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### LITERARY.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

#### IMMORTALITY.

THROUGH TRYPHENA O. PARDEE.

Oh, look for the light from the Life-realms above,  
The light that flames out from the strong living soul;  
That glows in the climes where the air is pure Love,  
While the endless time-cycles shall ceaselessly roll!

Oh, list for the notes, the harmonious notes  
That ring through the evergreen gardens of space,  
And charm the bright stars, as they listlessly float,  
Finely tuned from the chords of God's all-cheering grace!

Oh, feel for the infinite pulsings of Thought,  
That throb from the heart of our All-Father God,  
Whose tremulous notes have wondrously wrought,  
Through Nature's great laws, such beauties abroad!

Oh, ask for the sense so exquisitely keen,  
Discerning mysterious tints of the mind;  
Where the rays of God's glory can only be seen  
In the gleamings of Life's rich jewels divine!

Oh, ask for the wisdom that fills all the earth  
With bounteous treasures of wealth never told,  
Everlastingly new, like a fragrant bud-birth,  
For Eternity's powers to forever unfold!

Oh, think of the time when all we now see,  
In the gemmed azure skies and bloom-blushing plains,  
Shall be changed and refined from what they now be,  
And nought but sweet Life and Love worth remains!

When the spirit roams free as a thought through all space—  
When the hues of the rainbow and flowers are true—  
No shadowy deceiving enjoyments deface,  
And man will be angel the universe through!

Oh, sing, raptured Soul! for the bliss will be thine  
With the Giver of Life to eternally live,  
Enfolded in Thine's ever-radiant shrine,  
The crown for Infinitude's brow to receive.

Rejoice for the time when thy dream-musing song  
And all sorrow and heart-rending trials shall cease;—  
To thy perfected self endless pleasures belong,  
Thou only immortal in God's All-Embrace!  
ELLINGTON, June 23, 1878.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

## THE EVOLVEMENT OF THOUGHT AND ITS TRANSMISSION.

A SPIRIT MESSAGE,

THROUGH THE HAND OF J. M. A.

[GIVEN AT NEW HAVEN, CT., JULY 4, 1863.]

IN the divine economy of Nature there is a vast and as yet unexplained source of wealth. The emanations and the immanations of the Divine Intelligence are as yet entirely uncomprehended by the world. The play of thought-producing forces or elements is so delicate, so subtle, so refined, that the ordinary action of men's minds (gross as those minds have been) has utterly failed to take in the *rationale* thereof.

What is the process by which thought is produced? How is it that from the mind being vacant and unoccupied, it suddenly (or gradually, as the case may be,) becomes illuminated, inhabited, warmed, impregnated, by stirring thought, which completely changes the mental condition, and increases the stock of mental capital? How is it that wishing, or the action of the will-power, sometimes, brings to us thoughts upon any given subject, while at other times no amount of desire or determination can summon to our aid aught but vacancy? What is present in the one case and lacking in the other? What, we ask—*what is it?* Is it a *substance*, an entity, comprehensible to the material understanding; or a shadowy nothing, a vapory nonentity, only cognizable to the "dim and misty" imagination, having existence only in the realm of pure fancy?

How are the operations of mind carried on? What is it to *think*? Who can tell? The vastity of the ocean of thought who can explore? Who can delineate its boundaries, fathom its depths, describe its waters, analyze the drops thereof, follow with the keen eye of analytic science the intricacies of its currents, or demonstrate the laws of its tidal ebb and flow?

The immensity of the universe is filled with thought. God breathes, and creation teems with intelligence. The Divine Influx permeates all Nature, and a Godsome Wisdom is manifest in

all her operations. The deific principle of Light irradiates the hill-tops in the gray dawn of the morning, and straightway the busy world arouses from its slumbers; the intellect directs the operations of life; thought is evolved and transmitted; and the Divine Intelligence is manifested in countless varieties of forms and conditions.

Oh, the sublimity of Life! When viewed from the stand-point of *spirit*—beholding as we do the multifarious operations of the God-principle in the production of human thought and the guidance of humanity through the transmission of the same—we cannot but think that man is destined to far outstrip, while yet in his earth-form, the present achievements of the Spirit-World.

The continuous and ever-expanding action of the human brain must eventually evolve conditions of true wisdom. Guidance from above, continuous also, must ultimately fill the embodied human soul with the transmitted wisdom of the Celestial Spheres. The lasting happiness of the world hinges not upon the ever-varying conditions of matter, but upon the reception and application of fixed principles. These will guide safely; these must be evolved from the united and increasingly harmonious action of human brains; these must be transmitted from the Celestial World through the laws of the Eternal Mind operating there and here.

How approach our subject? How answer the questions we have propounded? Is it possible in a few brief paragraphs to expound fully the laws of mind, and show the exact operation of the mental forces, in the production and intermingling of thought? Nay, verily. We cannot exhaust the subject, though months and years were spent in the treatment of it. It is illimitable, indeed, as the Eternal Source of Thought. We can only barely touch the outermost folds of the garment which covers its body—the "soul" itself is unapproachable.

Our eyes have not been opened to the full glories of the gorgeous realm of Thought. We stand upon the outer verge, and can only gaze with longing heart and feeble eye towards the unknown and untravelled country beyond.

We implore the aid of the Divine Mind.



and the influx of Celestial Wisdom, while we lay down a few premises and endeavor to develop them to their legitimate results.

We shall be brief, concise, and simple as possible, consistent with the magnitude, intricacy, and sublimity of the subject to be treated. If we fail to eliminate much light, we may at least confer some benefit by presenting certain general principles, by which we think mankind should be governed in their intercourse with each other and in the privacy of aloneness.

We lay down as the fundamental truth, underlying all other truths, that

*The Universe of Mind*

*Is a Universe of Oneness.*

With this principle in view, we may proceed to sequence:

*God and Man*

*Are One in Essence.*

And

*The Universal Man*

*Is the highest Embodiment of God.*

which being true,

*God dwells in every human soul,  
And earth and heaven one love enfold.*

*The Divine permeation of Thought  
Through all things is thus taught:  
And man to man stands thus related  
In Brotherhood. All things created  
Are only objects for th' indwelling  
Of Mind Divine—some shape outwelling  
From the phase of mental action  
In each infinite transaction,  
Whereby God doth manifest  
Through fair Nature, thus caressed,  
Some emotion, some reflection,  
Best expressed by such connection.*

[Oh, how happy, thus to express the indwelling thoughts! As the controlling mind evolves and receives the fruit of mental action in its own selfhood and from other intelligences, transmission is easily effected through another mentality, and words flow out upon paper made by mortal hands.

What a beautiful exemplification is thus furnished of our subject! While yet disconnected with the body of the Medium, we perceive the indwelling thought of his mind, and are able—by virtue of the Law of Attraction of Spiritual Forces harmoniously related—to approach that mind, and to enter into such intimate association with it, as to absorb its positiveness, and render it for the time being passive and receptive. As to independent action, it is as if it were not—relying and depending for power and kind of action upon the positive mind controlling it. Thus the evolution of thought within and by the brain of the writer ceases; and reception supersedes it, through transmission from the mind of the controller.]

With this digression, let us return to our axiomatic lines, and from them make applications to the actualities of life and destiny. If it be true that "the universe of mind is a universe of oneness," we may conclude that all mind is related as the drops of water in the ocean are related; that there is a principle of unitiveness pervading all the operations of thought; that thought is in itself the same, whether existing in the "inanimate" clod or in the human brain—whether in man or angel; that only the manifestation of thought is diverse in mode, degree, quality. We may conclude that there is a vast

ocean whose name is Thought; that this ocean is all-permeating, giving shape to matter, and fitting it for the abode of organized consciousness whose culmination is man.

If "God and man are one in essence," man is indeed a creature of glorious destiny! Already "a little lower than the angels," he will pass on, from one degree or sphere of enfoldment to another, casting off the earthly, the spiritual, the angelic, the seraphic, and all the celestial glories—reaching out constantly and endlessly towards the Deific, the Infinite! Ever finite, he will expand indefinitely; ever organized in conscious identity, he will approach more and more nearly the diffusive Omnipresence of Deity.

If "the universal man is the highest embodiment of God," the organization of man is a subject fit for the contemplation of the highest intelligence; and the eternal out-reachings of the God-principle will be towards the production of human souls, as the acme of Divine Architecture, the *summum bonum* of formative desire! We are thus epitomes of the universe, God-parts of the Great Eternal!

The destiny of the human race is thus grand beyond present comprehension. If

*God dwells in every human soul,  
And earth and heaven one love enfold,*

the potency and the propriety of *Charity* for the accomplishment of reformation from false conditions is an obvious fact. That this virtue is sublime and efficacious there can be no doubt; for it recognizes the divinity of every soul, and by directly appealing to that divinity it is called out into vigorous action; and the shams and pretensions, follies and depravities of human life are rebuked with a kindliness which appeals to the better nature, and subdues the turbulence of unfortunate development. If every soul has a spark of divinity within it, implanted there by the Divine fiat, there is no virtue in this lower world greater than that of *Charity*.

It uplifts the veil from the torn and bleeding heart of humanity, and amid the wreck and ruin which a false theology and a crude and cruel social system have wrought, discovers the shining jewel of a native purity and godliness. It says to all, however steeped in iniquity or inflated with pride, debased by licentiousness, or crushed by poverty and misfortunes, "There is a destiny in store for you, brother, sister, high and pure, glorious and beatific. The God principle within you will unfold, and you will cast off that which now binds you down—will step forth in the true dignity of harmonized manhood, womanhood, equal, in all that makes the true soul, of more fortunate or less tempted ones." Thus *Charity* addresses the erring wayfarer, and clasps his hand in true affection—recognizing in every human soul an immortal deific attribute, which cannot be eradicated, though it be ever so terribly marred or incrustated over by the debasements and wranglings of undeveloped earth-life.

The shining hosts of Heaven, with their unspeakable love and charity, join hands with the earnest-souled reformers and philanthropists of earth. Sweet anthems ascend to Heaven from

holy hearts, in praise and thanksgiving for the interchange of thought and sentiment now taking place 'twixt heaven and earth. Happy hearts—made happy by the delightful consciousness of angel-guidance—yearn lovingly for the renewed embraces of pure affection. Sweet endearments from Spirit-Life to mortal are given and reciprocated. "Earth and heaven one love enfold" Oh, the bliss of angels in approaching their loved ones of earth and beholding the upturned glance, made clear by the development of Spirituality in soul and body! The loving recognition of soul-friends, separated by the chemistry of death, has stripped the "king of terrors" of all his gloomy might! He stands disrobed, dethroned, powerless; and his "victims" are no longer slaves but conquerors! Life rules, and the development of the ages has at last brought man to a consciousness of the reality of Immortality.

*Heaven and earth are one at last!  
The fear of death's forever past!  
The loves of earth-life still remain.  
And sundered friends have met again!*

*There's nought can happily the soul—  
Made bare and bleeding by the roll  
Of Death's dark chariot wheel above  
The grave of one we fondly love—*

*Like this belief, this cheering thought,  
Which Spirit-power on earth has brought,  
That man, though dead, shall live again,  
Uncovered from his earthly friends!*

*That Spirit-life does not remove  
Immortal souls from those they love;  
But gives them power their thoughts to bring  
To those dear ones to whom they cling!*

*Thus life on earth and life in heaven  
Are closely linked—no tie is riven  
Which binds two yearning souls together;  
They live and love unsundered ever!*

The majesty of Life is thus revealed by these postulates. Starting with the oneness of the Universe of Mind, we have taken the reader through various sequences, until we have reached the divinity, the oneness, and the immortality of the human race, and finally the inseparableness of earth-life and Spirit-life, of earth-love and Spirit-love.

We are now prepared for the consideration of the nature of Thought, and the process of its evolution and transmission.

Having viewed man as an embodiment of God, as the highest type of Divine Architecture, a microcosm and a macrocosm—containing within himself the elements of divinity and the power of self-perpetuation—resting upon the bosom of the Great Parent, and drawing from the Ocean of Thought for sustenance and growth of soul—we again inquire, *What is Thought?*

The answer comes. Laden with the growth of centuries, the human soul can at last manifest itself with a freedom and trueness in vain sought for hitherto. The "perspicuity of perception" possessed at present, provides a positive proof of the permeation of a pure yet palpable "powder," "fluid," or "ether," throughout all things. This "aura" is finer than electricity, more transparent than air, purer than alabaster. It pervades all things, surrounds all things. It is not thought, but it is that in which thought dwells—being the spiritual body of the great soul of God;—all "matter" (so-



called) being the outermost covering, the "natural body."

This aura or spiritual body furnishes a basis—a medium—a channel, upon or through which the Divine Mind can and does and must manifest itself. The thought is therefore inherent in the soul of God, and the *manifestation* of thought is what we see in the clouds and whirlwinds, rocks and valleys, trees and animals, men and seraphs.

There could be no thought apparent to us without the spirit of God, which transmits (or furnishes a means of transmission) the movings of the Deific Mind, and enables these movings to give shape and consistence to the external—thus resulting in forms and identities, new and peculiar according to the character of the Divine mental action.

Thus we have something like an explanation of the evolvement of the material universes from chaotic unorganization; each step being but a preliminary to another, and all preparing the universe of matter for the indwelling of the highest identities, the most elevated individualities, the sublime selfhood, expressed in the term *man*!

Man is thus, we may repeat, *an epitome of the universe*; and in his structure, in his being, in his body, spirit and soul, we may discover all that may be found anywhere. Let us then confine our attention to him for a season, and see if perchance some further light may not be evolved upon the theme of our present contemplations.

Man being a triune being, composed of body, spirit and soul, and corresponding in miniature to the Infinite Triune God of Nature, (which embraces all forms, elements and potencies,) the same phenomena we have examined as pertaining to Deity, pertain also to man. That which occurs with the infinite God, occurs also *measurably* with the finite man. The same general laws govern each—the difference being that in the one case there is no restriction of power, no limitation of scope, while in the other there is a dependence upon a higher power, and a limited field of action and scope of individual possibilities.

The triunity or trinity in man is as complete and beautiful and perfect as in the natural God-head. Each individual soul has an encasement of spirit, and each spirit (while in earth-life) an external counterpart or physical body. Thus there is an infinite number (to speak liberally) of Deity-representatives—each one complete in itself as an individual, governed by its own laws of self-preservation, and yet linked to all the rest by the same spirit-ether of which we have spoken as the spiritual body of God.

This universal aura is itself capable of being subdivided, detached, concentrated and intensified, around an individual soul, (or soul-point,) thus forming an individual finite spirit; which, while it is limited, is yet in close sympathy, in near relationship with the Infinite Spirit, and indeed still forms a part of it. The all-pervading spirit-ether still approaches (though as it were outside of it) each individual spirit, and gives to it a renewal of persistency and permanency—feeding it, as it were, with needed re-

cuperation, from time to time. Each individual thus carries with him at all times a somewhat attenuated spirit-aura, surrounding especially the head, and reaching out to a greater or lesser distance therefrom, according to the peculiar organization or temporary condition of the person. This aura is more attenuated than the condensed individualized spirit it approximates to, and less so than the general ocean of spirit, from which it has been partially individualized. God, thus the Infinite Soul, has a controlling power over the individualized finite soul, spirit and body, by means of the graduated aura forming a medium, a "connecting link" between God-spirit and man-spirit—thus enabling the infinite soul to move upon the finite identity, through the different degrees of spirit density or individualization. God the Infinite thinks, and the thought of man is as nothing—being overpowered or submerged by the Infinite Thought, reaching man through the graduated aura.

As man has been produced from the Infinite, so must he ever be controlled thereby—the connection never being severed entirely which binds the Creator to the created. That connection, as we have intimated, is the "halo" which surrounds every human brain. It is not dependent upon the body for existence, though its character and extent are varied somewhat by the conditions of the body. Purity of body conduces to growth of halo, and hence the spirit is more easily and constantly recuperated and built up by drawing from, or by means of, its surrounding aura, that which it needs for health and growth. An important lesson may here be learned: *Live pure physical lives*, if you would have strong and healthy spiritual conditions. Keep your bodies undefiled, if you would carry with you a large and beautiful atmosphere of spirituality, which shall meet and blend with other atmospheres, and thus the happiness, glory and fulness of life be greatly enhanced. Would you bring yourselves into close sympathy with God and Celestial Humanity? So live as to surround yourselves with a far-reaching influence or "atmosphere."

As the distance from the individuality (having its seat, centre or throne in the head) to the finest point of attenuation of the spirit-aura is increased, so is the ease of Divine Control and sympathy with Divine Conditions enhanced. And *vice versa*: he who debases himself in any way, must not expect, while in debasement, that the sympathy of Divine Conditions can immediately and effectually approach him. He must create a demand for heavenly guidance, and this demand will bring to him a bountiful supply of spirit-material; through which he may be made to realize the divinity which is all about him, and only waiting for a *medium* through which to transmit itself.

The aural medium for the transmission of Divine Thought exists to some degree around every person; but in many the aspirations are so beclouded by false habits of thought or action as to render them almost destitute.

It is a matter of surprise (let us remark parenthetically) that so many struggling souls should be forced into submission and held in

mental bondage by the fierceness of dogmatism. They have it in their power to shake off the tyranny which oppresses them. Let them call upon the aid of the Divine and Spiritual Forces, and their spirits shall be strengthened, and they shall attain mental power, a positive magnetic condition and influence, not to be overcome. Their souls shall take hold upon the Spirit-forces in and around them, intuition shall unfold, and the qualities of Divine and Angelic Mind shall reach them.

The Angel-World is in closer sympathy with the "Great Spirit" than mortals are. Death does not destroy the aura which surrounds the spirit in mortal. It brings the spirit into still more intimate relations with Deity—identifies it with Deity, in a certain sense. That is to say, the enfranchised spirit—the disembodied—no longer subject in its manifestations to the demands of the earthly physical, can project itself at will upon the aura of mortals, and by virtue of the power of soul, moving through the commingled auras, the mortal becomes guided and inspired by the immortal.

Thought may be termed *the moving of the soul*—as sound is atmospheric undulation. The beautiful phenomena of trance, inspiration, impression vision, and the more physical manifestations, are thus explainable and easily understood. By virtue of the movings of the positive soul, thought is transmitted through the associated auras to the external plane—the thought of the spirit becoming, "to all intents and purposes," the thought of the mortal. The soul-movings of the operator are felt upon the spirit of the subject, and thus mind is manifested through another individuality than that in which it originated. This is *transmission of thought*; and it may occur between embodied individuals, as seen in the operations of mesmerism, or disembodied, as in the beautiful illuminations of spirit-psychics, as well as between spirit and mortal.

The conditions must be favorable in any case, or the results will be imperfect. Let Mediums render themselves pure and spotless in mind and body; let their aspirations flow out constantly towards the Highest Source of Wisdom; let them seek to bring themselves into oneness with high intelligences of all worlds; let them seek to draw to themselves copious influxes of spirit-magnetism;—they will be developed into beautiful conditions of angelic perfection; they will become illuminated by halos of celestial light; their influence will reach far out into the spheres, and they will become shining lights to darkened souls in Spirit-Life.

All have it in their power to render themselves susceptible to Spirit-influx. All have it in their power to surround themselves with lovely halos, which shall be a protection to them and an education. The soul can become illuminated with wisdom from the Spirit-World, and Celestial Light can fill the darkened chambers of the human brain. Be passive, oh, ye sons and daughters of earth! Receive the glory which is waiting to come to you! The Angelic World has found the doors to your hearts, and is knocking for admission. Open wide the windows of the soul, that ye may no



longer grope in darkness! The thoughts of the heavenly hosts will come streaming in, and humanity will become wise and loving, harmonious and happy. Ye cannot much longer resist or retard the influx of Spirit-power. The developement of the ages has brought man into such close relationships with the higher life that the angels of love and mercy can now at last approach, and here and there find one ready to receive the regenerating, upturning, overturning, purifying and harmonizing forces, ready to be applied, for the salvation of the world from all its dark and discordant conditions.

The evolution of thought and its transmission, in and from "disembodied" minds, shall yet usher in the millennial day of "peace on earth and good will to man." The fires of Celestial Wisdom shall yet burn brightly in every soul, and man become practically (as well as in *esse*) what Nature designed him to be—*God in miniature!*

Ye nations! hear! for God hath spoken;  
The trammels of the past are broken;  
*Humanity shall yet be free—*  
So lift the heart and bend the knee!

The voices of the angels coming  
Shall seem like music, sweetly humming—  
Lift up your hearts, humanity;  
Arouse ye from slumber!

Be brave and fearless, strong and true—  
With powers of good the ill subdue;  
March on in might, and valiantly,  
And fight the good fight gallantly

Maintain the right, though showers fall  
Of earthly wrath, your souls to 'pall;  
Submit yourselves to nought that's low;  
Look up! and fear not earthly foe.

The cries and groans and tears and sighs  
Of suffering mortals, ne'er despise;  
But lift them from their sad condition:  
With loving words and kind intones.

The spell of age, holds no longer;  
The human mind is growing stronger;  
*Humanity shall yet be free—*  
So lift the heart and bend the knee!

Sweet thoughts, transmitted from the skies,  
Shall dry the tears from weeping eyes;  
And angel-lips in love be pressed,  
And spirit-forms with joy caressed.

All this shall be when man shall learn  
Ignoble thoughts of lust to spurn;  
*Humanity shall yet be free—*  
So lift the heart and bend the knee!

Almighty Power! we call on thee  
To glorify man's destiny;  
And angels, mortals—love-crowned best—  
Join hands, and see who'll do the best!

The power of thought, evolved and sent  
From soul to soul in harmony blent,  
Shall soon the world of man make free—  
So lift the heart and bend the knee!

#### CONFIRMATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, July 3, 1878.

D. C. DENSMORE, Publisher VOICE OF ANGELS, No. 5 Dwight St., Boston:—  
*Dear Sir,*—In the VOICE of June 15th, we find reported by the Hon. A. G. W. Carter, a communication through his sister, Mrs. Emma Carter, purporting to come from our darling child, Katie, who died just one year ago.

Whether it is all as represented or not, its sentiment is of the purest kind, and

characteristic of her life-work in every way; and the possibility of its being from her is delightfully consoling.

I enclose five dollars for a year's subscription to the paper, commencing with the copy of June 15th, and for the balance please mail me extra copies of this paper.

JOSEPH KINSEY.

[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 FIVE.

AGAIN I appeared to be drawn towards the earth. Old scenes and recollections began to revive in my memory, and I felt a desire to return, and once more mingle with mortal life, urged on by the thought that perchance I should there find something to do.

Impelled onward by an inner impulse, I soon found myself in the crowded streets of a vast city: everything looked familiar, and when I espied the glittering cross of St. Paul's gleaming through the smoke and dust, I knew that I was again in the heart of London.

Nobody appeared to take any notice of me; all were hurrying on, intent upon their own affairs, and I was as one virtually alone, even in the crowded, teeming mart of a vast metropolis.

I threaded my way leisurely along; for since I had entered the material plane again, the reckless impetuosity that sped me on had vanished; pausing now and again to watch the tide of restless, surging humanity, as it flowed along, with no definite aim or end in view; when I was brought to a sudden stand-still, by hearing my own name pronounced by one of two gentlemen just in front of me.

"Yes," said he, "we are going to hold a little social levee at the Club tonight, and to pay our tribute of respect to the memory of Critchley Prince. Poor fellow, he was his own worst foe, and he blotted his own career; but from the works he has left, and the songs he sung, showing as they did, that they were emanations from a gifted, sympathetic soul, we have drawn up a set of resolutions, and have determined to call our meeting together this evening, in honor of the departed poet. You had better make one of us."

The other gentleman replied that he would be with them, if possible; and I determined that I would be also there.

I recognized the first speaker as one of the most brilliant and noted *literati* of the day, one who is even now a dweller on

earth, courted for his genius and loved and respected for his benevolent heart and sympathetic soul; at that time he was about fifty years of age, and full of life and energy. I knew him to be a member of a certain literary Club, the members of which were all of brilliant minds and men of intellect, not a few of whom were well known throughout the literary world; and it was this club meeting that I had determined to visit, partly out of curiosity to hear what might be said of myself, and partly to witness the proceedings of the meeting; knowing full well that a feast of intellectual dainties awaited whoever should be fortunate enough to enter there.

The two friends parted at a certain corner, but I remained with the man of genius, resolving that I would not leave him until he arrived at the evening gathering. And I did not.

Promptly at the hour appointed, the company gathered at the parlors of the organization, myself among the number.

I do not propose to reveal all the doings of that society, neither to relate all that was said and done on that occasion.

The meeting was a most enjoyable one; gems of thought, original ideas, startling in their intensity, brilliant repartee, and flowery *bon mots* circulated freely from mind to mind; the keenest wit of cultivated souls flashed from its sheath of polished language, gleaming with radiance; in short, a feast of intellectual glory, that could not fail to arouse the enthusiasm of any but the most stupefied spirits.

The eulogy and the encomiums paid to the memory of Critchley Prince were most kind, and well calculated, coming as they did from the hearts of England's most gifted sons, to awaken pride and gratification in the heart of him of whom they were spoken.

But alas, this banquet of ennobling thought and chaste, exquisite expression, which alone would have refreshed and invigorated the soul, and at which even the angels of heaven might have been pleased to preside—this festal board—needs must have been polluted by the presence of costly wines, and rich, rare, body-clogging viands. Aye, it is true that here, where no feast of a material nature was needed, where indeed it only served to lower the time and place into a scene of sensual festivity, the wine-cup passed from hand to hand, brilliant toasts were given and repeated, and I in company with others again tasted the perfumed draught that ever tends to degrade humanity.

It is true that I did not drug myself into insensibility, neither did any one of



that assembled company; nor did I become so intensely alive in every sense and avenue of feeling as heretofore, but yet I partook of the fluid, and again found that I was not strong to resist temptation and to overcome the evil habit.

I lingered at this enchanted spot for hours, indeed, until the assembly dispersed, each member seeking his abode, with brains fired by the presence of alcoholic stimulants, and yet apparently none the worse for what he had taken.

Highly pleased with my reception and entertainment, I separated from my good friends, and thinking I should like to take a walk, I wandered forth, under the glorious orbs of early morn. My brain was heated and all astir with phantom-like thoughts flitting through it. I soon paused upon a bridge of the Thames; and at once a desire entered my mind to fling myself into the river's depths; I wondered what effect it would have upon me; I knew that I was a disembodied spirit, and therefore could not destroy my existence; but still I did not know but I might experience some shock to my system, like that felt by drowning mortality.

However, I determined to take the leap, which I did; no sooner had I done so, than instead of sinking under the water, I found myself slowly rising; I could not feel the water at all; it seemed as though I was floating upward upon a heavy cloud of atmospheric air.

Rising still higher and higher, I at length found myself resting upon a strip of rocky, barren land; I knew that I was again without the bounds of earth, but in what part of Spirit-life I was entirely ignorant. All was dreary and desolate; by this time I had recovered in a measure from the effects of the wine-bibbing, and thought and memory again went bounding through my mind with startling intensity.

Resting against a giant rock, that reared its head far upwards towards the murky sky, I gave myself up to gloomy retrospection.

What good had I done—what work accomplished? Nothing; I had again fallen to the tempter; I was weak and helpless, powerless of will, of no use to myself nor to my kind! Why, oh, why must I continue to drag out such a shameful existence?

And thus I mused and mourned, groaning deep in agony of spirit; my remorse was genuine, but I had not the power (or rather I thought I had not) to again rise, after this, my latest fall from self-respect.

The hot sun came out and glowed with a lurid light; not a shrub or trace of veg-

etation was to be seen; all was stony and barren—no sign of life, except far up, perched on the crags, there sat a bird of sable plumage, that now and then flapped his wings, and seemed to mutter and croak in mockery of my torment.

I remembered the "raven" of the American Poe, and wondered if this too was a creation of my fevered brain, and if I was to be haunted henceforth with the presence of this ominous creature.

At last, it flapped its wings and flew away, and I sank down into a kind of half dreamless lethargy, which lasted I know not how long; but at length I was aroused by the touch of a cool hand upon my head, to find the presence of my missionary guide, "Benja."

"Come, my son," said he; "thou hast done well; thou needst have no fear; thou art now upon the heights of self-condemnation; it is true thou hast a few more trials to bear, ere thou canst enjoy the full glories of Spiritual existence; but every step thou hast taken was necessary to thy well-being; they were what thou needed, to bring thee a full realization of the past.

"Arise and come with me, that thou mayst obtain a glimpse of the realities of life, a gleam of the glorious manifestation of power that awaits thee."

And taking me by the hand, the sainted Spirit began slowly to rise, drawing me upward with him. Away, away, o'er rugged heights and dreary wastes of land, until we neared the entrance of the most exquisite valley I had ever beheld. Strains of enchanting music issued from thence, mingled with bursts of merry laughter and sounds of sweetest singing.

Upon entering the valley, we were saluted by the fragrant breath of beautiful flowers, borne towards us upon the balmy breeze of morning; birds carolled among the leafy branches of the trees, or flitted about the sparkling sprays of gleaming water, issuing from fountains of alabaster purity;—all was calm and serene, a picture of contentment and repose. Beautiful homes, gleaming with singular whiteness, and embowered with flowering vines of gorgeous beauty, nestled low down in the heart of the valley.

There were no doors or windows to these houses, but the sides were entirely open, revealing the simple, innocent home life of their inmates; the roofs were supported by marble pillars, around which the vines and tendrils clung with loving tenderness.

From these homes issued those sounds of joy and happiness we had heard, ere entering the valley,

Away in the distance, on either side arose the majestic heights of purple-crested mountains; while a beautiful river flashed and sparkled in the sunlight, but a little way before us.

About in the centre of the vale, I observed a massive dome, of marble beauty, rising from the midst of a grove of trees, and towards this my guide continued to lead my bewildered spirit.

As we approached, I found the building to be a vast and stupendous temple, wrought out with exceeding richness and beauty, the delicate carvings and fretwork of which I had never seen equalled.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

AMERICUS, Kansas, June, 1878.

EDITOR VOICE OF ANGELS,—In your issue of June 1st is a communication through "West Ingle," addressed to Mrs. Emma Taylor of this place, purporting to come from her aunt, Hannah Moser; and although there is no reasonable room to doubt its reliability, yet I do not consider it a very fair test to judge by, for general things were spoken of. If the Spirit had given her maiden name, her age at death, where she died, etc., I could have judged better as to its reliability. The Spirit said I could become a Medium. Will Aunt please inform me how I can become one? Respectfully yours,

MRS. EMMA TAYLOR.

P. S.—You are at liberty to publish the above, if you like. E. T.

[NOTE.—One would think the message alluded to above, coming from an entire stranger, who could not have known that such a person as Mrs. Taylor existed, a sufficient test as to its reliability; but not unlike most people, when they get one test or a dozen, they want more. Now, if Mrs. Taylor can inform us how the Medium could have known of her existence, much less, that such a person as Hannah Moser once lived in a material body, and had left that body—excepting from the source it claims to come from—it would be a great relief to us. No one knows the difficulty a Spirit has in getting right conditions to communicate at all, and the wonder is they can do anything.]

Pub. Voice of Angels.

LIFT thy voice, oh, my soul, in gratitude for the blessing of Life—the greatest boon ever given to mortals; its manifold vicissitudes bringing ever development of character wonderfully varied, that will live beyond the change called death, throughout eternity, and enroll its name on the page of progress, through merits commenced in earth-life, and step by step ascend toward the bright constellation of minds that once were mortal.

Strike the lyre with words of truth,  
And purge the inmost soul  
From errors that were sown in youth,  
That progress may control.

MRS. A. ANDREWS, New Orleans.

It is a common law of nature, which no time will ever change, that superiors shall rule their inferiors.—*Dyonysius*.



## VOICE OF ANGELS.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION

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BOSTON, MASS., AUGUST 1, 1878

## EDITORIAL.

## UNCONSCIOUS GIVERS.

How little do we comprehend the vast amount of good or evil we are doing in the world! How little do most of us understand the laws and principles that govern and control our being! Did we but know and recognize the fact that we are constantly giving forth to the world part of our magnetism, strength and influence, would it not behoove us to so cultivate our lives that we would give to others only that which will encourage, strengthen and refresh?

As we are constantly giving of our magnetism and influence to the world, imparting the essence of our lives to others, so also are we constantly receiving in turn of the magnetism, strength and influence from others.

Thus the law goes marching on, from one epoch of time to another, ever around the circle of human existence;—thus verifying the old adage, "Give, and it shall be given unto thee again."

This is a fixed, unchangeable law, and is eternal. But it is a Divine law as well; for by it mankind are drawn together—unconsciously it may be—in one unbroken band of fraternal sympathy, whose common work is for the general good and happiness of the whole community. And through the mandate of this universal, irrefragable law, all may, when they understand its internal import, become saviours and benefactors of the race. That is, by living up to its teachings, we can impart to those with whom we come in contact, strength and blessings.

This influence is so subtle and refined, that it can be perceived only by the inner or spiritual perceptions; and yet it is so powerful and potent in its effects, that the recipient is sensibly affected by it, either for good or evil.

Even as the aroma of flowers passes forth into the atmosphere, and mingling with it, gladdens the senses of the passer-by; so the influence of a human life is carried forth into the atmosphere of mentality, and mingles and commingles with other souls with whom it comes in contact. This being the case, who would not rather desire to cultivate those plants and blossoms of beauty and fragrance, which delight and benefit all who behold them,

rather than the poisonous shrubs and vines of evil, the sickly odors of which carry disease and death in their embrace?

But we do not pause to consider, that as it is with the plants and flowers of earth, so it is with the soul and its attributes. If we plant within our breasts the vile weeds of envy, hatred, malice and calumny, and allow them to grow into ugly and distorted passions, when their dark, degrading influence goes forth and mingles with the life-essences of another—seeking by their insidious attacks upon the nervous system, to destroy health, strength and mental activity,—we do the same fatal injury to those around and near us, which the poisonous vegetable growth does in its own way.

If by any act in life we do ourselves a wrong, we commit a sin against our soul; an error which some day or other must be redeemed; but in doing so, we not only harm ourselves, and commit a wrong to our friend and neighbor, and those with whom we associate, but we also do an injury to the whole human race, and bring discord and inharmony into the family circle.

What would be thought of one afflicted with leprosy, or any other loathsome and contagious disease, were he to walk boldly forth among his fellows, spreading the contagion at every step? Would we not be righteously indignant, and feel justified in placing him under restraint? And yet those who are afflicted with a fractious, ugly, perverse temper, and envious, scornful disposition—to say nothing of still more dangerous and detestable traits—are just as surely sowing the deadly seeds of misery, pain and discord among their fellow-beings, as he who poisons others with the leprous disease he carries about in his system.

On the contrary, those who cultivate the finer sentiments of the soul—love and charity—send forth sweet, pure and holy influences, which not only give peace to those who nourish them, but also give vigor, strength and life to others.

What is true of the soul is also true of the house it (the soul) inhabits—the physical body. We are constantly giving out fresh instalments of our physical health and strength. We are likewise constantly receiving fresh relays of energy and new life from others. Hence it is not only for our highest interest and best good to care for our material bodies, to keep them healthy and in good running order, to use every means and method in our power to promote their strength and vigor, but it is also for the good of our fellow-beings as well; for just in proportion to the

amount of pure magnetism we impart to others, just so much are they blessed and benefited thereby.

Again, if we keep our bodies in a good healthy condition, they will not become exhausted and worn out prematurely, even if others do draw liberally upon our strength, and fail to give an equivalent in return; for, from the air we breathe, the food we eat, and the water we drink, can be drawn ample nourishment for the body, when properly and prudently used.

Let us think upon these things and resolve to so live that naught but what is pure, good, and beautiful will pass from us to those with whom we come in contact.

With this thought uppermost in our hearts, when about doing a thing, we will ask ourselves the question, "What practical good will this be to others? or, how can I best utilize my powers for the greatest possible good to the greatest number of my fellow-beings?"

When we can ask such questions without a thought of our own aggrandizement or benefit, then we may feel sure our aim is high, and must result in good. When this point of development is gained, then "old things will pass away and all things will have become new."

## EXTRACT FROM SUMNER'S MEMOIRS.

LONGFELLOW, lamenting the death of Sumner, Felton and Cleveland, says, plaintively and tenderly, in his sonnet entitled "Three Friends of Mine":

"I also wait but they will come no more—  
Those friends of mine, whose presence satisfied  
The thirst and hunger of my heart. Ah, no!  
They have forgotten the pathway to my door!  
Something is gone from Nature since they died,  
And Summer is not Summer, nor can be."

"The 'Five' (Hillard the fifth) came together almost weekly, generally on Saturday afternoons, and met simply as friends, with common tastes and the fullest sympathy with each other, talking of society, the week's experiences, new books, their individual studies, plans and hopes, and of Europe, which Longfellow and Cleveland had seen, and which the others longed to see."

THE world is a vast realm from which to gather gems of Nature. In her opened book are countless lessons for earth's children. Work for the elevation and instruction of humanity is not for time, but eternity. Glorious thought! With this at heart, how happy should be the chosen ones for this purpose—recipients of angels' impressions.

Mrs. A. ANDRUEWS, New Orleans.

LET no man who wants to do anything for the soul of a man, lose a chance of doing something for the body.



## SPIRIT MESSAGES.

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE,  
JULY 7, 1878.

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

INVOCATION, BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

Oh, thou great Author of life, of all  
being: Thou who art the guide and  
Supreme Controller of the universe! we,  
thy children, offer up to thee the homage  
of our souls.

We again thank thee that it is our  
privilege to mingle together on this  
occasion, that thy angels are permitted to  
approach and guide us on our earthly  
way.

We bless thee, oh, Father God, that  
we have tonight the company of thy  
celestial beings, whose delight it is to  
minister to others; and we ask thee that  
they may be given strength to do thy will,  
and to bless, aid, and comfort the needy  
ones in life.

We bless thee, that in coming together,  
every soul can raise the voice and join in  
spirit in thy beautiful song, "Nearer, my  
God, to thee."

That through all the conditions of life  
thou art ever near thy children; that thy  
arms of love enfold those wandering through  
the mists and shadows; that, through our  
wrong doings, our short-comings, and our  
mistakes, thou art still with us, leading us  
over the experiences of earth, and that  
by-and-by thou wilt land each soul in thy  
Valley of Peace.

Oh, blest ones, who meet with us here  
from time to time, to minister to the  
necessities of our spirits, accept the thankful  
gratitude of our souls, for thy sympathy  
and love, and for the blessings and comforts  
of Spirit-Communion.

We bid you welcome, each and all; and  
while we bless God that it is our privilege  
to aid you in the work of enlightening  
humanity, we ask that the gratitude of  
every Spirit may ascend in one grand  
chorus of praise to "Him who doeth all  
things well."

EMMA S. DODGE.

It is not so long since I passed away,  
and I feel so weak in coming. But I would  
like to send a word of love to my dear,  
dear parents and husband.

Tell them it is well with me; that at  
the last moment I clasped hands with dear  
ones on the other side, and received a  
sweet, sweet welcome. But it was hard to  
go in spite of all; for those whom I loved  
most were left to mourn; but as I could  
not gain strength, and as I have found a  
peaceful home, all is well.

My name is Emma S. Dodge. My husband's

name is William. I thought I should like  
to see the Spring come, with its birds and  
flowers; but with the Spring my powers  
failed, and I was born into another life.

Tell my loved ones I was with them all  
that Sabbath day after my resurrection, and  
that I brought them peace even in the midst  
of their sadness, and taught them to say,  
"She is better off; she is at rest now."

And when you robed my form for its  
last sleep, and bore me away from the  
dear old home, I was still with you, striving  
to whisper words of love. It was all very  
beautiful to me, even through falling tears  
and bitter sighs. And as the years go by  
I shall be with you all, bringing you love  
and sympathy. I shall not be idle. I shall  
be strong now, and will prepare you a  
heavenly home, and you will know there  
is one more loved one waiting for you  
there.

I expect that when you come to me, you  
will find that I have become a famous  
house-keeper, and I shall entertain you  
in my own home then. Dear ones, we  
shall still be all together over there, a  
happy, united family.

Dear Will, do not let the shadows darken  
over you. Life still holds much that is  
beautiful and good for you, and you must  
remember that one who loves you is  
watching over you, praying that you may  
be perfect and pure.

When you used to go to the store, I  
used to think of you all day, as busy and  
active, making sales for the good of the  
firm, and I watched for your coming with  
a happy heart. Now I shall think of you  
as busy and active, making the best use of  
life for the good of yourself and others,  
and shall watch for your coming just the  
same.

I thank you, sir. Please to send my  
message to Mr. J. B. Severance, Malden,  
Mass., and then it will reach my family.

JOSSEPH ROBERTS.

PLEASE to say that Joseph Roberts  
comes, and says that if his nephew, of  
Saxtonville, who reads your paper, will  
send to the Medium "West Ingle," and  
comply with her terms, I think I can give  
him what he wants to know; at least, as  
well through her as any one else.

I have a sister and niece here who would  
like to come, so I hope he'll do his part.

That is all.

PRUDENCE MCGRILLIS.

Do you let little girls come? [Yes,  
indeed.] Well, I'm a little girl. I was  
only five years old when I went away.

My name is Prudy. Prudence McGrillis.  
Papa is James, and mamma is Ellen. I

went away from Boston, and I want 'em  
all to know I am still alive, and can come  
and bring 'em heaps of love.

Tell 'em there's a splendid girl takes  
care of me. She's just as good! She died  
fore I was born. She's growing up over  
there. I am, too. Tell 'em there's lots  
of flowers, and nobody's sick.

I'm over six now, I guess. I can talk  
plain, and I am learning fast. Oh, I do  
want to give them all so much love, and to  
kiss 'em all around, and have 'em know I  
come with flowers. Everybody sends  
love, too.

Good-bye. I like you, 'cause you are  
real good to let strangers come to their  
mamma.

WILLIAM FOSTER.

The birds sing, and the flowers bloom,  
just as they did when at last I was called  
to go; but since that time all is changed  
to me, all is beautiful, real, and true, and  
I would not change my blest estate for the  
wealth and comfort material worlds can  
give.

For long, weary years I suffered from  
disease and pain, but at last the summons  
came, and I was freed. Four-score years  
is a long time to remain on earth; but  
although just now I feel the old infirmities  
creeping over me, yet in the Spirit I am  
happy and well; and I want to say that  
Grandpa Foster is at rest and peace, and  
he comes to bless all his dear ones.

I do not regret the lengthening years  
and hours of pain; for now that they have  
fled, I look upon them as stepping-stones  
to something better, as teachers preparing  
me to enjoy and appreciate all that was to  
come after; and the bliss is all the deeper  
and sweeter because of them.

I have met my dear companion who  
went long years before me. I have found  
most of the dear ones, and we all bless  
those who remain. Remember me to my  
Connecticut friends, and to all the loved  
ones. I was at Brooklyn today, seeking  
to make my presence known. I felt it  
not only a pleasure, but a duty, to come  
and report to those I love.

William Foster is my name. Please  
send to my dear son, Wm. Foster, Jr.,  
Providence, R. I. I thank you heartily.  
God bless you.

JOHN L. BLACK.

My name, sir, is Job L. Black. I came,  
thinking I should like to prove this thing  
to my own satisfaction. To me it seems a  
long time since I died, for I have not been  
much concerned in material things. I lived  
to a pretty good age, and have no right to  
complain. I left friends whom I would  
like to meet in some way, and convince



them of the truth. I had no idea I should be seeking this thing, but we never know what we may do.

I left a son, Wm. T. Black, and others. I would say that my wife, Frances, who passed away about four years ago—nearly—from William's home, in New York City, over seventy years of age, is with me, and we are happy. She shrinks from coming herself; but sends her love and blessing to all. We would be remembered to all Long Island and New Jersey friends.

I thank you for permitting me to come. Good night.

Please direct the above letter to Wm. T. Black, New York City.

TUNIE DENSMORE.

GOOD evening. I want to send a message to father and to everybody. [You are welcome.]

We are doing all in our power to enlighten and instruct humanity. There are many poor souls who would be glad to receive the bread of life, as given through our paper, but who cannot afford to take it. And so we Spirits propose to open a fund to receive contributions of money for sending the VOICE OF ANGELS free to the poor; and I come here to appeal to those who can, to send something to father for this purpose. No matter how small the mite, it will be thankfully accepted and faithfully applied to this purpose. And I want father to set a little corner of his paper apart, for chronicling what amount he receives for this purpose, between each issue, and crediting it to the parties' names if they wish.

Father already sends a great many papers gratuitously; but it is a great strain upon him; and if those who can, would only send a little, our sphere of usefulness would be enlarged very much. We want to make our work as practical as possible, and although we do not believe in feeding the soul and starving the body, yet it is our work to feed the Spiritually hungry, trusting the benevolent souls here to look to their material wants.

Dear father, go on; we will guide and sustain you. Eddie sends you his blessing. My other brothers send love. Jennie Sprague sends love to you and her folks. She and I are busy helping others.

I am Tunie Densmore, sir. [We are very glad to meet you; you must come again.] Yes, sir. I thank you all very much for what you are doing for us. If we can give no other reward, we can bring you the angels' blessing.

MESSAGES GIVEN JULY 14, 1878.

INVOCATION BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

Oh, thou Infinite Being, whose presence

fills immensity with power, we, thy children, would worship thee tonight, under a sense of the manifold blessings we enjoy.

We bless thee for the sacred hour that brings to our souls its season of holy peace and rest.

We bless thee for the sacred company of the angels, who are sent to do thy will, and to perform thy mission of love.

We bless thee for the sweet aspirations of the Spirit, which can pour out its soul in a song of gratitude and praise to thee; that we can joyfully sing of the "Sweet By-and-bye," when all sorrow shall pass away, and the soul gain peace and rest.

We bless thee for the love that is ours, the love of the Angel-World, bringing to our hearts that sweet hope, faith, and confidence that scatters the darkness, and causes the shadows of life to flee away.

We bless thee, too, that it is our privilege to meet with Spirits who are brought here to receive thy aid and tender care; and we ask that all who need succor and assistance, all who are now in sorrow, darkness, pain, and affliction, will receive thy holy benediction.

Oh, blest ones, who are with us here tonight, aid and assist those who stand in need, uplift the down-trodden, strengthen the weak, bring comfort to the mourning soul, and make this place radiant with the reflected glory of the good that is to be accomplished.

[AFTER sitting a short time without any manifestations of Spirit-presence, the chairman was influenced to rise and bid all Spirits welcome, stating that there seemed to be a Spirit present, who, although needing aid and encouragement, was too timid to control, and that as confidence seemed to be the law in these cases, all he had to do was to banish fear, and come forward with a determination to do his best.]

HORATIO N. BURGERINE.

I WOULD almost rather choose darkness than light, not necessarily because my deeds are evil, but because I am ashamed to look any one in the face, any one who is still struggling with the perplexities of mortal life. Ashamed, because after having spent four score years in the body, I felt that I could not endure a longer period of existence, and so I took my own life.

My name is Horatio N. Burgerine. My home was in the far West. I was interested largely in political affairs; and that together with private matters, induced me to tie the fatal knot.

It is not long since I committed the act. I went out in April, but I have not found that peace and rest I hoped. It was thought

—which to a certain extent was true—that it was an unbalanced mind that caused me to commit the act; but I find that even if it was so, I hold myself responsible, and it makes me restless and unhappy.

I did not expect anything of this kind. Life is altogether more real and earnest in the Spirit than I knew. Indeed, I looked for nothing only to get out of the body; but now I regret very much that I could not content myself to wait until nature had performed her own work.

I was told that if I came to one of these places, I would gain strength to outwork my present condition of mind.

[The Spirit then received counsel and sympathy from the chairman, who kindly endeavored to point out to him the way to out-live his unhappiness, and gain strength to do a good work, and to cultivate his Spiritual powers.]

I thank you. I begin to see light ahead. This has done me good.

I went out at Cincinnati, although that was not my abiding place. I have a brother who is a Judge in that city. I do not care particularly for identification. I only came for my own benefit, to get peace and rest.

MARIA L. GORDON.

I CAN enjoy and appreciate, sir, the song you sang tonight—"Going home to die no more." It is many, many years since I passed on to the home where there is no more dying.

I have been attracted here from the West, and come this long distance to send, if I can, a message of love to my dear husband. [You are welcome.]

It is so long since I passed away, that earthly events have faded away, and I find it difficult to gather up the past links of mortal life, and arrange them collectively.

But I want to say to William that I have been anxious to come for a long time; and I am grateful for this opportunity. I have been with you, my dear, dear husband, seeking to make my presence known, striving to aid and comfort you, and I come here bringing a blessing of love and sympathy for your soul, bearing you peace and joy from the Angel-World.

It is all true, just as you have hoped. We shall be united in the higher life, for we are mated souls; and I come bearing you a tithe of the tenderness my spirit holds for you, and blessing you for the fidelity of your soul.

It was hard for me to leave you, for I felt that my place was by your side, to become a companion to you through all the years of your life; but, thank heaven, although I have been unseen, yet I have been permitted to be with you.



Memories of that last Sabbath seem to be crowding upon me, and looking back from my present position. I can say that all the pain, all the sadness and suffering, but served to ripen my spirit for the higher life.

I have been permitted to develop and strengthen my noblest powers, for the angels placed in my keeping those young souls who needed a watchful care and tender guidance; and although the years of your life were threaded with hours of loneliness, when you longed for my presence, yet, my darling, take heart, the happiness of heaven awaits you, in the companionship of one who understands and appreciates you.

I have seen your surroundings, and can sympathize with you; yet there is much that is pleasant and worth enjoying.

I went to St. Louis, and tried to communicate there, thinking I should receive strength; but I did not succeed entirely as I could wish. Perhaps I do not here; but at least you will receive the letter, and the assurance that I love and bless you.

There is much I would like to say, but I must not encroach. Perhaps I can come again. Oh, yes, there are dear ones with me who send a loving greeting. I should like to meet all I love here, and give them tidings of the better land.

But I must go. I thank you. Please say it is Maria L. Gordon, who went away in 1854. I think it was early in the month of July, and early in the week. It seems to me on a Tuesday.

Please send to W. P. Gordon, Bunker Hill, Ill.

HENRY WOODS.

It seems rather hard, does it not, Mr. Chairman, that in again taking on mortality, we are obliged to experience the infirmities that carried us off? [It is hard; but such seems to be the law.]

I feel about used up, and yet I am glad to come. I wanted to come as soon as I could, and let my friends know how it is with me.

I have only been gone a couple of months, but I am perfectly at home already. I understood this thing thoroughly, and I would say it is all that I expected—beautiful and true.

Of course, there are a few shady places in my life that I have to brighten up. Of course, there are mistakes to be rectified. I expected that. But with the opportunities offered the Spirit to grow, and the aid and encouragement of loved ones, I know I shall go ahead.

My name is Henry Wood. Let me tell

you that, before I forget it; for I believe it is a fact that returning spirits sometimes forget who they are. [It certainly seems so.]

I can understand that the arbitrary facts, necessary for the identification of the Spirit, are given with difficulty, because the Spirit is obliged to make use of another organism, oftentimes one very dissimilar to its own.

I knew that, but it did not deter me from accepting Spiritualism and its grand teachings, and living them as nearly as possible for over a quarter of a century. I lived to a pretty good age—sixty-seven. Had the Father so willed, I would have submitted with patience to remain. As it is, I was glad; I am glad to enjoy as I do the fruits of the spirit.

It was a lucky Friday for me when I sailed out of port; for it gave me a speedy voyage, and brought me to a pleasant harbor. Say that I do not take back, nor abate one jot of my professions and belief. Experience proves all true. Give my love and blessing to all.

I thank you. May the angels bless you.

Oh, I belonged to, and am well known in Keene, N. H.

WILLIE HOLT.

Did you ever feel achy all over, mister? [Yes, lots of times.] Well, that's how I feel. I guess it's something in the joints.

My name is Willie Holt, and I want to see my name in the paper. [Well, you shall.]

It's over two years since I went away. I think perhaps there is some one in Baltimore who will send the letter.

I guess my folks think this is awful; but it ain't. It's real nice. And I'm having a splendid time. Tell them I've got a flag like the one I had here. I was nine years old.

I feel better now. I think you are real kind. Good-bye.

[THE following little poem professes to be a Spiritual communication to a gentleman of Portsmouth, N. H., by a lady, formerly of that place, deceased. I think I copied it from the *Banner*.—E.]

You dream of Heaven,  
While to me is given  
Sight.  
Your brightest day  
But passes away  
In night.

You seek for Heaven,  
Yet dread to be given  
From earth.  
Believe what I say,  
That passing away  
Is birth—

Birth from the scenes that surround your way.  
Birth from the clouds that darken your day.  
Birth to a life that never shall end,  
Birth to the presence of God your friend.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

## A VISION.

BY S. D. W.

BROTHER DENSEMORE,—In looking over an old scrap-book, I came across a poor little waif, hidden away, a copy of a piece sent to a friend, then mourning the loss of a lovely little daughter, in addition to the death of a venerable and honored mother. In listening to the well-meant efforts of a friend to give relief and consolation to the sorrowing mother, by representing her little one as "safely and sweetly sleeping in Jesus," to be restored to her in the resurrection, I could not help contrasting the cruel, bitter mockery of offering such a dry old creed-pill to the famishing mother-heart, when I knew that the loving Spirit-friends were at the moment holding to her lips a crystal chalice, filled to the brim with the sweet pure water of life, drawn from the full fountains of love and sympathy in their own souls, saying, "Take this and live; it will give you strength to endure, patience to wait, and it will dry up your tears, so that you can see clearly your little Mary as she is—not lost to be restored to you, when time shall be no more, and she, standing ever free from the covetous desires of the flesh, and no longer feel ambitious to rise above my God-given work among men.

I would like to converse with you, William, as we used to. I could now prove many of your pet theories, and possibly I could convince you that the "one-half has not been told you" concerning the life and immortal duties of the soul. You are getting along rapidly in your chosen task, and success will, it must, come to you in the near future. You are placed where you are surrounded with opposition; brave all, and success will be the grand result.

Creeds and theories do not wield much power over the human mind; there is always an inner conviction of truth, and nothing can gainsay it, I hear Christianity preached, and know there is more real truth in a fluttering leaf than in the whole of it. The whole plan is unfit for any practical purpose, as it is taught, as present in the church her "lost Mary," like unto myself and thousands of mothers all over the world.

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE MOTHER OF LITTLE MARY W.—G. BY HER TRUE AND LOVING FRIEND, S. D. W.

"Sweetly sleeping"—baby sleeping?—no!  
The sleep of death has passed away;  
Darkness and death have passed away;  
No fever throbs, no cruel pain  
Can e'er convulse the little limbs,  
Or force the agonised moan again.

Not "sleeping" now—no, mother dear,  
The little form you laid away.



Perfumed with flowers, baptized with tears,  
So still, so cold, though wondrous fair,  
Was but the robe your baby wore;—  
No "darling Mary" slumbers there.

An Angel-presence hovering near,  
By tear-dimmed mortal eyes unsoon,  
(While waiting seraphs touched their lyres,)—  
Received the babe, so weak and weary,  
And fondly to her mother-heart  
She clasped your "angel Mary."

She kissed the tiny silent lips,  
The veiled eyes and pure white brow;  
She breathed soft notes of tender love,  
Till life the little bosom thrilled.  
Not "sleeping" now—the Angel kissed  
To life, her own dear Sarah's child.

Look up, poor stricken father, now  
Behold your little cherub near;  
You'll know her by her soul-lit eye,  
And by the rippling laugh, that filled  
Your heart so full of holy joy—  
Her laugh, that death's cold touch soon chilled.

To sister dear, and brother, too—  
Oh, think not of your "Pet" as lost;  
She's only left the soft home-nest  
To bask awhile in summer bowers,  
To fill her soul with love divine,  
And pluck for you celestial flowers.

Oh, see the little birdling now,  
All safe in grandma's loving care;  
And take the sweet bouquet she brings,  
Of Lulu leaves and lily buds,  
And flow'rets rich and rare:  
Oh, wear them on your loving hearts,  
And kiss the hand that placed them there;  
A shield, dear friends, oh, may they prove  
'Gainst malice, hate and envy's sting.  
So oft by treacherous friends here given!  
Ere long will come the Father's call,  
"Come higher," and join your loved in heaven.

who can, to send something to father for this purpose. No matter how small the mite, it will be thankfully accepted and faithfully applied to this purpose. And I want father to set a little corner of his paper apart, for chronicling what amount he receives for this purpose, between each issue, and crediting it to the parties' names if they wish.

Father already sends a great many papers gratuitously; but it is a great strain upon him; and if those who can, would only send a little, our sphere of usefulness would be enlarged very much. We want to make our work as practical as possible, and although we do not believe in feeding the soul and starving the body, yet it is our work to feed the Spiritually hungry, trusting the benevolent souls here to look to their material wants.

Dear father, go on; we will guide and sustain you. Eddie sends you his blessing. My other brothers send love. Jennie Sprague sends love to you and her folks.

#### INVOCATION

GUIDE us, oh, Lord, in the path of wisdom, that glittering gems of truth may feast the soul. As the eagle soars far above the mountain top, so let our souls soar unto thee, gathering in what thou wouldst give to nourish and sustain us. Let thy strengthening arm of love support us in the weary pilgrimage through life, and at last lead us unto the shore of thine everlasting home, prepared for all who love thee and do thy works fulfill. And unto thee be all praise.

Mrs. A. ANDREWS, New Orleans.

#### INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

#### TO MY SOUL.

BY M. THEURSA SHELHAMER.

Up, up, my soul, above the shades  
Of dark, tempestuous night!  
Arise and pierce the gloomy pall  
That veils the brilliant light;  
The gates of Dawn are swinging back  
To usher in the day.  
As countless star-beams fade from sight,  
Along the Milky Way.

Up, up, my soul, and pierce the gloom  
Of sorrow, doubt and dread!  
The stars of Mercy, Peace and Hope  
Shine calmly overhead;  
Up, up, and plume thy inner power  
For yet a loftier flight;  
And rest not till ye nobly gain  
Progression's topmost height.

Should clouds of trouble thicken fast,  
And drops of anguish fall,  
Fear not, for Heaven's supernal love  
Rests calmly over all.  
Resolve to pierce the darkest cloud,  
And brave the roaring blast—  
For right and truth shall guide thee on,  
And lead thee home at last.

Up, up, my soul, away—away  
Beyond the land of gloom!—  
Soar to the upper realms of light,  
Where flowers of beauty bloom;  
Wing thy proud flight to shining worlds,  
Where Knowledge, Love and Truth  
Dispense their bounties freely forth,  
Alike to age and youth.

Pause at that shrine where Purity  
Protects each soul from sin;  
Stay, till the germs of holiness  
Are planted safe within;  
Then from the heights thou'st dared to mount  
Bring back thy matchless dower,  
And bless the hearts of suffering ones  
With Knowledge, Love and Power.

Up, up, my soul, above the illa  
That cluster round your way!  
Surmount the steepest, thorniest path,  
That leads to perfect day;  
Plume your proud wings for nobler flights,  
Tune your sweet voice for song,  
Send back the echoes of your notes  
Along the haunts of wrong.

Send back the glories that ye gain,  
To light the path of shame,  
To brighten error's beaten road  
With Truth's undying flame.  
Up and away, nor pause while life  
Shall lend its powers to thee;  
Sing as ye go thy sweetest strain—  
God's anthem of the free.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

#### HAPPY GREETING TO THE RED-MAN.

ROLL back the tide of hunter-life,  
When Nature's God bore rule;  
Ere Art's device in Nature's strife  
Had taught in Error's school!—

When God in clouds or in the wind  
The Red-man's senses knew,  
And great Manitow, to his mind,  
Was ever good and true.

No creed, no dogma held him down  
In basest slavish fear  
Of hate and gloomy, dreful frowns  
From Spirit realm, so near.

His life with peace was truly spent,  
In childlike faith and love,  
And mind to mind, with pure intent,  
In Spirit-kindness strove.

No warring thought, no social strife—  
But senses truly bland;—  
He lived in this—a natural life—  
And hoped for Summer-land.

Then may we not in love aspire  
To joys which do abound  
Around the happy "council-fire,"  
On the Red-man's hunting-ground?

In brotherhood we'll meet him there,  
As brothers we are here.  
And join the merry "dance of peace,"  
And smoke the pipe of cheer.

No tomahawk or scalping-knife  
Shall brandish in that light;  
For implements of death and strife  
Are banished out of sight.

No warring elements shall feed  
The fires of baleful breath;  
For Love's eternal, brightest meed  
Shall be our untold wealth.

There in celestial joys we'll sing  
The songs of Peace and Love,  
With praises to the Red-man's King,  
Who reigns and rules above.

Then, hail the happy Red-man, here!—  
We'll greet him, far beyond,  
In raptures sweet—without a fear—  
On his own "hunting-ground."

J. W.

No. 1806 NORTH SEVENTH STREET, Philadelphia.

"So many fond ties hold us here,  
So much hath earth to give,  
We often say, with thankful hearts,  
'Tis sweet to live.  
So many are the treasures lost  
Heaven only can restore,  
We sometimes think 'twere better far  
To live no more.

Two lives are ours: the earthly way  
Is with the heavenly blent;  
Between two worlds that share our love  
Our days are spent,  
Scarce caring when sleep's angel comes  
Our tired lips to kiss.  
If our awakening morning be  
In that, or this."

[I think the above was in one of Wetherbee's "Whispers," in the Banner.—K.]

#### PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

THROUGH C. E. WINANS.

ISABELLA PEARSALL.

Good evening, sir. I am Isabella Pearsall. I lived in Ontario. I have been dead two years, near about. I had to leave this world quite young. I was twenty-three years old.

I want to say to Benjamin, that I come tonight, because of the confused state of your mind, and because you need comfort and aid. Benjamin, I know that you are an unbeliever in these things. I can't blame you, for you know that we never tried to enlighten ourselves concerning the life after death.

For what do I come? Not because I need the aid of mortals so much, but to give them the true light which lighteth man every one that cometh into the world. All day long I stretch my Spirit-hands earthward, hoping to lay them on some head, and thereby stimulate the brain, so as to make it the medium through which I can communicate glad tidings that we live and can bring joy and light to those who are in darkness, and the understanding of the great laws God has ordained to fit his creatures for the eternal inheritance, vouchsafed to them through the Mediumship of his dearly beloved Son.

My husband, with whom I was associated in the body, and whose kindness I so often



enjoyed, you must not be forgotten. I come to earth to aid you in the great struggle through which you are passing. Bright will be your crown of rejoicing when we meet on the shores of immortality. Let your soul be the temple of God, by keeping it free from the corrupt influences that have attached to the glorious cause of Spiritualism. I love your honest mind and heart, and would say, trust in the Divine Spirit within you, to bear your testimony that God is as a Spirit, and seeketh none to worship him, save only in spirit. It is in spirit you are strengthened to do the Father's will.

I will come again and talk with you. God bless you, Benjamin. Good night.

ISABELLA VICTORIA PEARSALL.

THROUGH ALFRED JAMES, PHIL'A,

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

ANTO MENIKOFF, GREEK PRIEST.

PEACE, friend. I was surrounded by fools once, and am surrounded by a great many fools now. To preach to them the truth is of no avail. Man seems to be wrapped up in his follies, both here in this life and in the life beyond. What can be done to wrest them from this dark night that has settled around so many of them? For nine hundred years I have taught in this life and in Spirit-Life; but how can I call those who will not hear, how impress those who are not impressible? I taught one kind of logic or doctrine that I deeply regret, and that was for men to build upon another's merits. I find these departed Spirits surrounding me, and although I wish to make the way clear for them now, I find this idea so deeply imbedded in their natures, that it cannot be eradicated. It seems to me that I cannot make my ideas rightly understood, in order to relieve those who are around me, and who still look to me for guidance. I find that man in his earth-life here can gather conditions around himself that it will take ages to deliver him from. Tell all you meet to rely less upon prayer and more upon actions.

I find less difficulty in speaking the English language through this Medium than I anticipated. I was a priest of the Greek Church, near Novgorod, Russia; and before me I see those same scenes from day to day, that I saw here. The tolling of the old church bell, although it seems so calm and beautiful, and although so dwelt upon by poets and philosophers here, yet little do they think that this tends to crush the immortal soul in the life beyond. This is not a foundation to

furnish them a short and quick route to infinite felicity.

My name was Auto Menikoff; and what I wish to ask of you is, How can I open the eyes of those ignorant Spirits to see the true way to happiness? [He was told to proclaim the truth to them as he now found it, regardless of all prejudices or fear of consequences, and in time that truth would find a lodgment in the souls of those he sought to benefit. He then continued]: I have been guided here today by one well-known to you. By Mr. Owen—Robert Dale Owen.

In my day we looked to the East for knowledge; now we have to come to the West, to the youngest of the nations, for that knowledge. Farewell.

ISAAC KEHOE.

GOOD afternoon, sir. What shall a man do to be saved? Get up and do for himself—that is my experience. That is the way to hang the door and place the knob where the hand can reach it the readiest to open it, all the lies and tricks and humbugs to the contrary. Anything like solid description of life after death no one wants anything to do with; and anything like one of these mumbling, jumbling fellows, who do the talking, is immense, and they swarm around them like flies around a sugar hogshead. You may ask where I cleared out from. I went out at Bethlehem, Penn. I was not sick long; I got a fever and went very quick.

Well, sir, I was called an infidel, and am an infidel yet, and am going to keep on being one. I have not found any hell or any heaven, but just about what I expected; neither good nor bad.

But I do want a lift, stranger. I want to know how to get to a girl that I liked when here. She is in Spirit-Life. I see her, but cannot reach her. She died some time ahead of me. I intended to offer myself to her in marriage, but she passed away before I could do so. I see her, but cannot go to her, nor can she come to me, although by her appearance she seems most anxious to come. She was a nice, quiet girl, of steady behavior. Her name was Jane Russell. She was a hired girl on a farm. I was nothing more than a poor farm laborer. I do not want to come here with a lie, and pretend to be more than I really am.

[He was informed of the great law of adaptation which governs the Spirit-World, and that if he would rise to the place in Spirit-Life to which his female friend had ascended, he must exert himself to become adapted to that higher plane, when he would rise to it by a natural and unceasing

law. He was exhorted to discard all purely selfish desires, and to labor to lift up and advance those who were around him. Promising to act upon the advice, he yielded control.]

THROUGH WEST INGLE.

PETER B. BROWN, M. D., IN SPIRIT-LIFE, TO HIS FRIEND, WM. MEAD, OF YATES, ORLEANS CO., N. Y.

WILLIAM, I may say brother, for such you are to me in love and sympathy, I find it exceedingly pleasant to talk with you through the medium of pen and paper, knowing that the VOICE OF ANGELS will carry the glad tidings to you that I am still alive and busy, striving to aid suffering humanity by ministering to the sick and afflicted on the earth. I find it difficult at times, as I cannot always find reliable instruments for my work. Half of the men who become physicians are just snares. They misinterpret the higher duties of man, and for an unjust acquisition of wealth, send men, women and children into Spirit-Life before they are ready for the change.

I am as strongly opposed to evil as I used to be, although ever free from the covetous desires of the flesh, and no longer feel ambitious to rise above my God-given work among men.

I would like to converse with you, William, as we used to. I could now prove many of your pet theories, and possibly I could convince you that the "one-half has not been told you" concerning the life and immortal duties of the soul. You are getting along rapidly in your chosen task, and success will, it must, come to you in the near future. You are placed where you are surrounded with opposition; brave all, and success will be the grand result.

Creeds and theories do not wield much power over the human mind; there is always an inner conviction of truth, and nothing can gainsay it, I hear Christianity preached, and know there is more real truth in a fluttering leaf than in the whole of it. The whole plan is unfit for any practical purpose, as it is taught at present in the churches.

I cannot at this time give you tests, for there are circumstances connected with you and me—a friendship deep and strong, superior to all things earthly. I did not understand your nature thoroughly until I saw you through the inner sight. Now I know you, my friend, as I know my own soul, and love you for your truth and manliness. Do not permit others to come between you and your Spiritual faith. The



day is drawing near when the Spiritual Church will rise superior to all others, and those endowed with heavenly gifts will be honored instead of dishonored. And the reformers of today will be the victorious party in the conflicts of the world.

I cannot say more at this time; but as your gifts develop, I hope to commune with you often. Remember me to all who are near and dear to us both. I am, as ever, your true friend,

PETER B. BROWN.

FROM PORTER CHESTERFIELD, IN SPIRIT-LIFE,  
TO HIS SISTER, MRS. HANNAH MILLER.

DEAR SISTER HANNAH,—You have called me back to you, and through the silence of the grave I come to speak to you. I hope, through you, that my letter may reach the rest of my dear friends, for you know who they are, and the conditions necessary to aid me in communicating with them. Do try and let me speak to you often. Then I can come and go freely, and you will gain by impression the knowledge you so much desire.

Father is preparing a message for you, Hannah, and mother will rejoice to know that the path is open for communication with the dear ones here.

I know how your life has been overshadowed, dear sister; nothing ever seemed to come as you desired it; and my life was sometimes unsatisfactory and unreal. When I entered Spirit-Life, the day of reality dawned. I wanted many things to make me happy which I could not possibly find upon the earth. Oh, my sister, death was a friend, instead of a foe, to me. There are so many who dread the change called death, but if they only knew what happiness and freedom from all care awaits them here, they would no longer fear to die.

Father says he would not come back to earth and take up the old life for countless worlds. He is now just what he always desired to be, free to study out all the grand mysteries of nature. You know what a noble man our father really was. If he had been placed in a condition to use his natural abilities, he would have been superior to most men. He was always just and generous, patriotic and true. There was a halo of glory around his silvery head, though his life was more humble than that of many.

I want you to give my friends this message, and tell them that Porter Chesterfield has found his true mission. There are many of our friends here, and members of our own family, some of them our English ancestors, who stand high among the pure and good.

I would like to show you the little ones, Hannah, but I can neither come to you now personally or appear before you. I shall soon do so, for you are destined to become one of the Spiritual Church. Do not shrink from your work; do not let brothers or sisters or friends turn from the true light which shines down upon all who love the truth, and are pure hearted.

When you see my companions and friends of other days, tell them the finite and the Infinite are near together. Tell my family that God is good to his children; but all his ways are strange and mysterious, and must add to his glory in the end.

You are to see brighter and more prosperous days; you will be blessed in all you do. Losses and crosses will be changed, and you will live to rejoice that have been afflicted. All things done by my friends since I left the earth, are nearly satisfactory. My place could not be filled in a day.

God bless you and all the rest. Remember all I say to you, and try to impress upon my dear ones the fact that I am still alive.

PORTER CHESTERFIELD.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

#### ADDRESS TO OLD AGE.

BY HANNAH BROWNSON, AGED SEVENTY-FOUR YEARS.

AGE, what art thou doing?—why art thou so bold  
To rob us of reason and sense, when we're old?  
Oh, spare us our senses, our ears and our eyes,  
And pray let some smaller privations suffice.

Is not this sufficient to shackle the frame,  
And make us decrepid and feeble and lame,  
And causing our hairs to be frosted and white?—  
Oh, spare us our senses, our hearing and sight.

But if 'tis our lot to be lame, deaf or blind,  
Pray have some compassion at least on the mind;  
And although the system may lose all its tone,  
Pray don't touch the intellect—let it alone!

Old age comes along with his stamping machine.  
And sets on his marks, unperceived and unseen;  
And although unheeded, we scarcely know how,  
Is stamping the wrinkles of age on our brow.

All this we can bear, and feel fully resigned;  
But pray do not fetter and hamper the mind!  
With many privations we'll cheerfully bear,  
But don't take our senses—we have none to spare.

#### THE DYING SHAKER.

WRITTEN FOR MRS. HANNAH HALL, BY LORENZO D. GOSVENOR.

LET me go, let me go—'tis the dawn of the day;  
The light of eternity's cheering my way;—  
The dawn of the day that will shine evermore—  
Let me go, let me go to that beautiful shore.

Let me go, let me go with the bright shining band,  
With whom I shall dwell in Immanuel's land;  
Oh, there will be fulness of joy evermore—  
Let me go, let me go to that beautiful shore.

Let me go, let me go to the kingdom of peace,  
Whose glorious dominions forever increase;  
The white plumes of war will not dance on that plain,  
No fountains are fed with the blood of the slain;—

But fountains that flow on the rivers of love,  
Reflecting the bowers of the Eden above.  
The trees of life wave o'er each flowing stream,  
Bright rays from the mountains of holiness beam.

The sweet fields of Paradise millions admire,  
Whose vastness the wings of an angel might tire;  
To them, with a friendly adieu, let me go,  
Where fountains of pleasure eternally flow.

A PIECE of white cloth is like a man's reputation; it can be dyed black, but you cannot make it white again.

#### TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

This is to certify that THOMAS M. WELLS is appointed General Agent and is authorized to solicit subscriptions for the VOICE OF ANGELS, and forward the same; also to appoint Agents wherever he may be, for the same purpose.

D. C. DENSMORE, Pub. Voice of Angels.  
No. 5, DWIGHT ST., Boston, July 13, 1878.

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