



VOL. III.

D. C. DENSMORE,
PUBLISHER.

BOSTON, JULY 15, 1878.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM
IN ADVANCE

NO. 14.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

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

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

" D. K. MINER, Business Manager.

D. C. DENSMORE, Amateuensis and Publisher.

Price yearly, \$1.00 in advance.

Six months,83 "

Three months,42 "

Single copies,08

The above rates include postage. Specimen copies sent free on application at this office.

All letters and communications (to receive attention) must be directed (postpaid) to D. C. DENSMORE, Publisher.

LITERARY.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

LINES,

[Written by Request, on the sudden transition from earth to sky of little ARTHUR VERRILL, aged two years, only child of Mary and Bradford Verrill, of Elizabeth, N. J.]

THROUGH TRYPHENA C. PARDEE.

THERE's a breath in the skies, dear mamma,
That's sweeter than earth can conceive;
'Tis the fragrance of Love, dearest papa,
Consoling all mourners that grieve.

There's a beauty in heaven, dear mamma,
Whose brightness no mortal can see:
'Tis the glory of Life, dearest papa,
That bids us from sorrow be free.

There's a bliss in each flower, dear mamma,
That waves on the evergreen lawns;
'Tis remembrance of home, dearest papa,
Where kisses blest every day dawn.

There's a song that we sing, dear mamma,
In richest and clearest of tones:
"Death can part us, no, never," dear papa,
Its music shall silence your moans.

I am still your sweet Artie, dear mamma,
With angels most loving and true;
You shall know that I live, dearest papa,
By my love to dear mamma and you.

I will throw you a kiss, dear mamma,
The very first chance that I have;
Then you'll know that I'm with you, dear papa,
And not in the dark gloomy grave.

ELLINGTON, June 8, 1878.

All are a part of the Divine Essence. From elements He gave were all created. Through His elements are all sustained. Thus "in Him we live and move and have our being." Oh, mortal, look upon Nature as a part of thine own self, and realize all

"Are a part of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."

MRS. A. ANDREWS, New Orleans.

THE UNIVERSALITY OF SPIRITUALISM.

A SPIRIT MESSAGE.

THROUGH THE HAND OF J. M. A.

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

[CONCLUDED]

[The following was written during the late Civil War, and necessarily contains some allusions peculiar to the time, and which could not well be omitted.]

Is THERE Bigotry and Intolerance anywhere? Spiritualism has come to renovate the churches, to introduce Science and "Common Sense," and build up a just and liberal spirit of Charity and Tolerance.

Is there Ignorance in any nation, community or soul? The New Gospel is a gospel of Wisdom and universal Cultivation.

Is there Illiberality and Pride of Learning connected with institutions for intellectual culture? Spiritualism develops the utmost freedom of thought and liberality of sentiment.

Are college doors closed against the female sex? Spiritualism demands (with a potency which cannot long be gainsaid) that the portals be opened wide.

Does woman prefer adherence to fashion over health, comfort and convenience? Spiritualism says, "Clothe yourself according to true fitness. Clothing is designed as a protection and assistance, not as a burden and hindrance."

Does the worship of Custom and Mammon deaden the affections of humanity, and cast a blight upon the native aspirations of noble souls? Spiritualism leads to the recognition of the law and the rights of Individuality, and demands that Selfishness be supplanted by Love.

Is there anything wrong, unpleasant, low, degrading, injurious, bearing upon human interests or human rights? Spiritualism has come to remove it. The work of Spiritualism is thus one of universal scope.

The Science of Life is the one general science into which all the sciences now known or studied will merge; and Spiritualism will usher in this science.

Nothing is so low or trivial but that Spiritualism can reach it to elevate; nothing so high

but that it may be reached also, and rendered still more noble and harmonious.

The science of Human Language is one of the most intensely interesting and liberalizing now known. This will be reached by the genius of Spiritualism, and a glorious superstructure of Unity be erected upon the solid foundation of Universal Oneness of Alphabetic Representation. The establishment of a Universal and Philosophical Alphabet is thus seen to be a work for Spiritualism, as a basis (in connection with Mental Science) upon which to build a thoroughly natural, self-defining, comprehensive and complete World-Language.—and then, the merging of all tongues, races and nationalities.

With humanity unitized and internationally harmonized, under the guidance of Celestial Wisdom, the work of (introductory) Spiritualism, as a "reform" movement, may be said to be accomplished; and a new and Harmonial Dispensation will come, evolved from the completion of the present era of Spiritualism.

The Mosaic, Christian and initiatory Spiritual Dispensations (of the Western World) having been completed, a new era of peaceful Universal Progress will commence and be carried forward by the highest minds and powers. (instigated and sustained by the controlling power of Omnipotence); until, it may be, a new universe, a "new heavens and a new earth," shall be evolved from the old, containing new forms and conditions, adapted to the still further progression and development of human souls. The theme is grand, but we must pause.

Spiritualism, from these views, is seen to be the last and universal dynamic force for the healing of the nations and the harmonization of the world. Prepared, as it has been, for the advent of this force, by the successive stages of human growth, the world may now receive Spiritualism in something like its fulness. The various sciences which have preceded it have prepared the world for its intellectual acceptance; and the wars, revolutions and reforms of past ages—with their gradual rise in moral object—now culminating in a great humanitarian revolution, [referring to the "great Rebellion"], have aided directly and indirectly to prepare the

way for the moral reception of this sublimely philanthropic Philosophy and practical movement.

Thus the world is becoming ready for the reception of the new Gospel, and for the comprehension and forwarding of its mission. Let Spiritualists see to it that they come fully up to the requirements of so vast a Cause, so sublime a Gospel, so comprehensive a work.

This is no time to be idle. Let not believers rest content with having asserted their faith in the communion of Spirits. Let them bravely assert for Spiritualism all that it merits, as the harmonizer of the world, as the new Gospel of Universal Brotherhood and Sisterhood, as the sum total of all Sciences, and the founder of new and useful Arts. Let them dare approach the high places of earth, and demand that the overruling hand of angels be recognized in the affairs of State. It is no time to hesitate. The powers of Heaven are enlisted in the good work. Angels of Justice, Purity, Peace and Love are infusing their self-sacrificing and philanthropic spirit into many souls, preparing the way for the reception and acceptance of Celestial plans of amelioration, broad and far-reaching.

Presidential dignities, imperial crowns, must be no bar to the approach of angel-forces. The times are auspicious. The fires of Spirituality, glowing with the white heat of unselfish love, must burn deeply into the tyranny, the selfish Materiality of political Governments, and magnetize them into a new and less ignoble animus. The impress of a "Celestial Court" must be rendered visible upon the escutcheon of the nations, upon the world-flag of a United Humanity.

Need Spiritualists feel ashamed of their faith—their knowledge—their philosophy—their religion? The potency lying back of these is already shaping the destinies of nations as no other movement has ever done. Are the heavenly powers sleeping? The Pilgrim Fathers (and Mothers) are yet sojourners among you, O Americans. The shapers of American destiny are not ye yourselves alone, O ye magnates at Washington and star-honored warriors. The practical acknowledgment of Universal Brotherhood, by government and people, must be accomplished, ere permanent peace can settle down upon the earth. . . .

The schemes of the progressed minds of the Angel-Spheres for the mitigation of human woe cannot be much longer unacknowledged and unappreciated. The interests of humanity require co-operation from flesh-dwellers, and the united action of all great and good minds. Mutual acquaintance, sympathy, and appreciation, of earnest minds in both worlds, is needed at this crisis. Shall it be realized?

Shall a Fenelon, a Melancthon, a Socrates, a Pythagoras, a Servetus, a Galen, a Jesus, a Buddha, a Confucius—find here and now loving friends, consecrated co-laborers, in their efforts for human advancement and elevation? Shall all, modern or ancient, known or unknown to earthly fame, who embark in the cause of Universal Harmony, be heartily appreciated by some earth-friend, and feel once more from

those in the flesh the warm heart-throbbing of deep yearning affection? Would that it might be so! It *must* be so! Let longing souls who cluster round their earth-friends, seeking to imbue them with a knowledge and an appreciation of their labors and objects, seeking to draw from them a recognizing heart-throb of gladness, wait patiently but a little longer, and the gentle breathings of Spirit-Love will be *felt*—oh, joy!—and the loving eye-glances be reciprocated, by the yearning bereaved ones—and the sweet words of undying affection be heard universally and responded to! Oh, blessed thought! Divine assurance!

The Universality of Spiritualism is a theme well calculated to call forth ardent thought, and to stimulate the soul to noble deeds of virtue and philanthropy. The thought that there is no limit to the reachings of the all-harmonizing principle of Spirituality is well calculated to excite the liveliest emotions of gratitude to the all-loving Father of Spirits, who has placed so much of promise before us.

Nothing can exceed the gratitude and joy welling up from our inmost soul, as we contemplate the beauty, majesty, harmony and glory of human life *as it is to be*, after a period of universal development shall have carried it beyond the turmoil, inharmony, and sorrow of the present.

The coming years are fraught with immense interest. The questions to be settled require the united action of great and small minds. None are to be exempt from action in the solving of the mighty problems of the next century. Perhaps greater trials await the earnest philanthropist than ever before. More momentous interests are at stake, requiring a more intense and unselfish moral courage. The hosts of heaven are enlisted in the work. The struggle with the elements of Darkness and Evil may be fierce and protracted. "Heavy blows" must be given, and the unyielding determination of the harmonious and positive of earth and skies will alone suffice to win. All who love humanity, who would see the race redeemed from Sorrow—stand firm! The gigantic enterprise of Universal harmonization must not fail! Let none shirk the responsibility of the hour. The reign of Peace and Harmony must dawn! Preluded, alas, by fire and bloodshed, devastation, woe and horror!—yet the irresistible power of the Deific Principle of Love will overrule all things for good, restore peace, and evolve new, beautiful, spiritual and harmonious conditions for Universal Humanity.

Humanity shall rise redeemed
From all its sin and woe,
And Peace shall shed its joyous gleam
O'er all above, below.

A universal brotherhood
Shall be established then,
The powers prevail of Light and Good,
To bless the race of men.

No more the wars of these sad days
Will rage, and ravage earth,
For hatred cannot live always,
And Love will then have birth,

A universal, lasting Love
Will be developed then,
And earth and skies be like the dove,
The robin and the wren.

Let each one aid with all his powers
The cause of Truth and Right,
And joy shall fall in copious showers,
And flood the world with Light.

Though 'life be dear and peace be sweet,"
Fear not—be not ashamed
To mitigate the woes you meet,
To love, to bless the blamed.

And then will Life be sweet indeed,
'Twill fill thee with the joy
Which comes of ministering human need—
Such bliss can none destroy.

Though Misery come with drooping head,
Though Sorrow pierce thee through,
With holy sympathy thou'lt shed
O'er all thy sweet love-dew.

'Twill banish every aching pain,
'Twill heal each burning wound,
'Twill bring to Sorrow's cheek again
A blooming joy now-found.

Be kind and gentle, pure, upright—
Be loving, wise and true;
'Twill banish Sorrow's gloomy night,
And blooming Youth renew.

The work of ages culminates
In this progressive time;
The labor of the angels shapes
Man's destiny sublime.

The land of Washington shall rise
Triumphant through the storm,
And Liberty unveil her eyes,
And stand erect and strong.

No more will hatred mar the face
Of Brothers, in the land
Where erst did walk with loving face
A Northern-Southern band.

America redeemed from sin,
The world will learn to love;
And Peace and Harmony flow in
From Angel-hosts above.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

RE-INCARNATION.

BY W. L. WEST.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER OF VOICE OF ANGELS:—Even at this late day, I am constrained to reply to the article on "Re-incarnation," in March 15th No. of VOICE OF ANGELS.

"The agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom," but not wisdom itself. The writer says, "Shall man wander forever on the border-land of the great ocean of truth?" Yes, for illimitable ages, and then not find the whole truth. He who can climb to the mountain-top (border-land) of impersonal principles, gets the most extended range of vision.

How can we know that man will be unconscious of all his past acts in the uncounted billions of ages? Is the first two or three years of a child's existence here of no account, and man's, in unconscious sleep? At the same time, his Spirit may be visiting scenes and Spirits in the Summer-Land, which seldom, if ever, is imprinted on his external memory.

Does man remember all his past acts in this life? Suppose he should make it a daily business to call them up. If he did, he would have but little time to do anything else. Many now are overtaken with the every-day duties of life. If he could remember all that pertains to his

prior existence, it would unnecessarily tax his mind with that which would be of no earthly use to him.

If man does not always make the most profitable use of his time, talents or knowledge he has gained here, why ask for more, or that which more properly belongs to the unrecalled past existence?

MILLARD, Wisconsin.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

FORT DODGE, Iowa, May 19, 1878.

BROTHER DENSMORE,—In your paper, the VOICE OF ANGELS, of May 15, I find a communication from the Spirit of my wife, who left the form at the time and place as specified in the communication. She alludes to matters which were not known to others, thus giving proof positive of its genuineness. I will mention that one or two days before she left the form, her Spirit-sight was given her, and she said she saw her Spirit-friends, and spoke their names; her mother and myself being alone in the room with her.

What a comfort it is to have the assurance that our dear ones are watching and guarding us through the short journey of life here. I thank my wife for the message, and trust I may hear from her often.

Fraternally and gratefully your friend and brother,
C. F. WESTON.

CONFIRMATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE.

ADIN, Modoc Co., Cal., May 30, 1878.

DEAR BELOVED ESTEEMED BROTHER DENSMORE,—In the VOICE OF ANGELS of May 15th, I find two letters through "West Ingle," one from my father, the other from my mother; both of which are perfectly characteristic of them, and give me the same advice they did sixty years ago.

The pleasure I received on reading them no human language can express; because I am just as sure that they emanated from my father and mother, Joseph and Mary Dain, as of my existence. By following the advice they gave me forty-two years ago, relative to my profession, that of a physician, I have not lost a patient; so father says.

Respectfully yours,

DR. W. DAIN.

P. S.—Please publish all of the above, if it is not asking too much space.

Brother, my heart is full. By following my father and mother's advice, it has cost me thousands of dollars to feed men, women and children.

Dear brother, write me a cheering word, and direct me in the glorious work of truth, for humanity's sake.

Ever yours

DR. W. D.

[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 FOUR.

THE words, and indeed the presence of the missionary sent a thrill of pleasure through my whole being. Hope spread her rosy pinions above me, and I became strong, as I thought, for any conflict.

"Thou hast won thy first victory," repeated the sage, "but still other trials await thee. Self abnegation, and the renunciation of those appetites and passions which have in a measure controlled the spirit, come not all at once to the soul. Reformation is a work of time. Therefore, my son, trust not too much to thine own strength, but rather let thy soul's aspirations reach outward and upward, towards heavenly things, bearing with them a desire for assistance and guidance. Neither be cast down, for eventually a noble existence is to be thine. Cast thine eyes about thee," continued my companion; "see these laughing meadows and leaping waters. Thou wouldst fain know in what locality thou art.

"This, then, is the Valley of Self-Examination. Every soul in passing out from material life is borne to some spot connected with this place. Certain temperaments are borne to yonder mountains, upon the lofty heights of which their souls are left to examine themselves, to take a retrospective glance back upon their past lives, their actions and motives, and to commune silently with their own souls concerning Life and its duties.

"Others, again, are brought to that sheet of clear water you observe in the distance, into which they are forced to plunge, that they may be cleansed and purged of the impurities that cling to their spirit garments.

"Poetic souls like thine are conveyed to this beautiful valley, where in the contemplation of Nature's works they may find peace and strength to go on with the task of self-examination, and attain the desire to become worthy of better things."

The ideas flowing into my mind from the sage ceased, and in a moment more I was again alone. Suddenly the desire seized me to plunge into the stream babbling at my feet.

I did so; the sensation was to me that of bathing in a stream of warm, perfumed water, which seemed to penetrate through and through the pores of my skin, invigorating my system to a wonderful degree.

I remained in the stream for a short

time, and upon emerging from the bath and surveying myself, I found I had undergone a decided change; my skin had become soft and fair, the florid appearance was gone, my hair had lost many of its silver threads, and my limbs felt lithe and elastic.

My garments, too, were renovated, having lost that threadbare appearance they had hitherto possessed, and altogether I felt and acted like a new creature.

At the foot of a flowering shrub I perceived a polished staff, which I appropriated, and with it as a support I set off to explore the section of the country I was then in.

I travelled leisurely but steadily on; every step of the way revealed new beauties to me, the splendors of which it is impossible to describe to mortals—shady groves, wherein the dryads of old might have loved to wander; sunny glades, rich with their tapestried carpet of flower-gemmed verdure; gushing streams, and natural fountains bursting from the moss-covered rocks. All that could delight the eye and enchant the senses was spread out before me; and I trudged on, breathing in the beauties around me, with no thought nor desire for companionship.

By-and-bye, I came to what seemed to be an evergreen hedge; it was very long, but after a time I came to a large opening or gateway, through which I passed, and found myself in an extensive garden, the beauty of which I had never seen surpassed: parterres of beautiful flowers lay spread out before me, showing the cultivation of art, and scenting the balmy air with their rich perfume. Marble basins received the sparkling water thrown down by numerous fountains of silvery hue; lofty trees waved their branches high in air, and cast a grateful shade; here and there mossy banks invited to repose: birds sang high in the trees and amid the blossoming shrubs. Away in the distance I saw the blue gleam of what appeared to be a vast lake, upon the margin of which I could perceive a number of white-robed forms flitting to and fro; the atmosphere was redolent with beauty and sweetness, while above all the golden sun shone in the azure vault of heaven.

Where I had been before was the natural country, where no effort had ever been made to alter or improve Nature's works; but here were to be seen the evidences of human skill and art, brought in to cultivate and develop the natural into higher types of beauty.

I passed into one of the groves at my left, and seated myself upon a rustic bench

before a long table of stone, upon which were spread fruits of every description, some of which were unfamiliar to me; above the table was suspended an inscription, which read, "All are welcome; partake and refresh thyself."

I needed no other bidding; I was hungry and faint; and never did viands or nectar taste better to the gods than did the fruit and the sparkling water, which I drew from a fountain close by, to my parched palate.

I rested awhile, and then proceeded on. As I approached the lake, I suddenly found myself surrounded by a bevy of white-robed creatures, all young and fair and beautiful to behold.

I contrasted my appearance with theirs, and although I had congratulated myself on my own improvement not long before, yet I now appeared dark and dust-worn by the side of these fresh young souls.

I sought to withdraw, but this they would not permit; for closing around me in a circle, they intercepted all means of egress. I stood with downcast eyes, humbled and ashamed, when one young maiden approached, and laying her hand upon my shoulder, said in tones the flute-like sweetness of which I shall never forget, "Do you not know me? I am one who was very dear to you; I have lived in this beautiful spot so long, waiting for you to come; surely you must know me, and will receive the love I have been keeping for you."

I raised my eyes and scanned those lovely features. Surely, aye, surely I recognized them, more beautiful, further developed, and stamped with a lovelier grace and more charming expression than I had known; yet the same winning smile, the shining hair and sparkling eyes of my darling stood out before me, in more than radiant splendor.

I could not speak; it was too much! Oh, had I known I should meet my loved one thus, how I would have prepared myself to become fit to enter her celestial presence!

Divining my thoughts, the dear one twined her snowy arms around my neck, and whispering, "I am so happy, oh, so happy to meet you!" laid her silken head upon my breast, and all unworthy as I knew myself to be, I clasped her in a tender, loving, soul-full embrace.

Raising her head, my dear one said, "These are my companions, come to welcome you to the summer-land. They all know of you and love you for what you are worth; they have been with you when you have given forth the sweet expres-

sions of the soul, and they know what you are capable of becoming."

She led me to a mossy seat, and the fair group, ranging themselves around us, began to sing a song of welcome, the sweetness of which can never be surpassed.

I do not propose to draw these experiences out to great length, therefore cannot tell you all that transpired in this lovely spot.

I was welcomed, given a happy home for my abiding place, but left free to wander wherever I would. Surrounded by loving faces, and ministered to with tender care, I sank into a state of dreamy bliss, well suited to my peculiar temperament.

You may think I had passed through the temptations of life, I had renounced its follies, and repented of its mistakes. But repentance is not a thing of a day or a month; memory has written her score upon the tablets of the soul, and if blotted and scarred, it takes time and labor to efface their unsightliness. I did not know this at the time, but inactivity is the bane of life, and the soul that is idle cannot go forward.

It was some time after I had entered this paradise, and been welcomed by angels; I was seated within the enclosure of a marble pavilion, and dreamily gazing out upon the sunny slope, when I became conscious of the presence of the missionary I had met in the valley, who spoke these words and vanished: "My son, life is earnest; thou hast queried why thou canst not write the soul-stirring poems of the past. It is because thou art inactive. Look about thee, and see if there is nothing to do, if not for thyself, for some other in need. Wouldst thou become noble and grand? Then work for it. In this world the harvest comes only to him who plants and tends the seed."

I was confounded and confused. Stung into activity, I waited for no one, but hastened from the place and from the wonderful garden.

I determined to do something, to go somewhere; but I knew not what course to pursue. Soon I felt a desire to return to earth and see what was going on there. Perhaps I could find something to do, or some inspiration for poesy.

Ah, I knew not that I was still weak, and unable to cope with temptation; that I was again destined to fall into the mire. But thus it was; but, thank God, for the last time! Of that I will inform you in my next.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., June 17, 1878.

BRO. DENSMORE:—*Dear Sir*,—The last issue of your valuable paper, the *VOICE OF ANGELS*, contained a message from my Spirit-Friend, Mary A. Weightman. It is true in every respect. While in the form, she frequently attended a Circle at our house. It was the request of some of the members that she should go and leave a message with you to be published. Said message will be the means of adding a few more to your list of subscribers; and better still, it will add a few more to our beautiful belief in Spirit-communion.

Yours in Friendship, Love and Truth,
W. R. PERRY,
Station B, St. Louis, Mo.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

PHILADELPHIA, Penn., June 1, 1878.

BRO. D. C. DENSMORE,—You will see that we have returned to Philadelphia, by reading our circular, upon which I address this note to you.

We are holding our regular seances for the materialization of the loved ones, in the "old fort," and intend to remain in it until we have convinced not only skeptics but "Spiritualists," of the fact that our departed friends can and do assume the forms that they have laid aside when they passed through the change called death.

The manifestations have been wonderfully strong since our return from Easton, and scarcely an evening passes that we do not have from three to ten absolute recognitions of departed Spirit-friends. Our earthly visitors are mostly "skeptics," who have never witnessed the wonderful phenomena of materialization; and although it is hard for them to comprehend it, they are so overwhelmed by the positive evidence that they are obliged to go away satisfied that their friends have not "gone beyond the bounds of time and space," but are actually with them "every day."

Bro. Thomas R. Hazard has been with us the past three weeks, (I believe) solely to look up the pretended exposé that was made last Fall by the enemies of the truth and Spiritualism, of Mrs. Bliss and myself. He has had a wonderful experience since he came, and the Spirit-World have done everything to vindicate us and show the falsity of the charges made against us.

We have waited long for an opportunity to get the facts and our side of the story before the world, and now believe the time has come when we will be fully vindicated.

God knows it has been a hard struggle for us to stand up against the terrible pressure that has been brought against us; but we can truly say that angel-hands have sustained us; and in spite of all the lavish offers made to us to deny our Mediumship, we have been able to stand

the storm, and come out more than conquerors, notwithstanding the statement made by some Spiritual (?) papers that we "under oath" had declared that the Bliss's manifestations were simply tricks, and that we had never claimed anything else."

Is it not strange that papers which pretend to be so devoted to the truth should so wilfully make such false statements?

Allow me to say just one word in regard to test conditions. We have given the most absolute "test conditions" that could have been given by any physical or materializing Medium in the country; but it seems the more we seek to convince skeptics in that way, the less we succeed; and we are determined in the future to stand before the world and claim to be honest, and demand the "test condition" of honesty from those that seek to enter our seances, and to know if the "skeptical" is worthy to enter into the presence of the angels who manifest thro' our organisms.

God bless the dear Angel-voices that come to you from our loved Spirit-home!

We are your fellow-laborers in the cause of the world's redemption from all that has bound it in the past.

Mr. and Mrs. JAS. A. BLISS,
Phoenix Hall, 403 Vine St.

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

BY SUE B. FALES.

I AM going home from the harvest of life,
And what have I gathered for sheaves?
Since morn I have toiled, 'mid sorrow and strife,
Yet nothing have gathered but leaves.
For the garner of God,
Nothing but leaves.

I've gleaned with the reapers, till wearied at last
I'm sinking with wearisome pain;
The summer has ended—her harvest has passed,
And what have I gathered for grain?
For the garner of God,
No golden grain.

But the Lord of the Harvest is tender and true,
And though homeward I go without sheaves,
The work that he gave me I've neglected to do,
And for grain I carry but leaves,
I'll go to the harvest,
With nothing but leaves.

My chaplet of leaves, with my story of woe,
In contrition I'll lay at his feet;
He'll give me a crown with the gleaners I know,
And with the reapers of Life's golden wheat;
And on me he'll bestow
A blessing for leaves.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

MIGHT VS. RIGHT.

BY MRS. A. D. P. ROBERTS.

THE laws of God are just and right,
And equal rights to man God gave;
The laws of man make might the right,
And man-made might makes poor men slaves.
The tolling poor the rich obey,
Their banner of might is unfurled
To gather honors for decay,
Which soon to atoms time will hurl.

The right o'er might must rule ere long;
Justice will rule the battle right;
For right will make the weak arm strong,
And right will conquer unjust might.
The right from might will have redress,
Though fettered feet and hands bound strong;
The sword of justice will not rest
Until the right shall rule the wrong.

The stormy winds ere long will blow,
The angry billows will swell high;
And dashing waves the soul o'erflow,
When God in justice passes by.
On craggy rocks, that loom death's shore,
Justice will guide destructive aim
To sink the bark that glideth o'er
Life's sea of unjust, cruel gain.

When right shall have conquered might,
And freedom swell the maiden's soul,
The ship of state will glide aright,
Love for justice will then control.
For God demands of men the right,
The laws of God men must obey;
For right must triumph over might,
Though long and weary be the way.

As in Egyptian days of old,
There is a cruel Pharaoh,
That holds the task maid in control,
And will not let the bond man go.
A cloud doth lead them on by day,
A flaming pillar still by night,
A loving God prepares the way
For all to have their equal right.

CANDIA, N. H., May, 1878.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

TUNIE'S GREETING TO HER FATHER.

THROUGH E. F. E. T.

DEAR FATHER, I often come to you,
From my happy home above,
And bring you tidings of my life,
And those you dearly love.

Be ever watchful of your health,—
We warn you, day by day;
And guard life well—your power is wealth
To others, while you stay.

You feed the hungry, starving souls,
Whoso need words of cheer,
As they tread Life's tollsomen pathway,
Longing for loved ones dear.

May our blessed little paper
Find a place in every home,
And enlighten those who read it,
Ere their day of change shall come.

Darling father, I am longing
For your day of change to come;
When the angels bright will call you,
And bid you welcome home.

But the earth-dwellers all are praying
That your life on earth be spared;
That they may receive your influence,
And thus live and be prepared.

For the change they know must come
To them all, both far and near.
I, dear father, hear the echoes
Wafted from their hearts for cheer.

Father dear, your darling Tunie
Bids you "God-speed" in the right;
Dearest Jennie also greets you;—
Father dear, good night!—good night!

NEWTON HIGHLANDS, Mass.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE ETERNAL CITY.

BY SUSAN B. FALES.

I SAW in a vision that beautiful clime
That lies just beyond the River of Time;
There the Eternal City, with glory untold,
Shines on pearly gates and pavements of gold;
And the streets of that city, by apollars untrod,
Are washed by the river whose source is our God.
I saw, by the rainbow encircling the Throne,
'Twas the City of Light—the saints' happy home.
That rainbow of love was more brilliant by far
Than the twelve pearly gates, all standing ajar;
And looking beyond, I saw those who await
Immortality, crowned by the Beautiful Gate.

The walls of that City were by Dalt made,
And on twelve foundations were beautifully laid,
And as bright as the stars in the heavenly dome,
The walls of the city with rich jewels shone;
The first was of jasper, and clear as the light;
The second with sapphires was radiantly bright;
The third was an emerald—the purest, I ween,
That ever by mortal on the earth was seen—

Not even by the shepherds, who watching afar
Saw the glory of God through Bethlehem's star;
The fourth a chalcedony, seeming to me
Like the rippling waves of a sunlit sea.

The sardonyx, sardius and fair chrysolite
On the fifth, sixth and seventh foundation was bright;
While the topaz and beryl, on the walls eight and nine,
Would the sun at high noon in splendor outshine.
On the tenth, eleventh and twelfth walls also
Were with crysophrasus and amethyst aglow;
And the bright gates of pearl were as white and fair
As the glorious throng who entered there,
Bearing sheaves gathered 'mid sorrow and strife.
While gleaning for God in the harvest of life,
Some entering there had nothing but leaves,
Yet they walked side by side with those bearing sheaves.

'Tis God who reads the soul;—He knoweth the best
Who are worthy to enter the "City of Rest."
Man judgeth man, but God knows our state,
And why some bear no sheaves to the heavenly gate.
Souls are immortal—the great and the small
Are dear to Our Father, who loveth us all.
No glittering sun, nor the moon's pale light
Will be needed there—neither sorrow nor night
Can enter that city—the light from the Throne
Makes eternal day in the soul's final home.
And all who go up to that "City of Rest,"
Will find freedom from earth and the woes which oppress
The souls of the weary;—when free from the rod,
How bright is their pathway homeward to God!

That bright vision faded away like a dream;
But often at twilight I catch a sweet gleam
Of the Eternal City, and one who is there,
With the star-gems of heaven in his golden hair;
And I long to go up to that bright home of joy,
And walk its bright streets, hand in hand with my boy.
Oh, the Eternal City, shining down from afar,
Hath its beautiful gates all standing ajar;
It has towers and domes, whose glory untold
Shines o'er jewelled walls and pavements of gold.
But brighter, far brighter shine the faces fair
Of our loved ones lost, who are gathered there.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

WALPOLE, N. H., June 17, 1878.

DEAR FATHER DENSMORE,—In your dear little gem, VOICE OF ANGELS, of June 1st, through M. T. Shelhamer—an entire stranger—I find another message from my darling Jennie.

Words fail to express my pent-up feelings of gratitude and obligation for such treasured words. I fully recognize the time she refers to, when she placed her little angel-bands on my aching head.

I have often wondered what kind and style of clothing my darling wore in her Spirit-Home; so to ease my mind, she tells me, through an entire stranger, that she has a new blue dress on, all spotted with little figures.

I will write a little sketch concerning the doings of birds at the time my darling left her earthly form. Also, their acts when we laid her tiny body away; if Mr. Densmore will put it in his little paper.

Her auntie, she speaks of as having been gone a long time from earth, left her form nearly twenty-four years ago; and her grandfather, who she says did not look very old, was only forty-five years old when he died.

With many thanks to all, and hoping to hear from my darling again, and other dear ones, I remain,

Fraternal yours for the truth,
MRS. LIZZIE N. ROSS.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION

NO. 5 DWIGHT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Special L. JUDITH PARDEE, Editor in Chief.

D. K. MISEN, Business Manager

D. C. DENSMORE, Announcer and Publisher.

BOSTON, MASS., JULY 15, 1878.

EDITORIAL.

SPIRIT-GROWTH.

Is there one of our readers who has failed to note the growth and progress of a flowering plant, from its birth out of the womb of darkness to maturity? If there is, then he or she has missed one of the most instructive and interesting lessons of Nature's teachings. To illustrate: We select a seed from numerous others of the same kind, cover it up from sight in the cold earth, and leave it to the tender care of Mother Nature. After proper time has elapsed, a tiny sprig of green is seen shooting above the earth. We watch it with interest, occasionally watering it, or tempering the sun's rays to the right degree of light and warmth, as they fall upon it. Slowly and gradually it grows, throwing out branches here and there, which in time are tipped with leaflets of emerald hue.

By-and-bye, a little hard green substance is formed; that develops into a bud; but although the work still goes on, we have not as yet witnessed the possibilities of this tiny germ we planted; its mission is not yet completed. The rain falls, the sun shines, and the breezes blow upon it; sometimes storm-clouds, heavy and cold, sweep over its tender frame, when it bows its head in terror before the devastating blast; but it still lives: the bud swells and expands, until it bursts its covering of tender green, disclosing delicate shades of some beautiful hue. Slowly but surely, these miniature petals begin to open, deepening in color, and sending forth from its heart a cloud of rich aroma as an offering of grateful praise for life and its unfoldments, until at last it culminates in a grand and beautiful blossom, to delight the eyes of all who gaze upon it.

It has now completed its mission, fulfilled its destiny, and reached the fruition of its existence, and has become a thing of beauty and a joy to all lovers of Nature's unfoldings. As we gaze upon the rich colors, elegance of form, and gather in the scented sweetness of its life, we exclaim, "How calm and gentle is the life of a flower—no pain, no sorrow or care to mar its loveliness." Ah, who can tell the struggles, the pains, the burdens and anxiety the plant has had to bear, ere it could

reach its present state of perfection! The storms and heats, and threatening clouds that overshadowed it, we know something of; but could the soul of that royal blossom speak to our souls, what a tale of suffering, pain and terror it might unfold; of the struggles it made for life while confined in the darkness of earth, and the final throeb of pain and anguish that wrenched its tiny cell apart, and forced its tender head above the murky soil.

Hence, what was only an interesting manifestation of Nature to us, was a period of great pain and travail to the struggling plant. But in spite of all the opposing elements, it has received its reward in its perfect form, its crown of glory.

And what is true of the plant is true of humanity. The germ of Divinity—the soul—in other words, *the man*—is implanted deep in the soil of earth, covered up, it may be, in darkness and cold, struggling amid the murky, dusky conditions of life, it must be, sobbing in pain and anguish, as it often does;—yet it lives on, and puts forth all its feeble powers to rise upward into the light. It is making gigantic efforts to overcome the darkness that surrounds it; and at last, in some way it bursts the shell that confines it, and rises above the burdens that seek to weigh it down.

Very often the good within the soul meets with a cool reception. Storms and tempests bent upon it; but here and there it catches the sunshine of love, and feels the cooling breath of sympathy blowing upon it, and in spite of adversity, in spite of pain and sorrow, toil and anguish, the God in humanity continues to grow and expand, until it culminates its expression on earth by putting forth clusters of blossoms, rich and rare, which constitute the living attributes of the soul—"Love to God and to man, eternal justice and universal peace." The trials it has known, the pain and sorrow it has had to bear, have strengthened and developed the soul into a creature of life and beauty. They have drawn out all its innate sweetness and glory, and sanctified it for the perfect life; they have crowned it with fruition, and caused it to fulfil its destiny.

Such is to be the ultimate completeness of human existence, the harvest of peace that is to crown every spirit; and love shall unite them all.

Take this lesson home to your hearts; and don't forget that bitter pain and sorrow, toil and care, are but the pruning-knives in the hands of a skillful gardener, who is trimming and cultivating your souls, that they may be fitted to reach the

perfection of life. And when you meet those in affliction, give to them a kindly smile and words of cheer, thereby assisting their spirits to attain their maturity and to blossom out into the sunshine of God's eternal love.

BOOK NOTICE.

A most remarkable book of 170 pages, called "Nora Ray, the Child Medium," published by Procter Bros., Gloucester, has just been received. It is a captivating Spiritualistic story, filled to overflowing with sentiments of the purest kind, highly instructive and entertaining. Although we have not had time to more than glance through its pages, yet from what we have seen, we consider it, taking into account the age of the little Medium, through whose lips it emanated, one of the most remarkable evidences of Spirits being able to speak to mortals through earthly lips ever published.

It is printed on fine tinted paper, in clear, large type, at the low price of 50 cents, postage free. For sale at wholesale and retail by Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, cor. Province street, (lower floor,) Boston, Mass.

CORRECTION.

In the message of Mabel Floyd, printed in our last issue, should read, "My mother's name is Mrs. S. A. Floyd," instead of "Mrs. M. A. Floyd," as printed.

Pub. Voice of Angels.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

M. T. SHELHAMER wishes us to say that she can give no private sittings, as her time is fully occupied in treating the sick.

SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE,
MAY 5, 1878.

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELHAMER.

LYDIA H. BIGOURNEY.

I AM pleased to be present at the meeting of this little band, rejoiced to find you engaged in the noble work of enlightening humanity. I was interested in anything that I truly believed would elevate and strengthen my fellow-beings.

I have been at the *Banner Circle* very recently, and was, I think, able to impress my thoughts upon the Medium's brain, and to send them forth, like sparks of light, upon the great wave of humanity.

But I have been called for by friends in Connecticut, and not wishing to again intrude upon that Circle, I have come to respond. I would say, Yes, I do know what is taking place. I am still interested in your welfare. The waters of life can never bear us apart. God's laws are beautiful, and kindred souls are linked together for all time. Each one of you

are still dear, and I waft you messages of peace and love from the Spirit-Shore.

Yes, I am still interested in all the cares, perplexities, joys and sorrows of mothers. I am still the mother's assistant, and my prayers are with those chosen ones who are God's instruments for guiding His pure young souls safely home to His kingdom.

Yes, I have met the dear one whom you inquire about; and life to me is so beautiful, so glad and free; yet, withal so earnest and real, that I rejoice and bless My Father for existence.

The rest I will bring you quietly at home. Look for me, for I will be with you. Holy angels guard and bless you all!

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

MICHAEL O'FLARITY.

TROTH, and its glad to see ye, I am. A fine day to ye, and plenty of luck, say I.

Enith, I heard yez were sending letters, and I thought I would loike to send a bit of a letter too, if yez don't mind. [You are welcome to.]

Well, yez see, the ould woman 'ud be mighty glad to hear from Mike; that's me. She's had a hard row, but its better now. She be taken with the child's quare way; that's Katy. But its only meself that's talking kind o' wise through the child, do ye mind. [Yes.] And so I want to tell Kate to mind what the child says, and sho'll be all right. She allus has been. Sure, she'll take this to the Praate, and I make no doubt he'll tell her its the ould 'un. She needn't mind; I'm working for her. Sure, didn't I git her the new places to work, when she didn't know what to do, and was going to give the child away to the nuns; and didn't I sind the foine folks into the kitchen to talk to her and help her? Well, I did, thin, and I'll kapo her right, if sho minds.

I'm Michael O'Flarity, at your sarvico. I was only a hod carrier, and I wint out by accidint from New York, about three years ago.

I'm much obliged.

CLAUDIUS SMITH.

How do you do? [Pretty well; how do you do?] Oh, I don't know. I was shot a while ago. I was only about sixteen years old, too. [Is that so; where did it happen?] At Catskill, N. Y. I don't want any harm to come to P. I don't think he meant to do it, and I want the folks to be as lenient with him as they can. My name is Claudius Smith. [A good name. Now you must try to be better, to grow purer and lead a higher life.] Oh, I'm pretty comfortably off. I've got

friends. I've found my grandfather. But I'm anxious about P. I don't want him punished. I hope they'll think as I do about it. Good-by. I'm much obliged.

AUNT POLLY.

Bress your heart, Massa, I'se all brack. [All black; well, that's all right; we are glad to see you; where did you come from?] Ole Maryland. I'se Aunt Polly. Ole Missus is live down near Baltimore, and I thought I'd like to send her jess a word, cause she's my nurse-chile, honey. Missus Hall—that's her; and I'se ole Aunt Polly, who used to carry her 'bout when she's pickanninny. I wants her to know we isn't dead. I'se met ole Massa, an' Charley, an' all, and we bring heaps of love to Missus an' the chillun.

Bress yer, Polly didn't want freedom: no, sir; she wouldn't leave Missus for nothing.

Tank 'ee, Massa; I'll pray for you all, 'cause I'se a good ole Methodis'.

GEORGE PENCE.

GOOD day, sir; It's strange, very strange to me. [Did you never come before?] No, sir; I've been gone a very long time; I would be old enough now, with grandchildren around my knee. My name is George Pence; I lived in Chicago; I was about fifty-seven years old. I have children here I should like to communicate with, and tell them much they would like to know concerning both this world and the next; If they will call for me, I will respond.

I cast this out upon the wave, hoping some propitious tide will bear it safe to its destination.

I am much obliged.

GRANVILLE SHARPE.

WELL, its a weary world of pain and care, steeped in iniquity.

I used to go to St. Giles', but my heart was sore within me. [Where did you live?] In London; I tried to serve the Lord, but was sad and depressed at the hardness of the people. [Well, you see things different now, don't you? How do you find life in the Spirit—natural?] Yes, natural; too natural. I find each one seeking his or her own pleasure; all looking out for themselves. [You viewed life too morbidly, my friend; you must remember the state and condition humanity has been passing through, and give it credit for all its merits; you have probably been brought hero to find a better, brighter phase of human life than you have observed before.] I've been seeking the Lord, but cannot find him; perhaps I shall do so when I go. I thank you,

friend. I remember once a poor, rough specimen of humanity from the Seven Dials came to me, seeking light upon the subject of religion. He was so repulsive, so far removed from my sphere, that my first temptation was to turn from him; but I remembered that the Blessed Master would not have done so, and I conscientiously tried to give him what consolation I could. He was in trouble over the loss of a child. I find tonight that I am in the same condition as that poor fellow, and I can say to you, as he said to me, "Thank you; you have lifted a load off my mind; I think I can see a little further into the light."

I was Granville Sharpe. Perhaps some one will remember and recognize me.

HENRY MILLER.

How do you do? My name is Henry or Harry Miller. I went out from near Springfield, Mass., about fifteen years ago; went out by accident, too—drowning. I was a young man, and by no means tired of life; but I had to go, however. I'm pretty well off, and have no complaints to make.

Now, I'd like first rate to meet some of my friends and have a chat. There has been many changes since I left, and some of my friends have come over; but I want those who remain to know that we live; are active, and as capable of blessing and loving them as ever. They belong to the church, and I don't know as they will respond; but it will do no harm.

Much obliged, sir.

MESSAGES GIVEN JUNE 9, 1878.

LIZZIE PARKER.

PLEASE, sir, my name is Lizzie Parker. I went away from Nantucket. It seems a long time to my friends since I went away; but everything is so pleasant to me where I live, that time flies very rapidly.

Tell them I am a young lady, now, just as I would be if here; but I bring them my love, and would like so much to talk with them in a private way, if they will only let me. I think they will get the letter.

That is all I have to say now, and think it will do, only that I come bearing a single tea-rose for one friend. Thank you. Good night.

"TOD" ROBINSON.

DIDN'T I hear some one say that every one was welcome, no matter who or what they be? [Yes.] Well, I'm awful rough, not fit to come here; you'll not like to have me, when you know how bad I am. [Oh, yes we will; this place is for folks like you; it will make you feel better for

coming. Where did you live?] California; went out at or near Holister, of that State.

I know I'm dead; but look horrid dirty and banged up, for a dead man or a ghost. You see they hurried me into a hole pretty quick, and didn't give me a washing nor a laying-out; didn't read the service nor say prayers, either.

I went out fighting; had a row with another chap, and we went at it knife to knife. We were both pretty well chewed up, and I think we both kicked. I am all jabbed up now, and s'pose I'd like to feel better. [What's your name?] Robinson; they called me "Tod" Robinson.

[Here the chairman gave the Spirit some good advice, and talked earnestly and kindly to him, which the Spirit seemed only partially to comprehend, yet which appeared to interest and please him.]

Much obliged, sir; will try to do as you say. Can you tell me what time this is; what date? [This is June, 1878.] Well, the last I can remember was the 1st of September, '74; so it's most four years, ain't it? [Yes.]

Well, I'll go now, 'cause I felt ashamed to be here in such nice company. [Oh, no, you need not; you had better stay and see what is going on; we'll be glad to have you.] Thank'ee. I left a wife, but guess she'll not want to hear from me. It would be like the bad shilling that's sure to turn up.

REBECCA ADAMS.

Will you please to say, sir, that Rebecca Adams comes, and would like to have her letter directed to Vineland, New Jersey. I will see that it goes. I have been in Spirit-Life a number of years, and many of my dear ones are with me. I did not believe this when here; but it is a glorious truth and I am glad that one who is near and dear to me has defended it, and lived up to its teachings, in spite of persecution and calumny.

And now I want that one to be liberal in spirit towards those who have not grown into the light as he has, to be magnanimous in thought, and also to be as generous as possible with his worldly means towards those in need. Say that a blessing comes from the Spirit-World that shall crown life with peace and joy, if they will remain true to the powers above.

And to her who has been kind and faithful, who has done what she could—my son's wife—I would say, dear soul, look up, sunshine and love await your spirit, the angels guard you, and all is well. You did not know me here, but I have seen and known you for the last six years, and appreciate and love you.

Little Isabel sends you infinite love and sympathy. She is little Isabel no longer, but she ever thinks of auntie with the same confiding love.

Sammy, the Mediumistic soul, wafts a blessing of love and gratitude to you from his Spirit-Home. He is at rest, now.

WILLIE HARRIS.

How do, mister; I feel awful tired. [You do. Well, you've come here to get rested.] Have I? That'll be jolly. I don't like to feel so.

My name is Willie Harris; was ten years old, and lived in Brooklyn, N. Y. There's some one reads the paper that knows my folks, so I guess they'll hear of it. Do you think I won't feel tired any more? [Yes; you'll get all rested now.] I was sick and got all worn out; but I like this place. I have a good time. Can you see me? [Yes.] Why, ain't that funny? This is a girl. [Yes; but you are not the girl.] No; but I don't see how you can see me. Can you see me? (turning to a lady in the circle.) [No; I wish I could.]

Well, I wonder how you can see me, mister. Oh, I guess it's cause you've got two pairs of eyes, (pointing to the chairman's glasses.) Well, good-bye; perhaps I'll come again. [That's right.]

JOHN K. ABBOTT.

If you will say, sir, that John K. Abbott has reported here, it will be sufficient. I have come, and will hold my friend to the bargain he has made.

I have a friend, sir, who has made the mental promise that if I would come to one of these places and give my name, he would perform a certain act, which he knew would please me, and which I would appreciate. He is not a believer, but he reads the paper occasionally, as it is within reach of him.

He is very wary, and does not want any one to know he is concerning himself with this thing, so I am not to give any particulars.

Now, I have performed my part, and if he does not come to time, I'll come again and reveal the whole thing. However, I think he'll do it.

Much obliged, sir. Good night.

MESSAGES GIVEN JUNE 23, 1878.

HELEN ABBOTT.

How do you do? I would like to send a letter to my father. [You are welcome to do so.] I have been gone very long; over twenty years, I believe. Father is getting pretty old, now, and I thought perhaps he would like to hear from us all, and to know that we are near him with

love and sympathy, and that a beautiful home awaits him and all the dear ones who are here.

Father lives at Washington, N. H., or very near there. The boundary line between the two towns is very near the house.

I want to say Amanda sends her love to them all, and says that it is all right that we went as we did, for we are preparing a beautiful reception for those we love. I can say so, too. We are twins, Mandy and I, and we usually think alike. We both died within a year of each other, aged fifteen and sixteen years. I think one couldn't live without the other.

Hattie sends her love, too, and so does darling mother. We have two dear mothers. Did you know such a thing could be? One here and one in Spirit-Life; and our Spirit-mother blesses our earthly mother for all her care and kindness. We want to send love and blessings to Frank, and Charlie, and Emmie, and Jennie, and we would like them all to believe that we love and guard them and strive to make them happy.

I don't know as I can say more now, but I thank you for allowing me to come. I never controlled a Medium before, but my sisters have. Father is not a Spiritualist, but sister Jennie believes something in it. Dear sister! Tell her we have all her darlings with us, and they are growing beautiful and good.

My name is Helen Abbott. Please send to Mr. Philip Abbott, South Marlowe P. O., N. H., and I think pa will get it.

NETTIE NEILY.

How do? [Pretty well; how do you do?] Oh, nicely. That lady that just came is my auntie. [Is she?] Yes; and she's going to send that letter to my dear old grandpa. Don't you know I'm Nettie Neily, and I want to write a letter to my mamma, 'cause tomorrow's her birthday; and Minnie and Winnie, and Hattie and me, and everybody, want to send her lots of love; and tell her we'll be with her with presents of flowers, and music, and happy thoughts, and heaps of pretty things.

I want mamma to send my love to papa, and tell him I can read the letter paper right smart now, and write it, too, and my cocoanut's all sound, and I'm getting along nice, and so we all are, and we send him heaps of love. I've been to see him; he's awful lonesome sometimes; but he's just the best papa. I saw him today; he wasn't lonesome, either. I saw everybody. I want to send love to Dordy and Jennie and the little boys, and aunt Laura and Hannah, and everybody else, I guess,

I went to see Maggie, and she thought I was there. I ain't going to play any tricks. I'm over thirteen, now, and Minnie and Winnie are grown ladies, and Katy is coming up. Grandpa sends his love to papa, and so does grandma; she's all right, now.

Tomorrow is the twenty-fourth of June, ain't it? [Yes.] Well, that's mamma's birthday, and she will like the letter paper. She always reads it.

Good-bye. [Good-bye; come again, Nettie.] Yes, I will.

HENRY WILKINS.

DOES 'oo let little boys come? [Yes, indeed.] I was a little bit of a boy. I'se growing up fast; but I do feel like a little boy, like I was here, now.

I want to send lots of love to mamma, and Nettie, and all, and papa wants me to send all his love, too; and tell mamma we're happy, and have such a pretty home, and we come all the time to give her love and strength. She's pretty, my mamma is.

[What's your name, dear?] Henie; Henie Wilkins. Mamma's Clara, and papa's Ed; papa's here with me. Tell mamma we bring her lots and lots of love, and we ain't sick any more, and we send heaps of kisses. Does you love pie—squash pie? [Yes.] So does I. Mamma lives in Boston, and her name's Clara Wilkins.

NANNIE GRAVES.

I'm real glad to come. Don't you think my mamma would like to hear from me? [Yes, indeed.] I brought that little boy, 'cause I thought his mamma would be pleased.

Today is my birthday, and I want to send my love to my pretty papa. He loves his little Nannie. Tell him I'm too big to nestle my head down his neck now; but I love him just the same; and little brother comes too with love for him, and my dear, darling mamma.

Mamma couldn't do as she was told, 'cause it didn't make her feel good, and she couldn't attend to it. Mossometa says he'll help her all he can, and give her strength.

I brought some lilies today. Mamma's thought of me lots. I've seen some pretty flowers. I ain't the little toddling baby girl I was when I went away; I'm fourteen. Tell mamma to kiss Winnie and Peddin for me, and tell my pretty papa that I send him lots of kisses.

My right name is Annie B. Graves; but I shall always be Nannie, won't I? [I guess you will.] Everybody sends their love. If the man will send the letter to Mr. J. W. Graves, No. 1800 Washington St., Boston, I

guess my pretty papa will get it. Perhaps he won't believe it's me; but he knows I always love him ever so much, and he loves me, and way down in his heart he'll feel all smiling.

CAPTAIN SETH HERSEY.

I AM very old, but have weathered the cape, and am snug in port. When a man lives to count his four-score years, he's had a large and varied experience, and usually he's content to remain safe in harbor and peer out at those crafts yet at sea. But I thought I'd just like to come to say that I've found a different haven from what I expected; but it's a peaceful one, and I'm not badly off, by any means; and if my friends want to hear from me or mine, they can give us a call, and we will respond.

I was old, but I'm bluff and hearty yet; the storms of life have passed, and all is well. I have only been aloft a few months. Write me down as Captain Seth Hersey, of South Hingham, Mass. Many thanks, and a speedy voyage.

JEANETTE FOSTER.

My name is Jeanette Foster, from Rockport, Maine. I am thirty years old. I have been away for a good while; but I feel very weak in coming. I would like my friends to hear from me in this way, and perhaps they will give an opportunity to come, as there are matters I would like to have arranged differently.

I am happy, or shall be when I have made myself known. All is bright and beautiful, and love and peace reign over all. I thank you.

BENEDICTION.

MAY the angels, whose mission it is to bring love, harmony and peace unto the human family, be and abide with these, thy children, binding each heart in the bands of sympathy, and awakening in each soul a desire, oh, God, to live nearer to heaven and thee. And may thy perfect love, that castest out all fear, that sheds beneficent goodness on all the earth, dwell in the hearts of all thy dear humanity everywhere. May it lift up the down-trodden, strengthen the weak, and give light and peace to the mourning spirit. And lastly, oh, our Father, we would call down thy blessings upon the weak and the tempted. Fold thy dear arms of love around them, and lead them up out of the valley, unto thy mountain top, where they may never falter nor go astray. These things do we ask, oh, our Father, for the sake of thy suffering humanity. Amen.

MESSAGES GIVEN JUNE 30, 1878.

INVOCATION.

Eternal Spirit, Thou who art the centre and source of all things; who sendest alike the Summer-time of budding life and blossoming beauty, and the Winter period of recuperation and repose; who giveth us the sunshine and the shower!—reverently and humbly do we draw near to thee this day; and as we lift up our souls in adoring gratitude for all thy tender care and boundless blessings, we are brought into closer communion with thy angels, and our spirits become strengthened for the labors of life.

We thank thee, oh, our Father, for the blessed privilege thou hast vouchsafed to us, in making us the humble instruments that may bring peace and comfort to the weary souls who sit in darkness, and carry them tidings of their beloved dead; and we pray Thee, O God, that we may be rendered doubly worthy of the sacred trust reposed in us.

Bless thy children everywhere, whether in the palace or in the dungeon, whether walking in sunlight or sitting in darkness, whether dwelling in the light of purity or lurking in the haunts of degradation and sin. May their experiences be unto them lessons of wisdom, which shall purify and fit their souls for thy holy kingdom. Amen!

DORA F. WINTER.

I WAS told that if I chose to send a message to my friends, I could do so by coming here.

I was very weak when I passed away—died, my friends called it—and in coming here I feel the old weakness.

It is not very long since I went, but I would like to tell my husband that heaven is a beautiful home, where the soul can find rest and peace.

I have met my darling loved ones, and am happy. I can see that you too will find happiness and comfort yet; all will be well.

I would like to send my love to all my folks, all our friends—to thank and to bless all who were kind to me. There are those out West whom I would be so glad to meet again; they would not know me in my Spirit-form, it is so different from the attenuated body they gazed upon; and I am not tired any more, it is all peaceful rest.

My name is Dora F. Winter. I was not much over thirty. I wanted to send a blessing to my husband and darlings; I know not as it will be accepted as from me, but I thank you for allowing me, a perfect stranger, to come.

Please direct to B. G. Winter, Chelsea, Mass.

PATRICK DONAHOE.

FAITH, and how is yez? It's Patrick Donahoe I am; not him of the *Pilot*, by any manes; but Pat Donahoe, of Throy, New York. I wint with a sun-stroke d'yez moind, and its failing quare in the head I am at this blessed minute. [Had you a wife?] Faith, no; I had no family; but I've a sister Ellen and a brother Jim, and I'd loike 'em to know I'm not in Purgatory, but am well-off, and I've seen me blessed old

mother, and Meggie and the b'ys, and its all good.

I don't know how long I've been gone, but its a long while, I'm thinking. Well, good luck to yez.

SARAH G. BICKNELL.

My name is Sarah G. Bicknell. I went from Parishville, New York, a good many years ago. I have a number of relatives living, and I would like to tell them that Spirit-return is a fact, and that we can come to cheer them onward. They do not believe, but we hope to bring them light soon. I want my cousin L. C., who reads the paper, to get some copies of my letter and send them to the folks.

My children are with me. One preceded me, and one followed me to the Spirit-World. Life was not all roses to my partner after I left, but I am glad to know he has done so well. My sisters are with me, and join in sending love to each one, as do also all our dear ones.

I want particularly to bless Ella, who was so kind to my son. She will not believe this is from a Spirit; but I bless her just the same.

I thank you.

LULIE.

I BE just Lulie; that's all. I be a little dirl who died a year ago, and made my mamma feel awful bad. I come ever so far; all alone, too, 'tause my mamma sent for me. I bring her and papa and baby lots of love. Tell 'em I'm a dood dirl, and don't make much trouble. Grandpa's with me lots, and he's real nice. Auntie takes care of me. I was four years old, I dess. I trepped in. Man said it was so hot no more could come; but I trepped in quick, 'fore he tould shut the door, 'tause my mamma will be glad. Perhaps if I come again, I can tell more. [Yes, dear.] Dood-bye.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE CONTRAST.

EDITOR VOICE OF ANGELS:—In the course of my life I have had many chances to notice the contrast between the actions of Spiritualists and Christians on the subject of death. The Spiritualist knows and feels that after the Spirit has left the body, that it does not remain in the ground for thousands or millions of years, waiting for the trumpet of the Lord to blow, so that they may wake up and have their actions judged at the last day. That they are to be crowded together along with all the wicked and depraved, and that some are to be made happy by being allowed to get into heaven and to rejoice at their deliverance, while others are to be made miserable by being sent to a place of torment, where they will remain forever; and although they can see and know that their friends are happy and contented with their lot, they will know that they cannot go where they are.

To show some of the inconsistencies of Christianity, we will notice what occurs

at most of the funerals, even of the most sincere Christians. The minister will call and talk with them, and ask how they feel, and if they are willing to go, and makes a prayer asking God to receive them to him when they go from earth, and hopes that they are all right and will be saved at last. They are taken to the grave, where they are to remain until the judgment day, when they are to be clothed with the same flesh that they had during life, and are to be made happy forever, and live with God and the angels through all eternity.

In contrast with this, note the difference at the sickness and death of a Spiritualist, (passing away is more appropriate). The sufferers are made happy by the consciousness that they are going to meet their friends that have gone before them, and who will be ready to reach out their hands to clasp theirs when they pass over. They know and feel that their bodies rest in the grave, but that their Spirits will go to a higher sphere than this, that the judgment day will come to them at once, and that they will be their own judges, and that their punishment will be to associate with a class of Spirits like themselves. They will know that their punishment is just, and will feel that they deserved what they have received, and that to be able to get out of that condition they must wish to become so, and strive to help others to do so, and their condition will be changed to a more brighter and happier one. There will be no resting in one place, but they will go on progressing from one sphere of happiness to another. There will be no *doubt* of their happiness in the minds of their friends—not a *hope* that it is so—and their friends will be ready and willing to go when their turn comes. No fears of a hell and final judgment will cross their minds, but they will rejoice to know that their end will be joyous and happy at last.

MORTON.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

UNRELIABLE MESSAGES.

BY WEST INGLE.

THERE is no department of labor connected with the Spiritual work more difficult to accomplish than that of message writing. In the first place, it is almost an impossibility to get a correct message. There will be something wrong, and if there should be five tests and one false statement, the message is often thrown aside, and the Medium pronounced a humbug, or something equally as bad. I know this to be a fact, and I also know many good Mediums who have left the Associa-

tion of Spiritualists from no other cause than fear of being called fraudulent. Their courage was not sufficient to carry them through the trials that must fall to the lot of all public reformers.

There is a bright side to every thing, and the best side is always the brightest, and no Medium should get discouraged if there are a few mistakes. I have been called upon three times of late to rectify mistaken messages, and as one of them was from a person connected with my family, I knew the message to be true, and of course could not ask the Spirits to blot out their own statement. There was, some time ago, a message published in the VOICE OF ANGELS, written through the Mediumship of "West Ingle," and was directed to James H. Young of New Orleans, and signed "Truth." It was a common-sensed statement of facts, and Mr. Young does not recognize those facts as being applicable to his case at all, and was naturally and justly wounded thereby. Now if "Truth" did not understand Brother Young's case, the message was unreliable, and should be placed among the useless communications received; and the pity is that there are so many of them. Brother Young and his friends say that the message was not for him, and we cannot say it was, not knowing Brother Young nor his conditions, but should judge it would hit somebody's case; possibly mine.

Another message to Mrs. N. L. Finson, of Richmond, Va., from her friend Eliza Deates, could not possibly have been from the Spirit named. Mrs. Finson positively denies the personality of the message, as her friend knew her and would not make such fearful blunders. Mrs. Finson is one of the most earnest workers in the Spiritualistic field. She has made our beautiful philosophy a study, investigating all phases of Mediumship, and justly and honestly decides that there are many mistakes made by public Mediums. She is a Medium herself, and can understand the mixed conditions of Mediums who are subject to outside influences.

If the message did not come from the source claimed, Mrs. Finson shows her love for the cause and veneration for the truth by denying it; and although the message referred to came through my Mediumship, I will uphold her in her condemnations of it. Yet I claim for myself that a power outside of me gave all there was given, let it be right or wrong.

LET us gather at the fruitage feast of the Spirit. That banquet so bountifully spread will supply all who hunger for knowledge divine.
Mrs. A. ANDREWS, New Orleans.

PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

THROUGH WEST INGLE.

A SPIRIT fair and beautiful comes before me, as I hold in my hands the letter of E. B. Craddock, of Concord, N. H. She says he will know who she is, without a name being given. But if he will send a request to the Medium "West Ingle," 427 M street, Washington, D. C., she will communicate with him, and give all the knowledge his soul requires. She appears before me in the light of one whose soul was full of love, but who in earth-life never gave full expression to her inner feelings. Passing away, she became a guide and helper to him whose hand penned the letter before me.

The spirit gives no name, but says her friend, E. B. Craddock, will know her from cherished memories of the past.

"Dear friend E.,—Long years have passed since I entered Spirit-Life. I was but a child when I left the material world. You and I were schoolmates, and I learned even then to think of you as one being manly and just. I never had a childhood; sorrow and trials were mine from the first. But I had my dreams of love and pleasure, and you became the ideal of my brightest and happiest visions. My brothers were your playmates, and I fondly hoped we might walk life's paths nearer together. But death drew a line between us; the finite became weak and the Infinite powerful. We were parted; you to engage in active life, I to fade into the mystical silence of the grave. Now I am strong and you are weak; come to me for help, and I will not fail you. All you ask shall be given, and prosperity shall surely become the harvest of your Summer. I know how hard you have struggled, that you have failed often, while you have conquered in many things; and the friends who should have been your staff in life have failed you. But your spirit is naturally grand in its moral strength. You can stand alone. If need be, I will come to you; and, my friend, there are members of your own family who would like to talk with you, and who have a better right, if they can reach you.

You can call me Mary —, and if your memory is good, you will know who I am and where to place me. You have the power of clairvoyance, though you have not used it, and perhaps do not understand its wonderful power. Do you know why you are never deceived in men or women? Can you tell why all the events of your life come to you intuitively, long before they really take place? My dear friend, you possess the gifts of

the Spirit-World; use them well, and if it lies in your power, make your fellow-men happy by giving them the guide to better conditions here and hereafter.

Cultivate all the gifts you possess, and new revelations will be given you; and if you have a clear knowledge of the same, you can endorse those through whom these miraculous revelations are given. There is nothing mysterious or preternatural in Spiritualism; the same truths were manifested in the revelations of the prophets and the miracles of Christ.

To you will come a new development of power; your mind will expand, and your life will become more useful. You will soon begin to feel that you have numbered a good many wasted years. All men do the same; you are not all alone.

Now, my dear friend, put away all doubt. Let the spirit of love and harmony enter your life. There is no use repining; be cheerful and happy. Take the most enlarged views of nature; for all matter, force of physics, and wisdom, are identified and always in harmony with the real and legitimate laws of nature. You know Nature herself possesses a soul, or an organized power, a subtle essence, known only to the Deity. The finite is and must ever be subjected to the Infinite. Many of the laws revealed to men are closely identified with the Infinite. You will find wisdom uppermost in the Creative Mind, and He will be Lord of lords, King of kings, throughout all eternity.

You will be blessed in your life, and doubly blessed in finding all things you desire when you pass into eternity. Your children will become to you as Angel-Guides.

MARY.

THROUGH MRS. E. RANDLE, SALT LAKE.

FROM A. L.

GOOD DAY, FRIEND,—Happy to meet you, though I find you are feeling sad and downcast. [Medium—I am, indeed. Can you inform me how it is that little children should have to suffer so much before passing out of the body?] Spirit—They do not suffer so much as you think. When I passed out of the body, my friends supposed I suffered much pain, which I assure you was not the case. The appearance of pain is caused by inward convulsions, and they cause spasmodic jerks, which is mistaken for pain. Some people are of a stronger constitution than others, and it takes more exertion for their Spirit to get free. We are ruled by the law of nature. That is my experience concerning the Spirit leaving the body. It is only

my own experience; others may give a different one. So take it as you have it.

[Medium—I am very thankful to you for the comfort you have given me. I felt before that our Spirit-friends had forsaken us, to let my dear baby-boy suffer so much before he was released from pain.] Spirit—Dear friend, never think that you are forsaken by us—one who has done so much good as you have done for us, the inhabitants of the Spirit-World. I say we would never allow you to suffer, where it is in our power to relieve your sufferings. Trust in us, and we will help you all we can.

That will do now. Those who know me well will understand me.

From a sincere friend,

A. L.

EDWARD TULLEDGE.

I AM a little boy. My name is Edward Tullidge. I have been in Spirit-life ever so long. I was a very little boy, grandma says, when I left mamma; but I have grown now; I am quite a big boy, and I can read and write now; and I want to tell mamma and papa that their little Edward is very happy. We are all together; we all live with grandpa and grandma. We have lots of pleasure and sport; we have such nice gardens, fruit and flowers—lots of them—and they are so nice.

Now, I want papa to stop going on as he does, for it makes us all feel bad; and grandma cries so much when she sees her son doing wrong, when he might be so good. Papa is a very good man, if he would let that nasty stuff alone.

Now, mamma, we are all glad you believe that we can come, and we will all of us come to you soon, and we will sing to you when you play the organ; and we will try and make papa see us; then he will be a better man.

Kiss our dear little sister for us; we love her so much. She is so cunning, and makes us laugh so much.

From your little son,

EDWARD TULLEDGE.

[Please address this to Mr. Edward and Mrs. Susan Tullidge, Salt Lake City.]

MY LITTLE DAUGHTER FANNY,

[Whose Spirit left the Body, to join her Brothers and Sisters that had gone before her, June 10th, 1877.]

FANNY coming to her mamma. Tell Charley and Luly, Fanny can see them. I see you cry, and then Fanny cry too; it hurts little Fanny when you cry, mamma. Fanny got a big dollie, just a nice one. Auntie says she will let me come and play with Luly and Charley soon. Kiss them all for me. Tell grandma Fanny come

and talk to her. Don't cry, mamma; little Fanny help you.

SOUTH COTTONWOOD, June 14, 1878.

THROUGH ALFRED JAMES, PHILA.

[While entranced, written down as delivered by J. M. R.]

ROBERT SNYDER.

SUCH a shoving and pushing as there is here. Say! give a fellow room. I've been told I am a spirit. I've come here today to know how it is a fellow hasn't more room. I thought the Spirit-World was a big affair. Why, Lord! I haven't got room to turn round. Why, it seems to me, friend, I am cramped. I am told I have a very narrow soul, and that I ought to have made it broader. It seems to me I am pressed into a very small space, and I cannot get out. It seems like a regular dungeon.

My name is Robert Snyder. I was a blacksmith, and lived last in Alexandria, Va. My case is this: When I was here, I never cared for any one. I was powerfully built. I went away from home after I had learned my trade, and I never cared for my relations or friends, or anybody else. I have seen nobody in Spirit-Life, until I saw that Irishman who came here a long time ago. John Barry is his name.

[This spirit was told that his dark and cramped condition was largely, if not mainly owing to his confessedly gross and inordinate selfishness, and that if he desired to advance to a higher and brighter condition, he must earnestly strive to overcome his selfish tendencies, and do as his friend, John Barry, had done for him, become a guide to other Spirits, to point them to the light and knowledge which is their birthright, when once they duly seek their inheritance. He then closed by saying, "From what you tell me, I must say I had no more spirit about me than a dog. I thank you for what you have told me. I must have been an awful dumb man—dumb—dumb!"]

THOMAS MOORE, (POET.)

GOOD DAY. I was one of those dreamy, listless kind of men, to whom exertion was never pleasant. I liked the mountain-top, the beautiful landscape, trout fishing, and to find the charms of nature in solitude.

Sir, I will say, work out your mission here; do not shirk your responsibilities in this life. What though I have written? What though beautiful verse and prose have flowed through me in earth-life? Yet the time of reaction has come. Acts are the angels or devils of our lives, and when we see them in that life beyond, the soft, silken mantle of sloth falls off. I behold

that my record here was not aimless, but it did not excite those energies that make and stamp the man.

Why am I here? Poets have written and warriors have bled, and I come back here to caution man not to build all on earthly fame, but to struggle for that higher and far more beautiful light and life. By so doing they will avoid darkness, they will avoid ages of dreamless sleep. Carve your name high upon the Spiritual platform, that you may know and trust your errors will be swept away by the voice of truth entering your own Spirit. Beware of flattery. A true friend never flatters.

I find I am gradually losing power. I started very strong, but weakness comes over me. I see the hand of one I love; she beckons me; I must away. I am glad I came here, sir. It is astonishing what this interview has resulted in. It has brought me to one I loved and had lost. I was known as Thomas Moore.

[NOTE—How instructive the teaching of this Spirit-child of song! Does it not show that even the most gifted, and apparently favored, of earth's children, are weighed in the balance of right and wrong, with as strict adjustment, in Spirit-Life, as are their humblest and less favored brethren? Thomas Moore, the admired, the beloved poet, found it necessary to return to earth, and proclaim the mistakes of his earthly career, before he could reach a beloved friend, communion with whom was an object of his strongest desires. What good has Spiritualism done? Let the Spirit of Thomas Moore answer.—J. M. R.]

NOTICE.

This is to certify that Mr. ALPHONSE LIBERMANN, living at 104 Fourth street, New Orleans, La., is the duly authorized agent for procuring subscriptions for the VOICE OF ANGELS and forwarding the same.

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

PHOENIX HALL.—MR. AND MRS. JAMES A. BLISS, Spiritual Mediums, hold Materialization Seances every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday evenings, at 8 o'clock.

Admission, 50 cents; three tickets, \$1; four tickets, \$1.25.

Also, Developing and Test Circles every Monday and Thursday and Saturday evenings, at 8 o'clock.

Admission, 25 cents; three tickets, 50 cents; seven tickets, one dollar.

Private Sittings for Trance Communications, Business Tests, Slate Writing, and information on all matters of life, can be obtained daily, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

It is the desire of Mr. and Mrs. Bliss to make the Hall what it has been in the past, the Headquarters of Phenomenal Spiritualism of Philadelphia. Also, to establish a Free Reading Room, where all interested in Modern Spiritualism can have a good opportunity to read the books and papers on the subject.

Contributions of Books, Papers, &c., will be thankfully received.

Mr. and Mrs. JAS. A. BLISS,

Phoenix Hall, 103 Vine Street, Philadelphia.

Free Conference, Free Platform, every Sunday Afternoon, at three o'clock.

M. THERESA SHELHAMER,

Medical Medium, 89 K St., South Boston, Mass.

Pupil of old Dr. John Warren, formerly of Boston. Prescribes for, and treats all kinds of Diseases. Lung, Liver and Kidney Complaints particularly attended to. Rheumatism a specialty. Terms for Advice, Consultation and Prescription, \$1.00 and stamp. Moderate rates for medicines when furnished. Please to be particular in stating symptoms.

FAIR VIEW HOUSE,

North Weymouth,

Ten miles from Boston, on the Old Colony Railroad; one of the most attractive places on the coast. Good boating and bathing; stabling on the premises; will be open for summer boarders June 1. Mrs. M. B. SPRAGUE, formerly of the Devereux Mansion, Marblehead. Sunday trains and boats. Apply at 5 Dwight St., Boston, till first of June.

THE GREAT INDIAN SPECIFICS.

Given by the Spirit of BLACK HAWK, head of the Remedial Department in Spirit Life, made and prescribed by Mrs. S. A. Peabody, are doing wonders in the way of curing all forms of Disease. The weakest patient can take them, young or old, as they feed the blood and nerve fluids, and are wonderful nutritive compounds. These Remedies sent to all parts of the country. Call or address Mrs. S. A. PEABODY, 1306 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

VOICE OF TRUTH.

A Weekly Journal Devoted to

Spiritualism, the Harmonical Philosophy, And all Reforms.

MARY DANA SHINDLER, ANNIE C. TORREY HAWKS, { Editors and Proprietors.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, IN ADVANCE, INCLUDING POSTAGE.

| | |
|-----------|--------|
| Per Year, | \$2 50 |
| 6 months, | 1 25 |
| 3 months, | 65 |

ADVERTISEMENTS.

| | |
|----------------------------|----------|
| One line, first insertion, | 15 cents |
| Each subsequent insertion, | 10 cents |
| One inch, one insertion, | \$1 50 |
| One inch, one month, | 4 00 |
| One inch, two months, | 7 00 |
| One inch, three months, | 10 00 |
| One inch, one year, | 25 00 |

Marriages and Obituary notices, \$1.00 each.

All advertisements must be paid in advance.

All business letters, and letters containing remittances, will in future be addressed to M. Hawks, No. 7 Monroe St. Remittances payable to M. Hawk's order. All communications will be addressed to Mrs. M. D. Shindler, 206 Union St.

A NEW BOOK.

A Southerner Among the Spirits.

By Mrs. Mary Dana Shindler,

Author of the "Southern, Northern and Western Harps."

A TRUE RECORD OF INVESTIGATIONS INTO THE SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

CONTENTS.

Introductory—Sealed Letters, etc.—Trance Speaking—Photographs, etc.—In Boston—The Flower Medium—Mrs. Boothby—A New Phase—Mrs. D. Again—At the Edlys—Indian Spirits and Others—A Spirit and a Photograph—A Chapter on Photographs—William Eddy—The Eddy Brothers—Mr. Lacroix—More Facts—In New York—A Sad Change—Conversations—In Memphis—Seances, etc.—Our Washington.

"This is just such a book as is needed. Our people know but little of Spiritualism. Many are anxiously inquiring for the book. There they will find the blessed phenomenal phases from a truthful woman whom we heartily endorse in every sense as being worthy, and well qualified to tell what she has witnessed in her investigations."—Dr. Watson in American Spiritual Magazine.

The book can be procured from the author, 206 Union St., Memphis, or from Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, Mass. Price \$1.00.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL,

A Large Eight-Page Weekly Paper, Devoted to Spiritualism.

Established in 1865, it has overcome all opposition, and has attained a standing and circulation unprecedented in the history of liberal publications. The most profound and brilliant writers and deepest thinkers in the Spiritualistic ranks write for the JOURNAL. Through able correspondents it has facilities unequalled for gathering all news of interest to the cause, and careful, reliable reports of phenomena.

Terms, \$3.15 per year. Specimen copy free. Address

JNO. C. BUNDY, Editor,
MERCHANTS' BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

ASTROLOGER.

Is successful in reading the planets connected with every event of life. Charts of destiny for two years, and advice in Business, Marriage, etc., \$1.00; Full Life \$2.00; six questions on any matter, 50 cents; Reading of Character from lock of hair, 50 cents. Enclose fee, with correct age, or time of birth; if known, whether born night or day; if single, and sex. All business by letter, strictly confidential. Address, PROF. J. FAIRBANKS, No. 7 Suffolk Place, Boston, Mass.

C. E. WINANS,

Test Clairvoyant and Business Medium.

He can diagnose disease, read the past and future in a lock of hair; also give advice in business matters. By submitting one dollar and two three-cent stamps will insure prompt attention. Direct all letters to Edinburgh, Ind.