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LITERARY.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

"THOU IN THY LIFE-TIME HAD THY GOOD THINGS."

THROUGH TRYPHENA O. PARDEE.

CHANGED in the twinkling of an eye,
The rich man woke from his delirious dream,
And read upon the gorgeous tinted sky,

"God is Love!"—
"Hence Life's pure sparkling waters stream."

Passed he a moment to behold
The beautiful blonings of All-Nature's gifts,
And sensed sweet quick'nings thrilling through his soul—
"God is Love,"
"Whoso golden light death's darkness lifts."

"Death!" he exclaimed—"and am I dead?—
And this the heaven I've hoped to find at last?—
When conscience, quick as thought, here said—
"God is Love,"
"Thou hadst thy good things in the past."

Songs most enchanting filled the air—
But where the mellow voices thus in tune?—
He glimpsed from Life's great bosom, where
God is Love,
Down-trodden ones, there saved from gloom.

Smiles now were theirs, instead of tears—
Bright palms and roses waving in their hands;
Houven's holy mansion rings with cheers—
"God is Love!"—
"We're free from poverty's cold bands."

Smote to his breast when memory said—
"Oh, that I had given these, instead of priests,
Thoso many dimes to buy their needed bread!"—
"God is Love!"—
"I might have spared from out my feast."

"Some lonely one might I have given
A kindly word, a warm, assuring clasp—
Or sympathized with hearts by sorrow riven!"—
"God is Love!"—
"And blest me with my money grasp."

"A favored few have felt my love—
Poor frozen stuff, when self was not hot served—
With haughty step passed where the weary strove!"—
"God is Love!"—
"His tender grace hath never swerved"

Communed he with himself alone—
And thinking of great bargains, heaping wealth—
And of the needed good he might have done—
"God is Love!"—
"Oh, give me back my life and health!"

"Yes, God is Love," an angel said,
"Life, health and strength are all thine own;—
Eternal ground is this on which you tread!"—
"God is Love!"—
"He wills thee do thy work, not done."

"Go bless the struggling poor of earth;
Thy lessons take from Nature's purest laws;
Some future day will witness thy bright birth!"—
("God is Love")—
"With those who bore life's crushing cross."

With fear and trembling turned he then—
An humble beggar, looking for a job—
When burning in his soul he felt again
"God is Love!"
"And teaches me love's genial throb."

"Unselfish love"—his voice proclaims—
"Is what I should have learned long, long before—
High heaven's best good pays only goodly aims!"—
"God is Love,"
"And Love is heaven forevermore."

But oh, how many souls made glad
By his untiring, zealous, handy-care,
Ere his changed spirit ceases to be sad—
"God is Love!"—
Love seals his children everywhere.
ELLINGTON, N. Y., August 10, 1878.

CIVILIZATION:

MESSAGE NUMBER ELEVEN.

SPOKEN THROUGH J. M. A., AT MATFIELD,
PLYMOUTH CO., MASS., AUG. 13, 1878.

[REPORTED VERBATIM BY S. S. A.]

GOOD MORNING:—I am here once again to ask your attention to the work we have in view, and to present some further thoughts regarding the nature and scope of the undertaking. In the first place, I would say that we are prepared to undertake the establishment of

HARMONIAL GROUP-HOMES,

whenever and wherever we can find or shall find persons enough and devoted enough to accomplish the work, as co-operators with us in mortal.

We are fearful at the present time, the elements we would select are so scattered and weakened, depleted and discouraged, from long contact and conflict with evil, under unfavorable circumstances, that it may be extremely difficult for some time to come to gather many to-

gether who are sufficiently free from entangling associations—and withal sufficiently earnest and consecrated—to place themselves, all that they are and have, unreservedly, without distrust, or un-faith in the final success of the work, upon the ground selected by the prime originators of the movement.

We are inclined to think, all things considered, this point may serve temporarily as well, perhaps, as any other, as a resting-place, a transition point, a stepping-stone, a hint, a germ or model—a rallying point, it might be, or at least a place for you two, who have wasted long and suffered much and sacrificed everything to test the reality of the readiness of the white race to receive anything sufficiently comprehensive and thorough to meet the wants of humanity in the direction of Sociology and Civilization;—in other words, to ascertain if there really be needed elements sufficiently prepared, anywhere outside of savageism, so-called, to be willing and ready to abandon the unjust features, the false and cruel methods, of present forms of Civilization—the bad religions, the foolish customs, the pernicious habits, the absurd and tyrannical fashions, the one-sided and inverted scholasticisms, the oppressive money-systems, political systems, etc.;—prepared, I say, to leave these things behind, and take up a course of life which practically ignores, omits, rejects, all these evil-producing causes, conditions and effects—ready, I say, to devote themselves to the "one idea" of living true lives themselves, and by example, at least, showing the world, teaching the world, how it might, if it so choose, avoid sin, sickness and sorrow, and all other forms and phases of evil, and enjoy health, harmony and happiness, individually, collectively, universally, perpetually.

In other words, I say again, the evils of human society are produced by human beings—who, actuated by impulses given to them, develop [such conditions such circumstances] for themselves within and around themselves, as the Systems of Life, of Civilization, which have been transmitted to them by their ancestors, allow or make possible.

In other words, we arrive at this thought, this fact, that the evils of life lie primarily with

the *System or Plan of Life* adopted by the people. If the System be good, the results are good. If the System be evil, the results are evil. If the System be partially good and partially evil, the results will be mixed. If the evil predominates in the System of Life, evil will predominate in the society which adopts said System. As light, pure and white, as love, clean and sweet, must have clear, clean and pure channels of transmission, to show on the further side, unperversion, purity and whiteness—so Divine Love itself, from the Infinite Mind, flowing through abominations of ignorance, depravity, sensuality, (I might rather say expressing itself through Methods originating in ignorance and sensuality,) becomes smirched and brutalized.

Oh, man!—cleanse thyself! Shake off the brute[alism]! Leap forth! Be human! Look up! Aspire to the good, the beautiful and the true! Be faithful to the light from above! Seize, oh, seize, with glowing faces and warm and tender hearts, and with joy and gratitude, the outstretched hands from above, ready ever to clasp to the bosom of immortal affection, the loved ones upon the earth.

Be assured, oh, Americans, that Columbia is not only "the land of the free and the home of the brave," in theory and upon the lip; but it shall become, we believe, literally and practically, to each and to all, the resting-place, an abiding-place, of a true Civilization, whose protecting arms shall shield humanity and remove from human life the blackness of existence, and brighten the pathway of man with the radiance of the Summer-Land.

Be assured the System of Life adequate to meet the exigencies of existence, and secure what Nature designed—tranquillity and brotherhood and happiness—is being let down from the Heavens, (where it must needs have originated,) is to be accepted and adopted by glad and thankful hearts, ready and willing quietly, lovingly, trustingly, to do the work required of them for the inauguration, successful establishment and perpetuity of a *Harmonial Order of Co-operative Common-School Commonwealths*.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

A FRIENDLY COMMUNICATION AND TALK AS TO THE ASPECTS OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY THE SPIRIT REV. HOSEA BALLOU.

THROUGH DR. G. A. PIERCE, ACBURN, ME.

DEAR BROTHER DENSMORE,—I have especially begged the privilege of writing a few lines to you today, through this Medium. We much appreciate your efforts to give light to the world, as you are doing in your paper. Angels will bless your efforts. Don't get discouraged. There are many loving Spirits here with me today—Your loved and loving Tunie, our mutual friend, Brother Pardee, Dr. Franklin, and hosts of others in our circle. We all rejoice that you will give us an opportunity to be heard. There are

two more Spirit-persons here I will name—Rufus Choate and Charles Sumner; and yet another wishes me to name him—Horace Mann. All send their compliments and regards, esteem and good will to you. We all mutually agree that the "Voice of Angels" stands as a great helper to the "Scientist" and "Banner of Light." You may ask why? Because advanced Spirits favor all efforts for truth, scientific investigation, and a thorough standpoint upon the foundations of reason and common sense. The "Banner of Light" is a noble worker for the Spirit-World. It will be sustained. Truth is to triumph over error, and the world is to be filled with knowledge as the waters cover the sea. No earthly power can stay the onward march of Spiritual truth, for Spiritualism is the very life of all. The "Scientist" is a valuable production. "It should have a sieve in the emblems of its heading, as the most prominent display of its purposes," says Dr. Franklin, laughing, and he adds, asking, "Are the editors of that paper so unreasonable as to expect the possibility of perfection in human actions and results, or in Spirit communications either?" We say, let the highest developed reason of any soul be the controlling force of that soul, being always liberal enough to be subject to the knowledge of incoming light and education.

The more education, growth in wisdom and knowledge a Medium has, the better—the better for Spirits to commune through, for no higher attainments can be given, or should be expected, than brain growth will admit of. But this consideration should always be understood, that many brains are in advance of education by a natural unfolding. That is to say, the brain growth has unknowable perceptions that mortals know not of, but Spirits understand. Oh, the depth of ignorance and superstition there is on the earth-plane, and what a vast amount is carried to the Spirit-World by Spirits coming here! Theology in all of its forms is the great iniquity that keeps the souls of mortals ignorant and superstitious. Why? you ask. One reason is, it teaches people to leave the thinking to be done by priests, and discourages independent thought.

Times are changing. Individuality is gaining growth. The world is to be filled with Spirit-power for the right. Ignorant Spirits in and out of the human form are being educated by all the various processes incidental to the ability of highly developed and advanced Spirits. We will, then, Bro. D., take courage and work on untiringly. Our work, like yours, is full

of enterprise, care, effort—requiring courage, means, strength to operate, etc. We can and will aid you in your work, thro' the strong forces of life. The magnetism contained in these leaves will give you strength. Bro. Pardee is an able worker—just the Spirit for an editor. He is patient, genial, far-seeing, industrious, ever on the alert; and you may depend no efforts will be spared to make the *VOICE OF ANGELS* a world-wide educator, both of Spirits and mortals. We think it must soon be enlarged to a twenty-four page sheet, perhaps thirty-two, and be made a weekly. Don't demur. When it is considered prudent to be undertaken, means will be at hand. Never fear! This great truth of Spiritualism is to grow on your planet earth, till conflicts among nations, communities and individuals shall cease; till wars shall be unknown; till education and wisdom shall glow in every heart its true love-light of Liberty, Equality, Justice, Mercy, Temperance and Truth. Then will Spirit-friends be known and recognized as a common affair; and this latter is not so far distant as many suppose.

Go on, dear Brother Densmore, in your good and great work. Help our Mediums as you wish to be helped, and the angels will bless you and prosper you. Let the fruitage be such as both opposers and advocates will like to enjoy. Then, yea, then the Spiritual work will triumph—so will Spiritualism everywhere.

In great Love and Fraternity,

Most truly thine,

(Signed,) REV. HOSEA BALLOU.

CORROBORATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE.

MARENGO, Ill., Aug. 18, 1878.

DEAR BRO. DENSMORE,—I find in the *VOICE OF ANGELS* of August 1st, a message from my brother, Porter Chatfield, through "West Ingle." It was characteristic of him in every respect. The name was spelt Porter "Chesterfield," which I was sorry for; not that it made any difference on my own account, but of those who do not understand our philosophy. He had a large circle of acquaintances. The message was very satisfactory to me. He said, "Hannah, father is preparing a message for you."

I shall be watching my paper with great interest, and hope we will hear from brother Porter again, when conditions are favorable.

Your little paper is gaining favor with the Spiritualists here. May you live long upon the earth, and have your health spared, that you may send forth the angel

voices, laden with sweet messages from loved ones who have crossed to the other shore, is the best wish of your friend in the cause. Mrs. HANNAH MILLER.

MORE PROOF.

THE following is from J. Emory Wilson, to his mother, Mrs. Augustus Wilson, of Parsons, Kansas, through Miss Shelhamer, which came at a moment when least expected and unsought for. His words were loud and clear, full of love and childlike simplicity. Mrs. Wilson being somewhat of a skeptic and a very close investigator, hesitated to acknowledge the recognition of her child for a moment; and upon being thoroughly convinced, from undeniable facts, the reunion was a very happy one.

He said he would write a letter to his papa in Kansas, and asked me, the editor of the VOICE OF ANGELS, if I would put it in my paper, and send it to Augustus Wilson, Parsons, Kansas. I answered, Yes; I will. And the next day, at the stated time, the letter came through the post-office to me, which will also be found below.

D. C. DENSMORE,
Editor "Voice of Angels."

J. EMORY WILSON.

I come to write a letter to my dear papa. I want to tell you, papa, that I bring you lots and lots of love, and I am so happy in the Spirit-World. Grand-mamma and grandpapa take care of me, and I am growing up so nicely; I'm going to be good, too, so that when you and mamma come, you'll be so glad I went before to make all pleasant and happy to meet you.

I came all the way from Kansas, with my dear mamma. I kept urging her to come, and she felt that she must come. Grandpapa said she'd never get well, unless she had a change of climate; and grandpapa says mamma must not feel so bad; she'll get well.

I see mamma go to my grave and kneel known. I'm with her all the time. I talked to mamma way out West—through a trumpet, too.

Mamma asked me to bring her some flowers the other night. She asked me down inside, where nobody heard her but me, and I did bring 'em, papa; I did truly bring 'em; I brought a pink rose and some white flowers; and mamma sent them to you, papa.

I be going to try and bring my dear mamma something else, perhaps a bird; and I'm going to try and send papa something, too, for his only self. And papa,

you work too hard, too; Uncle Dok says you must have a rest, or you'll be all worked out in no time.

I want to send my love to auntie, dear auntie Laura; she used to hold me tight in her arms, right on her breast. I know she's with papa now; I've seen her two pretty little girls and uncle here, and he sends love to her too.

Papa, mamma's got some of grand-mamma's and grandpapa's hair put away with my hair. I seen mamma cut a little piece of hair from my head, after I passed away, and I want her to wear it; I can come nearer to her then.

I must go now; but man says perhaps I can write again some other time.

Please say its J. Emory Wilson to his dear darling papa.

CORROBORATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE

STATION "B.," St. Louis, Aug. 30, 1878.

FRIEND D. C. DENSMORE,—In the VOICE OF ANGELS of September 1st was a communication from A. A. Perry to his cousin Willie. Also one from Rose to Wallace R. Perry. I recognize them, although there is a little mistake in one of them. It is this—"Willie" should be "Wallie"; "his cousin" should be "her cousin."

This makes little difference as I understand it, and I am very thankful to you for forming the connecting link from the Spirit-World to myself and many others.

Yours, respectfully,
WALLACE R. PERRY.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

AUGUSTA, Me., Aug. 30, 1878.

MR. DENSMORE:—Dear Sir,—I received two copies of the VOICE OF ANGELS, in one of which is a letter from my little daughter Jessie, who passed to Spirit-life Dec. 24th, 1876. It is expressed in her style and manner, and although she failed to give my name correctly, it makes the test more satisfactory to me. I think she will come again and succeed better.

With thanks for your kindness,
I am gratefully yours,
Mrs. THOMAS SMITH.

CORRECTION.

D. C. DENSMORE,—In the verification of the message of Daniel H. Crane, in the VOICE of August 15, a slight mistake occurred in the name, which should have been "Mrs. Leroy Farnham."

As ever, yours,
Mrs. LEROY FARNHAM.

[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 EIGHT.

IN passing out from the presence of that good, true man of whom I have spoken. I carried with me a strong desire to be of use to my kind; to do something for the good of humanity; and born of this desire, there came to my soul a new strength like unto nothing I had known before, and which enabled me to enter dens of vice in search of souls to aid without contamination, or the danger of falling to the tempter.

There is one circumstance I remember well. At a gambling house in one of our English cities, I encountered a young lad, seemingly about eighteen years of age, whom I could see had been enticed there by the alluring visions of a fortune to be made, pictured to him by those older than himself, and well versed in the secrets of sinful practices.

He was a pale, delicate youth, with an intellectual cast of countenance, a well-bred air, and one evidently worthy of better things. I was attracted to him as he sat at the table, his whole mind concentrated upon the game he was playing.

Suddenly, he pushed back his chair, rubbed his brow in a bewildered, half-dazed manner, and muttering, "Lost, everything lost! I counted on this chance to retrieve my luck; but it's no use, everything is against me," he seized his hat and fled from the place.

I followed him, not knowing what he might do, and wishing to serve him, if in my power.

It was to his lodgings that we went, the attic floor of a dingy lodging-house in an obscure quarter of the city. I found that he was a student, striving to pay his way by literary labor, while gaining an education. His parents were poor, hard-working people, living way back in the country, who had done all they could to assist their son.

Flinging himself upon his humble bed, the young man gave himself up to dismal thoughts, the tenor of which were that he wished he was dead. His money was all gone, nothing left but his books, remunerative employment impossible to procure, and he knew not how to gain the means of livelihood. He could not apply to his friends; indeed he would not have them know his situation for the world, and nothing remained but to put himself out of the way as soon as possible.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

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BOSTON, MASS., SEPTEMBER 15, 1878.

EDITORIAL.

SOME time since, at the end of a business letter from a friend of humanity, he says, "I should like very much to ask friend Pardee if Spirits can see mortals? and if so, how do we appear to them? If he will consent to give us a few words upon the subject, it will not only gratify me but many others." Continuing—"Judge Edmunds said, before he passed over, that he saw a man hanged, and he saw his spirit pass out of his body, etc. If that is so, why don't Spirits teach us more about such things?—for it seems to me to be the most important of all, as it is the first letter in the alphabet of Spiritualism."

Yes, friend Craddock, Spirits out of a material form *do* see the *Spirits* of mortals, but do *not* see their physical bodies, except when in complete *rapport* with them. Spirits can no more see the physical body than you can the Spirit inhabiting that body. What is meant by seeing Spirits is merely seeing the Spirit-body, and *not* the soul or Spirit controlling the body; for that was never seen by either Spirits or mortals; that is, the essence or life-giving principle, commonly called the soul. Hence, when a Spirit or clairvoyant say they see a Spirit, they only see the body it occupies; for it must not be forgotten that when a Spirit leaves its earthly tenement, it enters on another made out of the finer particles of the vacated one; and although the latter may be so fine and sublimated that it cannot be seen by mortal ken, yet to all intents and purposes it is as much a physical body as the worn-out one it left; for everything that has an existence in fact, whether in the mundane or super-mundane world, however refined and sublimated it may be, is matter, nevertheless. Unless a Spirit is clairvoyant, he can no more see a Spirit-body above his plane of development in Spirit-life, than he could see Spirits before he left the earth-plane.

Another friend asks, "If, as some claim, Mediums ought to have all to say about making conditions, or what they shall be, when sitting for Spiritual manifestations of any and all kinds, how are we to know, or what evidence has the investigator, that the Medium is telling the truth?"

In answer to the above we would say

that, as the Medium does not do the work, he has no more to say about what the conditions should be than the investigator. The only proper person to make the conditions for any kind of work, whether of a mechanical or scientific nature, or the more complicated chemical operation of form manifestations, is the party that does the work. What would you think, when contemplating the construction of a complicated piece of machinery—a steam-engine, for instance, if an ignoramus from the rural districts, claiming no practical knowledge of the thing to be constructed, should undertake to dictate to you the conditions under which you must construct the machine?—and if you failed or refused to comply with this positive know-nothing in such matters, declares he will publish and brand you as a fraud and impostor? I say, what would you think of such an absurd and ridiculous proposition? And yet, friend Morton, this very theory, as unreasonable and ludicrous as it may seem, is being attempted to be carried out with all the Mediums in the land today, especially those who sit for form-manifestations.

THE HOLMES'S IN BOSTON.

MR. and Mrs. Holmes, the Materializing Mediums, have been holding forth every evening, for the past two weeks, at No. 8 Davis street, this city, with great success; that is, as far as form materializations are concerned. From eight to a dozen different Spirits, male and female, have shown themselves nightly, dressed in different costumes, most of whom have been recognized by friends and relatives present. Mr. Pardee, Spirit Editor of this paper, has shown himself to me on three several occasions, precisely as when living—shook hands with me in his old-fashioned, earnest style, and seemed as familiar as when living in a material body. My lovely daughter Tunie has also come as many times, and seemed pleased with the ready recognition with which she was greeted. Mr. Holmes was under strict test conditions all the time, thus precluding the possibility of fraud or collusion.

These remarkable Mediums tell their patrons before the Seance commences, that any one dissatisfied with what they see, and who feel that they have not got their money's worth, nothing will be accepted from them. This is as it should be, and is an undeniable test of their sincerity.

D. C. DENSMORE,

Pub. *Voice of Angels*.

DO NOT RETORT.—He who retorts angry expressions, instead of letting them fall harmless by receiving them in silence, is like one who throws back a missile which has been hurled at him, only to have it hurled again with a surer aim and deadlier force. How much better to let it lie untouched at his feet.

ANOTHER MARVEL—THE PASSAGE OF MATTER THROUGH MATTER

To the Editor of the *Voice of Angels*:

The Spirits on this side of the water seem determined to keep pace with those on the other side in their marvellous doings, having just performed a feat of the same nature as that recorded in the last *Banner of Light*—viz., the interlinking of rings of different substances, the one within the other—which involves the wonderful fact of one solid substance passing through another.

On Saturday evening last, a party of fifteen persons met at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, for the express purpose of trying whether flowers could be obtained in a closed box.

The one I provided for the experiment was an ordinary deal box, made of three quarter-inch wood, its size being about sixteen inches on all sides. In the lid was inserted a small square of glass which was let in on the under side, and fixed securely with strips of wood nailed to the box-lid. The box having been examined, and everybody satisfied that nothing was in it, I fastened it with a padlock which had never been out of my possession since purchased, and put the key in my pocket. To meet the objection that the box might be opened in the dark, it was thought desirable to attach a strip of paper to the side of the box, uniting it with the lid. A piece of gummed paper was used for the purpose, and a seal was attached to it at each end. In addition to this, a gentleman stuck a piece of court-plaster in a similar way at another place.

Everything being prepared, the light was about to be extinguished, when Mrs. Thayer, who was the presiding genius of the occasion, said she had forgotten to bring her handkerchief, that she usually places on the top of her head during her seances. This is done, she avers, to protect her brain from the electrical action prevailing, and prevent a subsequent headache. Hereupon a gentleman took from his pocket a parcel of Chinese paper handkerchiefs, and opening one, offered it to Mrs. Thayer, who remarked that only a silk handkerchief would answer the purpose, and it was left lying upon the table. The light was now turned out, and very soon a strong breeze was felt, and raps were heard, apparently on the box. Singing was resorted to, and was continued with intervals for full half an hour, but nothing more than an occasional rap and movement of the box was observable. The general belief was that nothing had taken place, and even Mrs. Thayer remarked that she "did not think they would be able to do anything to-night." It was at length agreed to look and see whether anything had taken place; and on a light being struck, an object was seen through the glass which some thought to be flowers, and others a bird, but which, upon the box being opened, was found to be the paper handkerchief, the pattern on which had been mistaken in the dim light for flowers. The handkerchief was lying unfolded, as it had been left upon the table.

After this the box was set aside, and on the light being extinguished, a number of choice flowers were very soon found upon the table, the

most remarkable of which were six very large white lilies. There were also a large piece of fir-tree and a bunch of crab-apples, and a small piece of blackberry bush containing some un-ripe fruit. Everything appeared cool and freshly gathered, although Mrs. Thayer had been in the room about two hours.

At the conclusion of the seance the certificate appended was signed by those present, who were all impressed with the genuineness of what had been witnessed and the marvellous character of the same.

ROBERT COOPER.

Boston, Aug. 26th, 1878.

This is to certify that we, the undersigned, were present at a seance at No. 8 Davis street, on the evening of Aug. 24th, 1878, when the phenomenon of matter passing through matter was conclusively demonstrated in the presence of Mrs. Thayer, the Flower Medium, [by] a paper handkerchief being passed into a sealed and locked box.

ROBERT COOPER,
CHARLES HOUGHTON,
J. L. NEWMAN,
D. C. DENSMORE,
JOHN WETHERBEE,
EDNA R. HOUGHTON,
J. NELSON HOLMES,
JENNIE W. HOLMES,
F. E. CRANE,
L. H. ROSS,
MRS. AUGUSTUS WILSON,
MRS. A. B. LAWRENCE,
MRS. A. C. SYLANDS,
J. MARTIN.

Mr. Densmore—Dear Friend,—Mr. Cooper, in his account in the *Banner of Light* of Aug. 31st, of the Test Box Seance held at our rooms, at which Mrs. Thayer was the Medium, to try the experiment of having flowers passed into a closed and locked box, omits, unintentionally, no doubt, to state the fact that just before the light was turned off, Mrs. Holmes was controlled by her little Indian girl, "Rosie Tamboo," who asked Mr. Houghton for one of the handkerchiefs that he had just taken from his pocket, and which he was then just in the act of unfolding. Mr. Houghton gave her one, with which she seemed much pleased. Just then, the light was turned off. Rosie kept up her chattering, at which the company was much diverted. She busied herself smoothing the handkerchief over Mr. Houghton's hands, in the midst of which operation she suddenly exclaimed that her handkerchief had been taken from her hands and passed into the box by "Richard," one of Mrs. Holmes' guides, which proved to be the fact, after the gas had been turned on, and the box inspected by the company, who pronounced the seals and lock intact, with the handkerchief lying within in a rumpled condition.

Very truly, J. N. HOLMES.

RESOLVE on that kind of life which is most excellent, and habit will render it the most delightful.

MATERIALISM.—Either we have an immortal soul, or we have not. If we have not, we are beasts; the first and wisest of beasts, it may be; but still true beasts. We shall only differ in degree, and not in kind; just as the elephant differs from the slug. But by the concession of all the materialists of all the schools, or almost all, we are not of the same kind as beasts—and this also we may say from our own consciousness. Therefore, methinks, it must be the possession of a soul within us that makes the difference.—*New York Mirror*, July 25, 1835.

SOME men and women expect immediate recognition, and even pay, if they do something for the public good. Such men and women lack the true spirit, and will soon drop from the rank of workers for public benefit.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE SPIRIT OF ONE JOHN WETHERBEE.

Though still in the eclipse of the form, and when writing in the "Voice of Angels" may be somewhat out of place, but the scribe of that paper asked him to read a paper sent to him for attention, and he has done so, and it certainly does not shine for its sense, its truth or its beauty. An angel would say to it and wisely, "get thee behind me, Robert Ralph of Denver;" but the Spirit that heads this article thinks he can take a few of its deformities, and "point a moral and adorn a tale" with them. So let him quote therefrom briefly.

"A lady gave me two of your "Voice of Angels" to read and pass them along. I dare not sow broadcast deceit and wrong to the hurting their souls and mine. God forbid! for the Bible expressly states that if any man teaches any other doctrine than what is contained in the Bible, God will take his name from the book of life."

There cannot be many names, then, in "the book of life," for out of the thousands of sects sprouting from that book, no two are alike, and no one of their members of any of the variety stand logically on Bible teachings. The Scribe of the "V. of A.," and this at present mundane Spirit, will take our chance, and think, in common with Spiritualists generally, that we know about as much of God as anybody else, and far more than those do who discover him in the pages of that valuable but much misunderstood book, the Holy Bible.

It would be the passage of a *pons asinorum* to transcribe in these columns the silly words "of hellish and blasphemous teaching," "of insulting the long suffering God to his face," and then his request of the scribe "to read the Bible," and "satisfy yourself whether the Spirit be of God," and to know the fact by their confession "that Jesus Christ is born of God and is God," and "the reverse is of the devil." This Robert Ralph of Denver is evidently one of those that "be of God," (?) or will if he dies in his ignorance, and the Scribe nor this Spirit who is now writing have any desire to be a bird of his feather.

Sometimes, however, we who know somewhat of the "over the river," cannot help smiling,

when we think how surprised the multitude of greater or lesser Robert Ralphs will be, when they open their eyes in and behold the realities of the "Summer-Land;" having now no more conception of it than a horse has of geometry.

The Spirit who is now writing, is not doing so for the especial benefit of this Sage of Denver, but Robert Ralph simply reminded him of the old saying, "The fools are not all dead yet," and perhaps the wise woman who gave a copy of the "Voice" to him, who is our text, may pass this one along with more success, to the end that wisdom may abound. Here is another deformity:

"Just look over, for instance, the letter of Charlotte Cushman, the once great actress. Will any one with an understanding mind, tell me this is not a damnable doctrine, her written statement about her acting in heaven? She never once mentions Jesus Christ, nor Napoleon, nor Josephine in her letter. Now any one would suppose that these two personages (let alone our dear Saviour) would take such an interest as to be present, and could not but be seen and noticed and been published in the daily papers. 'Papers,' you say, 'why there are no daily papers in heaven.' Why not? If Charlotte Cushman is allowed to play at her role, (by the blessed God of whom she takes no notice whatever,) why not newspaper men, and all other professions?"

There is wisdom for you! Why should Napoleon be there in heaven, on Bible principles? Of course the Scribe and this Spirit know he is there, for we have heard from him; but he is not there according to this Denverite's record.

One of the surprises that the big Robert Ralph and the little ones will experience is that heaven is a place where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest," but is as active and as practical a world as this, with the errors of materiality left out. We now see through a glass darkly, then face to face; a veritable "palace of truth."

"You state in your paper that these angels had some trouble in finding the right man. Yea, verily, and if you had studied and taken the Bible to heart, they would have found it still harder."

There is no sort of doubt of that; the hardest people for the Spirit-World to reach is a stupid, religious, Bible-minded bigot. If the Scribe had been a superstitious worshipper of the Bible, instead of one rationally attracted to it, the VOICE OF ANGELS would not have blossomed into life, and my old friend, Judd Pardee, would now say, "How oft would I have gathered the children of men together, as a hen gathers her chickens, etc., and taught them wisdom; but they would not."

Oh, how much the world is indebted today to the open-eyed! The big and the little Robert Ralphs will come to the knowledge of that truth in the next world, to regret having been stupid or asleep in this.

There are many more quotable deformities in this Denverite's letter, but this article is growing long, and may if continued crowd out of the columns of this paper the inspiration of angels; and this seems to be their organ, and this mundane writer has many more outlets for his ex-

pressions. But as the Angel-World stoop to touch our thoughts, it would be too much of a stoop for them to draw any wisdom out of so pious and bigoted, but honest and ignorant communication, and I felt moved (and now, while writing that word, there is a rap on my table, which says, Yes, John,) to see whether I could not turn it to advantage, (and there again the rap seems to say, Yes.) Whether I have done so, dear reader, you must judge; and possibly, after all, this mundane message may have the silver lining of the Spirit; for we are all of us fearfully and wonderfully made, and it is hard to tell what is our own work, and in all the mental and material activities of life, to tell how much we are indebted to our environment.

To use some of the *patois* of Colorado, where our friend shines and smiles, his comments on the Voice of Angels is but a painful of quite unattractive ore. We have, as the miner says, "panned it out," and the auriferous show is good; but let no seeker after truth take any stock in the "Robert Ralph vein," for, but for the "salting" of the batch in its passage through me or my Spirits, nothing golden would have been found in the retort.

SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE,
AUG. 18, 1878,

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

INVOCATION, BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

God of the angels, God and Father of humanity, we worship thee to night as the author of light, as the revealer of all knowledge, all truth; as our Father and our best friend.

We realize thy presence everywhere; we see thy manifestations of goodness and power throughout the universe; we feel the tokens of thy love through every hour.

We thank thee for this sacred place, for this home of sweet and holy influences, for the associates formed, and the endearing memories that fill our souls with love and peace: that here the revelations are given to us of the character and design of thy works concerning humanity.

We ask, oh Parent of all good, that the means afforded to thy children here, may be productive of good; that they may enlighten their souls, and obtain larger views of life and its duties; that they may see more clearly into the measureless depths of Infinite power and wisdom, and understand more fully the immensity and grandeur of thy realms; that their intelligence be directed, and their possibilities of good be drawn into channels that shall bless and purify their inner life.

We thank thee for this blessed opportunity of mingling again with thy angels,

for the reading of the beautiful poem that reminds us of our privileges, for here we learn of thy massive gates ajar, through which the light of truth comes streaming down from thy azure heavens, to beautify and brighten our path.

We bless thee that we can sing of a home, sweet home beyond the river, where all shall meet in one unbroken band of fraternal love; and we ask that thy goodness may bathe the souls of all thy earth-born children, that from their hearts this one universal song may ascend to thee: "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to men."

NANCY CORBETT.

How d'ye do! [Quite well, how do you do?] Well, don't know. I think I'm right smart; but this arm is pretty bad, (pointing to the Medium's right arm). It's all dead like.

My name is Nancy Corbett. I belong in York State. I'm very old, o'emanost ninety. [Would you like to send a message to your friends?] Yes; I'd like to try it. I've got gals and boys. They're old people now; and I've got grandchildren, too; but perhaps they'll not listen to me, thinking it's not me. [Well, you must tell them something that they know no one here knows about.] I guess I'll tell them about the old patchwork quilt. It had a great star in the center, with little stars and diamonds all around it. I made it when I got old, and it had a piece of all my babies' dresses in it. Mary Ann had it arter me, and now her gal has it; but it's faded some. I set a heap o' store by it, and I'm glad it's kept in the family.

Well, I'm much obliged. I feel right chipper now—quite young again.

SUSAN N. R. FISHER.

[The Spirit seemed to be somewhat filled up on the lungs, and had a little difficulty in speaking.]

How do you do? I would like to give a letter if you are willing. [You are quite welcome.]

My name is Susan N. R. Fisher. I am from Weare Centre, New Hampshire. I would like to send my love, and to say I am well and happy. I have become used to the change now, and everything is lovely and good; but I remember those I loved here, and so I come, breathing a blessing for each dear one.

My husband is Albert S. Fisher. He has been peculiarly unfortunate in losing those near to him; but I would say that each dear one who passes over, only makes heaven more glorious for him, and only

goes to prepare a beautiful home. There is no rivalry there. All are in harmony; and out of the fulness of my happy heart, I come to extend my joy to dear ones here.

The afflictions of life are only sent you to ripen your Spirit, and to draw you nearer the heavenly home. Remember me to yours and our dear ones. I shall be pleased with any change you may make, only let it be for your good.

It was in the beautiful Fall when I departed, but to me it became a Spring-time of resurrection, which unfolded new powers in my soul, and awakened me with new life and energy.

I was not old, sir; not a great deal over thirty, and youth seems to be my heritage in the eternal world.

I believe I have given everything right; if not, I shall try to correct it. I thank you. Good night. [Good night.]

[You had better send this to Mr. Albert S. Fisher, Weare Centre, N. H.]

JENNIE CUSHMAN.

Good evening. Will you please say Jennie Cushman comes, and would like to be heard. I was sixteen years old. I don't know how long I've been gone, but it's quite a while.

I came all the way from Richmond, Va. Mother is with me, but father is living. He don't think much of this. I reckon he thinks it's a sham; but I thought if I came way up North, where we were never heard of, perhaps it would set him to thinking.

I want to say that I bring him a beautiful, sweet-scented magnolia blossom, just like the one he placed in my breast, when he entered the room alone and smoothed my hair. Tell him the remembrance of his love and the fragrance of that blossom make up a part of my life, and cause me to bless him.

I thank you, kind sir.

MARGARET FULLER ORRILL.

The world is beautiful, teeming as it is with all the natural products that go to make up the true wealth of nations; and to me, through the beauty, the grandeur and sublimity nature presents, combined with the utility and practicability of her productions, a lesson is taught of the wondrous forethought and bounteous care of the divine Creator. And in marking the traces of that prudent skill, which stores up for use every changing atom of the universe, and converts and reconverts it into new forms of beauty and utility, I find traces of the divine economy of the Great Architect of life, who so plans and contrives that nothing shall be lost nor wasted from the monad upward.

And, while watching the onward course of the hurrying stream of life, beholding the struggling, shifting tide of humanity, noting its struggles for existence, its aspirations for good, and yearnings for light, I can see that in spite of indications to the contrary, in spite of imprudence and covetousness, the course, as a whole, is steadily flowing towards the land of truth and knowledge.

I have not much to say. Only to reiterate what so many have said before me, that life is beautiful, life is good; and that all the ages of eternity will hardly suffice to gather in all there is to attain. Again I have become a close student, and in company with my old friend, Dr. Channing, and my dear father, it will be my privilege to pursue my studies in the higher life. Of a surety my dear ones are with me, and life teems with blessings.

Allow me to express my pleasure at the work you are engaged in. It is a glorious one. Like angel's blessings, the effects of your works will follow you.

PHOEBE CARY.

The corn must have its stubble,
And the rosebud have its thorn,
While the shades of gloom and darkness
Precede the rising morn;
And the human heart has sorrows,
Its hours of toll and strife,
As the necessary shading
To the sunny side of life.

The grave has gloomy terrors,
And death still bears its sting,
When souls are torn from mortal
Through hours of suffering.
But soft, on snowy pinions,
Your dear ones come to give
Love's sweet and peaceful blessing,
And tidings that they live.

The sun goes down in glory,
And disappears from sight,
But only leaves our vision
Some other world to light:
And in the golden morning,
The East is overspread,
With rich, resplendent tokens
Of glory overhead.

And so we come with gladness
From out the shadowy gloom,
With love's imperial splendor,
And truth's eternal bloom,
To bring you life's sweet blessing,
And teach you of that shore,
Where rest and peace and kindness
Shall guard you evermore.

Accept this feeble token
Of one who loves you well,
Whose spirit bears more gladness
Than human tongues can tell.
And when life's missions vary,
And fortune's smiles are o'er,
Remember Phoebe Cary
Will bless you evermore.

WARREN KINGSTON.

This seems to be a female gathering, but if I am not encroaching, I would like to say a word. I came expecting to get waked up, myself, and hoping to wake others up.

I came from North Bloomsbury, and hope I shall be recognized by those I left behind. My name is Warren Kingston, and I was fifty-five years of age. I'm

not really asleep, but I want to see a little clearer, and to understand things a little better.

This is a glorious meeting, and very interesting to me. I attended a few Spiritual meetings when here, and I liked the sentiments expressed; but I did not understand this very well, as I did not have the opportunities to investigate. I like Spirit-Life—what I have seen of it—exceedingly well.

I am deeply obliged to you all.

MESSAGES GIVEN AUG. 25, 1878.

MARY MILLER.

[THE Spirit seemed very weak, and spoke only in a whisper.]

My name is Mary Miller. I came from Mississippi. I don't expect them to respond, as I am able to give so little now; but some of us hope to come nearer and to do better soon. But I do want to urge them to live pure, true lives here, so that physically and spiritually they may be in the best possible condition to enjoy life here, and to enjoy existence in the Spirit-World.

Spirit-Life is beautiful to those who do as near right as they can; but it is a terrible scourge to the Spirit who has done intentional wrong. The sting of accusing memory causes him to wish he had never been born.

So I want all my friends to live in goodness and love. I can say no more.

REUBEN.

I WOULD like to send a message, sir, but do not wish to give my name. I have been requested mentally by one near to me to report at this circle, and so I have done so.

I would say I am as happy as I ought to be, and have nothing to growl about. I am often with my friends, and try to help them; but in order to find salvation from remorse, every soul must perform its own work. So I say, be not discouraged nor cast down; a light is streaming in the distance that will yet irradiate your path.

I thank you, sir. You may call me Reuben.

MAX VILLERY.

THIS is a strange position I find myself in, sir—strange and startling to me; for, but a few days ago, I inhabited an earthly body at the South, and now I find myself way up North, holding forth through another organism. It is a novel experience, I can assure you.

My name is Max Villery. I passed out at New Orleans with yellow fever. I understood something of medicine myself,

but it stood me but little service when in conflict with the plague.

I hope that I am right in saying that these terrible visitations of disease will cause the authorities of our cities to look more carefully after their sanitary conditions, and that the visits of the scourge will be few and far between.

The temperature of your northern atmosphere seems to do me good. It braces and strengthens me up. I cannot say how I like the other life. I have not seen enough of it to know.

FRANQUETTA.

MAY I see tum? [Yes, dear.] I see did tum with grandpa. He tum for and writed to grandma. I see did tum all way from Maine. Don't you know grandpa sent letter to grandma? [Who is he, dear?] Grandpa Wussell. I see be Francie. I see grandma's pet. She writed 'bout me to the paper; but I see going to tell something she didn't say. [What is it?] I was free years old when I came here—over free. I see four now. I was four in June, when the woses and the birdies come. Grandpa calls me his birdie, he do. I went to grandma that Sunday day, the ninte, (9th) and I bringed her woses—whole lap full.

I was wif grandma today. I tumbled in her lap, and tised her, too; and I send heaps tisses for grandma. The nice, nice lady wif me tells me F. E., 'cause dem's my own letters.

Grandpa say he's been to Tape 'Lisbef, (Cape Elizabeth) and it be changed. He say it's growing. He say by'm-bye grandma and he will sing jubilee songs in the Spirit meetings. He sen' love. So's I. Will you make it all straight? [Yes.]

I likes you. My mouf is sore. Will it soon be well? [Oh, yes; it will be all right next time.]

LUTHER KENDALL.

THIS is glorious, is it not? [Yes, indeed, and we are glad to hear you say so.] I have been in the Spirit-World just two months, and it's about as long as I can wait without coming around one of these places. Oh, it's good; it's grand. I am so rejoiced to be living in the life of the Spirit. Now, you would not think I was over seventy-five, would you? [No, indeed, I would not; you look much younger.] Well, I was seventy-five in March. I feel young, and every day I seem to grow so in appearance. Birthdays were to me so many mile-stones, marking out how far we have travelled. I felt on my last one that I had seen my last mile-stone, and that I should be resur-

rected before another Spring. In sixteen weeks from that day I had commenced my journey in the Spirit-World; although on that day I was still at home with my wife and family, and viewing with satisfaction my earthly remains.

I am Luther Kendall, of Groton, New Hampshire, and I come to give my testimony to the truth, and to send a blessing of love to my family, and to tell them I am well and happy, and also to send a greeting to all friends.

I was at the dear old town, where they laid my body away. All seemed familiar. I was pleased at the services; pleased to see the kindly, sympathizing faces of friends; and I may say it was the happiest day of my life. Well, God bless you all.

I thank and bless you, sir.

[As the Spirit said he had a wife and family, but neglected to give their address, you had better send to Mrs. Luther Kendall, Groton, N. H.]

*[The chairman is clairvoyant, and generally can see the Spirit controlling. He said after the circle, that he was astonished when the Spirit gave his age as seventy-five.]

[For the Voice of Angels.]

COMMUNICATION FROM THE SPIRIT OF SARAH CONWAY, THE ACTRESS,

GIVEN THROUGH MRS. EMMA CARTER, MEDIUM.

[TO JUDITH CARTER.]

As my dear friend, Charlotte Cushman, has announced me as one on her list of those who might be expected to communicate my thoughts upon my advent into Spirit-Life, I now take this opportunity of doing so.

After long and patient suffering from all manner of conflicts, in the earth-sphere, my heart ceased its beating, the veil of mortality dropped from my eyes, and in a breath, I was the new-born being of immortality.

As my eyes opened to view my surroundings, I felt as though I had awakened from a troubled dream, or, after tossing from wave to wave, through an ocean of gales and storms, I had instantaneously passed into a sudden calm, the stillness around me was so intensely stupefying. I had not slept, neither had I dreamed; but, in my weariness, I lay unconsciously resting. How long I rested I know not. I was recalled to consciousness by the perfume of flowers. Still I reposed in inactivity, with no desire to arouse myself. Yet my mind became an active interpreter of my situation.

Before my vision passed a busy life, in a world of wondrous beauty, and myself an individual actor upon the boards of God's same boundless universe. I felt as though I was hanging, as it were, on the verge of two spheres, both of vital interest to me, and both the house of all my joys and all my sorrows. Within their temples will I speedily work for the good of our dearest ties—humanity.

Directly in front of me, I saw my funeral cortege going on. My friends with their floral offerings stood around me; their tributes to the living dead had opened my reason, and I looked upon these emblematic beauties as I did the gorgeous sunlight, which was raising me from a bud into the perfection of a full-blown flower. I longed to clasp those dear ones to my heart; but, alas! my Spirit alone was with them, and they could not see it. I wept, and in the midst of my weeping, a soft touch electrified me, and on looking up, I sprang with new-found strength into the open arms of my dear husband, whose loving voice filled me with joy. We embraced, and re-embraced, and then together we watched the sorrowing circle, as they, with our little mourners, put away the all of my materiality.

Bodily, we were now separated, but Spiritually, oh, how closely we were connected!—the impress of our soul's affection throbbed heart to heart, to grow into that deeper love that knows no anguish.

Farewell, ye children of earth; it is but a day when the dream of your young lives will be o'er; then, when the burden of your soul wearies and discomforts you, the gates of eternity will be found slowly turning on their golden hinges, and we will be there to lead you through them.

Everything of earth passed from my sight, and my eyes were wide open to the Spiritual gaze of my higher advancement. I found myself formed as human as I was while on earth. I had all my faculties as clear and as active as when in youth, only superior in knowledge. I had retained knowledge I knew not I possessed, because the narrow limit of the earth sphere secludes much that the Spirit stores away; so that that, which I could not perceive or make use of in materiality, opens in Spirituality a source of great wealth to me, as it gives me an entrance into that society where the understanding is cultivated, and the richer powers of emotion soar high into the untold regions where dwell the heavenly.

I did not feel a stranger in a strange land, nor discomfited in my new dress. I had arisen naturally into a sphere I inherited by birth and right; my friends were the old dear ones I had known and loved all my life;—my surroundings the embodiments of my own cultivation, what I had desired in my earth-life, but never realized, because conditions did not favor them; nevertheless they lived in the soul, and there grew a reality.

I did not need baptism nor christening to carry me to the Father. He came to me, open-armed, and ready to embrace me. His wisdom placed me in the bosom of all that was lovely. I found him the great unseen, yet ever present. It was as though he said, Walk thou into my many mansions, and supply all your wants. What I have provided for you is as free as the air you breathe. Choose, therefore, your loves. You can find the depths of hell or mount to the highest heaven. You see the valleys are very fair, and the hills and mountains are green with verdure. The expressions of all nature have their homes within your heart. You can ad-

miro to adoration, or you can pass on, not heeding the kingdom of your Father.

Dear Father, your wisdom has become my staff. I will make myself fitted to live naturally within your simple laws, so that in my walks I will see you face to face, and glorify the grandeur of your wondrous works.

Thanks to the mother who bore me! Through her I carry the immortal spirit. I live to trace out the dignities of my ancestors; and mine is an interesting path. Always aiming for high inspirations, my mind is filled with their beauties; the whole atmosphere abounds with them, so that every thought brings to my sight new creations, all my own. Wherefore, then, should I not be actress? In your life, I made a faint expression of my profession. In this life, no tongue can speak its powers. Perhaps you may think me egotistical, but when you are placed in my situation, you will find no limit to your praises. Think of yourself, a poor, forlorn chrysalis; when in proper time you burst your shell, and become a gorgeous butterfly, where then would be your adoration? Would you not wing your way through space to enjoy the love that freedom has brought you? Would you not find in your new-born beauty an object to be proud of? And would you not spend your eloquence defining the great wonder and immensity of an inward power, which gathers you up, and surprises you with so much joy for your future developement? Ah, yes; to know that we truly live in the garden of Eve's paradise, knowing only an atmosphere so fine that death and disease cannot enter it, is safeguard enough for the redemption of every living soul who fears their Father's wisdom.

I did not come here ignorant of Spiritualism. It was my faith, my only religion of a future state. I found it as I anticipated it would be, so far as my Spiritual advancement was concerned. But when I looked upon its firm and established reality, as a world peopled with human beings, all working out their missions, it was indeed as though I had only removed into a foreign land, where the work of ages had buried up grand old cities, stately in antique architecture; magnificent storehouses, their show-windows glittering with novelties of every description; and people of all countries, trades, and professions;—whirling and moving in busy strides, acting in their particular capacities of tradespeople and professionals, as naturally as though no grief had passed between them and materiality. I saw at once that nothing was lost by a change of condition. What gave us joy in the material life, opens up far more brilliant in the Spiritual life.

It is not expected that we begin anew when we come to the Spirit-Land,—we only have greater facilities of being what we are, showing the necessity of holding a strict guard upon ourselves, that our higher natures may be cultivated rather than the grosser, as the possibilities are that we retrograde as well as we advance in this earth-life.

If this communication should reach the eyes of my dear children, I would say to them to be faithful, loving, and affectionate to one another; and under all circumstances to carry a free and

generous spirit. Upon them depends much of our happiness. We could not rest, knowing they were unhappy.

To my dear friends of the profession, let me say theirs is a noble work, and great rewards await them, if their souls are sinless, that is, free from the grosser passions.

With much love for my fellows and humanity, I bid you adieu. MRS. SARAH CONWAY.

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

CHARLIE O. ALLEN.

[MESSAGE given at an Evening Seance in East Braintree, Mass., through JOSEPH D. STILES.]

With joy and gladness do I fly
From my celestial home on high,
To bring to earthly relatives
The cheering news that Charlie lives.

Upon the earth's maternal breast
My body sleeps in peaceful rest;
No sickness, sorrow, pain or care
Can reach th' unconscious sleeper there.

But I in Spirit-life again,
Upon a higher, broader plane—
Glad that the power to me is given
To come to earth and breathe of heaven.

Some months ago, the angels bore
My spirit to the shining shore—
From all the friends I love so well,
In fairer fields of life to dwell.

Tonight I come on pinions bright,
My nature filled with sweet delight,
To bear you tidings full of cheer,
That I am very happy here;—

For all the pains of earth are o'er,
My soul has reached the Golden Shore—
Has passed beyond the vale of tears,
To bask in Heaven's eternal years.

'Twas hard, as mortals say, to die,
So young in earthly years was I—
To leave the joys of life below,
For life where richer pleasures glow.

But God the Father thought it best
To early summon me to rest;
And yet to work, with earnest mind,
To spread the truth among mankind.

So mourn we not—I have not died,
But only crossed the silver tide,
In heaven more rapidly to grow,
Than I could possibly below.

The power is granted me to come
And visit still my earthly home—
To bear to loved ones mem'ries sweet,
And fill the old accustomed seat.

If ye will give attentive ear,
Some time my footsteps ye may hear;
Some time may see, with inner eye,
The form of Charlie passing by;—

For death did not so far remove
My spirit from the friends I love,
And hold so dear, that I could not
Return and share with them their lot.

The grave, in its eternal night,
May hide the faded form from sight;—
That form dissolving into dust,
As all that is of mortal must.

But, oh, the soul!—life's vital breath—
A bold defiance bids to death!
Defiance to the hidden foe
That men have feared and hated so!

Today, death cometh as a friend;
For mankind better comprehend
His purpose great, whose mission is
To lift the soul to grace and bliss;—

To bear it to a better shore,
To live and love forevermore;
In truth and virtue to progress,
To knowledge, power and happiness.

Then, lives of nobleness and worth
Oh, live—while residents of earth—
In honest purpose be ye strong,
Love the right and shun the wrong.

Nor from the paths of duty stray,
For thorns and brambles in your way;
And God you all will crown and bless
With treasures rich and numberless.

Then, when your days of earth shall cease,
Your souls shall feel an inward peace,
That ye obeyed the counsel bright
That Charlie Allen gives to-night.

My love I send to parents dear,
To relatives and friends most near,
And trust that they will all prepare
To meet me in these mansions fair.

And should I have another chance
This fellow-mortal to entrance,
I'll gladly come again and give
More knowledge of the life I live.

CHARLIE O. ALLEN.

WYOMOUTH, Mass., August, 1878.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

LINES.

BY MRS. A. B. F. ROBERTS.

Now whilst sitting in calm meditation,
I ask for divine, angelic inspiration,
That will lead me in paths of duty,
And clothe me in angelic beauty—
Give peace and happiness to my soul,
And divine inspiration my steps control.

Now I feel the Angel-Spirits wearing by
My Spirit, as if ascending on high,
To grasp loved angels by the hand
And float with them to the Summer-Land.

Oh, let me go—go to the Spirit-Mountains' summits high;
I would float the serene, pure air—I'd fly
To the home of angels—the pure and good—
There drink crystal water, live on angel-food.

Hark! a sound I hear;—a sweet voice comes to me now,
A calm breeze gently fanning my brow;
I listen, to catch the sound in accents clear,
Saying, Thou must not yet enter heaven's sphere;
Finish well thy work in earth-life's home,
And then elysian fields thou mayst roam;
Be not over anxious so soon to go—
Reap the harvest field which thou didst sow.
Thy harvest-time is not yet come;
Thou canst not yet be gathered home.

Thy earth-tabernacle thou must not yet leave;
On earth thy heavenly garments weave,
To clothe thy Spirit in apparel white;
Win for thyself a crown of diamonds bright.
Earth's painful life shall not be lost—
Thy reward will equal all thy cost.

With power, go forth in Jehovah's name,
And work thy way to wealth and fame;
Let not thy life be soiled with idle rust—
Labor well, and in God's angels put your trust;
And if thy mission thou'lt well fulfill,
Thy soul with happiness shall ever thrill;
Thou'lt gain thy home where angels are,
And breathe the pure celestial air.

CANDIA, N. H., July, 1878.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

OUR FUTURE BY-AND-BYE.

Yes, we'll go and meet them
On the other side,
For they'll be sure to greet us—
They have no foolish pride.

Yes, we'll go and meet them
On that lovely shore
Where all alike are equal—
The high-born and the poor.

Yes, we'll go and meet them,
Where all is free from sin,
And the birds are singing sweetly
By the ever-running spring.

Yes, we'll go and meet them,
And leave this wretched shore,
Where no one cares or loves us,
No one will us deplore.

I see the vessel coming—
She's sailed by angel's hands;
I hear their voices singing—
The joyous little band.

Then, oh, we'll be so happy
On the other side,
Where all is joy and gladness,
In our future by-and-bye.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Aug. 18, 1878.

BRO. D. C. DENSMORE,—I noticed a communication in the VOICE of Aug. 15, purporting to come from Mrs. Susan Kunkle, who passed to the other side from this city. Every word and even the dates are true and correct.

Bro. Densmore, you are doing noble work with your little gem of a paper. May the good angels watch over you and help you in your good and glorious work.

Most respectfully yours,

GEO. W. RICHEY,
Station "B.," St. Louis, Mo.

PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

THROUGH WEST INGLE.

TO JAMES H. YOUNG OF NEW ORLEANS, FROM
THE "GUIDE TRUTH"

MY BROTHER:—

I count it a pleasure to hold communion with you, though my other message caused you pain and not pleasure. I am of the spirit and cannot be set aside by any earthly force. I came to you for your own good and not for either evil or revenge. I have not sought you out to tell you this fact alone.

I shall from time to time seek all Mediums and give them a word of advice. You mistook the tone of my message, and when I told you many Mediums mistook their calling, I say, it is so. Many do mistake their true avocation and seek to weaken their power instead of increasing it. I can go through the list and tell you who has the power and who has not. Do you feel that you are numbered with the list? You may be superior in all things to thousands, and I think you are; but you have not yet attained your crowning gift; you and yours are destined to set at feast tables not yet spread, and if you are faithful to your Angel-guides, your power will surely increase and multiply in the earth. You have more power conferred upon you inspirationally than was ever found in the trance or physical phases of Mediumship.

And I say it here and again: If Mediums cannot get bread for their families honorably with their Mediumship, let them by any thing honorable do so, for labor is honorable; and a Medium may serve the Spirit-World, and dig a well.

and thus quench the thirst of humanity. There are many Mediums who will never get so far in the Lord's service as the digging of a well. You will go deeper still, and years hence, in a foreign land, these truths will be made plain to you. Your field of labor after the third year, dating from now, will be in a place sacred to the ancient prophets.

Marvel as you will, your best guide is "Truth." Hold fast to my hand, and I will lead you toward the perfect day.

JOHN GRAHAM TO HIS WIFE MARY, OF DELTA, MICH.

Oh, Mary, Mary! Do you think it could be possible that I could leave you, that death could part us, if there was a pathway open for me to come back to you? I know your soul has called me back. I could not fail to answer you. My love is true and immortal. The Spirit-life adds to, instead of diminishing my affection for you. I wait your coming, my dear wife, that we may live and love on together. I did not want to die, Mary, you know. We were just getting under way, and looked forward to long years of peace and prosperity. At twenty-nine, a man is really but a youth in the estimation of the world.

I was deeply conscious of the true value of life, and realized the priceless treasure heaven had given me.

Oh, my darling Mary, can it be that I am a disembodied spirit, while you are still in the form? Everything seems so real and natural.

I want you to look at your life in all its brightest bearings. Do not grieve for me, or let your losses cloud your young life; for you are still in early womanhood. Twenty-seven is to a woman's life what June is to the summer; it is the season of roses, and useful beauty and bloom.

How fair you are growing, my dear Mary. Sorrow has left you softened and subdued. You will be purified in the fires through which you are passing, and you will learn to know why I was taken from you. I did not think I should die young; I wanted to live. I think I should have succeeded in life, and left you better provided for, if God had given me a few more years on the earth. But I have no regrets, dear Mary; I am now satisfied; and when you are differently situated I shall be contented and happy.

Tell Sister ——— that I have seen Leroy's friends, mother, father, brothers and sisters, and I can assure him they will be delighted to hold a word of cheering communion with him. His mother is anxious to speak with him.

Your mother and friends are gathering around you, and will soon find ways to let you know they still live.

My dear wife, remember me to all our dear friends, and say to them that John will keep his promise sacredly.

Now, do not grieve for me, Mary. Let sunshine and love enter your heart, and it will brighten your whole life. I want you to be happy and contented; then I shall be. I want you to use your talents to the best advantage. Do the best you can, under all circumstances. I will never forsake you; you are still my own dear wife, and I will stand by the eternal gates till your time comes; and I will be first to greet you. What is joined together by heaven, no man can sunder. So I shall claim you again when life's fitful fever is over, and peace surrounds us with the calm of an eternal Sabbath.

I am still your faithful husband.

JOHN.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

RUTLAND, Vt., July 9, 1878.

DR. DENSMORE.—I could fill pages relative to the sorrows and cries that continually go out and up from the unwilling hearts of Mediums over our land; but shall confine this letter to as small a space as possible.

I have been gratified to see the stand the VOICE has taken in regard to those mortals who lend their bodies to the control of Spirits. The editorials and other messages found therein have ever displayed the Christ principle, which should be expected, if the emanations come from such Spirits as have held wide earth experiences, and know the temptations, experiences and sufferings that surround the human family.

The VOICE takes a liberal and charitable course, judging and condemning no one, and striving to raise the conditions of all.

I do not believe there is a happy human soul in existence, that lacks charity towards poor Mediums, calling them "cheats and frauds." If there is any class of beings that need the right hand of fellowship, it is those persons who submit themselves to the control of Spirits.

Seers and prophets, by thousands, suffered persecution and death, in long ages of the past. The same feeling exists today all over our land. It is the antichrist, and would deal out the same death-blows now, had they the power to do it.

When mortal man sets himself and his public journals up to domineer and control the Spirit-World, they are just "kicking against the pricks." They will find the power will outlive them all. You may be sure that all shall hear more from the immortal on this great and important subject. The question arises, Who shall rule, God or beast?

Words of consolation will go out from and through Mediums, that will fall in mantles over those troubled and persecuted Spirits, like showers of falling dew.

A learned but bigoted soul once thought he was serving God when he made a bold attack on all the Mediums in the land, with a view of exterminating them. "Shedding the blood of the Saints"; put up to it by the Jews and priests of his day. Being suddenly checked in his mad and wild career by a vision, in which he saw Jesus, who says unto his persecutor, "Why persecutest thou me? I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest," and not the Mediums.

The greatest sin a man can commit, is to "sin against the Holy Ghost," or sin against the Spirit that comes in its own way, as best it can, to enlighten the human race, as has never been administered to us before. We should neither grieve or turn them away. Conditions for manifestations in Mediumship must be controlled by the Spirit-World.

SOLOMON W. JEWETT.

"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:

Wm. Babcock, Dalton, Mass.,	-	-	\$1.00
W. P. Gordon, Bunker Hill, Ill.,	-	-	0.35
L. P. Brague, Hinsdale, Mass.,	-	-	10.00
Wm. Mead, Yates, Orleans Co., N. Y.,	-	-	1.00
A Friend,	-	-	1.00
G. N. W. Swayor, M. D., Milwaukee, Wis.,	-	-	0.55
Edwin Mitchell, Benton, Allacosa Co., Texas,	-	-	1.00
Wallace B. Perry, Station "B.," St. Louis, Mo.,	-	-	0.50
A Friend, Jefferson City, Mo.,	-	-	1.00
J. W. Ames, South Thomaston, Me.,	-	-	1.00
Wm. Jay, New Milford, Susquehanna Co., Pa.,	-	-	1.00

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D. C. DENSMORE,

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