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LITERARY.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

DEATH IS A LIVING FOUNTAIN.

THROUGH TRYPHENA C. PARDEE.

COME to the living fountain, come—
That issues from the closing tomb,
And swells the great eternal dome
With sweetest songs of "Home! sweet home!
Home! sweet home—sweet home—sweet home!"
With sweetest songs of "Home! sweet home!
Home! sweet home—sweet home—sweet home!"

Come to the fountain, ye whose care
Seems more than your frail forms can bear—
Whose burdened bosoms gloomy are;
List! softest strains of home are near:
"Home! sweet home—sweet home—sweet home!"
List! softest strains of home are near:
"Home! sweet home—sweet home—sweet home!"

Come to the fount whose constant flow
Bears weary ones from ports of woe;
Death's darkening pall a moment lowers,
Then Heaven's bright home, sweet home is ours—
"Home! sweet home—sweet home—sweet home!"
Then Heaven's bright home, sweet home is ours—
"Home! sweet home—sweet home—sweet home!"

Come where the crystal waters ever
Fill Life's eternal broad deep river,
And echoing float on its silvery tide
The tunes of joy on the other side:
"Home! sweet home—sweet home—sweet home!"
The tunes of joy on the other side:
"Home! sweet home—sweet home—sweet home!"

Come to the stream where angel-love
Broods o'er its waters like a dove,
And cheers us through its liquid wave
To home, sweet home beyond the grave:
"Home! sweet home—sweet home—sweet home!"
To home, sweet home beyond the grave:
"Home! sweet home—sweet home—sweet home!"

Come where the Tree of Life takes root,
With healing leaves, fresh flowers and fruit,
To grace the shores on either side,
And spoil death's gloom, as home we glide:
"Home! sweet home—sweet home—sweet home!"
And spoil death's gloom, as home we glide:
"Home! sweet home—sweet home—sweet home!"

ELLINGTON, N. Y., July, 1878.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

CIVILIZATION:

MESSAGE NUMBER TEN.

SPOKEN THROUGH J. M. A., JULY 9, 1878.

[REPORTED VERBATIM BY S. S. A.]

MY FRIEND,—There are some things which are indispensable, in this life or in any other with which we are acquainted or of which we have knowledge.

Necessary conditions for existence are the right and should be the privilege of every human being.

There are many who, at the present stage of human developement—and of affairs—are denied the necessary elements lying at the foundation of progress, prosperity, and even life itself.

First, we notice that the multitudes are destitute of the first essential to independence, to liberty, to security, to prosperity; that is, a *freehold in land*, sufficient for the uses of individual home life—to say nothing of other forms of life, yet to be inaugurated and developed.

Land should be *free for use*—and for use only. Homes should be guaranteed to all who need them, by the people collectively—by common consent. I mean the *mineral basis* of homes, the essential, external starting-point.

There should be no landless, homeless poor. There need be none. There is room enough and to spare for all who are on the earth, and who are likely to be on the earth for ages to come.

I repeat, then, land should be held in *usufruct*, but never in fee simple. Like water, air, heat, light, electricity, and other still more imponderable elements, it should be appropriable by the individual, family, group, etc., according to needs, not greeds.

Secondly, I suppose human beings are naturally entitled to whatever is necessary to secure and maintain equilibrium of forces, and of conditions, throughout the physical body, and between the physical and spiritual bodies or departments of being. Otherwise, life is but a mockery, a gift not worthy of thankfulness, a curse rather than a blessing; at least, so long as this fact of deprivation, or unequal distribu-

tion (I might say inequitable distribution) continues. In other words, there must be opportunity and facility for the attainment of food, of clothing, of shelter, and of whatever else contributes to the comfort and rational enjoyment of life, vouchsafed to every individual born into existence upon the planet (earth or any other.)

To ensure the attainment of this essential equilibrium—to secure the enjoyment of this essential privilege—many things now deemed essential, at least, very desirable, must be *left behind*, as stumbling-blocks, dead weights, "curses in disguise"; and many other things not now regarded as attainable, but recognized as very desirable, will at once be found to be within the easy reach of all.

The wants conferred by Nature, in her wisdom, are few and simple, and, in a right system of things, easily met. The wants conferred by artificial civilization (in its present forms) are neither few nor simple, and besides being beyond the reach of the many, are in great measure a care to those who attain them; so that the few, suffering from luxury, and the many, suffering from deprivation, are neither of them satisfied—nay, never can be, so long as the *system* continues which *produces* the inequality, the excess and the lack.

Love would dictate the abandonment of barter and sale, wages, profits, interests, competition, etc. Justice would also dictate the same. And when the *methods* shall appear plain to the comprehension of the world, by which these and other kindred evil-producing cause-elements at the foundation of the social fabric may be removed safely, peacefully, quietly, without shock or jar to any, and other elements substituted, whose legitimate outgrowth and upspring shall be for the securance to each and all of that which each and all require for internal and external, individual and collective equilibrium and harmony, and easy, rapid and pleasant evolution, "onward and upward"—the masses will not be slow to avail themselves of so great a boon.

We do not exaggerate when we say that not half the power there is in the church, is brought to bear as it should be.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

TESTING MEDIUMS.

"We protest earnestly and emphatically against any class or body of people declaring that party a fraud beforehand, who will not submit to their particular dictation. Spiritualism is not a man-made movement. The manifestations do not come at the dictation of any human being. No human being can justly declare under what circumstances manifestations shall take place. . . . This is our word of protest, and we warn investigators, as well as Spiritualists, that the conditions for manifestations must be controlled by the Spirit-World; that if you place yourself in accord with them, ample satisfaction will undoubtedly be given."—*Spirit A. A. Ballou, through the Mediumship of Mrs. Richmond.*

"Go on, dear friend, and strive if possible to place the testing power in our hands; for by so doing we will give to you and to others more than they could ever ask of us."—*Spirit Fanny A. Conant in Banner of Light.*

"I do not believe we have any right to approach Mediums in an arrogant or dictatorial spirit, assuming them to be impostors. Nor do I believe that we have a right to dictate to the Spiritual World the terms and conditions upon which we will consent to receive its revelations, as if we were conferring a favor in deigning to receive the most inestimable boon that can be vouchsafed to humanity."—*F. L. H. Willis, M. D.*

T. R. H.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

THROUGH WEST INGLE.

DELTA, Mich., July 12, 1878.

DEAR BROTHER DENSMORE,—The long-looked-for has come at last. In our VOICE OF ANGELS for July 1st, I find a message from Daniel H. Crane, given through "West Ingle," for the benefit of his children and friends. He seemed pleased to have the opportunity to give them his most affectionate blessing.

Ever dear father, may it remain with us, and often may our memories be refreshed with thy loving admonitions—they are so very like yourself when you were here.

The few of the children and friends who are here, and have read the communication of Daniel H. Crane, concur in giving a hearty response, and have no hesitation in saying it is correct.

His manner in giving his many words of hope and cheer to us, his children and friends, is wholly emblematic of his

earth-life. His children were his blessing and are now his pride.

Sister Mary is comforted, and feels that father has spoken to her.

Leroy acknowledges that he has had a good test.

That we may some time hear from our dear father again in Spirit-life, is the sincere desire of all his children.

Many thanks to the dear father, who so kindly proffered us his blessing! We hope to profit therefrom, and if consistent, hear from him again.

Ever yours for the truth,

MRS. LUCY FARNHAM,

The oldest child of Daniel H. and Lucy R. Crane.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

PASSED TO SPIRIT-LIFE.

FROM near San Francisco, Cal., July 4th, 1878, JAMES A. RIDER, son of John B. and Almira Rider.

The funeral from the residence of his parents on the 7th inst., was very largely attended by sympathizing friends, who expressed their tender regard by beautiful and delicate flowers in great profusion.

In addition to singing by friends of some choice selections, appropriate remarks were made by Mrs. L. Mathews and Mr. P. D. Moore.

The following testimonial and expression was adopted by the Children's Progressive Lyceum:

"We, as officers and members of the, 'Children's Progressive Lyceum,' of San Francisco, deeply realize that another seat is made vacant, in the sudden and unexpected translation to the Summer-Land—to the Angel-World—of our young and noble friend and most devoted member, James Rider, at the early age of twelve years, by accidental drowning, on the 4th inst.

"We desire to bear our hearty and cheerful testimony to the excellent qualities of character, both of head and heart, which he possessed in a remarkable degree. He evinced an intelligence, integrity, affection and harmony that would adorn and reflect credit upon any youth, or even adult. He was so noble, modest, gentle, manly, and withal so symmetrical in body and mind, that he won the love and admiration of the entire Lyceum and visiting friends, as well also, in fact, of all in the community who knew him.

"We regarded him as the model, the example for all the members of our institution, to which he was so attached. At the annual meeting, recently held, he was elected Librarian, and performed his duties in the most creditable manner.

"We feel that his departure has made a vacancy in our circle that cannot be filled by another, and that human language is too poor and weak to properly express our regard for him and for his manly virtues.

"Whilst we tenderly and deeply sympathize with his fond and affectionate parents, and

would mingle our tears with theirs, yet we have the glad and comforting assurance that he still lives in a more beautiful world than this, clothed with a spiritual body, surrounded by loving friends, and sustained by our Father's infinite love and wisdom, and that, with his nature unchanged, but being constantly developed, he will ever be near us, with all gentle and loving influences, to guide us in the performance of every duty, and to lead us in 'ways of pleasantness and in paths of peace.'

"May we so live and emulate his virtues, as to be enabled to hold sweet communion with him, and finally be welcomed by him and other Angel-friends to the flowery banks of our beautiful Spirit-home, the Land of Light and Love. LAVERNA MATTHEWS, Conductor.

"San Francisco, Cal., July 14, 1878."

ON THE DEATH OF JIMMIE RIDER.

BY MRS. LAVERNA MATTHEWS.

A NOTE of sadness fills the air,
Our hearts with grief are torn,
A lamb from out the fold has gone,
And we in sorrow mourn.

Oh, angels, was thy heaven above
Of bliss so incomplete,
That thou didst need this darling boy,
While we in sadness weep?

Didst fear the storm and tempest here
Might cruel to him prove—
And this was why you took him there,
Safe in thy home of love?

Didst fear that some unkindness given
Might strike with cruel dart?—
Didst fear that we in blindness even
Might wound his tender heart?

Didst know that in thy heaven of love
He would more beauteous grow—
And this was why you took him home,
No grief or pain to know?

When all is still within my soul,
Comes back the sweet reply—
The opening bud will now unfold
An angel in the sky.

Safe in the everlasting fold,
Where joys supernal reign,
Two beauteous boys you now behold,
Joined hand in hand again—

Two Spirits, with their hearts as one,
So radiantly bright;—
'Tis Jimmie and his brother John,
In robes of shining light.

With beckoning hands they say to you—
"Dry all those bitter tears;
Ere long, you too will bid adieu
To earthly joys and fears.

"Dear father, mother, earthly friends,
When near the shining shore,
We'll reach to you our willing hands,
And safely guide you o'er—

"Where we shall live forevermore,
One strong unbroken band;—
Oh, the joy and bliss for all in store
Who meet in Spirit-Land!"

[Through J. B. Donald, New Dungeness, Wash. Ter.]

THIS world is not a fleeting show,
Truth and love are in it now,
And we can have them if we will,
Without always being driven.

TOLDO.

OUR friends should set their houses in order without delay, preparatory to the coming conflict between Labor and Capital. The signs of the times point unerringly to this result.

J. N. H.

[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 SIX.

THE grounds surrounding this magnificent temple presented to the beholder a scene of unsurpassing loveliness. Nature unadorned by human art! The green sward, rich with its velvet-like softness, glowed and sparkled in the sunlight, like a huge emerald of priceless value.

Thickets of wild roses here and there shed their royal perfume upon the passing breeze; vines and tendrils twined around the trunks of the lofty trees, through the branches of which flitted and carolled birds of brilliant plumage.

I followed my guide up a flight of marble steps, and found myself in a large and spacious vestibule, at the further end of which hung what seemed to be a heavy curtain of royal purple velvet. The floor of this vestibule was tessellated with blocks of many-hued marble, presenting to the eye a most beautiful appearance, in the centre of which arose a magnificent fountain of crystal whiteness, sculptured and carved with the most exquisite workmanship, from which ascended sprays of cool and sparkling water. Water, water, everywhere! Through all my wanderings in the eternal world, I have never been long absent from the sight of clear, leaping, sparkling water. It is the life-element of the Spirit, next to sunlight and air, and it needs no artificial addition to render it agreeable and palatable.

Through the open interstices in the sides of this entrance-way, the perfumed air from without wandered, diffusing a most refreshing breeze throughout the apartment. To the left, I observed what appeared to be an inclined plane, the surface of which was as smooth as glass and as white as porcelain. This glassy road led upward beyond the frescoed ceiling, until it disappeared from sight.

I turned an inquiring look upon my companion, who thus replied to my silent questioning: "Thou art now, my son, standing within the walls of one of those temples dedicated to art. This is the Palace of Delight. The Artist's Home, behind yonder curtain, is the Hall of Poesy, where congregate souls so rounded out and complete, that they may express themselves in measures full and sweet; whose lives are breathing, active poems of beauty and love. Yonder spiral stairway—calling my attention to a staircase, glittering like burnished gold, at my right—leads to

the halls dedicated respectively to the gods of music, painting, and statuary, where those souls gather that are attuned in harmony with these divine expressions of creative energy, and there pour forth all the hidden richness and glory of their Spirit's conceptions of life.

"Yonder crystal pathway leads to the grand temple of all, where gather each one—poet, artist, sculptor, musician, prophet and sage, all united together in the bonds of sympathy and love, to compare notes, and to charm and enlighten each other with the productions of each individual mind.

"Thou wilt observe that it is up hill all the way, extending beyond thy vision, and that the road is slippery and seemingly impossible to climb, typifying the pathway over which struggling genius is forced to go, slipping here and there, oftentimes stumbling, until it plumes its wings for bolder flight, and by determined effort and perseverance wins the goal.

"The Novitiate who first enters this temple dedicated to the Muses, and would fain ascend yonder roadway, finds himself slipping and stumbling; for it is written that he first visit the halls of learning, each one separately, ere he attempt to enter the grand temple of art. When he has done so, he finds no need to crawl slowly up yonder plane, but concentrating his will upon the desired spot, and by the power of his acquired ability, he mounts upward without fear, and gains the goal.

"But thou, my son, must now pass beyond yonder drapery. There thou wilt behold that for which thy soul is to be fitted. There thou wilt find kindred minds, and some time thy birthright. I must now leave thee. My work calls me away. Others will teach thee thy lesson of life. Farewell, and God bless thee."

The sage vanished, and I was again alone. Curiosity as well as interest led me to approach and push aside the hanging velvet which obscured the sight. I did so, and beheld a vast apartment, the roof of which, fretted with lace-like tracings of golden hue, was supported by richly carved columns of finely veined marble. The floor was Mosaic, inlaid with pearl and ivory, formed into clusters of flowers. At the farther end was a raised dais, covered with a crimson, satin-like fabric, above which, suspended from golden rods, clouds of fairy-like, creamy lace drooped and fluttered.

Upon the dais was seated the stately form of a male Spirit, whose majestic bearing, noble brow, and intelligent, genial, love-lit countenance attracted and held

the respect, admiration and esteem of the beholder. Upon either side was seated a personage, mild and gentle of demeanor, with the unmistakable mark of genius stamped upon his bearing. Ranged around the dais in a semi-circle were a number of seats, filled with occupants of both sexes, all seemingly intent upon the Master Spirit of the place.

The inmates of this hall were clothed in various costumes, each as their fancy suggested; but with such correctness of taste, that all the colors and styles blended together in perfect harmony, and in company with their surroundings, made up all the details of a superb and radiant picture. I noticed a peculiar halo of mellow light emanating from and surrounding each member of this assembly, graduating from a beautiful tint of yellow, down to a pearly whiteness, and which lighted up the features with indescribable beauty. These souls were enveloped in their own wealth of love, sympathy, and perceptive harmony.

I had but to gaze upon the massive brow, thoughtful, speaking countenance, and smiling eyes of that centre figure, illuminated as it was with animated intelligence, blended with an appearance of devotion, when it suddenly flashed upon me that this was Addison—Addison, the gifted, noble and true, whose works I had ever admired, and which I had placed beyond emulation. The pale, saint-like face upon his right I recognized as Cowper—Cowper the good. Him upon the left, with his flashing eye, and fiery, impassioned features, was Byron, but Byron purged of the impurities and grossness of sensual life.

I gazed around, and it dawned upon me who these people gathered in this spot were. I saw the calm, pure features, and love-lit eyes of Felicia Hemans, of Elizabeth B. Browning, of Letitia Landon, and others well known to me from the melodious outpourings of their spirits. There was Dryden, Thomson and Pope—little misshapen Alexander Pope, now grown straight and lithe and willowy, with no discontent upon his features, sitting at the feet of Addison, and drinking in the reflected light of that stately presence.

I will not weary you by naming them. All were poetic souls, drawn together by bonds of sympathy. All were well known in the ranks of literature, and all present seemed to be my own countrymen and women. It was purely an English gathering in every sense.

I could not understand what was going on. I heard nothing but a low, sweet,

rhythmic sound proceeding from the dais; but it was unintelligible to me, although, by the interested looks of those present, it was evidently not so to them. I had advanced no further than the inner side of the dividing curtain, for I dared not intrude upon that celestial company. I again glanced at myself, and as the contrast between my faded, dust-worn, shabby appearance, and the fresh purity and sweetness of these harmonious souls, flashed upon me, together with the thought that had I done more and been more in the past, had I allowed my spirit to put forth all its powers, aside from the allurements of physical life, I, too, might have been seated here with this angelic host, in place of creeping in like an outcast and an alien, I covered my face, and fled from the apartment and the place.

I next found myself standing alone upon a sandy shore, watching and listening to the surging roar of waves, as they came tumbling, rolling in to my very feet. All was wild, tempestuous. How I had been brought to this place, I could not tell; through what tortuous, devious ways my Spirit had wandered, I could not explain. I felt that I had passed through a fiery furnace. I was still scathed and smarting from the sting of accusing memory. I felt a touch upon my shoulder, and turning, gazed into a pair of kindly, sympathetic eyes, the eyes of one whom I felt was to be my friend and brother, the eyes of one whose name shall yet be sung throughout the length and breadth of old England, one who passed from earth-life a few years before myself, at the early age of thirty-two. I gazed into the eyes of Robert Brough, poet and friend.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

VENELAND, N. J., July 28, 1878.

BRO. DENSMORE,—In the VOICE OF ANGELS of July 15th is a communication from my mother, Rebecca Adams. I recognize it as coming from her, without a shadow of a doubt.

I am able to know what she means, when she speaks of my defending Spiritualism, if not in living up to its teachings, in spite of persecution and calumny.

The Spirit Isabel spoken of was a niece of my wife.

"Sammy" was the blind Medium who died while boarding with us, five years ago.

I wish also to give my testimony in verification of a message published in the VOICE of June 15th, I think, (for the number is lost,) from old Capt. Currier.

When in Boston, four years ago, I became acquainted with him—saw him at the Banner Office—heard him talk of his sights and sounds, and I think, of what his relatives thought of them, as he says. After he fell on the ice, and was hurt, I went to see him at the Old Men's Home, and he told me of his seeing Spirit phenomena there.

Truly and fraternally,

R. M. ADAMS.

SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE,
JULY 21, 1878,

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELHAMER.

INVOCATION, BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

OH, wondrous Power! whose presence we behold everywhere; whose kindness and beneficent love we experience evermore; by whose blessings we are surrounded every hour.

We desire on this occasion to express our gratitude and praise to thee for thy paternal care and blessing; to render up to thee the homage of our souls, as we recognize thee in spirit as our Father and our God.

We bless thee for this means of communion between the mortal and the immortal. We bless thee for this means by which thy children are brought together, and so united in spirit, so harmonized in soul, that they can join as with one voice in that soul-inspiring song, "Nearer, my God, to thee."

We thank thee, oh, Parent of Good, for this sweet communion, and we ask that thy needy ones may be supplied in the present as in the past; that their sufferings may be assuaged, and that they may be lifted into the light of knowledge and of truth.

To this end send thy ministering angels to aid and assist; give them strength and courage to carry on the work; bless them with the sacred blessings of thy approval, that they may be able to perform their allotted task.

Bless this earthly company; fill each soul present here tonight with a realizing sense of thy presence, that they may become sanctified in spirit.

And oh, our God, bless this Medium, and give unto her strength and courage to do thy will; aid and assist her to do a mighty work for the good of humanity, that thy angels may be glorified, and thy great name honored for evermore.

LUCY ALCOTT.

It is but three months yesterday since I passed away; but I would like so much

to send a message to those I love so well, and to tell my dear father it is all I expected—very beautiful and good.

I am at peace now; sweet, infinite peace comes over my spirit, and I would impart it to him—my father, whose spirit was, and is, in harmony with my own. My father is Rev. Wm. Alcott.

Tell him that the sweetest hour to me is when the shades of evening fall, and we can come close to those we love. Yes, indeed, then it is that angels are hovering around, as I believed and loved to think. Sing the sweet song, and we will come, bringing you blessed assurance of our presence.

I am twenty-four years old, sir. This seems like a sacred anniversary to me, for I have spent one-fourth of my first Spirit-year in the higher life; and I have had such a yearning to commune with the loved ones, that I could not help coming, even though I do not give all I would like to give.

It was another sweet Sabbath day that I first became conscious of the real Spirit-Life. The few hours before that I was too closely attracted or held to my dear father to fully realize my Spirit-surroundings.

Do not be sad, dear father. I told you that I would come, and that I would be with you, and I have. I will be with you in all your journeyings, and whenever an opportunity presents, I will make my presence known.

On every anniversary of my Spirit-birth I will bring you a message of love, and if possible, communicate it to you. On every tenth of April I will be with you with some sweet little token, that you may remember the mortal birth of your darling; and on all occasions and everywhere I will bless you all with great love and peace.

Tell father that I can see that some of the folks have been sorry since I passed away, that they were not more friendly and kind.

I passed away from Shelburne Falls. My name is Lucy Alcott. Tell father there is another dear Spirit who hopes to communicate with him some time, if she can. I thank you, sir. Good night. [Good night.]

[You had better send to Rev. Wm. Alcott, Buckland, Franklin Co., Mass.]

JAMES H. HARRIS.

[How do you do?] Well, I do pretty well; but the lady who was just here left a kind of a weakness on the Medium.

I think if I make myself known I shall be recognized, and as three more days will make the anniversary of my transition to

the higher life, I thought I would come and let the people know how it is with me. [That's right.] I was a Medium and speaker myself, and understand this thing pretty well; and I want to say that I am not idle, but am trying in my humble way to do what I can.

I find everything about as I expected, only greater in a degree than I could ever realize. There are some things that I have to look in the face; but I expected that, and was prepared.

My name is James H. Harris. I little thought when I embarked with my friend on that short voyage, that I was embarking on a speedier voyage to the Summer-Land. Had I known this, I would have left a few parting words with friends, but take it altogether, I am satisfied. Only I would like to say to each one, It is well with me; go on with your work, and it will be equally as well with you. The angels crown with blessing every effort to teach and enlighten humanity.

I am still one with you, and am often in your midst. Although I have manifested to you before, I thought I would like to come here, away from you, and send my blessing with my love.

I wish to bless and thank those near to me in Abington and elsewhere.

WILLIE JONES.

How do you do? May I send a letter to my papa? [Yes.] I'm growing fast, I tell you. I ain't the little bit of a boy I used to be; but I'm papa's boy, just the same. Do you like flowers? [Yes; we have some here.] They are real pretty. Have you any pinks? [No, we haven't.] I have. I have got a big bunch of white pinks, right here. They are just splendid. I brought them for mamma Cutting. Tell her they are every one for her. I am going to put them on the table.

I want to give my love to mamma Cutting. Tell her its all just splendid. Oh, I can come to her! I play tricks sometimes; but I bring her a heap of love with the flowers. I don't see Nellie B—as much as I used to, and I guess her work is somewhere else.

Tell papa that grandpa—grandpa William, who used to like the old Methodist tunes—he likes them now, but he don't groan as he did here—sends his love and blesses him for what he has done, and for what he is trying to do. That's what he says, and that he tells him to keep a good lookout for what's coming; that the Spirits cannot hasten human events, but they can straighten crooked things, sometimes, and make use of earthly means to accomplish their work; and in good time

all shall be made plain, and you will find a smoother road. That's what he says. I don't know what he means; but my grandpa's most always right.

My name is Willie Jones. Please send it to Mr. Frank W. Jones, Boston.

EBEN N. WARDELL—"EBIE."

Will you let another little boy come? [Yes, indeed.]

I'm growing. I can talk now, 'cause the angels take care of me, and teach me good.

I did see the pretty angels before they took me, and I did tell papa and mamma to see too. Mamma did feel awful bad, and papa did, too, 'cause their little boy was so sore and sick; but I be all nice, now.

I'll be seven years old just a little while after the new year. I want to come to send lots and lots of love, and to bring the pretty, pretty flowers. There's such a nice, nice lady takes care of me! I call her grandma.

[What's your name, dear?] Ebie. It's just like my papa's. [What's that?] Eben—Eben N. Wardell. [Where did you live?] Swampscott. Ain't there a place like that? [Yes.] I was most four years old, and I do want to send ever so many kisses.

Wait, mamma and papa, 'cause your little boy will come for you. Good-bye. [Good-bye.]

[You had better direct to Eben N. Wardell, Swampscott, Mass.]

KATIE WYMAN.

I too would like to send a word of love and greeting from my beautiful Spirit-home to those I love so dear—so dear on earth—and to tell them I have grown strong, healthy, and bright in the other life.

I had a fever, and it left me so weak, and with so little vitality, that I could not bear the demands made upon my system by nature, and so my body pined away; but my Spirit has developed, even as my friends could wish. I was only sixteen years old. Life would have been full of joy to me, could I have been strong; but as that could not be, I now can truly say, It is best.

I have powers given me to work out for myself, opportunities to perform what I wish, dear, loving angel-friends to help me—who send kind remembrances of love—a beautiful home, and am happy. I often come home to those I love, and it is sweet to me to know I am thought of, sweet to know my place is kept in the hearts of those I love; and as the days and weeks

go by, they often wonder what I am doing, and how I am getting along; and when the anniversaries come, I am remembered.

Such beautiful flowers as I saw; everything was pleasant and satisfying to me, in spirit and mortal.

My name is Katie Wyman. I lived in Stoneham. My father, Mr. Rufus Wyman, and my dear, darling mother, Abbie, I want to send a kiss with love to, and each and every one in the family.

It will be three years in September since I went away—early in the month. I thank you, sir, for this privilege.

[Please send to Mr. Rufus or Mrs. Abbie Wyman, Stoneham, Mass.]

DR. SIMEON TUCKER.

Will you allow a voice from Stoughton to be heard? [Certainly.] I did not pay much attention to this thing when here. my business calling, as I supposed, my faculties in another direction; but I don't know but what I might have been aided in my professional career, had I done so; however, I have no fault to find, and although I did not expect to be coming around in this way, yet we are never too old to learn, and I am here to investigate to my own satisfaction.

I lived to a pretty good age—nearly seventy-nine, I believe, and as I was permitted to work up to nearly the last hour, I have no complaint to make. I went out, as I always hoped to do—suddenly, and with but little warning. I always abhorred the thought of a lingering illness, and I am thankful I was spared that. I expected I would go in some such way as I did, and so all is well. Like Othello, I woke up and found my occupation gone; but I don't mean to be idle, and I expect I'll find my hands full before long.

You can say I did not find many former patients staring me in the face, for hurrying them off, but I did meet a number of friends, who gave me a hearty greeting.

I am well known in Stoughton, being an old practising physician of that place. My name is Simeon Tucker. It was early in February, I think, when I passed out.

I am very grateful to you for this opportunity afforded me to return.

EACH Spirit-impression is as a fine chain or link emanating from the spirit and thrown upon the brain of the sensitive. They have first to prepare the brain or plate for the picture.

Mrs. A. ANDREWS, New Orleans.

THROUGH emanations arising from each individual Spirit, ascertain the moral status of each, and by this criterion you can never be mistaken.

Mrs. A. ANDREWS, New Orleans.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

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EDITORIAL.

OUR INSPIRATIONAL SPEAKING MEDIUMS.

IN a few of the late numbers of the *Banner of Light*, we find extended criticisms upon the teachings of Spirits, as given through the organisms of some of our best and most reliable speakers—more especially Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, Mrs. Nellie J. Brigham, and Thos. Gales Foster—in relation to the Harmonial Philosophy. While all come in for a share of our critic's anathemas, inuendoes, and cruel, uncalled-for thrusts, the former—Mrs. Richmond—is selected as a special target for his heaviest blows. The criticism, although couched in eloquent and learned language, renders, we believe, not only a great injustice to the Medium, but her Spirit-Teachers as well. For, while calling in question the authorship of her utterances, the worthy writer proceeds, without a particle of evidence to sustain his assumptions, (except what comes through his own prejudices,) not only to denounce the teachings coming through her organism as "puerile and childish, but absolutely absurd and ridiculous." Now, the whole case can be packed in a nutshell: The Spirits, in one of their discourses through this highly-gifted and cultivated Medium, made certain statements concerning the Harmonial Philosophy that did not correspond to the critic's mode of reasoning; and because they did not, he proceeds straightway to attack all Speaking Mediums in a most unmanly and unwarrantable fashion.

Passing over the gentleman's criticism upon that part of the lecture concerning the solar system—leaving these and other portions of his writings for abler hands than ours to answer—we pass on to that portion of his remarks which reads thusly: "Over twenty years ago, it was the theory of the then youthful Cora, that Spirits could leave their earthly bodies, roam *ad libitum* around this and the Spirit-Land, gathering knowledge and happiness, and then return and occupy their earthly tenements; and her refined womanhood still nurses this childish fancy," etc. Continuing—"Hallucinations of this kind were repeatedly inflicted by her and others upon the people of the city of Buffalo, nearly a quarter of a century ago. During the girlhood of Mrs. R., she lectured nearly

two years in that city, with Thomas Gales Foster, both speaking as Trance or Spirit Mediums. They taught that a disembodied controlling Spirit could displace a Spirit in the human body, and the Spirit thus ejected could visit Niagara Falls and other places, meeting other Spirits on the way, and sojourning with them as with friendly convocations." The learned gentleman then goes on to say, "At a meeting of Spiritualists in that city, I made an urgent protest against this childish and absurd doctrine."

Now, we would respectfully inquire, by what authority and by what law of right did the gentleman protest against the doctrine as being "childish and absurd"? This, in all fairness, he should answer; without that, he leaves us to infer that his protest was nothing more nor less than an emanation from his own inflated imagination. True, he tells us that "It seemed to me then, as it does now, that every person with sufficient wit to distinguish an oak-tree from a tree-toad, can detect the utter fallacy of such teachings, which dethrone reason and subvert some of the vital principles of the Harmonial Philosophy." But, as before hinted, his statement neither gives us his authority or reason for denouncing the teachings of Spirits—that those still inhabiting an earthly body can detach themselves from the physical form and roam at will—nor does it show us his right to call such teachings "childish and absurd." Therefore, in the absence of such proof, the inevitable inference is that he had none to give, other than his mere belief; which, without proof, amounts to mere assumption and downright arrogance.

In spite of this learned critic's belief, the statement is true, nevertheless; and there are thousands upon thousands of persons, possessing "wit sufficient to distinguish an oak-tree from a tree-toad," who yet fail to detect the fallacy of such teachings, and who certainly cannot see wherein they "dethrone reason or subvert the vital principles underlying the Harmonial Philosophy"; nor has the gentleman succeeded in proving to us that these principles are "subverted, and reason dethroned," by *anything* given by the Spirit World through their chosen instruments.

But what is the tendency of the teachings, the criticisms and assumptions of such writers, but to close forever the lips of all public Speaking Mediums? It would effectually block up the only channel through which the Spirit-World can give utterance to their thoughts, simply because they are not clothed in the mystic

drapery of mystery and incomprehensibility. It would cramp and limit the powers of the Spirit to the objector's narrow gauge, and place fetters upon the soul, saying, "Thus far shalt thou go, but no farther." In other words, it would confine the possibilities of the inner man within the domain of the critic's assumptions and uncompromising arrogance.

Again we ask, Who are those who *know* that Spirits inhabiting mortal bodies have *not* the power to detach themselves temporarily from them, and roam through space, and return and occupy their earthly tenements? Certainly not those still occupying earthly bodies, whose spirituality is not sufficiently developed to recognize and employ the powers of the Spirit. Certainly not those who, with no evidence to offer as proof that Spirits *cannot* do these things, yet lack the experience of thousands of mediumistic souls, who know they *can*.

Who can measure the possibilities of the human soul?—who will attempt to limit and confine its powers? Who will set up a boundary line for the immortal soul, declaring it can go no farther? Certainly not any finite being. Certainly none but those possessing the power to measure and comprehend the immensity of space, to scan with all-seeing eye the wonders of the universe, who know and can comprehend *all* causes and effects in life, and who possess an unerring judgment and an infallible power for discerning all truth. In short, no one yet on the plane of mundane life, nor yet in the higher spheres, will presume to limit and cramp the powers of the Spirit. And if we mistake not, even our learned and versatile writer will hardly claim infallibility, infinite knowledge and wisdom for any soul yet in the mortal—even if he does say of the Poughkeepsie Seer, "His perfect and remarkable power of independent clairvoyance enables him to actually *see and comprehend* from within, the cause of all effects, phenomena and appearances, and become by experience a possessor of facts and truth." Ah, no; there are none in earth-life competent to fully comprehend, appreciate and understand the possibilities of Spirit—none capable of measuring the immensity of the Universalium, and comprehending all that is therein—none possessing unerring wisdom and judgment—none who can fully explain the Harmonial Philosophy to the complete satisfaction of all souls.

That divine philosophy of life, comprising as it does all there is in the universe, visible and invisible—comprehending all

things, linking together cause and effect, effect and cause, into one endless chain of sequences—harmonizing and blending into one perfect whole all the actions and motives of life, animate and inanimate;—who shall comprehend all this in its entirety, save that omnipotent Over-Soul, whose purpose and power is seen in all his works. "from everlasting to everlasting."

Ah, no; it cannot be. Finite man can neither measure the philosophy of life, nor chain and confine the soul; and while we honor our critic for his desire to eliminate the false from the true, and to enable the people to understand and more fully comprehend the Harmonial Philosophy, as it is, yet we feel that it is unwise for him or any one else to seek to check the utterances of the Spirit-World.

That it is unkind to denounce in unmeasured tones, as he does, the teachings emanating from the world of causes, as given through their chosen instruments, as wrong and pernicious, all fair-minded persons will allow. For we defy him to produce one case where any one has been led astray, demoralized, or weakened in mind, through the teachings of our public speakers; while we can point him to hundreds and thousands of famishing souls, who have been fed, clothed, benefited and educated by these same teachings.

The ministrations of the Angel-World are for the common people, and they must be clothed in language that *they* can understand and easily comprehend; even if they should fail to reach the high standard of knowledge and excellence of some of our erudite thinkers and writers, who seek to lead the multitude by their criterion of truth; yet it cannot be otherwise, while human advancement makes headway, and human progress goes marching on. Then let us by all means have a free platform, free speech, and free thought, for Spirits, as well as for those yet in physical bodies.

A few words more, and we close. Quoting from a lecture delivered through the organism of Mrs. Brigham, our critic remarks, "That lady stated to her audience that obsession is a fact, although sometimes people had imagined its existence where it did not exist. It is true that persons can be obsessed or controlled by Spirits, whose natures are undeveloped. To guard against the evil effects of obsession, keep yourselves physically in the best possible condition—the best advice ever given to mortals." It is also a demonstrable truth, attested by the experience of hundreds, that obsession is a fact; that undeveloped Spirits can and do control susceptible organisms for their own selfish purposes; and yet

this writer declares—"If obsession by Spirits can occur, as taught by Mrs. Brigham and Mrs. Richmond, then human experience is a cheat, and our legal and medical jurisprudence a net-work of oppression, tyranny and murder." He then goes on, and protests, in the most summary manner, against "these diabolical incantations." Now, that obsession is a fact easily demonstrated, does not, we opine, prove "human experience a cheat, or legal and medical jurisprudence a net-work of oppression, tyranny and murder." That legal and medical jurisprudence are governed principally by the laws of ignorance and custom, we admit; but when the calcium light of Truth and Knowledge shall have made its inroads into their now darkened minds, they will become remodeled, and act upon a more perfect plan. But that the law of obsession should make them what our critic declares they would be, if it were true, is, we think, a little far-fetched, to say the least.

As for the "diabolical incantations" of Spirit-teachings, emanating through the lips of mortals, being a curse to mankind, we would say, would that we had a few more of them to give to humanity, whom our critic denounces as charlatans and frauds—to go forth into the world and preach the gospel of Spiritual life to all people. Humanity might then become educated to a higher standard of honor and right, and Spirit-Life would then possess a few less ignorant, darkened souls, who are now seeking out "God's plan of salvation."

MR. AND MRS. HOLMES, the Mediums, are in Boston, and will remain a short time, to afford our people an opportunity to witness their wonderful Seances.

They are just from Manchester, N. H., where they gave a number of highly-interesting Seances at the residence of Mr. T. W. Twombly, 119 Orange street. Mr. Twombly met them in Washington, D. C., last winter, where he became greatly interested in their Seances; so much so, that on his return home to Manchester, he fitted up a Circle Room, made a Cabinet out of a closet, in which he built a cage-like test condition, wherein to secure the Medium, while the form manifestation occurs.

This is the proper way for every one to do, who invite Mediums out to hold circles. Where proper and satisfactory test arrangements are provided, protection to both parties is assured, and all chance for suspicion, doubt or cavil is avoided.

The result of the sittings at Mr. Twombly's was highly satisfactory to all who witnessed them.

Mr. Twombly, on his way to Manchester from Washington, stopped at Vineland, N. J., the home of the Mediums, to test the paraffine

mould phase of manifestation. He brought his paraffine with him, had it carefully weighed, and during the time the scalding hot paraffine was in the cabinet, he handed in a lady's gold ring and a gentleman's plain ring. At the close of the sitting, two moulds were found in the pail, and both had rings on. A plaster of paris cast was taken of the one with the lady's ring, which showed the ring upon the *outside* of the hand, on one of the fingers, fitting so tight that in many places it had apparently been too small, and had *cut into the flesh*.

As the Medium knew nothing of the ring being placed in the cabinet, and the weight of the hands and paraffine was found to be precisely the same *after* the sitting as *before*, it proves conclusively that the moulds were made then and there, and that deception was simply a physical impossibility.

Mr. Twombly has the cast of the hand with the ring on, also the paraffine mould of a hand, showing the impress of a ring on the inside of the mould, which he will take pleasure in showing or in giving details to those who are curious in such matters.

A detailed account of their sittings has been prepared by Mr. Twombly, and may appear in this journal at an early day.

Mr. and Mrs. Holmes will be at No. 8 Davis Street, on and after Thursday, Aug. 15, where Seances will be held every evening, at 8 o'clock.

CORRECTION.—In the message of Henry Wilkins, in the July 15th number of our paper, the name "Nettie" should be "Hattie"; also, the name "Katy," in Nettie Neily's message, in same paper, should read "Hattie."

"ALONE WITH MY CONSCIENCE."

[THE following poem has been read by Mr. D. L. Moody in public. Mr. Moody said it had affected him deeply, tho' he was not much of a hand for poetry.]

I SAT alone with my conscience,
In a place where time had ceased;
And we talked of my former living
In the land where the years increased;
And I felt I should have to answer
The question, if put to me,
And face the answer and question
Throughout an eternity.

The ghosts of forgotten actions
Came floating before my sight,
And things that I thought were dead things
Were alive, with a terrible might;
And the vision of all my past life
Was an awful thing to face—
Alone with my conscience sitting,
In that solemnly silent place.

And I thought of a far-away warning,
Of a sorrow that was to be mine,
In a land that then was the future,
But now is the present time;
And I thought of my former thinking,
Of the judgment yet to be—
But sitting alone with my conscience
Seemed judgment enough for me.

And I wondered if there was a future
To this land beyond the grave;
But no one gave me an answer,
And no one came to save;
Then I felt that the future was present,
And the present would never go by,
For it was but the thought of my past life
Grown into eternity.

Then I woke from my timely dreaming,
And the vision passed away,
And I knew the far-away warning
Was a warning of yesterday;
And I pray that I may not forget it,
In this land before the grave,
That I may not cry in the future,
And no one come to save.

And so I have learnt a lesson,
Which I ought to have known before,
And which, though I learnt it dreaming,
I hope to forget no more.

So I sit alone with my conscience,
In the place where the year: increase,
And I try to remember the future,
In the land where time will cease;
And I know of the future judgment,
How dreadful so e'er it be,
That to sit alone with my conscience
Will be judgment enough for me.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

GOD.

WHAT is God?—a personality or a principle? God is the compound aggregation of all personalities and principles. The original germs of all souls and all lives are offshoots from the mind of Deity.

Soul-germs have existed from all eternity as a part of God, yet distinct from God.

The internal life-centre of the soul of man can no more cease to exist than God, because it has been a type of man from a beginningless eternity.

God is the great active positive life-principle that permeates matter in all its forms, to the remotest degree; while matter by itself is inert and dead. Matter is the clothing of God.

J. W. GIBSON.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

BROWNSTOWN, Ind., July 24, 1876.

DEAR BRO. DENSMORE,—June 25th, we were favored with a visit from C. E. Winans and lady. We held three circles for materialization. The first, owing to conditions, was not satisfactory. The second and third more than met our expectations. Several forms walked, or rather glided from the cabinet. One crossed the room, went into another room, and dematerialized. Distance from the cabinet to the door about eight feet. Frequently two forms would be seen at once. Handkerchiefs would be materialized by Spirit-hands, and held up to our view.

Several persons were recognized by their friends. One person, with one leg off below the knee, appeared twice. All could see him distinctly. He was recognized as an uncle of the lady of the house. Her sister, who passed away five or six years ago, appeared, dressed in pure white, sat down in a chair at one end of the cabinet, placed her arm on the back of the chair, rested her head on her arm, and spoke in a distinct female voice, saying, "Sister, please turn down the light." She repeated it the second time in a distinct voice. All in the room heard the voice and saw the form, and there could be no mistake.

Several others, that did not come out of the cabinet, called for their friends, giving their names, and greeting us by shaking hands.

During the entire evening, the Medium was tied and in a deep trance. There was no deception. How could the Medium, even if he felt disposed, appear at each end of the cabinet at the same time? Could he, at the same moment, while laughing in a coarse voice, be calling out the endearing name, papa, with the voice of a young child. If so, then we might be deceived.

If you think the above worthy of a place in the columns of the VOICE OF ANGELS, you may publish it. If not, there is no harm done.

Yours, Respectfully,

A. BENTON.

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

HARMONIOUS BLENDINGS.

BY DR. D. AMBROSE DAVIS.

WHY stand we apart with our work in the vineyard,
Since God's every child has his mission to fill?—
Oh, why not go forward, like brothers and sisters,
Forever united in earnest good will?

Are we not all in the hands of Jehovah—
All the recipients of His divine care?
Then, why so ungrateful as not to be willing
To let every soul have its God given share?

Oh, if we look upward for wisdom and guidance,
How quickly the angels respond to our call;
Using forever their utmost endeavor
To make us evangelists of kindness to all!

The trees of the forest have no altercation,
But stand in their order, as though they were one;
Their roots and their branches make progress together,
Until their great work of the temple is done.

The sunshine, the rain, and the dewdrops of morning
Are ever the same to the high and the low;
For Nature we find in her blessed bestowals
Is always impartial, wherever we go.

The star-gems that sparkle in beauty above us,
So many and varied—all acting their part—
Are seeming to ask us to be more fraternal—
With shoulder to shoulder and heart-pulse to heart.

For though in God's wisdom our missions are varied,
Our heart's best emotions should still be the same—
And kindest favors from one to another
Should be the soul-tokens at which we should aim.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE MORNING LIGHT IS BREAKING.

BY C. J. WHITMAN.

THE morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
Earth's children are escaping
From all their anxious fears
Of endless separation
From best beloved ones here,
Or dark annihilation
For those they hold most dear.

Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings to our ears
Of humanity's progression
From superstitious fears.
Rich blessings fall around us
In many a gentle shower,
And lovely scenes about us
Are opening every hour.

Millions are now accepting
The glorious truths we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above.

For choicest favors shown them
By loved ones who have gone,
Who now return to greet them
And guide them safely on.

Glad tidings of communion
Pursue thy onward way—
Go thou to every creature,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Go sing to all the lowly
Of that eternal home,
Where all the pure and holy
Will bid them welcome home.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

HAIL!

BY MRS. A. B. F. ROBERTS.

HAIL! the divine light from heaven given,
That errors from the world hath driven;
Hail! the voice of progress, in thundering peal,
That truth from error cloth reveal.

Hail! the blessed Millennium Day,
That smoulders errors in decay;
Hail! the onward progressive cause,
That teaches man of God and Nature's laws.

Hail! the voice to man's reason hath spoke,
To break the bondman's chain and yoke;
Hail! those who were foremost in the fight,
Giving battle to wrongs for the right.

Hail! the heavenly truth divine,
That with light and truth man's soul entwine;
Hail! the angels, who the dismal gulf have spanned,
And are now in communion with man.

Hail! the angels from the heavenly sphere,
Descending to earth, man's soul to cheer;
Hail! to the day of the second birth,
When the soul shall take its flight from earth.

CANDIA, N. H., July, 1878.

CONFIRMATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

SAXONVILLE, Mass., July 31, 1878.

DEAR FATHER DENSMORE,—In my last paper, I find a communication from my uncle, Joseph Roberts, through Miss Shelhamer, in which are many beautiful tests, and very characteristic of him in every particular; and coming as it did, unsolicited, through a perfect stranger, makes it a greater test than if it came through an acquaintance.

God bless you in your noble work, and may your health be preserved until every dark place on earth is irradiated with the light of the higher spheres!

Respectfully yours,

F. H. GROVES.

WORDS in holy kindness spoken
Are as priceless gems imperiled,
Or as loaves of life-bread broken
To the famished of the world.

DR. D. AMBROSE DAVIS

INVOCATION.

MAY Peace spread her mantle, like the soft shadows of evening, upon earth's weary children, gather and strengthen with her beautifying influence, leading them to the fount of Everlasting Love, and with her sweet incense envelope all who are weary with the wastes of life, leading them upward to thy great sanctuary, where they will find eternal love and peace forever. Guide and strengthen, Infinite Father, all thus supplicating thine assistance; and unto Thee be ascribed all praise, now and forever more. Amen!

Mrs. A. ANDREWS, New Orleans.

PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.
THROUGH WEST INGLE.

TO SIMON HURTON MILLER, MERIDEN, LA.

DEAR brother. I am still your dear sister Sarah—"Killgore" and "Culpeper" being names taken on by marriage. How good and kind you were to me during the first years of my early widowhood. Oh, when I think what I lost by not heeding your advice! And what I suffered makes me feel that I owe you more than a sister's love, more than commonly falls to a brother's share. You know what my first marriage afforded me, and the second left me still looking earnestly for what life could not give.

I have my dear ones with me, and we are progressing rapidly toward a more perfect state. My first husband is with me. He knows where we made the grand mistake of our lives, and is aiding others to overcome the trials that befall those who are wilfully blinded.

And my dear brother, the very hardest thing a man or woman has to overcome in Spirit-Life, is the mistakes of earth-life. The human family are progressing, at least as fast as possible. And I know people are better now, that is, they understand the laws of life better than our ancestors, the preaching to the contrary, notwithstanding.

I have met all our friends here, dear brother, and some few who lived and died careless of the Christian creeds. The latter are as far advanced in Spiritual knowledge as those who lived in the way our good old Scotch ancestors tried to live in their day. Daily and hourly they battled for their faith. Some of their descendants, who had no faith in church creeds, but trusted more in Providence, and doing the best they could, have got there in advance of their creed-bound brethren. Having no old habits to overcome, and no old creeds for stumbling-blocks, they got the avenues of communication open readily, and commenced the upward movement. Now, dear brother Simon, they will not be closed till you are satisfied what eternal life is, that is, the destination of the human soul.

Tell my dear husband, S. W. Culpeper, that he is still dear and near to me, and for all he was and tried to be to me, I thank him; and tell him to be kind to those left in his care, and labor earnestly to overcome all trials. She who will try to fill my place may succeed, and all will be well.

God bless you, my dear brother. I wish all our family had your heart and mind. If they had, we should keep nearer to each

other than we now are. If God's kingdom leans low towards the earth, it must be done through love and harmony.

You are all right; and, Simon, I desire you, when in circles, to sit alone, or with one of the children on your knee. I can develop you faster, and it is necessary for you to attain exalted conditions, which we call exalted inspirational conditions. You will know what I mean very soon.

This is not my first or last message to you. I will give you a slight knowledge of what I have been through, and what I found here. Give my kind love to all who remember me, and wait for my next message.

I am still, as ever, your faithful and loving sister, Sarah—Sarah Miller—Killgore—Culpeper. In other words, I am still your loving sister.

TO MRS. EDNA GRAYLING, BALTIMORE, MD.

I AM Tom Brown, and am just a little blood relation to "Old John," of Harper's Ferry renown. And I come back to speak to my sister, Edna Grayling. She knows who I mean, as she takes the VOICE OF ANGELS, and is looking for this message from me, though she expects it to come through a Medium in Baltimore; but I have found the VOICE OF ANGELS just the paper for such chaps as I am to speak through; and I am going to get others to come and communicate through it, as it will help along the good cause, and push the wheel of progress faster.

My dear sister, I am Tom, and not a whit changed since I passed out, not a particle changed. I have found our old parson, James Wheeler, and he is the most disconsolate fellow you ever saw. He cannot find the hell he used to preach about, and his church members, whom he long ago consigned to that place, meet him at every corner.

Oh, dear sis! I told you you could not change me; and when I died with that awful disease—a cancer in the back—caused by a bullet at the battle before Richmond, you thought to make me own up to my sins. But, sis, I had no sins that my sufferings did not redeem me from; and now I am here, with sister Lillie, Ella, and dear father, I am satisfied.

Tell mother I am all right. God is good, and I am happy in the sphere I gravitated to. And, Edna, I have found you were wrong. A man is judged by his deeds, and not by what others say of him. You may take the prayer-book and go to church, hear the music, and read the good things therein; but, my dear sis, I know, and so do you, that it is only fashion-prayer. When the rich pray, they

only pray to be heard of men, so as to seem devout.

Look deep into these things, sis, and you will find "the pearl of great price," old Parson Jones spoke about. "I have found the pearl of my salvation," he said. I have not found it yet, and am still hunting for it.

TOM.

TO MRS. MART PERKINS, FROM ONE OF HER EVER FAITHFUL GUIDES.

[The Spirit was once a physician, and comes back as a friend, able and willing to help Mary out of her present trials. He signs his name "A Guide."]

CHILD of the loving heart! Overshadowed has your life been by clouds, caused by the actions of others. Sunlight will soon break through these clouds, scattering them like Summer dew. Hearts that have been chilled shall be warmed, and life shall again put on Spring beauty. Think not that the future will take its tone from the past. The hand which dropped into your cup the bitterness of disappointment, will be compelled to bring you a clean cup, of heartfelt sweetness. Earth-life has for you many happy years, wasted vitality will be restored, and those you love, and for whom you grieve, will come up into better and more prosperous conditions, and happiness will be the grand result.

If I could make you and yours understand the immense importance of having faith in your guides, and how necessary it is for you, when you ask for help from Spirit-friends, to ask with faith, believing, the aid will come.

Two-thirds of the mistakes in life are made, not from lack of knowledge given by impression, but lack of faith to use the knowledge intuitively imparted.

Now, I desire to take you by the hand, my dear Mary, and lead you out of all darkness. I desire to so arrange the matters that perplex you, in a manner which will result in peace, and profit for all connected with you. Sorrow develops Spiritual talents. You possess many good gifts of heart and mind. You should have followed your impression in regard to many events in your life. You have not been left to walk the pathway of life unaided. Unseen hands have been round about you, surrounding you in your darkest hours with confidence in Spirit-guidance.

The changes which will take place in your affairs the coming season will result far better than you expect; out of losses will come gain in the end. One who has made you trouble will be removed, and a strong pillar will be placed beneath the

portals of your home, that the floods of domestic contention can never enter your quiet sanctuary. Chains that have bound you must be broken. Love and Spiritual aid will dissolve the avalanche of ill which has nearly overwhelmed you in the past. Your hands will rend the clouds of depression hanging so low over the minds of those you so tenderly care for. Use your Mediumistic gifts. You have tried to hide them. Now let them come forth, and, if possible, polish them up with active use. Let your voice and pen be used for the illumination of the darkened minds of others. Walk forth with a bold, unselfish zeal, flinging burning truths, like sparks from flaming steel, behind you; and you will learn to ask for all desired help, and it will be cheerfully granted.

Peace be with you and yours. My heart is open to all your suffering; and when your nearest and dearest friends say you are right, do not stay your Spirit-progress. I will come to you again. Your friends are gathering around in large numbers, and will remain with you to the end.

FATHER GUIDE.

TO MRS. LUCY VONHOUSTON,

FROM HER DAUGHTER EMELINE, WHO DIED IN 1854.

I saw before me two young children, infants, beautiful and fair, showing that they passed into Spirit-Life in the morning of existence. One was called Emeline. She seemed to be about three years of age. The other, a beautiful child of about a year, was called by the Angel-Guides, Sylva. I think the other name was Vonhouston. Emeline and Sylva Vonhouston. They passed into Spirit-Life nearly together, with a disease that must have been fearful. Again I beheld them, and they were young ladies, fair and beautiful, and were led by their grandparents, or a man and woman who seemed to love them dearly. The lady wore a pleasant, sweet face, and the gentleman was fine looking. I asked the beautiful angel Emeline when she passed into Spirit-Life, and she said nearly twenty-seven years ago. She would be now nearly thirty years of age, while her sister Sylva would be somewhere about twenty-seven. Sylva was only a year old when she died; Emeline was three. I give the names and ages, as nearly as possible. The Spirit Emeline requested me to send a message to her mother and friends, Mrs. Lucy Vonhouston; and I have written the message just as it was given to me by the Spirit Emeline. The following is the message:

"My dear, dear mother, do you know your little daughters are near you, and

can see you, though you may not be able to see us? You will, after a little while, mother. You thought it was hard to have us die as we did, and so it was; but when in your trouble and sorrow you think of us, you must be thankful that we are free from earthly cares. Do you fear that father will die this season, or that other misfortunes will come to you? Do not borrow trouble, dear mother; all will be for the best. Whatever comes will be according to the law of progression, so grandpa says, and he knows. You wonder why a little child should have power to comfort you; but, dear mother, I am no longer a child, I am a woman grown, now, and have more knowledge and better judgment than if I had lived on the earth. We have our schools and teachers, and are continually improving in knowledge.

You know how it would have been with us had we remained in the form. Now we are happy and free, and can come back to you to help you bear your burdens. Tell father to look upon the bright side. He is gloomy and often discouraged, and such conditions have a bad effect upon the physical system. I want you to be happier, want more peace and harmony in your earthly home. And then we and our friends will come and stay with you, and bring peace and prosperity to all.

Cheer up, mother. I do not think sickness and death will throw any shadows of sorrow over you again, and the present trials will pass away. Tell all our dear friends that there is no death, and if life is dark today, it may be bright and sunny tomorrow. I will never leave you alone, mother. You, and my dear father, and all in our earthly home are henceforth to receive Spirit-help.

Affectionately, your own daughter,

EMELINE.

HATTIE STURGESS.

A BEAUTIFUL spirit comes up before me, lending a child, and I should say it was a young sister, who passed into Spirit-Life in infancy. Hattie Sturgess is the name she gives, and says her home was in Denver, Col., and her friends are longing to hear from her, though some of them are in doubt as regards the truth of Spirit-Communion. She referred to a letter sent to the Publisher of the VOICE OF ANGELS, signed "Subscriber," and says, "Tell mother I understand, and will address my message to 'My Friends at Home.'" The following is her message:

"My dearly cherished friends, open the windows of your hearts and let me come in, not from the grave, not from the chill valley, where pale lips are hushed with

eternal silence, but from the sunny home where beauty warms us and immortal life reigns, and where hearts throb with the thrilling music of perfect harmony. You saw me die, as you thought—saw me shrouded for the last, dreamless sleep. My hands were folded, as if they had ceased to labor; my heart, with all its passions and impulses, seemed to have run down like a watch and ceased its beating. There seemed to be nothing left of merry-hearted Hattie but a form of senseless clay; and so you buried it.

Dear friends, you could not see me through the mists of surrounding conditions; the very atmosphere was heavy with sorrow; but I was there, and I was not alone. The dear friends, for whom father and mother had mourned, were near me, and one whose arm of power never yet failed those who trust in him, whispered, "Peace! peace!" and all was still.

I return often to you, and I bring you the knowledge gathered in the true life; I bring you undoubted testimony of the truth of Spirit-Communion, and I do not come to be received as a stranger. Let me take my place in the family circle, let me have my old seat in your midst, and I will make you understand that I am still alive and happy, and am able to visit every heart that loves me. One heart knows I have hovered near; form and face may not have been seen clearly; but there is an interior light that never grows dim, a Spiritual eye which is never closed, and I shall always be present to that faithful heart.

I loved my friends, and humanity claimed my most earnest sympathy. I was deeply interested in reading of the numerous charitable institutions which were continually springing up throughout the West, and I longed to add my efforts to those concentrating for the welfare of the laboring classes. I can now do all I desire, and can aid my own dear ones, the cherished friends who need me so much; and I will tell you all that from this date you will often hear from me.

"Let there be light," was said anciently, and I say let there be among my friends less pride and more faith. The nearer you come to the Spirit-World, the more your pleasures will increase; you will become harmonious in nature and refined in all that makes up the beauty and love elements in life.

The Spirit-World does exist, and knowing that your friends are dwelling there will hereafter add new interest and invest Spiritualism with new purity.

Let peace and happiness come to you

all. I spread my hands with silent blessing over every inmate of my earthly home, and give a loving kiss to each one gathered there. My never-failing love I leave with all my friends in Denver.

Send paper to "Subscriber," box 2785, Denver, Col.

HATTIE STURGES.

GEORGE DORR, TO HIS MOTHER, IN ANNISQUAM MASS.

MY EVER DEAR MOTHER,—You have been looking for a letter from your own boy, Georgio. Mother, I wanted to write before, but I could not get a chance to control the Medium. I have not been far from you, darling mother. I was sorry to die and leave you when I did. I thought to live and be a comfort to you and dear father; but it was the will of our good Father that the change came to me early. You missed me out of your life, mother, but you knew I was neither lost to you or to the earth. Your glorious philosophy impressed you with the truth, and in the still hours you know we are with you still. How happy I feel when I am near you, and how glad I am that father is so honored and loved. What a good and pure-hearted man he has become! And now all the old wounds are healing over. Don't let even scars remain, dear mother. Let perfect love cast out all fear from your large and noble heart.

I have seen grandpa and grandma and aunt Lizzie. My little brothers, your darlings, dearest mother, are near you to comfort and bless, and little sister, too. Tell Alice I love her, and the little buds of promise which make sunshine in her home.

I have been with you while the darkness hung over your home. Sickness has left for good now, mother. You will see happy days, and prosperous years will be given you all—father, mother, Alice, and Brody.

I give my love and blessing, and I give the little ones a Spirit kiss. Grandma Dorr says she has only love and blessings for you. I know her blessing will prove like April rain, gentle and refreshing to your hearts.

Good night, dear mother; father, good night.

GEORGE W. DORR.

THROUGH MRS. SUSAN GOODHUE WAGNER.

ROBERT DALE OWEN.

And I know that if God withholds the light,
When the darkness of night obscures the day,
That the tangible things of sense or sight
Can never farle away.

SWEET the assurance of the angels, ere I passed from the boundaries of earth, that

I should know and be known; and I believed then, and am glad of my belief. If sometimes the clouds obscured the horizon, and I felt as if I had been duped, or my over credulity taken advantage of, the sun invariably shone forth the brighter and more refulgent for the darkness.

I always believed the ship was staunch enough to bear me over to the brighter shore, if it did lurch at times to leeward. It is true I had my doubts and misgivings, my hopes and fears, but I could not mistake what my soul made me cognizant of, or my senses recognized. Was I so dull that I could not comprehend the sweet tones, the heavenly inspiration that thrilled every nerve and fibre of my being; the dear hand upon my head, the dear lips that touched mine own, the sweet caress, the tender endearments, that made my earth-life so bright, and made me impatient for the life beyond?

I am not talking science now, nor philosophy, or any of the abstract principles that agitate mankind. More of this anon. I am talking love, the truest of all philosophies; of green vales, of fairer hills, of peaceful valleys, where I may rest, where love meets me unattended and without guides, spontaneous and complete.

I am threading my way. Pence be with you, friends. Press onward, and come to me. I await you. The realms are bright, the joy eternal. Sweet is deliverance; but sweeter is the communion of the Spirit. My soul is full of ecstasy, and my lips singeth a newer song.

INVOCATION, BY THOMAS STARR KING.

OH, Infinite One, I bow in reverence before thee. Thou, oh, God, and thou alone, I acknowledge. None others before thee, or coming after thee, for thou art all in all. I am thine. Thou hast created all things. So hast thou fashioned this body and soul, and through inanimate matter perfected a living eternity. Breathe into my immortal spirit the essence of thy living self. Thou art nature; expand the conscious thought. Thou art love; widen my intuitive perceptions. Thou art light; oh, may thy radiance penetrate the inner chambers of the soul. Thou art life; oh, give to me that inscrutable knowledge to understand its laws and conditions, even unto perfection. From death and the worm, from dust and corruption, from the silent tomb, the reeking sepulchre, from fear and despair, grief or remorse, from the weakness of flesh, thou hast restored and awakened and quickened every impulsive, emotional thought to exquisite rapture and unspeakable joy. The darker night

may obscure the day, but the morning bringeth sunshine. As the birdling flieth homeward, so love cometh back to its abiding place, to mock death and hell and the grave even to annihilation, to the kingdom of perfection, and the law of love. Amen.

THROUGH C. E. WINANS.

SARAH MATTHEWS.

I AM Sarah Matthews. I want to say a word here, please. I used to claim a home in New Kent Road, Yorkville. Some of my acquaintances are believers in these things, and I thought I could let them hear from me in this way.

Oh, I want Martha and John and Alexander to know that I live, that I am not dead. I want my dear husband to know that all is well with me. Dear husband, you have heard of Jesus, who, as Bible history tells us, declared that the last enemy to be conquered was death; and when that was conquered, then would dawn the morning of the Millennium, the Kingdom of Heaven would be set up on earth, and the reign of terror would have come to an end. So it would seem that this Spiritualism is the divinely-appointed herald of the dawning of the morning of the Millennium, of the coming of the Kingdom of Heaven to be set up on the earth.

Dear husband, how I rejoice that I can come this way to you! Oh, do not be afraid to respond to my call. Spiritualism will not make an infidel of you. If you accept Christ's teachings in the Bible, you will find Spiritualism and many other good things. I am happy, and am often with you. I will come again when I get stronger. God bless you, my husband. Good-bye.

SARAH MATTHEWS.

ANNIE EVANS.

I AM Annie Evans. I used to live in Ontario. I hope to rouse in the consciousness of my husband a hope in the possibility of my present life and return to this world by communicating in this way; and having roused Harrison—that is my husband's name—to something of a belief, I hope to be able to open direct and positive communication with him, for his good and my own. And should any one, on seeing this, or hearing of my return, try to inform him of this, they will receive my blessing.

I would say that the typhoid fever is a terrible disease. That is what took me from the lower plane.

Dear husband, many gather around; but none are so much confined as I am. I would not get away from the sphere of in-

fluences that I now occupy. I can come and go between my home and earth. I cannot reconcile myself to the thought of leaving you, my husband, although heaven offers so many inducements for one to remain in it.

I was devoted to you, and I shall not hesitate to do anything in reason for your comfort. Harrison, I would say this: Try and inform yourself of the life to come. I am often with you. May the good angels watch over you. You were once a captain in the army; and I am your wife, Annie Evans. God bless you.

SUSAN KUNKLE.

MR. D. C. DENSMORE:—Dear Sir,—Please get this in your valuable paper, the VOICE OF ANGELS. I was raised in the Orthodox Church, and I never could believe that Spirits could return to earth. I would not let any one speak of it to me. I thought my sister Emma and her children would be poisoned, when I first found out they were being treated by Mrs. Perry, a Spirit Medium. I thought my brother-in-law was a fool or crazy, to believe in such foolery. But, oh, how different I have found it, since leaving earth-life.

I was sick, oh, so long. A constant cold, or something of that kind; cough, cough, all the time; fever, night sweats, and loss of sleep. At first I did not think it would amount to much; but when I had a doctor and did not get better, then I got alarmed. When my more than brother, George Kichey, came after me to take me to his house in St. Louis, to have his doctor see what could be done for me, I thought he wanted to kill me and send me to the devil; for I thought it was his works, at least. I consented to go. Then I saw Mrs. Perry controlled, and thought the devil had her, and would fly away with me.

I see now what a fool I was. Dear Mrs. Perry! I have done you injustice. I am so sorry. If I could have had treatment through you sooner, I might have staid awhile longer with my children.

Now, my dear sons, give your uncle George one hundred and fifty dollars for his trouble and expenses. He did not want to take money from you; but I want him to have it. It is right.

I want to say to my sister Emma that she has the right key. Do not let go your hold of it.

To you, my more than brother, I need not say to hold on. You are all right in the good cause. When I was passing away in your arms, dear brother, my dear

old father stood waiting to receive my Spirit. You shall hear from me again.

Passed from life to the Spirit-World,
June 16, 1878. SUSAN KUNKLE,
St. Louis.

(For the Voice of Angels.)

THE LITTLE VILLAIN.

BY SUE B. FALES.

I CANNOT say my prayers tonight,
I've been so wicked all the day—
Commenced to sin with morning light
By fighting with my sister May.

I pinched her cheeks to make her mad,
I pulled her curls to make her cry;
And when she hurt her, I was glad,
And stuck my finger in her eye.

Then I ran away from little Sam,
And threw ma's poodle in the well;
I pushed Bob Will-on o'er the dam,
And gave my Jack-knife not to tell.

Then I stole Aunt Fanny's waterfall,
And stuck it in the monkey's cage,
And hid behind the garden wall,
And laughed to see her in a rage.

Next I threw big stones at Rover's legs,
And crushed the corns on Molly's toes,
Then threw mud-balls and rotten eggs,
And hit Pat Flanders on the nose.

I tucked a frog down Ada's back,
You bet! It made her run and squeal;
She gave my head a fearful crack,
Here's the bump—just come and feel.

Oh, I'm a gay and festive lad,
Since early morn I've gone it blind;
If parsons' dogs are rather bad,
They are chips of the old block, you'll find.

For sins of fathers, handed down,
Boys like me must grin and bear;
I guess it's known in Washington
That father's wheat has got one rare.

He teaches children to be good—
Some think the work is easy done;
I guess by now it's understood
The task is tough for the parson's son.

To say my prayers is of no use,
I'd better keep right on a playing;
I'll turn up Jack and raise the dence,
Let father preach and do the praying.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

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

With my long experience, coupled with powerful auxiliaries to aid a strong magnetic power ever attending me, I feel justified in giving a hopeful word of cheer to the most despairing and hopeless invalid. As I can tell at sight whether I can effect a cure or not, nothing is left to doubt or experiment.

A lady always in attendance, to wait upon female patients, when a bath is necessary.

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D. C. DENSMORE,

Publisher Voice of Angels,

No. 3 DWIGHT ST., Boston, Mass.

In all good things give the eye and ear full scope, for they let light into the mind; restrain the tongue, for it is a spender; few men have repented of silence.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

WE have been requested by the Band controlling the destiny of this paper to call upon those of our patrons who are able, to contribute to a fund for sending the VOICE OF ANGELS free to those unable to pay for it. To any and all our patrons who can send any amount, if ever so small, for the above purpose, we will credit the amount they may send, in the next issue of the paper. The following sums have already come to hand:

L. P. Braque, Hinsdale, Mass.,	-	-	-	\$1.00.
A Friend, Brooklyn, N. Y.,	-	-	-	1.00.
E. A. H. Perry, Glenwood, Mass.,	-	-	-	1.00.

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. 3 DWIGHT ST., Boston, July 15, 1878.

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.

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