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### LITERARY.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

#### TO MY DEAR SISTER S., OF VINELAND

THROUGH THYPHENA C. PARDEE.

AWAY, away to the heavenly hills,  
The flowery meads and silvery rills,  
Where phantoms of hope allure us no more,  
But life is the bliss of that beautiful shore.

Arise, arise to the glittering skies,  
Where faith has palmed mellowest dyes—  
A pathway of roses, deathless to bloom,  
Beyond the dark door of the shadowy tomb.

Tis there, 'tis there the bright angels of love  
That lead us here will greet us above;  
The pleasures of hope and faith well repay  
When knowledge and truth are the soul's holy stay.

We'll go—we'll go—yes, dear sister, we'll go  
Away from sin, deep suffering and woe;  
The palms of our lands shall witness be there  
Of duties well done, and the crosses we bear.

Ope wide, ope wide, blessed gates made of gold;  
We long to see life's splendours untold,  
Where thought and pure love no power can control,  
And praises swell forth from the depths of the soul.

ELLINGTON, N. Y., August, 1878.

[From the Providence Journal, July 13, 1878.]

#### A FAMILY REUNION.

"I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of Heaven and Earth, that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."—Luke 10:21.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."—Rev. 21:4.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL:

ON last Friday evening, (the 7th of June, 1878,) a seance (so-called) for Spirit Materialization, was held in my house at Vacluse, the lady Medium with her husband and myself only being present. W—— and myself sat in the same room that was occupied for many years as a

sleeping apartment by my late daughter Frances, and up to the morning on which she left home for Aiken, South Carolina, where she passed away less than two months afterwards, on the 20th of February, 1878. Mrs. —, the Medium, sat in a small dressing room opening into the chamber, from which we excluded the light by battening the window with bed quilts, and hanging a loose curtain over the doorway, tacking it at the top. I will here just say, that so far as I know or believe, everything in the two apartments remained in the precise position my deceased daughter had arranged them before she left her home the last time.

Ten minutes had scarcely expired after the lady Medium took her seat behind the curtain, before a female opened its folds, and after one or two preliminary essays, showed herself outside the curtain. She was, with the exception that her eyes seemed vested with a mist-like aura, (not at all offensive), as fully materialized as when in earth-life; and I am sure that no one, who had then intimately known my daughter, could have mistaken her identity, her form, hair, complexion, general contour, and every feature of her face, together with the expression of her countenance, being in exact accordance with what it was when she dwelt on earth. She was clothed in snow-white garments, falling about her feet, gracefully trimmed and ornamented with a profusion of white lace, rivalling gossamer in fineness. I sat within three feet of the curtain, and at my request she approached, and, throwing her arms about my neck as she stood by my side, tenderly kissed me on my forehead and lips several times, I returning with equal fervor the same.

She now turned her attention to the furniture in the room and the pictures on the walls, regarding them in succession with absorbing interest. A bureau stood in the south-west corner, (some eighteen feet distant), that seemed now to particularly attract her attention. By signs, my daughter signified that she wanted me to bring her one of the little caskets that stood upon the bureau. After taking respectively two in my hand without getting an affirmative response, she indicated, by moving her hand up and down, that the third, which I then held,

was the one she wanted. She took this from me after I had removed the cover, and taking from it a small quantity of little shells, she put them into my hand, and then took them again, and carrying them within the folds of the curtain, left them with the Medium. It was afterwards explained by a guide of the Medium that this pantomime was intended to indicate to me that I should present to the Indian guide of the Medium enough of the shells to make a necklace. My daughter now came out again, and intimated to me that she wanted the top drawer of a bureau opened that stood on the east side of the room, within about seven feet of the curtain. This she walked out to, and after examining several things in it, took from a casket a garnet brooch, which she handed to me. She then took up with her hand several little frills, ribbons, etc., in succession, until she found a blue hair, or neck ribbon, which she placed in my hand as she had done the shells, and then took it into the cabinet and left it with the Medium, meaning it, no doubt, as a little token of kind regard from her. As I looked at my daughter, absorbed as she seemed to be in inspecting things in her bureau, it was hard to realize that her earth-life was severed, and that her real home was now in heaven. On her way to the cabinet her attention was attracted to a little tintype that hung against the wall. On her intimating a wish to have it, I took it down and gave it to her. She looked tenderly at it, and on her taking it with her behind the curtain, we heard repeated kisses, no doubt bestowed on the picture, which I afterwards found was a full-form likeness of her sister, Esther, sitting in a chair and reading to two of her young companions. My daughter came again outside the curtain, and intimated by signs that she wished me to open the top drawer in the farthest-off bureau. Upon my doing so, she again retired, when the following words were rapped out by the alphabet, "Dirty night-dress; wash it." Once more my daughter Frances came out of the cabinet, and clasping her extended hands above her head, appeared for some time to be absorbed in prayer, and in returning thanks to God, no doubt, for the great privilege that had been extended to her in thus being en-



abled to return, clothed in material form, to the home she had so idolized when in earth-life.

My wife was the next to present herself in full form, with her dark hair curled at the temples and falling down her cheeks, as she wore it in early womanhood. Her identity was unmistakable; but space will not permit me to go into details, as I have done in the case of my daughter Fanny. The chamber was that in which she had nursed our children, and I need not intimate, to any mother, at least, how deep and absorbing was the interest she manifested as she surveyed all that was visible in the apartment. She, too, threw her arms about my neck and pressing her lips to mine, exchanged a multitude of kisses. Taking the third finger of her left hand in her right, she intimated that the wedding ring I had placed thereon was for eternity. Before retiring, she, too, clasped her hands in prayer, and raising her eyes, returned in pantomime heartfelt thanks to God for the great privilege that had been granted to her.

My daughter Gertrude came next, as natural and apparently as fully materialized as when in earth-life. She, like her mother and sister, was clothed in pure, snow-white garments of the finest material, but not so elaborately adorned with lace. Her dress was also much shorter in dimension than her sister's, reaching scarcely below her ankles, as she was accustomed to wear it when in earth-life. Her form was very thin and slender, much more so than Fanny's, as it always was; her hair a medium auburn, whereas her sister Fanny's was very light and of a golden hue, which is a striking characteristic as presented from Spirit-Life. Gertrude also manifested great interest in the surroundings, and pointed towards the room she used to occupy. She, too, embraced me tenderly, and repeatedly kissed me. A few minutes before the powers of the Medium were exhausted and the seance closed, the curtain was pushed back on the further side, and I saw a face archly peeking at me after the manner of a child at play. Her dark, luxuriant hair, brunette complexion, and round, happy face, left me in no doubt of her identity. It was my daughter Anna, who, with her sister Mary, had, when recently in the presence of two different Mediums in Philadelphia, (Mrs. Bliss and Miss Holyon), greatly entertained me by playing bo-peep, in one instance from two separate windows of the cabinet, and in the other from a window and doorway. It seemed they were now about to re-enact the game, and I soon saw another form on the hither side of the curtain joining in the play. Although I well knew who they were, I told them that in order to make all sure, they must let me see them both at the same moment, which they did, and also thrust out their four hands, all at the same time, two on each side of the curtain. The game was continued for quite a time, and just as it concluded, they gave the curtain a hard shaking, and seemingly started to run, giggling very audibly as they went. Directly after, we heard a shaking of crockery on the wash-stand, which I found by actual trial after the seance, was probably made by the pitcher in the wash-

basin, in which it stood unsteady. After the close of the seance, I also examined the drawer in the bureau that had been pointed out by my daughter Fanny as containing the unwashed garment. I found this to be more than half full of female underwear that had apparently been washed, but not ironed. After unrolling a number of pieces, sure enough I came to the "dirty night-dress," in which was also rolled a soiled handkerchief. These I took from the drawer and laid on the top of the bureau. Those of Fanny's friends who knew how fastidiously neat she was in all that relates to good house-keeping, will not wonder that this apparent neglect should continue to trouble her even after she had passed into Spirit-Life. The fact is, she left home on but a day or two's warning, and probably had not time to attend to everything exactly as she would wish, and had, contrary to her usual wont, in her hurry, mingled the untidy garments with the clean.

On Saturday evening, the 8th inst., we held another seance in the same room. My daughter Fanny came out of the temporary cabinet with increased strength. She was, as before, beautifully clothed in snow-white material of the finest kind, but enveloped throughout with a far greater superabundance of lace, which absolutely surrounded her person from head to foot, like a fleecy, transparent cloud of ether, so to speak. By her request, I drew out the second drawer of the nearest bureau. After standing some time, taking up one of her things after another that it contained, as naturally as she ever did when in earth-life, and inspecting them repeatedly, she took by its handle a sun umbrella that lay in the drawer, and slowly withdrew it thence until the end reached the edge of the drawer, when she carried it carefully up to the frame of the bureau, and as if to steady and guide her hand, pressed it against its side until it came within eight or ten inches of the floor, when it dropped with a thud. She then carried it in her hand some six feet, and stood it up in a corner, where probably it had been her wont to keep it. She then walked over to the bureau the farthest off, and examined minutely the things it contained, when, after embracing and kissing me, she returned to the side of the curtain, and clasping her hands in prayer, again offered up thanks. She then retired, and called by a method well known to Spiritualists, for the alphabet. This being called, letter by letter, it was rapped out, "Take care of my things; don't let them spoil. Give them away."

I may here state that my wife was the mother of six living children, all now except two in the Spirit-World, and also of two lost in embryo and one in the fetus state. The last-named we knew to be a male. The sex of the other two was unknown. It was some years after I began to investigate the Spirit phenomena of the day, before I became aware by actual experience and communication with Spirits, that all three of these children still lived, and that the principle of life is, *per se*, immortal, and when once given cannot be annihilated. I could never, however, get full satisfaction regarding their sex, some Mediums stating that two of them

were of the male and one of the female sex, while others reversed the alleged facts in this respect. Up to this evening, but one of these immature children had ever materialized to my knowledge in my presence, she calling her name Constance. On this evening, a tall female, of a dark, brunette complexion, with very dark, wavy hair falling down in profusion around her neck and shoulders, presented herself just outside the curtain. She bore quite a resemblance both to my wife and daughter Anna, and on my querying with both the Spirit and the guide of the Medium, I learned that she claimed to be one of the children lost in embryo. On my acknowledging her as such, she manifested much pleasure, and kissed me on the forehead, and finally, on my closing my eyes, she embraced me, and exchanged kisses on my lips. Niobe Blacklee, a sister of my wife, who, with her three children, had resided in our family, whilst my wife was living, for several years, came out of the temporary cabinet next. I am not sure that I should have recognized her, although in form, feature, height of person, complexion, and color of hair, there was a striking resemblance. She seemed greatly pleased in looking over the room that she had once been so familiar with. She was clothed in beautiful white garments, and wore on her feet, like all the female Spirits that had manifested, close fitting, light-colored kid or satin slippers. As on the evening previous, before the seance closed, Mary and Anna had their game of bo-peep, occasionally laughing audibly, though very concisely, as they flapped the curtain, and dodged to and fro in play before and behind its folds.

Just after they left, the guide of the Medium asked me if I had a daughter in the Spirit-World by the name of Constance. On my answering in the affirmative, I was told that she proposed materializing on the next evening.

Sunday evening, the 9th inst., was to be our last seance, the Medium intending to leave the island on the next day. The sky was clear, and the atmosphere more electric and better for Spirit manifestations than in any of the previous evenings, and it soon became apparent that my wife and children meant to avail themselves of the favorable opportunity, and with the help of the Medium's Spirit-guardians, do all that was possible in the way of materializing their Spirit or Soul-forms.

I may here state that the Spirit-father of the Medium, (who was a clergyman,) and a Penobscot Indian squaw by the name of Molly, well-known to many persons now living in Portland, Me., profess to preside at these seances, and manage matters on the Spirit-side of life.

Space will not permit any attempt on my part, to explain why the North American Indian seems better qualified to assist Mediums in exhibiting much of the Spiritual phenomena now occurring than the Caucasian; but such, undoubtedly, is the fact, and I have seldom known a good instrument for any of its numerous phases of manifestations, who was not habitually attended by one or more of these efficient and faithful guardians and guides. On this occasion the Medium had been entranced and taken control of by Molly, but a few minutes before



the curtain opened, and a youthful form, clothed in a full suit of male attire, presented itself outside the curtain. He was of a dark brunette complexion, and had a full head of very dark hair, with a short moustache. He wore a frock coat, vest and pants, all of the same dark color, and on my making some remark about his vest, he opened it in front with both hands, and showed the white bosom of his shirt. His features were fully delineated, and the moment I looked at him, I was struck with the strong resemblance he bore to a nephew of my wife, who is still in earth-life. On my querying to know if he was a son of mine, he answered in the affirmative by repeatedly bowing his head with emphasis, and an expression of pleasure. Whilst he remained in full view, the curtain opened on the other side, and revealed a female form draped in white, which I learned from raps made within the closet, was that of my daughter Constance, the male figure being her brother, who, with the unknown daughter that appeared at the seance the night before, represented the three children who had, as we thought, been lost whilst in embryo; but who had, nevertheless, by the virtue of divine law, grown to womanhood and manhood in the Spirit-realms. My son now, by my request, came and embraced me and kissed my forehead, and, on my closing my eyes for a moment, exchanged with me kisses on the lips. Soon after this he retired behind the curtain, and Constance walked out, her slender and inexpressibly graceful figure clothed in brilliant white. This was the fourth time only that Constance had materialized in my presence, the three first times, some weeks ago, at the Bliss seances in Philadelphia, where she always wore a coronal, highly embellished with brilliant gems, which on this occasion was lacking, her head-dress consisting simply of fine, white lace, so arranged as to leave in plain view the fore part and crown of her head, and her hair falling down in two wavy tresses on each side.

All of our children in Spirit-Life had now fully and clearly materialized in my presence, by which I learned that Mary, Gertrude and Constance, in complexion, hair, and features, more or less resembled their father, while Anna, and the two others who died in embryo, inherited the like characteristics of their mother, Fanny being of a purer blonde, and with lighter hair, (inclined to crimp,) than any of her sisters.

Constance manifested great joy in meeting me, and came forward and stood by my side some minutes, occasionally throwing her arms about my neck and exchanging kisses, and again caressing and passing her fingers over my head and through my hair. She was, of all our children, I think the most beautiful in form and face. When Constance retired, the form of our other unnamed daughter that came on the previous evening, stepped from behind the curtain. She was better materialized than on the evening previous, and was much more beautiful in both face and person. She did not move far from the curtain, but came to me as the others had done, and embraced me tenderly and kissed me more than once. After she had

retired, my daughter Fanny came out with a firm, agile step, her every feature as perfect and plain to view as when in earth-life, with the exception of her eyes, which, as with all others who manifested, were not so distinct, from causes before described, as the other features. Her countenance absolutely glowed with delight as she looked around the room at the pictures and furniture, and when she came back to me and threw her arms about my neck and pressed my lips to hers, I was almost startled at the exact resemblance her features bore to those I was so familiar with in her earth-life. I was sitting in a chair beside the bed in which she had slept for years. On this she seated herself by my side, and fondled and caressed my face, neck and hair for some minutes, occasionally embracing and exchanging kisses with me. A crayon portrait of herself, made by a dear female friend, hung on the wall close to where we sat. It was entirely hidden from her sight by the dressing-room door. She, however, evidently remembered the picture, for, on getting up, she swung the door forward and fixed her eyes attentively upon it, at the same time rapping on the glass with her fingers in token of recognition. After this, my daughter Fanny indicated a wish that I should go and stand by the side of the farthest off bureau, in the north-west corner of the room. On my doing so, she slowly and carefully moved in that direction, stopping and resting her hand on the foot of the bed for some time on her way, as if for the purpose of resting. When she reached the bureau, I opened one or two of the drawers, thinking she might like to look over her things again. She, however, paid but little attention to them, but with her own hand opened a little drawer on the top of the bureau, and proceeded to shuffle and take up one by one a variety of little trinkets and other trifling things it contained, the presence of which I was not before aware of. After being so engaged some two minutes or more, she found a finger ring, set with a precious stone, which she placed in my hand, and then took it again in hers, and proceeded slowly and exceedingly wearily to the temporary cabinet, into which, after raising and clasping her hands in prayer, she again entered.

An incident occurred on this occasion that led me to think that the seemingly redundant quantity of lace that so often accompanies materialized Spirits, is not altogether intended for ornament, but may be utilized should occasion require. When my daughter came out of the cabinet on this evening, her person was enveloped, as usual, with a superabundance of gossamer-like lace, which, during her prolonged stay outside the curtain, sensibly diminished in volume, and when she left the bureau and proceeded with faltering step back to the curtain, I observed, as she passed by the lamp, that the lower part of her dress seemed to be dematerializing, so that for some inches above her ankles, I could plainly see her limbs through its folds, which were now transparent and seemed made of thin gauze. So I think the aura of which the lace and dress may be constituted, may be, in case of necessity, used by the Spirit to replenish the element in which it is temporarily embodied.

Such manifestations as I have described are not wholly without danger to the Medium, even where no violence is offered to the materialized Spirit. I have heard of an instance arising in a harmonious circle, where no violence was offered or contemplated by any one present, wherein the Spirit had staid out of the cabinet so imprudently long, that the materialization absolutely broke in pieces, as it were, and evaporated, whilst the materialized form was some feet from the cabinet, followed by a terrific shriek from the entranced Medium, whose health must have suffered from the loss of the portion of her vital elements that contributed to the clothing of the materialized Spirit with flesh, the return of which to her system was prevented by the untoward accident. I have but little doubt but that a like disastrous catastrophe might have occurred in the case of my daughter Fanny, had there been any person present who should, at the critical juncture I have described, when she was faltering in her steps, have indulged in a malignant thought or even hurtful suspicion of the highly sensitive Medium, who was then entranced in the cabinet. Thus there is probably not one Spiritualist in a hundred who is aware of the exquisite faith and harmony that are requisite in a circle for materialization, to insure satisfactory results.

My wife came next outside the curtain, looking more like herself in every respect (if possible) than she did when living in earth-life. The light was strong enough to render every feature perfectly plain, and as she stood within a few inches of me, I voluntarily exclaimed, "Why, Fanny, it is your real self come back again!" This pleased her, and gave her additional strength. She threw her arms about my neck, and pressing her soft, warm, sweet lips to mine, seemed as if she meant to smother me with kisses. She seated herself on my knee, and while she manipulated my head, and passed the fingers of her right hand through my hair, she reclined her warm, smooth cheek against mine, and remained in that position for some minutes. I could distinctly hear every breath she drew, but could not through the folds of her dress, distinguish the beating of her heart, although I laid my head on her breast with that object intent.

The powers of the Medium had been severely drawn upon, and my wife retired to give place to Mary, who came next, clothed in garments befitting a celestial Spirit, her face beaming with happiness. She, too, threw her arms about my neck, kissed me repeatedly, and fondled my face and hair. Anna was the next to appear, her every feature as plain as when on earth. After embracing and kissing me repeatedly, and fondling my face, neck, and hair, she looked wistfully about the room at the pictures and furniture, and finally walked a little way beyond the first bureau, to the spot where the foot of the bed stood, in the south-east corner of the chamber in which she had breathed her last, Feb. 5, 1868. She, like all the others, was clothed in sparkling white robes, her luxuriant dark hair hanging down in long tresses on each side of her face, very much after the manner in which Mary and Constance wore theirs, but of an entirely different color.



When Anna retired, Gertrude, who passed away Sept. 12, 1877, came, as life-like as any of the others. Her complexion, features, and hair were after the order of her sisters, Mary and Constance, though her hair was arranged in front of her bosom rather differently. She, like all the rest, manifested every token of affection for me, throwing her arms about my neck and repeatedly kissing me, besides fondling my face and head, and playing with my hair. As on the former occasions, her dress, though beautiful, was not so elaborately ornamented as her sister Fanny's, with lace, nor was it so long in dimensions, reaching only to her ankles. These peculiarities I noted, and mentioned to M—that both were in accordance with her habits when on earth. Soon after I had thus remarked, Gertrude retired into the cabinet, but soon returned with her dress elongated so that it lay on the floor like her sister Fanny's. She then placed herself before us, about equal distance from both, and commenced manipulating with the fingers of both hands, when a quantity of lace was quickly developed, with which she covered her dress very much after the manner of Fanny. This I considered tantamount to saying to us, "You see, I can have the lace, if I want it." Many other beautiful demonstrations were made by Gertrude, her mother and sisters, that I am forced to leave untold, in order to keep this communication within bounds. My wife, and all our children that she has with her in heaven, materialized at this surpassingly beautiful seance, and after Gertrude retired behind the curtain, we heard in succession seven kisses within and after a little longer interval an eighth, which were probably impressed on the lips of the Medium by my wife and our seven Spirit-children, in bidding her adieu.

The Medium was assisted out of the cabinet to a seat in the room, while she was yet entranced, by Molly, who assured me she had done her utmost to keep "her medy" strong, whilst the Spirits came to me. Whilst Molly was conversing, I observed that she repeatedly looked towards the door of the cabinet, and on my asking her why she did so, she said the little room was full of Spirits, many of my ancestors and departed relatives, as well as those of my wife, being drawn by the ties of affection and relationship to the family gathering.

When the Medium came out of the trance, the incident of my daughter Fanny taking the ring into the cabinet was referred to, and on looking on the third finger of her left hand it was found beside her wedding ring. She was evidently unconscious of what had occurred, and immediately drew off the ring and presented it to me. I, however, told her to keep it, as it was no doubt intended by my daughter as a present to her.

In conclusion, I would say that I hope correspondents will not (as has been the case in some instances before) write me, soliciting the address of this Medium. If they knew the bitter persecution materializing Mediums are now subjected to, especially at the hands of some claiming to be experienced Spiritualists, readers would not wonder that an instrument

of the angels so gifted, and consequently so sensitive, as the one in question, should desire to keep her name secluded from the public.

THOMAS R. HAZARD.

VANCLUSE, June 11, 1878.

#### CONFIRMATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

PROVIDENCE, Aug. 19, 1878.

BROTHER DENSMORE,—My father, William Foster, passed to the Spirit-spheres last Autumn.

The communication from him, through M. T. Shelhamer, in the VOICE of August 1st, I have no hesitation in saying I believe to be entirely authentic. It is what might have been expected, and its allusions are all in a line which leave no doubt.

I need not say I was gratified to read his message of love—the renewed evidence that death is but a transition, an emancipator, which frees the Spirit, without destroying its identity or extirpating its love and affection.

Oh, how glorious is this fact of Spirit-communion! It dispels all gloom and uncertainty, and turns the "king of terrors" into an angel of beneficence.

Faternally,

WILLIAM FOSTER, Jr.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, Aug. 1, 1878.

D. C. DENSMORE:—*Dear Sir*,—If the following message meets with your approval, please insert it in your valuable little paper, the VOICE OF ANGELS.

A few weeks since, I was called upon to watch by the bedside of a dear little girl, who must soon pass out of the natural into the Spiritual body. Both parents and grand-parents were silent and tearful watchers of the lovely form that lay upon its couch, when gradually a beautiful light pervaded the room, shedding its halo over the mourning group. In the midst of this heaven-born light, four Spirits appeared, bearing a bed of white satin, embossed with rose-buds. They rested a short distance from the head of our precious charge. Now the light became more brilliant, and as it increased in its power, the Spirit exhaled itself from its casket of clay, which was now no longer its proper residence. It now expanded in perfectness. No shadow was on that fair Spirit-brow, as yet all unconscious of its removal. When fully free from its earthly mould, it was cared for by the ministering Spirits in attendance.

When aroused to consciousness—in perfect health now—little Edna could not realize where she was, until, brought to her

by the power of attraction, was a nun—(the school-days of this dear child were passed with Catholic teachers.) Now she was informed that she had become a Spirit. Her joy was great, for groups of Spirit-children gathered around her, and attracted her to the child's sweet Spirit-sphere, where all things were in readiness to continue her education, already commenced on earth.

While in "little Edna's" ascending condition, the parents and grand-parents were in the deepest grief, almost refusing to be comforted.

Now an ever-faithful Spirit-friend, who in earth-life was a poet, the author of a book of poems, entitled "Buds and Blossoms," and who signed herself "Eulalie," seeing their grief, came to comfort them with the following lines:

And do you call this death—  
This sweet, pure, heavenly birth?  
Ah, no! it is Life divine,  
Freed from the toils of earth.

To expand in beauty in the homes above,  
Our loved Edna's gone;—  
She'll breathe still in her Spirit pure,  
And gently lead us on.

On, up the starry stairway,  
Where myriad angels stand,  
With crowns of glory on their brows,  
And flowers of welcome in their hands.

We'll take her in our arms,  
And hold her to our hearts;  
Within this golden portal  
We never more can part.

Edna will whisper to the dear  
On earth she's left to mourn—  
Come up a little higher,  
You'll see my Spirit-form.

No tears, or bitter anguish,  
Or pain or suffering more;  
But joys unbounded wrap her now  
On that bright evergreen shore. EULALIE.

This brought peace to their aching, bursting hearts. Who shall say now that God has not given his angels charge over each one of his earth-children? Who shall say, in view of this beautiful vision, that God cannot wipe the tears from sorrowing eyes, and by his ministering Spirits heal the broken heart?

I glory in saying and knowing that the veil is becoming more and more transparent that divides the Summer-Land from ours.

MRS. ANNIE M. CARVER,  
Room No. 30, Stephenson's Building,  
corner of Main and Canal streets, Cincinnati, Ohio.

PURSUE the cultivation of the divine gifts in thy nature. Step not aside for other things. God's ever present blessings attend thee in thine onward course.

From out Life's troubled gloom  
Spring fadeless laurels for a crown.  
MISS A. ANDREWS, New Orleans.

THE absence of great vices is the small virtue of many.



[For the Voice of Angels.]

LETTER AND COMMUNICATION.

DEAR BRO. DENSMORE,—I send you this communication, thinking it worthy publication; and as your dear good paper is full of sweet words from the other side, I thought it most appropriate for its columns.

I know that it will seem more interesting to me than to any one else; for, to tell you the truth, my heart is crushed to the verge of despair. Nothing could come nearer to a truthful appeal than those words. God and the angels only know how hard I have struggled to carry on the work of the heavenly hosts. Without compensation enough to keep me decently clothed, I have battled with ignorance and superstition.

I have walked between eighteen hundred and two thousand miles, and delivered about a hundred lectures, since last October; and yet, if my life depended on it, I cannot call five dollars my own.

I have not taken enough to a quarter pay my expenses, if I had travelled by railroad, instead of on foot.

And now, without "where to lay my head"—homeless, moneyless, and alone—I feel my position more than I ever did before. I feel that my work is about done; and God knows, I only hope it is.

With the kindest regards, I remain

Your true friend,

P. C. MILLS.

P. S.—Mrs. Owen is a noble woman, and a good Medium, though she has always been a quiet worker in the cause—not extensively known, but beloved by all who do know her.

P. C. M.

EAST SAUGUS, MASS., Aug. 5, 1878.

COMMUNICATION.

BROTHER MILLS,—Thy back shall be fitted for its burden. Dark as the way may seem at times, we are ever near to cheer you and bid you hope on.

Travelling the road that you are, hardly knowing from week to week what is coming, or how to turn, still laboring on, do you not see a similarity to our elder brother, who "had not where to lay his head," but still struggling on for humanity's sake?

We know a man is judged by the coat he wears, no matter what his moral character may be; and we know also the spiritual status of man, and where we place our judgment. Better be in your condition, with your Spirit gaining spirituality, than with all the riches of the world, and your soul in a starved, shrivelled condition. Many, on our side of life, give you the blessings of grateful hearts; and loved ones are proud to know that you belong to them. Some come more closely to you than others, and are weaving for you a bright and shining crown, with the impress of love marking it.

We need not say march on, for we know there is no turning back with you.

But well we know when you shall see  
The future that is marked for thee,  
Thou'lt not turn back, but press right on,  
To gain that bright immortal crown.

Oh, brother, we are with thee now,  
And with our hands will smooth thy brow;  
When weary, fainting by the way,  
Our loving arms shall be thy stay.

Then onward press with willing heart;  
While thou art here, act well thy part;  
For in our home of light and love,  
They're waiting for you—just above.

The way is clear, the pathway bright,  
The stars give forth their brilliant light,  
To light the traveller on his way  
Onward to scenes of brightest day.

Then patient be, and know no fear,  
Although the way seem dark and drear;  
The darkest clouds must fade away,  
And sunshine fill thy heart for aye.

A FRIEND FROM THE SPIRIT-SIDE OF LIFE.

[Given through the Mediumship of Mrs. JAMES OWEN,  
Glenmere, Lynn, Mass.]

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

MRS. LIZZIE B. TO HER HUSBAND.

THROUGH MRS. E. T. BRIDGE, DENVER, COL.

THE way seems dark  
In the shadowy bark  
That takes us across the river;  
But when we are o'er  
Upon this shore,  
We live and love forever.

I know you'll come  
To our Spirit-Home  
That I have decked with flowers;  
And here you'll rest,  
Clasped to my breast,  
In this sweet land of ours.

"But the time seems long,"  
Is your soul's sad song,  
Re-echoed by your "Starling";\*  
For I long that ye  
My face should see—  
My darling, oh, my darling!

But comfort take,  
E'en for my sake—  
For our love-star here is beaming  
Bright and high  
For you and I;—  
We're loving, and not dreaming.

Again for you,  
With message true,  
Oft will I come and cheer you;  
When your way seems bright,  
And your heart is light,  
Know then that I am near you.

\* When in earth-life, she used to sing to her husband the "Song of the Starling," and call herself his "Starling."

[For the Voice of Angels.]

AN EVERY-DAY QUESTION.

Oh, it makes me sad to hear them say,  
What has Spiritualism done for us today?

It makes me sad to hear them cry,  
Give it up, or you'll surely die.

Pray, what do they expect the Spirits to do—  
Cl-the, feed and shoe them too?

What, indeed, has it done for me today?—  
Cleared the dark threatening clouds away.

I see the road so clear, so grand—  
I see my darlings with outstretched hands.

It has opened an avenue for us to talk  
With our Spirit-friends, that we thought were lost.

It has quenched the flame of a burning hell,  
Which the devil and bigots don't like very well.

Then, what has Spiritualism done, indeed?—  
Buried the devil and all his seed.

All this I've seen, and expect to see more,  
Ere I reach that beautiful Spirit-shore.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.

THROUGH EVA EDGERTON.

THE crescent moon is abroad tonight,  
In her robe of silvery gleams,  
While I lean from my window,  
With aching head,  
And think of my loved ones,  
Safe and dead,  
Out there 'neath the wavering beams.

And is it her home, that narrow mound  
By the willow's drooping shade?—  
Where the apple-blossoms,  
So frail and sweet,  
Drift their pearly snow  
O'er her dainty feet,  
And the violets bloom and fade?

Ah, not for I feel her gentle breath  
On my cheek and fevered brow;  
And was that the sheen  
Of her amber hair,  
Her smiling lips and her face  
So fair,  
That flitted by just now?

'Tis gone, and in anguish I wait in vain  
For a touch of that gentle hand;  
Dearest, to feel thy life once more,  
I'd give my hope of that other shore—  
My faith in the better land.

But all is still—no voice replies  
But the softly-sighing breeze,  
That whispers stilly of Aer, I think,  
Who e'en now  
Waits on the river's brink—  
My bark on troublous seas

The moon is pale—her shifting light  
Bains o'er my weary head;  
One thought still comforts me—  
I know  
She's 'yond the reach of care  
And woe—  
Beloved, safe and dead.

NORTH FERRISBURG, VT.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

A MYSTERY.

WHY do we long to live,  
When all is sad and drear?  
Why do we long to live,  
For the little awaits us here?

Why do we long to live, and  
Why do we fear to go  
Where all is joy and happiness,  
Far surpassing here below?

Why do we fear to die,  
When our darlings are ever nigh—  
Waiting with outstretched hands,  
Ever ready to take us to that land  
Where all is peace and rest  
For those that deserve it best  
In that glorious Spirit-Land?

[For the Voice of Angels.]

IS IT THE DEVIL?

Is it the Devil that passes his hand  
All through my hair, and seems to count each strand?

Is it the devil that soothes me to sleep,  
Consoles me in sorrow, or in sadness, when I weep?

Is it the devil who says, Mollie dear,  
Weep not in sorrow, for your darling is near?

Is it the devil who writes on the slate  
Such marvellous things I scarce can translate?—

Describes my Spirit-home on that beautiful shore,  
Where the weary cease from trouble and rest evermore.

If this is the devil how happy I'll be  
To know such a good devil is always near me!



## VOICE OF ANGELS.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION

NO. 5 DWIGHT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

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

" D. K. MINER, Business Manager

D. C. DENSMORE, Amanuensis and Publisher.

BOSTON, MASS., SEPTEMBER 1, 1878.

## EDITORIAL.

## THE INDIAN QUESTION.

THE question, "What shall we do with our Indians?" is at the present time agitating the country far and wide—a question of vital importance to this nation, and in answering which will determine whether the annals of the American Government will go down to posterity with the record of a great wrong committed, or bearing witness of a just and righteous settlement in favor of its red children.

Again we ask, "What shall be done with the Aborigines of the American Republic?" Will the government grant them homes and lands—provide them with the necessary implements for cultivating the soil—thus furnishing the means of earning their own livelihood and becoming independent? Shall the government send them teachers, who will instruct them and their children in the rudiments (at least) of a common education? In short, shall we endeavor to bring them into as perfect civilization as possible, or shall we continue the war long since commenced, with a vindictive determination to exterminate them from the face of the earth? The indications of late are, that an affirmative reply to the latter query would seem to be the order of things.

The Indians have been hunted from their camping-grounds unceasingly. They have been driven farther and farther into the wild, unbroken, desert country. Their reservations have been taken from them, and new ones granted, only to be taken away again whenever it suited the convenience and selfish interests of the white man. Their game has been wantonly destroyed or frightened away by the approach of the pale-face; and they are left without their natural means of subsistence, and literally without a place to pitch a tent.

Outrages have been committed by the red-men, but no greater than by the whites upon them. But while the redskins had this excuse, namely, that their outrages were committed in revenge for wrongs done them, or for being deprived of the means of procuring food, to preserve them from starvation, the whites had no excuse for their cruelty but the love of plunder or the greed of gain.

Depredations have been made by the

whites upon the Indians in various ways. Agents sent out by the government have proved almost universally corrupt and dishonest, cheating our red brethren out of a large part of the provisions granted them; by which rascality the redskins have been reduced to a state of abject misery; while these rascally Agents have waxed corpulent and plethoric in purse at the expense of the poor suffering red-man.

Treaties have been made and solemnly ratified by the official seal of the United States Government, only to be nullified and broken, time and again, by the white people; and the Government has either winked at this, or taken no steps to repair the great wrong.

Who does not remember the famous treaty made with the Indians nearly ten years ago, by the then President, U. S. Grant?—a treaty granting a certain tract of land to the Indians, for their sole use, in which it was specially specified that *no white man* should ever encroach thereon, except for official or governmental purposes? How was this solemn compact kept? Soon after, the gold-fever broke out among the whites, numerous squads of pale-faces invaded and swarmed over this solemnly ceded Indian country, on their way to the Black Hills. As a matter of course, trouble ensued, and a bloody war was the result; and so it has been going on ever since. Outraged and deceived by the white nation—deprived of home and lands—starved and ill-treated by dishonest Government Agents—the red-man has revolted, and with the instincts of his uncultivated nature, wrought up to the highest pitch by the injustice done him, he has at different times taken summary vengeance upon his rascally persecutors; and this unjust treatment, and the flagrant derelictions of duty by the Agents of the Government, and this alone, is the cause of the present unsettled state of affairs in the West or Indian country, which bids fair to culminate in a long, cruel, bloody and costly Indian war.

Hence, we reiterate, that had the Indians as a body been treated with justice and fairness, as stipulated in our treaties with them—had the Government remunerated them honestly for their land—had the white race, and especially Government Agents, taken no advantage of their uncivilized and ignorant condition—in other words, had the Government sent honest, trustworthy men to deal with them—men in sympathy with them in their situation, desirous of alleviating their needs and wants—had we kept our treaties, instead

of breaking them, and had we sought to educate them into a more civilized state;—there would have been no Indian troubles. Had justice ruled in our dealings with them, the red race as a class would have proved the most loyal and peace-abiding subjects of the government.

Read the following extract from a late Washington despatch from Army Officers, concerning the Indian management, in which they say—"You will agree with us that the late troubles are but the outgrowth of these unjust proceedings." We regret that want of space forbids us quoting the despatch in full; hence we content ourselves by quoting the following, in which the writer says—"The mismanagement of the Indian Bureau for years past never appeared in such a striking light as in the recently published reports of Indian Agents throughout the West. It is one peculiarity of this branch of the service, that no difference appears to be made between the treatment of friendly and unfriendly Indians. Take, for instance, the Utes and Poncas; both are pretty well civilized, especially the latter. The Utes have been conspicuous as friends of the white man for years. Travellers have invariably found them ever ready to respond to all demands for friendly assistance. In return for this, they are shamefully maltreated; and so pronounced has this been, that even the Agents, with all their rascality, have not the audacity to cover it up. Last year, a treaty was made with the Utes, whereby they were to have their homes in Northern New Mexico. The treaty was duly signed, and then they were deliberately marched off to Colorado, where they expressly said they did not want to go." The despatch further gives the report of the Agent of that section, as follows—"An unusual number of Indians have been off their reservation this year, and for good reasons. The annuities and supplies furnished these Indians amounts, at a liberal estimate, to not over one-half of what is required for their support. None of their annuities or goods, and but part of their supplies, have reached the Agency during the year," etc. Comment is unnecessary. While government treaties are shamefully broken, and governmental business is transacted in this way, we need not wonder at the present state of affairs in the West. Provisions issued for these Indians last November, are still lying at a depot one hundred and seventy-five miles away from their destination; and the red-man is left to starve. Surely the righteous judgment of heaven must visit such unpardonable neglect.



Let us compare our treatment of the Indian with the manner in which England cares for all the red people in her dominions. They are given homes and reservations, left unmolested by the whites, and well provided for. Hence they are peaceable and contented beneath the rule of their "white mother."

Shame upon the American nation! that with all its boasted freedom and liberality, it must needs persecute and rob, with a high hand, the poor Indian, and plunder him of all his rightful possessions, and drive him further and further each succeeding year towards the setting-sun, with the ultimate determination of exterminating him altogether! Well may it become a by-word of reproach and dishonor! Well may other nations look on with scorn and contempt, while, on one hand it welcomes all new-comers to the "land of the free," and on the other it drives the rightful inheritors of the soil from the face of the earth. We are glad that the people are waking up to the true state of affairs—glad that the press is sounding the alarm in thunder-tones upon the side of right and long-suffering justice;—and it behooves all Spiritualists and believers in freedom of life and action—supporters of the laws of human advancement and growth—to lend tongue and pen in behalf of this oppressed people; to unite in doing all in their power to create such a mighty public sentiment in favor of the Indian, that shall compel the Government to adopt the red-men as its children, and provide them with sufficient means of education and implements that shall make of them self-supporting and honorable and respected citizens.

#### THE "VOICE OF ANGELS"

Must be enlarged. The present size is wholly inadequate to meet the pressing and urgent demands made upon us by those who are anxious to communicate with their relatives and friends, through the Message Department.

A large number of very interesting communications have accumulated, and only await publication to gladden the heart of many a dear one in earth-life.

There is but one way to meet this demand, and that is, to enlarge our paper to sixteen pages. To do this, will entail upon us additional labor and expense. The former we cheerfully donate. To meet the latter, we call upon our friends, subscribers and readers to lend a helping hand, by sending us all the new subscribers they can, and such amounts as they feel able to give. Do not feel ashamed to remit, because the sum may seem small.

From a very small beginning, our paper has gradually but surely worked its way to a solid, firm basis, and is now established on a sure footing.

We trust our friends, one and all, will unite in an effort to afford us the means to enlarge the paper and extend its circulation. What we want to do is to enlarge it to sixteen pages, with no addition to the charge of subscription—our object being to keep the price as low as possible, so as to come within the reach of all.

D. C. DENSMORE,  
*Amanuensis and Publisher.*

#### ENLARGEMENT AND EDITORIAL CHANGE.

We notice in the August number of that most excellent exponent of the Spiritual Philosophy, the *Spiritual Offering*, published at Springfield, Mo., devoted entirely to the interests of that portion of humanity who are struggling in the darkness, superstition and religious errors of past ages, that it has been increased in its size from thirty-two to sixty-four pages. This speaks well for its popularity among the thinking part of our common humanity; and may its flag, flying at mast-head, on which is inscribed freedom from the religious dogmas of the past, wave until every particle of spiritual darkness is supplanted by the calcium light of the Summer-Land.

Also, in the same number, we learn that Nettie Pease Fox has assumed the sole duties of its editorial department, her former Associate Editor, D. M. Fox, having been called to work in another direction.

*Pub. Voice of Angels.*

#### SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT TO CONTRIBUTORS.

HAVING made arrangements with Spirit John Critchley Prince—through the organism of the VOICE OF ANGELS' Medium—to assume charge of our Poetical Department, all contributions of poetry, intended for publication in this paper, must hereafter be addressed to M. T. Shelhamer, 89 K street, South Boston, Mass.

The messages of Rebecca Adams and Capt. Joseph Currier, which were verified in the last paper, were given at the VOICE OF ANGELS' Circle, through M. T. Shelhamer.

IN the supreme wisdom of the Infinite Father, let us patiently abide, knowing He doeth all things well. Mortals cannot overreach his immutable laws. The same magnetic chain forged centuries ago holds good today. Slowly these links become clearer to the understanding.

Mrs. A. ANDREWS, New Orleans.

#### SPIRIT EXPERIENCES OF JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE,

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

NUMBER SEVEN.

INSTANTLY, ere a word had been spoken, I knew that I had found a friend—one who would assist and teach me what my Spirit-needs required.

"I have come to help you," he said, grasping my hand in a hearty clasp. "I have followed you for long; I was at the Poet's Council, and saw you when you entered; noting your movements, and watching the expression of your countenance, I understood your condition, and when you rushed forth, I immediately followed, feeling that I might be able to assist you. Since then I have kept you in sight, but owing to the clouds that enveloped you, I have been heretofore unable to make my presence known. Now that the force of your emotions are spent, and you are beginning to grow calm and collected, I come to offer you my assistance, and to show you how to nobly retrieve the past, and to find perfect peace for your soul. Will you accept my aid?"

I grasped the hand still holding my own, and cried, in a voice choked with emotion, "I will, I will; only show me the way, and I will follow you to the end of life."

Still we stood upon the sandy shore; still the waves came rolling, tumbling in, and all was wild and dreary.

"To you," continued my friend, pointing to the surging billows, "this scene is presented as a type of the desolate, lonely shore, and the warring billows of passion-haunted thoughts, upon which man may recklessly wreck his whole existence; but beyond the sandy waste and the ocean's depths there are calm waters and sweet, smiling fields, where we may find that redemption, and make that restitution necessary for the soul's salvation.

"Come with me, and I will guide you to health and peace. Concentrate your thoughts on me, and become passive."

I did so, and instantly, ere one could count ten, I found my companion and self transported from the tempestuous shore to the same valley that I had entered, upon my first visit to the Immortal World.

"You wonder at my mode of transportation," said Robert, noting my surprise, "but you will soon become used to this; it is the Spirits' true mode of rapid traveling. We have only to fix our whole will upon the place where we wish to go, and instantly space with us is annihilated, and we are there. When you have thrown off a few more of the conditions of your



earth-life, you will be able to understand this law, and a great many others for yourself; and in order that you may do so, I wish you to plunge into yonder mist arising before us."

But a few feet from us there ascended from the depths of a small lake, a heavy bank of mist or vapor, and in compliance with the request of my friend, I plunged into this fog, which seemed to penetrate every atom of my being.

When I emerged, I seemed indeed to have been born again, to have received a baptism of fire that had burned away much that was heavy and gross in my system, and I felt light as air, and almost imponderable.

"Now you begin to feel something like a Spirit," said my friend, seating himself upon a mossy bank, and motioning me to a seat beside him; "you are becoming regenerated; look at yourself, and you will perceive a change; you can also see, hear, and feel clearer and better; all your senses are awakened and quickened, because the Spirit is beginning to work free from the crudities of materiality."

It was indeed true; my senses did seem to be intensified ten-fold; distance seemed to lend no obstruction to my view; my vision appeared to be unlimited; I could perceive forms, radiant in angelic beauty, moving to and fro; towns and cities gleaming white in the sunlight, where before my sight was bounded by the horizon, and I could see nothing but the limits of the beautiful valley, and no human being but our two selves.

My hearing, too, was quickened; for sweet, harmonious sounds stole upon my ear, where before I had heard nothing; all my senses seemed to be trebly alive, and awakened to activity; my outer structure, too, had grown so clear and fair as to become almost transparent, while my garments had assumed a purity of appearance I had never noticed before.

"You will soon be able to enter into and enjoy all the true pleasures of existence," resumed the poet. "I too have passed under experiences and trials similar to your own; and although they were not caused by precisely the same reasons, yet they were sufficiently severe to lead me to sympathize with and give you strength."

He ceased, and my soul became too full of gratitude for utterance, perceiving which, he said:

"By-and-bye, all these things will be explained to you, and you will thank the good Father for giving you these experiences, by which to develope and strengthen your Spirit. But come, I must show

you your work. Remain passive, and trust in me."

Again I followed his bidding, and in a moment more we were gliding along the streets of an earthly town. Again was I in the precincts of old England, but material sights and sounds seemed farther away from me than heretofore.

"I am going to take you," said my guide, "to one who is noble, and true to the stern duties of life—one who, in spite of trials and perplexities, of trouble and care, has remained faithful to the higher dictates of his inner spirit—one who, reared in poverty, has yet carved out a name for himself; and by turning aside from the glittering allurements of life, has endeared himself to many hearts;—a royal soul, a kingly mind, as yet in the physical body, I bring you to him, that from the example of his life, and the strength of his soul, you may learn your lesson, and draw encouragement to go on and do likewise. We are going to Gerald Massey."

He spoke, and instantly we were in an apartment which I recognized as the room of a thinker, a student and a poet.

There was but one occupant in that apartment, a slight figure, bearing a lofty head and noble brow, with an earnest, intellectual cast of features. He was busy perusing a book, which from the intentness of his gaze, I divined must have been a work requiring deep study.

How calm and peaceful was the atmosphere of that place! The air was redolent with quiet and rest. "I shall leave you here," said my guide. "When we meet again, you will be the worker, and one who has found content and joy. Adieu."

He was gone; and there, in the quiet sanctuary of the poet's study, in company with that loyal soul, whose earnest thought was to elevate humanity; in contemplation of his work, and drawing strength and encouragement from his fidelity to truth, and his desire to benefit mankind, I became strong and enduring, enabled to put away the enticing tempters of life, to expand my powers under the light of Spirit-development; and a desire was kindled in my soul, that has never been quenched—a desire to be of use, to do good to others, to assist the needy, elevate the down-trodden, and to enlighten and instruct those sitting in darkness.

Sitting in the shadow of that noble mind, reading with him his works, listening to his songs of beauty, witnessing his dreams for the remission of human ills, painted as they were on the sensorium of

his soul, in colors of gorgeous splendor; breathing in the perfume of his holiest aspirations, watching his struggles and triumphs,—I became purified and purged of old crudities, and I went out from that presence with the determination to do something for humanity, to be something in the great arena of life; and from that determination I have never strayed. Shall I tell you what I have done?

It would ill become me to speak of my own efforts. There is so much to be done, that the individual work of one alone is necessarily small; but if we strive to do good, with a will and a desire to benefit others, we cannot fail to be of use.

That you may know how it is a Spirit labors in conjunction with mortals, I will briefly speak of my method of work, and give you a few instances of what I have done or striven to do.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[For the Voice of Angels.]

#### EXPLANATORY COMMUNICATION

FROM THE SPIRIT A. A. BALLOU,

IN REFERENCE TO WHAT WAS SAID BY HIM, THROUGH MRS. RICHMOND, TO THE CHICAGO SPIRITUALISTS.

LETTER FROM HON. A. G. W. CARTER.

NEW YORK, August 10, 1878.

DEAR DENSMORE,—We have a remarkable Medium, who, it seems, has been developed to a high plane of Mediumship, within the last few years by his wise Spirit-Guides, and who is destined, no doubt, to take an important place in the category of Spiritual teaching in the future. For the present, neither he nor his guides wish him to come before the public; and they do not desire his name, even, to be given to the public as yet; though they promise all this will be done in good time.

Some month ago, I received a postal card from him, in which he said, "A certain A. A. Ballou has a written message here for you. What shall I do with it?"

To see what he meant, I called upon him at his residence, and he told me that on the previous Sunday evening, just before he was going to sit for a select Circle, who were present to receive communications from his Spirit-Band, a certain Spirit intervened and wrote—or it was written for him by some one of his Spirit-Band, through the Medium's hand—an extended communication, to which the Spirit appended his name. He read it to the Circle, who were all agreeably surprised and entertained by it; and in their wonder as to what purpose it was designed to accomplish, the Spirit said that it was for Judge Carter, that it should be given to him, and



he would understand all about it, and would make the proper use of it, as the Spirits desired.

Accordingly, the postal card came to me. I read the communication with much interest, and understood at once its scope and design; for I was not unmindful of what had been occurring at Chicago with the Spiritualists and the Spirits, through Mrs. Richmond, and knew that the communication was designed as explanatory, and to give the basis on which the Spirits view those matters which have, it seems, of late been troubling the members of the First Society of Spiritualists in Chicago.

With the Medium's consent, I appointed a Seance with him for Tuesday evening, and at that Seance the matter was further explained by an additional communication from the Spirit A. A. Ballou, and following out the suggestions of the latter communication, I send you both of them for publication in the VOICE.

The Spirits, too, told me, after having entranced the Medium, to send copies of the communication to Mrs. Richmond, for her benefit; and this I have done.

I append the communications for the benefit of those who can and will appreciate them.

Your friend,

A. G. W. CARTER.

1. We declare the higher law, desiring that you perceive that the end lies not in merely believing in the communion of Spirits, and of their re-appearance in materialized forms; but we pray that you may not become inquisitors over one another.

2. For thirty years have we sent Spirits to you, teaching you that the Spirit within man is the real man, and that it should rule over the material man. We further declare that the Spirit-World is the real world, and that you on earth are now near the cycle of time in which the Spirit-World shall rule over the material world in the affairs of men, and that by this only can peace and good will exist on earth.

3. Judge, therefore, wherein you, being material, shall have authority to rule over your brethren. For if you so believe, then are you materialists, and not Spiritualists.

4. Some say, "There are certain pretenders amongst us, who bring our cause into disrespect before the world; shall we not stigmatize them?" We answer, Nay, verily; for in so doing you also would become transgressors before the higher law of God.

5. He authorizes both the false and the true (as they appear to mortals,) as instruments in his hands for the raising up of his children.

6. You are not your brother's keeper, nor are you appointed of God higher than your neighbor to supervise his affairs.

7. We are sent back to the earth, by those above us, for the redemption of the world from idolatry, and from the tyranny of mortals over one another.

8. You have those among you who worship Jesus and Christ, instead of God; so worshipping because of certain miracles once wrought. We are here to bestow signs and miracles, even to the re-appearance of the dead in materialized forms, upon the unrighteous, as well as on the just; for by this shall we destroy the idolatry for Christ, Jesus, Buddha, and all other ambassadors sent before our time, and restore the world to one God and to freedom.

9. How can you perceive what use we have for the deceiver and pretender? Shall we not stir up opposition and bring agitation in our own way?

10. Have not your neighbors eyes and ears, that you would erect a sign-board, saying, "Go not here, for we presume he is a fraud"? No Spirit that we have ever sent you has taught you to do this; but you do it from the impulse of your material senses only. On these impulses have all religions assumed authority, seeking to cast stones at those who differed.

11. Suppose that this man or that man is a deceiver. The responsibility lieth with him; for by his conduct does he become chained to the earth, after his entrance into Spirit-life; and he willingly becomes our daily laborer in the affairs of mortals. And we need many such Spirits.

12. But why will you entangle yourselves with deceivers, if you know them to be such, either in denouncing them or patronizing them? For in this you are yourselves doing that which makes your bondage to earth of longer duration, after your Spirit-birth.

13. If public Mediums will not afford you proof of their pretended powers, you can remain away. But this gives you no right to charge them with fraud. That is what you should prove, before you defame.

14. And in like manner do we estimate those who seek defence in courts of law for misdemeanors against our Mediums. For striving to accomplish ends by the lower law is the forfeit of the higher law.

15. Whoever, therefore, would desire to prosper in spiritual work, should cultivate the higher faith in God and his ministering Spirits, and lay aside all arrogance and dictation over the affairs of his brother-man.

16. For it is better for all men to be believing, though they be deceived nine times out of ten, than to suffer doubt and disbelief to rule over the little spark of faith that is in them. And for this reason should no man seek to sow doubt abroad, to pull down his brother-man in disbelief. For whoever doeth this will surely need to return after his Spirit-birth, and labor to undo that which he did in mortal form.

The above expresses fully that which I lacked power to express through Mrs. Richmond.

To this Medium, and to his band of ancient Spirits, I am indebted for this opportunity.

With kind regards to all, I am truly your friend,

A. A. BALLOU.

P. S.—The communication written to me afterwards, on Thursday evening, at the private Seance, is as follows:

"We only desire to be made right before our

etities. To be charged with the possession of a bad Spirit is severe on a Medium; and we can realize fully how severely it tries Mrs. Richmond. This is just that which causes so much feeling among Mediums. The moment confidence is gone, the trials against Spirits of low degree begin.

But what can we expect of persons who will not heed the teachings of so many years? The idea of calling a Medium and a Spirit into a cross-examination, and seeking for an apology! This of course would drive away the Spirit-power, and leave the Medium in possession of some magnetizing Spirit only. Then, to think that I should go back on myself! Does any one knowing anything of Spirit-communion believe that a conscious Medium can continue under control of a Spirit after the hearers have expressed so much dislike? Now, I have no hesitation in saying that in that cross-examination I was there, but I could not hold control above the force of the audience; and the Medium apologized, not I.

I feel that in justice to Mrs. Richmond, this matter ought to be made public; but you can hardly realize how limited I am in devising a way to make the people understand the affair. Last Sunday, I had the guides give the philosophical basis on which we view these matters. You have that explanation, and if you are disposed may use it.

I find more difficulty in expressing myself than one in the form can comprehend.

A. A. BALLOU."

## SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE,  
AUG. 4, 1878,

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELLHAMER.

INVOCATION, BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN

Oh, thou Infinite Spirit of the universe, "in whom we live, move, and have our being," whom we worship as our Father God, from whom we sprang, unto whom we must return!

We desire at this time to lift up our souls in gratitude to thee, for thy loving care and tender mercy which is extended to all thy dear humanity.

We bless thee for the unfoldments of the spirit, that bring into our souls a comprehension of thy divine love and wisdom, for the benisons of good thou hast bestowed upon us through all time.

We bless thee that we are permitted to behold the unfoldments of thy creation, and for the knowledge, through these, thy works, which thou hast made known to us.

We thank thee for the life-work and mission of our elder brother, who came to bring peace, harmony, and a conception of truth unto humanity.

For the words of consolation and promise we have just read, we thank thee, and



for the divine teachings of him whose ministry was ever one of love and beneficence; and oh, may these words still ring in our souls, lifting us above the conditions of earth, into an atmosphere of trusting faith and confidence in thee.

"Let not your hearts be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you."

We bless thee for the revelations thou hast made, for the light thou hast shed abroad over humanity, and we ask that every Spirit may endeavor to sense thy presence, to recognize thy aid and assistance, and to look to thee for strength and guidance.

And now, dear ones, who are present with us here, we bid you welcome, and we pray you to aid and assist, guide and instruct, not only the souls of those assembled here in mortal, but also every Spirit who stands in need; and may this place become glorified with the light ye have imparted to others.

OLIVE RICHMOND.

My name is Olive Richmond. I thought I would like to come to those dear to me in Chicago; but I find it harder than I expected. It does not seem so very long to me since I passed away; and in taking control, I feel weak. I lived to a pretty good age, and am now glad that I have escaped the bonds of the material body.

After all, I can only say now, it is all beautiful; life has become glorified with a more perfect knowledge and a diviner peace. I send showers of love and blessing unto those who grew into my heart, and also ministered so kindly to me, both to the body and the Spirit. I thank you, sir. I find I must go.

JESSIE SMITH.

Will you let a little girl, eleven years old, come? [Yes, indeed.] I came all the way from Maine to send a letter. It's in Augusta where I live. I live there now, just the same. I'm home most of the time, and I play round the house and sing, and speak happy thoughts to them all, ever so often. My name is Jessie Smith.

Why, I was playing, and whispering to mamma, just after I slipped out of my body; that was all cold and white and stiff; but I wasn't. I brought a great bunch of creamy-white roses the other day, when I was there, and not long ago somebody sensed the pretty flowers I had there. Now, I want to send heaps of love, and kisses, too, and to say I am ever so well off, and just as happy. I've got a pretty white dress, all sprinkled over with little flowers. I've got a bird, and oh,

how he sings. I go to school, and am trying to learn fast, so as to be real smart; but I learn best when I come to mamma. She has such pretty thoughts. Mamma's Melia—not Amelia. Papa is Captain Thomas Smith. Grandpa calls me Sunshine. I call the splendid lady that teaches me, grandma. She says that's right; but she don't seem very old to me.

Oh, I must go. I am ever so much obliged.

[You had better send the above to Captain Thomas Smith, or family, Augusta, Maine.]

CHARLES S. DODGE.

How do you do, sir? I am Charles S. Dodge, and I want to make myself heard at Little Rock, Arkansas, if possible. There are matters I can straighten for friends, if given the opportunity, but cannot make them public. I thought if this thing was true, I would like to try it. None of my friends are Spiritualists.

I was in the army, and contracted a disease there, which finally carried me off. I am thirty-five years of age. I have been gone several years.

I thank you, sir, for your kindness.

FRANK C. KEARNEY.

GOOD evening, sir. I should like to report here if you are willing. [Entirely so.] I thank you. Please to write me down as Frank C. Kearney.

I went out with consumption somewhere about two years ago. I went from New York to California for my health; but found it of no use, and was obliged to succumb.

It was hard for me to go. I was only twenty-five, and life was pleasant; and although I have found it pretty good over here, I would like to converse with my friends, and I take this means of calling their attention.

I was told if I would come here, it would enable me to reach them in some way.

Again I thank you.

SUSAN ALLEN.

I too would like to make myself known in this way, and let my dear friends know that I continue to love and think of them ever. I understood this, so that my only difficulty in coming is occasioned by a little weakness.

My name is Susan Allen. I was born into the higher life from Roxbury, Vermont, about sixteen months ago, or a little more. I was sixty-six years old.

My husband's name is Jehial Allen; and I want to say, that although we were separated materially, yet in spirit we were not divided. Death held no terrors for

me, for I knew it could not part me from those I love; and I come now to say it is grand and glorious, the passage to the other life is sublime, and the welcome over there is well nigh perfect.

Do you know what it is to be held in the arms of a loving mother and tender father, to clasp dear darling ones you have not seen for years? Oh, then, you can conceive of a Spirit's welcome. Even so will we welcome you when you come to meet us.

I was enabled to witness the celebration of our glorious philosophy from the Spirit-side, and it was grand, as I passed on, just ten days previous, on a Wednesday, I believe. Nothing on earth can equal that Spiritual demonstration. It was beautiful beyond description.

But I must not intrude. Only once more let me waft a loving blessing to those I love.

[You had better send to Mr. Jehial Allen, Roxbury, Vermont.]

MESSAGES GIVEN AUG. 11, 1878.

JAMES HAWTHORNE.

[How do you do?] I hardly know how I do. This is very strange, very incomprehensible to me; a new experience, altogether. An old patriarch brought me here, for some purpose or other.

My name is James Hawthorne, and I went out from St. Louis. I can hardly keep my eyes open.

Well, now, I don't know how long I've been gone. Nothing seems natural here. I suppose I've got friends who would like to hear from me, and if so, I'll come, if they'll provide the means.

Like enough I came here to be waked up. [Probably you did.] Well, I'm much obliged, anyhow.

SARAH M. THOMPSON.

GOOD evening, sir. Will you be kind enough to say that Mrs. Sarah M. Thompson, of Cleveland, Ohio, comes to send a word of remembrance and love to her family and all her dear friends, and to tell them how it is with her.

It will be three years in the Fall since I ascended to my Spirit-home, and although the sundering of physical ties was hard, yet the Spiritual chords that bound me to my loved ones were strengthened thereby, and I found I could approach all kindred souls closer in Spirit than I ever could in mortal. I met dear ones who welcomed me to a beautiful home, and in their company, with the opportunities and privileges given me to study and to learn, I found happiness and peace.

There is so much to be attained in the



higher life, so much knowledge to be gained, truth and wisdom to acquire, that the little we learn on earth seems a mere nothing; and yet it is beautiful to feel that however much we know, however far we travel on the upward path of progress, there is ever something more to learn, ever some new beauties and new truths to be unfolded before our Spiritual sight.

I was a Medium and speaker myself. The angels essayed to touch mortals of the better life through my organism; but to-night I come to give my own testimony through the lips of another, for which privilege I thank you.

Changes have taken place with those I love, changes that I have been cognizant of. I am satisfied, for whatever occurs to give them peace, brings happiness to me, while at the same time, the shadows darkening over them will I know only serve to sanctify their Spirits, and while I sympathize, I can say, "All is well."

I would like to send to Bro. Edward S. Wheeler a fraternal greeting, bidding him to speed on in the work, bidding him to guard well the physical—the outer citadel of the soul, as the Spirits have much for him to do; to press nobly on towards that goal which awaits all well-tried, earnest workers in the Father's vineyard.

CHLOE.

Is dese all brack? (looking at, and turning over the Medium's hands.) [No, they are white.] Well, I'se be all brack. I'se be little darky. This be I, isn't it? [Yes.] Den how I come white? [You are now controlling a white Medium. You came here to have us write for you to your friends. Who do you wish to find?] Mammy. I be Chloe. I be awful brack. [That doesn't matter. Color makes no difference. All are welcome.] Ole missus reads the paper, sometimes. She reads it to mammy; and so I'se want to write, 'cause missy will see it, and read it to mammy, that I'se live, and kin bring mammy heaps of love, like the white chillun; down in Ginny's where I was raised, a little way from Wheeling. [Wheeling, West Virginia?] Yes, massa. Ki, yi, it be fun to come.

NELLIE HUNTER.

I AM Nellie Hunter, sir. I was sixteen years old when I went away. I lived in New York. I want to send a letter to my mother, but I don't know where to direct it, as she went to California since I died, and I don't know the name of the place. I can come to her in Spirit, but cannot learn the locality where she is. She didn't believe in this, and I never heard of it;

but since she went to California she has begun to be interested, and is looking into it, and she thought if she could hear from me, she would believe it; and I was told if I came here, my letter might possibly reach her.

I have been gone nearly four years. Father is in Spirit-Life, and is often with me. We are very happy. It's a beautiful world, and everybody is kind.

I thank you, sir. Mother's name is Mary Hunter.

GEORGE DIXON.

[How do you do?] Well, I'm pretty well off, I think. There are some parties in Springfield I would like to reach. They don't believe a word in this, and like as not will not respond; but they have often thought they would like to know what became of me, and so I'm here to let 'em know. If they don't heed, it will not be my fault.

My name is George Dixon. I was twenty-three years old. I've been gone—well, a good long time. I went out for the want of something to eat, at Libby Prison. It's not a comfortable feeling, at all, but I presume it's a Spiritualizing process, as we are told we must fast and pray before we can discern Spirits. Well, I can answer for the fasting, if not for the praying, and I did see angels, or something of the kind. Well, yes, the suffering was pretty bad at first, but finally I became half unconscious, and probably did not realize it fully. It's a thinning-out treatment, I can tell you.

Now, I didn't care to have my friends know the true state of the case, as they would feel pretty bad; but since then my mother has joined me, and the others are not near enough to feel so very bad after this length of time.

[Well, George, we are glad to meet you. You see two old soldiers here.] Is that so? Then I'm glad I came. I am always pleased to meet comrades in arms. You know, then, how pleasant it is to hear from home and friends? [Yes, indeed.] Well, I hope I can help you some time. Good night. [Good night.]

#### PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

A. A. PERRY TO HIS COUSIN WILLIE.

DEAR WILLIE,—You often wish I would send you a message through the VOICE OF ANGELS; so here it is, such as it is. However, I can't see as it will do you much good. As I often talk to you through Aunt Martha, I am afraid you will get tired of hearing me. "The Lady of Light" tells me to say to you, "Be watchful." As I know you are in danger, you had better

heed what she says. You need her advice. Listen, and heed it well, and do not treat it lightly.

This from your more than cousin.

A. A. PERRY, or DR. ROSE.

SOUTH ST. LOUIS, MO.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

WILLIE JONES.

This Spirit took control of the Medium while she was sitting quietly conversing with a friend, and said:

"How do you do? You don't know me; but the Spirit who has charge of this place said I could come, so as to have my message put in the next paper. I just want to say that I *did* come before, and I don't want the Mediums to say I didn't. I came and brought the pinks, just as I said; and I don't want any one to say I didn't. I love them all, and I come to them; but Spirits don't change like you people do; and when we find some one we love, we never leave that person long at a time. All the Spirits I ever saw were constant; because, don't you see, they live by the law of sympathy. That's all.

I'm Willie Jones. My letter was printed in the last paper, and I want this one printed in the next, and sent just the same as that was."

ROSE, TO WALLACE R. PERRY.

DEAR WALLACE,—Do not think of Memphis; it will not pay. Your money can be better used at home. Look to that. Listen more to what Aunt Martha says to you, and believe I am ever watching over you for your good—ever near in spirit.

ROSE.

THROUGH WEST INGLE.

A TESTIMONY.

I WAS one of a circle not long ago, where a distant relative of Benjamin Wade was sitting next to me.

No one who ever saw that brave old hero and statesman would be likely to forget him or mistake his form and features. He came near us and stood looking down upon us for a moment. I gave a description of him. Three of those present recognized him, and requested him to give us a brief account of his entrance into Spirit-life; and if possible, to state for a certainty if there was a place bearing any likeness to hell or eternal torment. The following was his reply:

"Friends, I was attracted here tonight by a power controlling events beyond my strength to resist; and now I am here, I will testify to the truth as I have found it.



I was more deeply interested in Spiritualism than my friends imagined. Indeed, I gave a few thoughts to most of the leading theories of the day. Materialism, Pantheism, and I will add, Atheism, had not power to draw me from my boyhood's faith in the truth and historical events of the Gospel. I did at one time make up my mind that religion as a general thing was but a glittering phantom, and those most engaged in it seemed in league to practice a huge deception upon the world. I had seen no tangible proof of its genuineness. I had looked upon the Scriptures as treating upon the manners and customs of bygone ages, more than as the structure and philosophy of the material universe, and man's Spiritual connection with the Deity seemed to me right and proper, according to the natural law by which the universe is governed, and by which all things are kept in motion. I loved the truth, and liked to see professed Christians live up to their calling, let it be what it might. I always believed an honest, earnest sinner stood higher in the estimation of the Deity than a doubtful Christian, whose character needed polishing up for Sunday.

"I do not suppose that anything I can say in this brief communication will be of any material advantage to the Spiritual cause. I hope it will not be prejudicial to the truth, which I now declare to be as immortal as the Deity.

"Very few of my friends are expecting to hear from me from this sunny side of life, and fewer still care for my silence. Ben Wade, living and in health, was a power in the land; but that individual dead seems to have passed away forever. Few are looking for his return and power to make speeches. But here I am, with reasoning powers unimpaired, and am trying to give you an idea of the truth, as a principle of the Divine Mind.

"And now I would say to my friends, wherever they can be found, I assure you all that immortality is the real heritage of the soul. The ministration of angels is a high and holy truth. My faith in God and in virtue as being one of the heavenly principles has not diminished since I came here, but has unspeakably expanded. God is continually speaking to the souls of men—not through dead, insensible Mediums—of truth, taught by the ancestors, and enthroned in the minds of their children through hereditary principles of faith. He is speaking in tones of mighty power, through all the laws of the universe, and his Angel-messengers are teaching to human hearts Association, Progression and Developement. Through multi-

plied series and many degrees, the clear voice is heard ascending up through the spheres to the Home of the Soul—the Temple of the Deity.

"If I could teach my friends the knowledge I now possess, and point out the best and surest paths to the harmonious spheres of Infinite Peace, I would first tell them to be true to their inner consciousness; I would teach charity and forbearance, and lead them to neither believe nor condemn their fellow-men.

"I would say to several of my old friends in the political ranks, Do not go to extremes, either in politics or religion. (There is not much danger of the latter.) And do not believe a new theory, until by research you receive a rational demonstration, and your own reasoning powers can thoroughly digest and assimilate it, and let conviction and action harmonize in your mind. And then, my friends, you can afford to meet scorn and derision, if need be, and turn a brave face to the world.

"I am now interested in the progression and conversion of some of my political companions. They need a power superior to that by which they are governed now. If they were devoted to a higher Spirituality, and cared a little less for the material, their influence would be more like a blessing to the country, and a little less like a curse.

"You may do what you please with this message, for it expresses my present sentiments."

[For the Voice of Angels.]

### HEART'S TREASURES.

BY SPIRIT JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE TO HIS FRIEND ROBERT ANDERSON.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

EARTH may yield her sordid treasures—

Purest silver, gold and gems—

Fit to crown a kingly forehead

With their royal diadems;

Man may point to forms of beauty,

Rarest works of skillful art—

But he cannot point the equal

Of the treasures of the heart.

Oh, the human heart is glowing

With the gems of truth and love,

Flashing in the radiant splendor

Of their coronal above—

Flashing in their wondrous glory

Through the clouds of doubts and fears—

Gems whose light shall never tarnish

By the mists of future years.

See the gold of pure Affection,

Twice refined and purified:

Gaze on Sympathy's white silver,

Linked together side by side;

Mark the shrine of honest Friendship,

Rarest work of heavenly art,

And compare thy earthly treasures

With the treasures of the heart.

Oh, the human heart holds truly

Mines of beauty, wealth untold,

Richer than earth's fairest jewels,

Brighter than earth's shining gold;

Glorious forms of smiling beauty

Fill each recess of the heart,

Purer than the sculptor's model

That begets the world of art.

Oh, the heart itself's a jewel,

Hidden within these forms of clay,

Flashing in its radiant splendor

With the light of perfect day;

Through the crust of human weakness,

Through the slough of human shame,

Burning with the light eternal

Of Affection's sacred flame.

Here this wondrous, precious jewel

I this evening bring to you,

Shining with unfading lustre,

Burning steadfast, calm and true;—

Set within its crown of glory

Of Infinitude above,

Whose eternal anthems ring,

Tell of Friendship, Truth and Love.

### "TUNIE" FUND.

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.

Since our last, we have received the following donations to the "Tunie" Fund:

A Friend, New York City,	-	-	\$1.00
" Boston, Mass.,	-	-	0.75
" Tawas City, Mich.,	-	-	0.25
S. Bates, St. Ansgar, Iowa,	-	-	0.25
Susan Jack, Oil City, Pa.,	-	-	1.00
G. H. Carle, 340 Carondelet Ave., St. Louis, Mo.,	-	-	0.35
Thomas Wardell, St. Ansgar, Iowa,	-	-	0.25
Alonzo Wardell, " " "	-	-	0.25
S. Bates, (2d sub.), " " "	-	-	0.25
Isaac S. Bisbee, " " "	-	-	0.25
Frank J. Williams, " " "	-	-	0.25
Luther McDonald, " " "	-	-	0.25
T. M. Wells, North Weymouth, Mass.,	-	-	0.50
M. B. Sprague, 5 Dwight St., Boston,	-	-	1.00
Mrs. P. Phillips, Delta, N. Y.,	-	-	0.60

### 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 15, 1878.

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