiness more than to be set right. For not unlike other progressive minds, we are seeking for "light, more light." If they cannot be gainsaid, then the most depraved of humanity, including fraudulent, lying Mediums, come in for the largest share of that word of words—that word which covers a multitude of sins, namely, Charity.

This being true, then it is also true that Spiritualism came, *not* to the good ones of earth, (for they do not need it,) but to assist the wicked, depraved ones out of their low conditions into higher ones, by ridding the world of superstition and ignorance.

Hence, instead of the wicked, unscrupulous cheats and vagabonds being a hindrance to the advancement and upbuilding of the Spiritual Philosophy, as we are told they are, on the contrary they are the most important factors in unfolding its beauties; because they are the ones whom it came to lift up.

If all were as good and pure as our friend, its name would never have been known. Although what is called Modern Spiritualism, and the laws and principles underlying it, are as old as Deity himself, yet it is but a few years since the first successful attempt was made by the denizens of the Spirit-World, through mortal lips, to prove that the death of the body was not the last of man. At the advent of the New Philosophy, Mediums, so-called, came to the surface, through whom it became possible for the inhabitants of the unseen world to make their presence known. From that time to this, these Mediums without a single exception have been subjected to all sorts of obloquy; their motives and aspirations misjudged and impugned; and invariably looked upon by the outside world as charlatans, cheats and frauds. But this is not the worst of it; for, in addition to all these scurrilous epithets, they have been tied up with cords and handcuffs, in many cases greatly to their physical discomfort, by those totally ignorant of all the laws of Spirit-control, to prevent their honest selves (?) from being cheated. Thus they have been used and abused ever since the first tiny rap was heard at Hydesville, N. Y., which rap, as insignificant as it seemed to be, roused a creed-bound world, quietly slumbering in superstition and darkness, into the light of a new existence.

If this inquisitorial ordeal was the end of their trials it might be tolerated; but not so; for, after proving themselves to be truthful, *bona fide* Mediums, hundreds and may be thousands of times, they are compelled by perhaps honest but ignorant investigators to submit to the same fraud-proof conditions as demanded in the first place, when, as we shall show further on, neither they nor the Medium have any right to say what the conditions shall be. Mediums are mortal, and subject to the same needs and wants as other people, and those who make Mediumship a busi-

ness ought, in justice, to have the same considerations and privileges granted them that other people have in their business transactions. But exactly opposite is the case.

Now we see no more reason for questioning a Medium's right to public confidence, after proving himself worthy of it, than to question the right of a business man to the same consideration, after proving himself straightforward and truthful in all his previous business transactions. If it is said that some Mediums lie and cheat, we meet the charge, true or false, by asking, do not hundreds and thousands of business men every year cheat and rob by wholesale hundreds of poor operatives out of their hard-earned money, subjecting them and their families almost to starvation? If the class referred to have proved disloyal to their pretensions, are all men consequently frauds and cheats? So with Mediums: if one or a hundred prove recreant to their high calling, does it prove there are no good ones?

As to Mediums sometimes giving satisfactory communications, and failing to do so at other times, is easily explained. Everybody at all acquainted with the laws of Spirit-control, knows that the conditions and surroundings of the Medium have everything to do in obtaining favorable or unfavorable results. For instance: if all his conditions and surroundings are favorable, that is, if the audience are in harmony with one another, and at the same time in close *rappor*t with the Medium, complete and satisfactory results may be obtained; whereas on the contrary, if these conditions are reversed, disappointment and chagrin follow. To a very sensitive Medium, even an unexpressed thought, reflecting on his character or Mediumship, or both, unfits him for the delicate task before him; but when he knows every one present is watching his every movement, seemingly trying to detect something wrong—and, to cap the climax, in addition to all these demoralizing mental conditions, is added cords and handcuffs, which means, if anything, "I'll fix you so you can't cheat me, if you do others,"—thus when every condition necessary for getting favorable results has been violated, with the nervous system wrought up to its highest tension, is it any wonder that the seance often ends in total failure? If the Medium assumed to be personally responsible for the manifestations, there would seem to be some excuse for insisting that he should be put under strict fraud-proof conditions; but when it is

known that the Medium is only a passive instrument or tool in the hands of the unseen operators, and that the real operators, and not the Medium or any one else, have the only right to fix the proper conditions for performing their anticipated work, in fact, the only ones who know what those conditions should be—the ridiculousness of the assumptions of outsiders to dictate conditions, who know positively nothing of the *modus operandi* for doing the contemplated work, will be seen in all its absurdity.

If a Medium should consent to any conditions not dictated by his controls, it would be presumptive evidence that he was playing upon the credulity of his patrons. But, as before stated, as they know nothing about what is coming, or the conditions necessary for its production, unless they are frauds, they would refuse to submit to the behests of any but the controlling intelligences conducting the operations.

Of course, we are speaking of *real* Spirit Mediums; although as it now stands there is no discrimination made between the good and bad ones;—all are looked upon as cheats and frauds alike.

We are not standing up for or endorsing fraudulent Mediums, or fraudulent anybody else; but we wish it properly understood that people, whoever or whatever they may be, are creatures of circumstances, and that the unfortunate ones need the loving sympathy and the tender regards of the more favored ones; also to show that the best way to redeem them is through kindness, and not by condemning them beforehand as cheats and frauds.

NOTICE.

THAT our readers may know through whom messages come, I would say that to prevent confusion, also to avoid putting the name of the Medium to every message, the messages are arranged so that all from the same Medium follow each other under one heading.

Pub. Voice of Angels.

CORRECTION.

In verifying the message from his son Edward, on page 136 VOICE OF ANGELS, for June 15th, Mr. Hart neglected to name the Medium through whom it came. It should have been credited to "West Ingle."

HOMER never hurt any one, never yet interfered with duty; nay, always struggles to the performance of duty, gives courage and clears the judgment.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

SPIRIT EXPERIENCES OF JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE,

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

NUMBER THREE.

At last our potations ceased. Abused and outraged nature would bear no more, and my companion sank down, with his head on the table, in a complete state of insensibility.

It was then I strove to tear myself away from him, but all in vain: I was held to his prostrate form by a cord of steel; I could not free myself from the conditions I had brought upon me.

And here my retribution began; for while the liquid we had partaken together had drugged his senses and benumbed his faculties, until he had become alike unconscious to earth or spirit, it had affected me in an entirely different manner, serving to waken all my sensibilities, to arouse my faculties, fire my nervous system with flames of unquenchable desire, and in fact to make me keenly alive to all my surroundings. The least noise fell upon my spirit like the knell of a lost soul; the sound of a passing footstep startled me as a burst of thunder; and when the time-piece at the old clock-house tolled the hour, my whole being vibrated in unison. I wanted to get away from everything and everybody I had known, to be alone by myself, where no one could find me, where outward life and activity were unknown, and where I could rest my burning structure, quickened with the intensity of its active forces.

But alas, I could not; I was tied to a stake, condemned to pass what seemed to me a century of time, beside one with whom I had nothing in common, except the mutual craving of a perverted appetite.

I cannot convey to you an idea of the horror, the darkness and despair that rent my soul, while thus bound to that form of insensible, though breathing clay. The hours dragged on, until at last there came a gleam of relief. Boniface entered the apartment, aroused my sleeping companion, and sent him to the pump-room to bathe his head.

At the first splash of the cold water, I felt a thrill of exquisite delight pass over me; a second and a third, and the band that had held me snapped in twain, and I was free! Never did the weary captive rejoice at his deliverance more than I did at that moment. I made no stay, but hastened from the place, and have never seen it nor its inmates from that hour.

conditions for manifestation must be controlled by the Spirit-World; that if you place yourself in accord with them, ample satisfaction will no doubt be given. But no man can tell the sun to shine this or that way, nor say that the stars shall move in this or that direction, nor that there shall be discovered different planets in the heavens, or new properties within the vegetable kingdom; but if he place himself in accordance with the law, nature reveals herself unto him; if he place himself in harmony with the Spirit, the Spirit-World responds."

COMMUNICATION FROM BASTIAN AND TAYLOR.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light.

Permit us to publicly express our full approval and admiration of the timely remarks of Dr. Willis, in his excellent article in the *Banner* of May 25. Having lately passed through the hazardous ordeal of "Spirit grabbing," as experienced by Mrs. Markee, though not with such serious results, we can sympathize with her in the risk she ran, and coincide with and commend for consideration Bro. Willis's remarks on the danger of such a proceeding. Gladly we welcome him as an espouser of the rights of physical Mediums. It is a pity that their defenders are so few. Too long have they tacitly submitted themselves to be mere tools for the dabblers in an unknown science to handle at pleasure. Too long have they been at the mercy of reckless men, who might choose at any moment to break conditions and endanger lives. Now we think it about time that they "demand" that the sitters should prove their honesty [of purpose] and submit themselves to test conditions to prevent their "playing tricks on the Medium."

Having undergone great persecution ourselves lately, at the hands of ignorant zealots, because of our refusal to submit to their dictation as regards conditions, we can likewise appreciate our worthy brother Medium's remarks on the general treatment of physical Mediums. No one but a Medium can realize and sympathize with the feelings of an instrument in the hands of the Spirits, at the indignities received from the so-called believers in the philosophy, who, overestimating their little knowledge, demand the right to dictate in what way and how the Spirits are to manifest. A lack, even, of civil treatment and common courtesy from those whose cause they serve to promulgate, is felt and complained of by all physical Media. Forgetting that every man is considered innocent until proven guilty, some pass judgment in their minds beforehand, and then proceed to put the Medium to trial on suspicion, expecting him to prove his honesty under the pleasant feeling that he is already condemned. Not remembering that the Medium, like the sensitized plate of the photographer, is but the catcher and reflector of whatever comes before him, they sit in his presence, distorted Spiritually with doubts and mistrust, and then express surprise at the inevitable results. Let Spiritualists and investigators learn to treat Mediums as human beings of keen sensibilities and fine feelings, giving them the kindly sympathy so necessary to sustain them in their mission of proving to man his immortality, and the now half-shut eye of science will open wide in wonder at the startling results which must follow.

BASTIAN AND TAYLOR.

WAVE upon wave unroll Life's history. On its scroll is written events fraught with interest of more than passing value; and as the clear stream of water reflects objects that fall upon it with perfect accuracy, thus clearly will be presented truths that now lie slumbering in the ast.

SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE,
JUNE 2, 1878.

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SIFEL-
HAMER.

INVOCATION, BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

OH, our Father God! In unison with the sentiments of thankful praise which we have heard expressed here tonight, we would lift up our souls in adoration before thee on this occasion.

We ask that the aspirations of our spirits may arise as incense of joy and gratitude before thee.

We bless thee for this noble work; we bless thee for these expressions of wisdom, love, and beauty, (referring to flowers upon the table).

We adore thee for thy loving kindness and tender care. Oh, may all the lambs of thy fold, who are in need of thy fostering care and paternal benediction, be brought to these places, where they may be sheltered from harm.

We ask that their needs may all be supplied; that these, thy servants, may minister in love and wisdom to the wants of the needy; that this place may become fruitful and beneficial to all who gather here from time to time.

We ask thee, Oh, God, that these, thy children, may be faithful to the position assigned them; that they may go forward with their work, and that thy blessing may descend upon every act and word of love.

Oh, thou holy ones who gather here in love for humanity. May the aspirations of our souls, together with the incense of gratitude, praise, and adoration of your Spirits, ascend to the abode of Him who is worthy to receive all honor and blessing forever and forever.

Amen.

JOSEPH LA PAIGE.

[It was with the utmost difficulty that this Spirit was induced to control. The chairman of the Circle, who witnessed the scene clairvoyantly, informs us that it took three Spirits to assist him in coming, one of whom was clothed in the black gown of a priest. The Spirit presented a frightful appearance—fear and horror being stamped upon his countenance, which seemed all besmeared with blackness; or, as a little Spirit, later in the evening, while describing the terror with which he had inspired her, said, "He looked as though some one had frowed a bottle of ink at him," which our Clairvoyant assures us was true.

For a long time he could not be persuaded to give his name. When told he was welcome, he would shake his head,

and indicate by signs that we would not speak to him if we knew who he was.]

[What's your name?] No answer. [Where did you come from, or where are your friends?] Suncook. Not know why come; not want to come. [Who brought you?] Gal; want to go way; gal follow me; all the people keep away from me; every one run when I come but gal; don't want to see gal. [You came here to get better; the girl is a friend to you; she wants to help you. What's your name?] No tell. [Oh, yes, you had better tell; we'll help you.] Joseph La Paige. Must get away; all is dark, dark. [Here the Spirit fell to weeping. The chairman talked long and kindly, yet firmly, pointing out his errors to him; and after a short time the Spirit was withdrawn by other influences.

The Spirit of a French Priest, giving the name of Father Marie, of Montreal, followed, asking a blessing upon the Circle, and stating that he approached so near, to assist the unfortunate Spirit, that he became absorbed by the *aura* of the Medium, and was obliged to control.]

JOSIE LANGMAID.

HOW DO YOU DO? I am very glad to come here again. I've been wanting to come for some time, but waited to bring him—LaPaige. It was hard work. I went with him to other places, but didn't do very well; he frightened the Medium at one place.

I think I'll get away from him entirely, now. The priest has him in charge; he'll do him good, and I'll get rest. It has been a trying time to me. I was obliged to go to the execution. I couldn't help it; it hurt me some. My nearest friends were there. I hid behind them; but then I could see it just the same. It's past now. He cannot come back here to do mischief, because he is in restraint. The fear and superstition in his nature keeps him cowed before the superior influence of those who are above him, morally and Spiritually. I am glad it is so.

My folks will wonder why I concern myself so much about him; it is so different from what they would expect from me. I was a gay, happy-hearted girl; but would have looked upon any one like him with horror, and would have wanted to get away as far as possible from him. But the very act he committed drew me to him, and as I did not wish to act as his Nemesis, I thought it would be best to try and do him good.

The shock that hurried me into the other life, and brought such anguish to those I love, changed me somewhat. It

made me more thoughtful, and I lost some of my careless gaiety; but I have the same loving heart, and I come to pour out its treasures before those who are so dear to me. I wish also to say that if my friends will change my last message just a little, substituting one or two words for others printed, it will be more satisfactory to them and to me.

I have heard the secret wish, that if that was really Josie, she would come again; and I am here to assure you that life is beautiful to me even yet. There is nothing to death; and what a glorious reunion it will be when I meet you.

Dear, darling father, I come very close to your soul now; thoughts of me nestle in the secrecy of your heart, and it makes me happy. I bring you my fervent love, with the blessing of God and the angels. Your mind will grow more tranquil hereafter, and peace will settle down upon your spirit.

Think of the dear ascended ones of your home as coming often to you, bearing each one of you love and sympathy from the Spirit-Spheres; and when your time has come to go, we will bring you a glorious welcome, and lead you to a haven of rest.

I saw the arrangement of the flowers, and thought them beautiful. I like the picture very much. Remember me with love to uncle and the family; also to all who are dear to me. I wish I could express my gratitude to all who have thought so kindly of me. Death has not been an untimely frost to me. I was only transplanted where my powers can blossom for the good of those I love.

I wish to thank the gentleman at Concord for his kindness in sending my former message. I am Josie A. Langmaid. Please direct to James F. Langmaid, Pembroke, N. H.

MABEL FLOYD.

My name is Mabel Floyd. I wish to send a word of love to my mother. Tell her I am doing well and am happy; she knows it, but I'd like to tell her here. It was hard for me to go, because I loved my mother and grandmother so much, and was their comfort; but I knew the Spirit-World was beautiful, and had no fear.

My throat was so sore and filled up that I could not speak at last; but I saw the angels when they came, and heard the music. It was a beautiful welcome that I received, and I was made to feel at home.

Mother knows I'm better off now; but sometimes she longs for me very much. It

is then I come closest to her, and she feels comforted with my presence. Dear, darling mother, accept the love I bring you from the Angel-World.

Your band all join me in sending you greeting. You have known some changes since I went; you have had some heart-aches, but we have been very close to you, bringing strength and peace to your spirit.

The blessings of the angels rest upon you; and although you may not be prepared to see it now, they bid me tell you there is more work, and greater, for you to accomplish yet.

They will hold up your hands and strengthen you. You have performed a noble part in life. Many on earth owe the light and knowledge and strength they possess, to your teachings and ministrations, and I am commissioned to bring you the appreciation, love, and blessings of the angels.

Remember me to friends in Dorchester, and all I love. You know that I am often with you, that I love you dearly, dearly.

I thought I would like to come here, sir, as I never saw any of you before. I have been gone some over five years, and am a young lady, now. I passed away from Boston. My mother is Mrs. M. A. Floyd. I will see that she gets the letter. I thank you; good bye.

BLUE BELL.

Me be Blue Bell; Injun maiden. Me wants to send talking paper to squaw Mejum. [Where did you come from; do you know?] Um, um. [Here the Spirit said something that we finally made out to be Brockton.]

Mejum weak; mus stay in the sunshine; live in sunshine all can. We no ready to have Mejum come to Hunting-Ground; mus do heap more good. Mejum helps sick folks, pale-faces; feel good after. But Blue Bell says Mejum mus go in air; stay in sunshine all can. Mejum hab heaps o' trouble; make squaw sick; all gone now; be better soon. Braves an' squaws bring love an' peace from upper Hunting-Ground.

Blue Bell been in Hunting-Ground many, many suns, what you call century; go'd of own will; went to the Great Father who loves all his children. Good moon.

"MARAH."

[This spirit seemed reluctant to come.]

[Don't be afraid; you are welcome to come.] I don't want to give my name. [Well, you need not, if you can accomplish your object without.] I want to

come to my parents. I want to tell them that I live, and love them; that I am so

sorry for the past, because of the misery and anguish it has brought my friends, those I love so tenderly, so truly, even in spite of my seeming ingratitude and disobedience.

It is not yet three years since I went away. I drowned myself. [Here the Spirit burst into weeping, the great tears running like rain from the Medium's eyes. The chairman of the circle spoke soothing, tender words to the unfortunate mourner, until the weeping ceased, and a smile of peace spread over her countenance.] I thank you so much; you have done me good.

It is not many miles from Boston where I lived. I was young; but trouble came, and I thought I could not live. I do not want to give my name, because of my friends. But there are parties who I think will identify me, and send the message where I wish it to go.

I thank you very much. I will give the rest to the Controlling Spirit.

[He (the Controlling Spirit) says: This young lady Spirit tells me that I may relate the substance of her sad story, which she shrinks from giving to strangers herself. It seems she resided with her father in peace and quiet, until she became acquainted and fell in love with a young man. Believing her affections reciprocated, she yielded to him all the loving soul of a woman can yield, and fell a victim to his snares. Her father, finding out the situation, went to the young man and commanded him to make his daughter his wife, threatening him with the consequences if he did not. The young man was very angry with the poor girl for revealing her situation, as he said, and finally said he would make her his wife before the law, but would never live with her or see her again from that minute. The girl, well nigh distracted and heart-broken at this, stole away from her friends and drowned herself at night. I am impressed that the affair occurred somewhere down the harbor or near the coast. However, the sad Spirit of the poor girl, tortured at the distress of her friends, has at last consented to appear at a Circle, hoping to find means to send love to her dear ones, and find peace for herself. She says:—"Tell them I love them so much, so very much; more than I knew when here. Tell them not to mourn; I shall be at rest. There are no clouds or sorrows here to madden the brain. I have met dear friends, who are very kind to me. By-and-bye, I shall meet them all, and life will grow beautiful and sweet. Be as charitable in your thoughts as you can. I do not con-

deny any one; I pity and forgive. You may call me "Marah," for the waters of life were very bitter to me. By-and-bye, we may all meet in the sunshine."]

[Reported by the Controlling Intelligence.]

PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

THROUGH WEST INGLE.

DANIEL H. CRANE, TO HIS CHILDREN AND FRIENDS, IN DALTON, MICHIGAN.

This is a pleasure, indeed, and how natural it seems to get back, though I have to come through the school-room where friend Pardee is drilling his Spirit-Band for the ministration of love and mercy to humanity. I want to speak to my children, who are in sorrow and disappointment.

Oh, Lucy, Lucy, can we not do for you and them a work of mercy? Can I not minister to Mary's heart through her own magnetism? Leroy, my dear son, as the husband of my dearest child, can you not aid me in giving light to my suffering children? I want them to live right and do good in the earth, for they have the power, intellect, and reasoning faculties beyond the reach of most minds. Mary has the power not often bestowed upon mortals. Her life has been rendered lonely, that she might learn to look upon the Spirit-World and the dear ones there, as her only hope and comfort. I would that all my children do by others as they would that others should do unto them.

My children, your dear mother stands by my side while I give these cheering words of love and remembrance. She is rejoiced that it is well with you in the paths you have chosen to follow. Oh, my dear children, hold fast to each other. Let no inharmony come in to divide your lives. There is enough contention in the earth. There is more than enough misunderstanding in regard to the true end and aim of life. I want each one of you to lay aside all difficulties, and let peace and harmony reign among you. Lay hold of the divine promise of God, which will give you hope and comfort in the earth. The more trials you have, the greater will be your victories, and the brighter your garments in the heavenly spheres.

Life on the earth is comparatively of a few days, and you can afford to spend it usefully. I was worldly-minded and loved the earth and its treasures, though very few of them came to my share. My children were my blessings. I am looking forward to a time when they will

be with me again. Many of them are with me now.

I give you all my blessing, and remain ever your affectionate father,

DANIEL H. CRANE.

LUCIAN HARWOOD.

GOOD EVENING, ALL. I am glad to come and see you once more, and that I can send a few words to my friends and family. Tell Frank to be a good boy, and not to drink, and to believe that I can come to see him and help him. Tell him that if misfortune comes, it is all for the best, as he will see when he comes over this side and is with me.

Good night. LUCIAN HARWOOD.

P. S.—I send love to my wife. Tell her she has done right.

[Given Sunday evening, May 9, 1876.]

The mind grows narrow in proportion as the soul grows corrupt.—Rousseau.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

To the sick and afflicted with disease I would say that having made arrangements with Mediums to assist me in preparing matter for the VOICE OF ANGELS, also for mailing the same, I have several hours each day that I can devote to healing the sick. My terms are—No cure, no pay. My mode of practice consists of medicated vapor baths, Swedish movement, magnetism and electricity, with which I have had the most satisfactory success for the past twenty-five years. Among the diseases that yield most readily to my mode of treatment are liver, lung and kidney complaints, indigestion, female weakness, throat-ail, nervous debility, inelegant consumption, and diabetes;—all of which, if not past cure, succumb gradually, and sometimes instantly, to the treatment. I do not claim to cure all diseases mortals are heir to; neither do I believe any one can; as I think adaptability of temperament, or rapport between physician and patient, has more to do with it than anything else, more especially where the cures are instantaneous. Hence, although a physician may be eminently successful in one case, in another, with precisely similar symptoms he may fail altogether; whereas another physician, with less healing power, might effect the desired result almost instantly.

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