



VOL. III.

{ D. C. DENSMORE, }
PUBLISHER.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 1, 1878.

{ \$1.65 PER ANNUM }
IN ADVANCE

NO. 19.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

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

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

" D. K. MINER, Business Manager.

D. C. DENSMORE, Ammanensis and Publisher.

Price yearly, \$1.65 in advance.

Six months,83 "

Three months,42 "

Single copies,08

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

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

LITERARY.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

"HOUSE NOT MADE WITH HANDS."

THROUGH TRYPHENA O. PARDEE.

THE crystal gates are swung ajar,
Glad souls are winding up the aisle,
God's wisdom is their beacon-star,
That leads them on with purest smile.

Like pilgrims wandering on their way,
With Hope's bright halo o'er them hung,
We hear them sing, and shout, and pray,
"We're going home," how oft is sung.

Fraternity's rich golden cord,
That holds all human hearts as one,
Seals kindness in each look and word,
Till charity's best work is done.

The House of God, not made with hands,
Stands only just above the grave;
The breezes from whose holy lands,
With balmy play, bid them be brave.

Oh, blessed House in Heaven above,
Eternal Home!—thy windows glow
With deathless bliss—the light of Love—
Whose tender rays warm us below.

We long to pass thy portals dear,
Though clouds hang o'er us, black and dense;
For through them come sweet tones of cheer—
The passport of deliverance.

Thy boundless high translucent walls
Are built on Truth's enduring grace,
And gems that tint thy spacious halls
Are deeds that change despair to peace.

Immortal-Life's high towering dome
Rings forth grand chimes of loftiest thought,
Till mortals join the songs of "Home"—
Our Father's House by Love outwrought.

Oh, ring sweet music through the air!
Blend mellow voices high and low!
We'll meet our loving friends up there—
Their soul communion tells us so.

BUNTON, N. Y., Sept. 11, 1878.

CIVILIZATION:

MESSAGE NUMBER TWELVE.

BY AND THROUGH J. M. A., AT ANCORA, N. J.,
JAN., (?) 1873.

PASSED to Spirit-Life, from Monmouth, Ill., on the morning of Sept. 10, [1872], Ernest Quincy, son of James Madison and Sarah Spaulding Allen, aged 1 year and 10 months.

Too good and pure for earth, as it is, he has risen! His spirit now blooms in the gardens above, and its fragrance floats in upon our wounded hearts, with healings in its wings of love. Blest presence! Ever be with us!—*Obituary in Banner of Light.*—[J. M. AND S. S. A.]

ANOTHER star has been added to the galaxy of little ones removed from the loving arms of earth-parents, to "shine in that bright land."

Such sacrifices, (they can only be called such), yearly, daily, hourly, being offered up, are but one among the inevitable, sad and terrible concomitants of a false and cruel "Civilization."

I am, for one, thoroughly tired of "putting new wine into old bottles," of patching the old and worn-out garment, which humanity has so long thought it necessary to wear, dignifying by the title "civil" a most crude and inherently uncivil thing.

I have labored many years, constantly, earnestly, for progress and reform. My soul has been consecrated to the service of humanity, since its memorable baptism in the living waters of the Spirit, the winter of '60-'61; when the vision of Universal Peace floated in upon my soul, and when some of the necessary instrumentalities to its accomplishment were presented to my understanding; when the elements of a Universal Scientific Alphabet (necessary precursor of a Universal Natural Language) were given me, and some of the essentials of political, industrial and social reconstruction. Since that time, I have lived for one object—to serve the cause of Truth and Human Progress.

My experiences have been varied, peculiar and profound. The Spirit-Life has been a constant, conscious presence to me; not a day nor an hour but has been freighted with some Spiritual experience. Life has been dual; Spirit and matter have never separated themselves in my consciousness, and Spirit existence has been as real to me as earth existence. No moment has this wondrous fact been blotted

out. I lead two lives, always, and never wholly forget that I am a "spirit" as well as a mortal.

This is sweet to me; and yet, as the Spiritual World (which includes the interior elements of mortal life as well as immortal) is laid open to my view, there appears so very much in the spirit-aroma of earth-life that is harsh, crude, discordant, dark and smothering, that I have many times almost wished my sensitivity might be taken away. Human beings, everywhere, living like brutes, (brutes will please pardon me the expression,) the very air is tainted with the disgusting effluvia of bad habits, low aspirations and vile imaginings. The purity, beauty, the sweet and holy lovingness, which properly belong to human nature and human life, are perverted, distorted, crushed out; and in their place we have—what we have! (The pen hesitates to indite it.)

I have been called in the work of itinerancy, to minister to the people, as best I might, in thousands of the cities, villages, hamlets, and rural homes scattered up and down my native land; and everywhere have the fearful evidences and results of a false and crude civilization been made vivid to me.

The horrors and sorrows of life as it is, so generally and greatly outnumber the joys and delights, even among the most favored; the universal perversion of human faculties in the fearful scramble for life is so deplorable and complete; disease, premature death, ignorance, vice, folly, destitution, prostitution, suicides, embryocides, accidents, disastrous conflagrations, dismal forebodings and general unreliability and uncertainty of human affairs;—all these may well induce the inquiry (especially in view of the fact that wherever civilization has ever extended, these evils have been inevitable and prominent concomitants,) whether there may not be a secret worm or two gnawing at the core of the civilized tree—and whether, indeed, it be not best to leave the old tree to its fate, cease mulching and trimming and whitewashing, and set about the planting of an entirely new variety.

In other words, is it not high time, in the career of the human race, to introduce and establish a new method of life, which shall con-

stitute a genuine new departure in human affairs—which shall take the place (gradually, peacefully, yet surely) of what we call "Civilization," as it has taken the place, largely, of what we call "Savageism"—which shall be as superior to the former as it is, in many respects, to the latter.

After so many centuries of opportunity and operation, the civilized order has not shown itself either capable or disposed to properly care for its subjects.

It has not abolished poverty, disease nor crime; but continually perpetuated and produced them.

It has not held sacred human life, but has constantly made war upon it—the most merciless and destructive wars being waged by the most civilized nations.

It has not secured to labor an adequate, equitable return, but has held perpetually the toiling masses (creators of wealth) in slavish degradation and cruel subjection to non-producing rulers, professionals and go-betweens.

It has not liberated the human mind from superstition and ignorance, and placed it upon the platform of intuition, self-dependence, self-respect, self-regulation; but has held it in bondage to cruel mysticisms and bigotted and besotted ecclesiasticisms.

It has not removed the mental barriers to international acquaintance and universal peace, by establishing an International Natural Language and a natural system of representing it; but has left the peoples at the mercy of their several thousand languages and dialects, and their fifty or more unphilosophical alphabets and abominable modes of spelling, wasting hundreds of millions of years of time in a single generation in the acquisition and use of English spelling alone.

It has not abolished cannibalism, except in part, but makes constant and needless war upon animals—first petting and then eating them!—for the gratification of an appetite which belongs properly to a past and wholly savage era in human development, and which, thrust forward into the present, is a monstrous perversion and degradation, a perpetuator of sensualism, mutual antagonism, violence and the war spirit, and a clog to spiritual progress.

It has not instructed the race in the natural laws governing its physical and spiritual being; but has left it at the mercy of medical experimentation and heartless quackery; so that today nine-tenths, perhaps, of the people rely upon "vicarious atonement" in the form of medicine, for the cure of disease, rather than upon obedience to the laws of life, for the prevention of disease and the maintenance of health.

It has not taught the people how to properly clothe the body, so as to secure the greatest amount of protection from the elements of convenience, and of ease and comfort of motion; but has instead erected a gigantic tyranny, more cruel, despotic and disastrous than words can express—so inescapable, subtle and far-reaching that it is often and quite truly said that "one may as well be out of the world as out of the fashion."

It has not taught the people how to shelter

themselves from the elements, and maintain themselves in healthy conditions at the same time; but instead, has covered Christendom with dwelling-houses which are also charnel-houses—whence the vitalizing, indispensable sunlight is carefully excluded, and where the dank and dismal air, laden with the effluvia of unventilated bed-rooms, and tobaccoized sitting-rooms, and the foul and wretched odors of a most abominable system of cookery, wafts disease and pain into the very marrow, and prostrates myriads upon beds of death.

It has not given to man and woman alike opportunities for vigorous action and healthy development in the open air; but has confined generally woman to a wearisome round of domestic in-door drudgery, in which the better part of her nature finds little scope for action; each household, separate and distinct from all others, isolated in interest, without effort or thought of mutuality or fraternity, passing through the same endless routine.

In short, and not to particularize further in the so endless list, Civilization as a system has proved unadapted and insufficient for the satisfactory regulation of human intercourse, for the production of well-constructed human beings, for their rational education and symmetrical development, for their comfort, happiness, or safety.

That such is the case has been for many years gradually dawning upon the comprehension of the writer—in fact, has been burned into my very soul, by the most remarkable internal and external experiences—particularly by those of the past three years, and culminating in those of the past few months. The brief earth-life (before and after physical birth) of our beloved boy was to us a continual and unmistakable revelation—a demonstration of the necessity of an entire remodelling of existing institutions; and his Spirit-birth, (under circumstances which alone would be sufficient to justify consignment to everlasting oblivion the hideous mockery we call Christian Civilization,) seemed to be the "last stroke" needed to wean us completely from our attachment to the present order of things. It sundered the last tie that bound us in magnetic sympathy to the institutions of the past, lifted our spirits away from the sphere of action in which patch-work predominates; and swept, as by angel-fingers, our heart-strings, though torn and bleeding, made music at last fully responsive to the echoes which had long been reaching us from the Summer-Land.

Then and there—while yet the earth-form of our angel-boy retained in part its vital warmth, and he himself, plainly visible to us both, stood lingeringly and smilingly by it, not dead, no, not dead—we then and there resolved, from the depths of our weary souls, wrung with anguish at loss of our earth-child, yet filled with joy at the realization of his Spirit-birth, that come whatever might, henceforth our lives should be devoted to the establishment of such a System of Life as shall demand no such yearly sacrifice of the very sweetest flowers in earth's garden; which shall leave the best, fairest, tenderest and purest, uncrushed, untortured, unsad-

dened, unharmed by the conditions surrounding; happy in the exercise of their pure lovingness; strong in their spiritual attributes; without being murdered by the animality of a swine-eating, tobacco-puffing, whiskey-drinking, debauched and fashion-worshipping public, whose spiritual and physical emanations thrust themselves in upon those sensitive natures, and gnaw the very life away by their cruel, cancerous rapacity, sending their victims to the land where pig-sties and piggishness, daggers and gold are unknown; permitted, for instance, to partake of luscious fruits and other innocent food, without at the same time being compelled to gaze upon and inhale the fætid, ghastly odor of the flesh of dead animals, murdered to gratify the beastly and bloodthirsty appetite of our savage "civilization";—a system, in short, involving justice to innocence, encouragement to virtue, incitement to honesty, protection to weakness, common sense in education, free play to intuition, and fair play to all;—a New Social Order, which, gathering into one compact, practical and practicable system every fundamental reform which has agitated the human mind and engaged the attention of the philanthropists of the world, shall inaugurate a peaceful revolution in human affairs—a revolution, which, commencing in an humble and quiet manner, without "flourish of trumpets" or "sound of the hammer," shall nevertheless be destined to spread so far and wide as, without coming into conflict with human governments, to cause them to crumble and pass away; do away ultimately with crowded cities, without violence, (by substituting something better, and rendering them superfluous and uncalled-for,) and at the same time supersede remote and lonely rural life by a new method of social aggregation, which secures domestic and other co-operation, without disturbing the home or true marriage relations; kill war and the war spirit, by discontinuing their causes; destroy disease, by establishing the habit of obedience to the laws of health; annihilate poverty, by securing to the producers of wealth the benefit of the production; crush crime, by removing the incitements to it; banish sorrow, by sowing only the seeds of happiness; and in fine, remove from the earth, eventually, entirely, creed-mongers, (as such,) physic-venders, (as such,) law-makers, bayonet-thrusters, superfluous "middle-men," fashion-makers, swine-eaters, tobacco-puffers, wine-bibbers, sad-houses, bad-houses, mad-houses, poor-houses, court-houses, prison-houses, steeple-houses, slaughter-houses, forts, arsenals, palaces and hovels; and place securely upon the earth, everywhere, instead, glad-houses, sweetness, purity, love and wisdom, health, harmony, justice, prosperity and peace.

Then will have passed, forever and forever, the long and dismal reign of animalism; in its stead, Humanism, angel-inspired, love-crowned, wisdom-guided, heaven-blessed, shall enter upon its career! The long, dark, wild night of ignorance and depravity will be of the past and forgotten—its hideous nightmare of sensualism, sorrow and slavery will be dispelled:

Humanity will then be free—
No lit the heart and bond the knee!

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

THE MORNING OF SPIRITUALISM

SERIES NUMBER TWO.

BY AN ANCIENT SPIRIT, THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP
OF DR. GEORGE AMOS PIERCE, AUBURN, MAINE.

THE famous temple of Spiritual Harmony is to be constructed, perhaps, though, out of the crudest elements of which mind is able to conceive. But I must inform you that the Morning of Light spoken of in these series is emblematical of the present state or condition of Spiritualism. Though ever so beautiful the light, the clouds, the reader will observe, surround it upon all sides, threatening it every moment with extinction from human observation. To consider a moment, it will be proper to inquire from whence cometh this light; and which is the more positive and permanent, the light or the cloud? Why, says one, the clouds before the sun are but vapor, hiding its brilliancy for a moment only, which must soon entirely disappear, be it ever so positive and obstinate, while the light is unlimited and continual, shining with equal force and virtue upon all objects; always penetrative, vivifying and invigorating in its wonderful influences, seeking every opening rift in the cloud of obstructing forces. So the structure will go on progressing, that the Spirit-World are building into ultimate completion. Some one inquires, "Is this temple to be a material structure?" We answer "Not more so than the Spiritual is physical."

Oh, blessed is life, our life, born from the bosom of every doubt and disbelief in the Spiritual! Hosts of Spirit-Beings from the lapse of the ages hover about you, our brother, as thirsty souls upon the desert of humanity gather unto the oasis to quench their mortal thirst. Oh, this is heaven! Heaven to me, to come here in this great joyfulness of my heart's deepest love. Those spirits are here from the past, you little dream of—Spirits so glorious from their brilliant records, their lustrous and luminous light out-shines almost every other surrounding object. Their light is more intense than sunlight to mortal eyes, because it is different. Many Spirits are here for prospective purposes, others for motives of benevolence, and all for opportunities of communication. Oh, bless this great and glorious opportunity! It is more grand than a Cæsar's or Cicero's, or of Moses' or Christ's. I do not mistake. The work done by Jesus the Christ, of Nazareth, has been greatly magnified and exaggerated, as the idol of god sects, creeds and priests, since his life-work on earth was done. No

doubt this Jesus was a very good man, who did in his age and generation many marvellous works; but for this century and time he would be much in the shade, by the wonderful works of Spirits through hundreds of Media. This Jesus was only a man, as are all other men, and only by his natural gifts and education and help from spirits, was he able to perform his work as he did. He did a great work then, but not such a work as has been attributed to him by men of the subsequent ages. Since enjoying this sphere of existence, I have had opportunity and convenience of accommodation from Jesus and Paul and others, to learn particulars as to these matters. I find my own history to have been incorrect in many particulars, especially as to the brief record entered of him. My notice of this Jesus, to have been correct, should have been more elaborate, and should have given him the dignity of a wise man, or a Magi, or Medium, whose sole work was to educate the people as to Spiritual things, which being in opposition to the Jewish religion, and contrary, as he demonstrated it, to the Jewish law, he became a subject of the law and finally its victim, though very unjustly, as I here learn, through the machinations of priests and designing partisans. But enough of this matter now. Will try to give a series of articles on this and other like themes at some future time, if agreeable to mortals to desire such communications from me. Please excuse my digression from the subject of this paper.

The Spiritual Temple of Harmony is the present great work of all good and advanced Spirits. To effect this work unto even a degree of perfect completion, many remarkable events must first transpire. Years must intervene, I may truthfully say, ages. Wars in all countries, and great changes in the structure of society, politically, religiously, socially and morally. Customs of this day and hour will almost totally be subverted, and greater liberty be allowed to all, because greater knowledge and wisdom will be the developed structure of the human mind. Self-denial, self-knowledge, self-truth, self-culture, will be the order of the hour. Love and the human affections will be correctly understood and governed. Great changes are soon to occur in your own dear country. The beautiful and the good ever unfold and mature where the soil is the most deeply laden with the luxurious food incident to its developement. Understand ye what I mean? So of the growth of nations and peoples. Their brightest un-

foldings originate in the womb of trouble, and bloom out from the decaying mould of accumulated ruins. As the Autumn is to Nature's blooming life of Summer, so are the needed changes in the works of progress to the human world. This beautiful Spiritual Temple is to be built on human experience, developed through the mortal, upward and onward in the Spiritual, unto the most glorious attainments of the most elevated Spiritual culture. This Temple is to be man's improvement, his structural Spiritual growth, his wisdom, derived from his educated past, all his way through every career of his primary and minor life. So beautiful is it to be, that no spot or blemish, or any imperfection can be found in any of its parts. Charity will pervade it throughout. Its halls and its mansions, in its many labyrinthine ways, are to be ornamented only with the good deeds, the virtues, the self-denials under great temptations, the innocent beauties, the patience of souls under the deepest tribulation, in pictures of its occupants during their earth and Spirit career, antecedent to the high condition of arriving unto this beautiful haven of rest, this beautiful home of the wise and tranquillized Spirits. What an immaculate condition! What a superior estate! What a glorious ultimate to arrive unto! Is it not worth laboring for? Is it not worth the patience, the trials and troubles and sorrows of earth, and the lesser estates of Spiritual progress? Oh, yes, it must surely be to others as well as to myself, for it seems as though it must be so to me. I view this Temple in the future, as the great prize of my calling, urging me on and on to greater effort and more diligent work, letting nothing discourage me till that most high object is gained.

More anon. Thine truly with gladness.

(Signed,)

JOSEPHUS.

TO THE MEDIUM.

THOUGH the darkness of night hath lowered around thee, caused by an immutable law, that conditions may be brought about for the more perfect fulfillment of that law regulating thy course of life, Time marches onward toward the fulfillment of its appointments. Though often obstructed by surroundings, the Spirit strives ever to overcome these obstacles. With time's changes, all will be accomplished. The soul sorrows for the brightness of the day. In the night-time of earth's trials, none can be realized. Strive to uplift thy heart above the dark clouds of earth-cares. Help cometh ere long. Look from the battlement of Hope's high tower, with Faith and Trust, and in God's own appointed time, all will be well with thee and thine.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

D. C. DENSMORE:—*Dear Sir*,—I have received another message in the VOICE OF ANGELS, which is true. My dear little Francetta came with her grandpa, which is a test, although you spelt my name wrong; but that was the writer's mistake. My husband, in his message through the same Medium, had it Francetta, right; but as it was difficult to understand her little baby-talk, I don't wonder you had it spelt wrong. She said she was "free" years old when she went, and is four now; and says she was four in June; all which is correct. She alludes to bringing me a whole lap full of "wosies" on the Sunday the "ninfe" of June, which was the Sunday after her birthday, which was the 7th of June, 1878. She says the nice, nice lady with her says her own letters are F. E., which is correct. Her mother—my daughter—is in Spirit-life. I suppose she is the "nice lady." She says grandpa has been to "Tape Lisbef," Cape Elizabeth, which is good; we lived there once, where my husband had whole charge of the Spiritual meetings; and that he said "we will soon sing jubilee songs in Spirit-Life" is likely, as he was a great singer here, and we used to sing at our meetings.

Francetta died of scarlet fever, which accounts for her "sore monf." She says she comes to me, which is true; also that I called her "Pet," and it is likely grandpa called her "Birdie," as we all called her Birdie, and other endearing names. She called me "mamma" here; but probably her mother tells her she is her "mamma" now.

The "Francie" means Funny, which she called her bird and dollie. We called her our June-bird.

Noble brother Densmore, may God and such bright angels as she is be with you; may you be prospered in your undertakings, bringing comfort to mourning wives and mothers like myself. May Pet come again, and others.

My little darling was a Medium; she never fell and got hurt like other children; she was guarded.

Yours,

Mrs. LYDIA W. RUSSELL,

Freeport, Maine.

To put up with the world is better than to control it. This is the very acme of virtue. Religion leads us to it in a day; philosophy only conducts to it by a lengthened life, misery or death.—*Lamartine*.

THERE are words which are worth as much as the best actions, for they contain the germ of them all.—*Mme. Swetchine*.

[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 NINE.

I have only given you a sample of what I have tried to do to assist those in the darkness, but my efforts have not all been spent in one direction. There were other ways and means that called my attention, besides the temperance question, and I have followed out the commands laid upon my spirit, to go out among the people and give them light.

In my travels I have come across mortals possessing, to a large degree, mediumistic power, which only needed to be awakened into life and activity.

Very often, these parties were surrounded by conditions very unfavorable to the development of mediumship. In these cases I have endeavored to supply, in part, the favorable conditions from the Spirit-side of life, and at times have been successful in bringing forth powers that have been a source of comfort to others.

Let me illustrate: A number of years ago, I was led to visit a Spirit-Circle. I found the Medium possessing rare powers and abilities, but which sadly needed culture. She was a young maiden, the child of poor parents, who were alike ignorant of the laws of mediumship, and the conditions necessary to insure their development. Of course, the manifestations of Spirit-presence were crude and variable; but, finding that I could assimilate the powers of my being to those of that Medium, I determined to take her in charge for a while, and see if I could not stimulate her Spirit-forces sufficiently to assist them into healthy growth and action.

I did so, all unknown to herself or anybody else, and by directing her mind in a certain direction, succeeded in performing my task. I selected certain works for her to read—philosophic, moral and poetic, etc.—and impressed her to do so; awakened in her mind a desire to write composition and rhymes, influenced her to attend lectures and sermons, delivered by the loftiest intellects of the time; brought to her home parties who could assist her in her pursuits of knowledge; and thus, in spite of earthly conditions, she has steadily advanced, until to-day, she stands far ahead of her family in literary attainments, and is read and listened to with respect by many intelligent, thinking souls. And the case of that Medium presents a striking illustration of what the Spirits have been doing in educating souls yet in

mortal, and teaching them truths from the higher life, which they, in turn, are to give forth to the multitude.

Many a time have I given my songs forth to the world through the lips of mortals. Sometimes they appeared crude and ill-expressed, limited and warped by the undeveloped channels through which they flowed; but even then, I rejoiced to know that they still could bring comfort or hope to the sorrowing or the sinning soul they were destined to reach. At other times, my productions have caught a richness of expression, a beautiful and harmonious blending of sentiment and rhythm, from the depths of the mediumistic souls through which they came, that sent them ringing through the hearts of those who read or listened, until they seemed uplifted from the common clod into the free air of heaven.

But my greatest pleasure has been in assisting the inner powers of others to grow and expand, to lead them in their cravings for knowledge, and to aid their faltering steps to climb the rugged heights of life, in search of truth and right.

When I find a soul who delights in taking a sentiment and strive to express it intelligently in rhyme, I encourage that spirit, no matter how crude or uncertain its effort may be; for I recognize there, that the *Spirit* is putting forth its powers; that like the feelers of the plant, it is groping around to find a support that shall bear it in its growth; and that, if it receives the strength and support it needs, it will develop into a thing of blossoming beauty. But I do *not* encourage these souls to give forth their first feeble expressions to the world, any more than I would advise the horticulturist to place his tiny, fragile slip or plant out in the full glare of a summer's day. I watch them, and by directing their thoughts into proper channels, and influencing them what to read, so as to assist them in cultivating their minds, sometimes succeed in raising a rare stock, that favors the world with an abundance of rich and fragrant blossoms.

Nor am I alone in this. Thousands of Spirits are engaged in the work, in divers directions and multiplied ways; for they recognize the fact, that, in order to have the future life inhabited by a race of noble, thoughtful, moral and intellectual Spirits, we must educate and refine those who are still in mortal; educate them up to a knowledge of life and its laws, an understanding of Spirit and its requirements, an appreciation of truth and its unfoldments; and to do this, we are teaching and directing those sensitive, intuitive

souls, who can catch the inspirations of the spheres, and are sending them out as teachers to the masses.

In my wanderings to and fro, I conceived a desire to visit the New World; and without further delay I found myself in America. Here, too, was an abundance of work to be done, and in a variety of ways. I soon became a worker in the field of human reform. I found here one or two whom I had known when in the flesh, and succeeded in establishing communication with them, which greatly assisted me in my work. And so of late I have become a cosmopolite, a citizen of the world, claiming my home wherever I may be of use to humanity.

But in all this time, my efforts for the amelioration of pain and distress have not been confined to the material life. I have met many suffering Spirits, who have passed out, scarred and scathed by passion and sin, and who, in consequence, have been plunged in mental darkness; and to them I have endeavored to bring hope and encouragement; to be, as it were, a lamp to their feet, that should show them the pitfalls of life, and to point them out the way to make themselves better and happier.

The world beyond is thronged with these unhappy souls, and although we cannot save them, as no one can be the saviour of another, but each one must work out his own salvation, yet we can assist and teach them to find the better way, and encourage them to persevere in their efforts to do right and to atone for the past.

In my eagerness and anxiety to do good to others, to be of use to somebody, and thus if possible, make amends for my own past and bring peace and satisfaction to my own soul, I had taken no note of the lapse of time, my whole being having been wrapped up in my work.

I was at a seance one night, given in London, and had succeeded in gaining partial possession of a youth whom the Spirits were anxious to develop. While in this condition, unable to make my presence known, one of the party remarked, "We ought to have an exceptionally good circle to-night, as it is the last one of the year; to-morrow brings us 1872." The words were nothing in themselves, but they brought before me a vision of New Year's Eve spent in the past, and with it a longing for the sight of dear and familiar faces. I began to grow weary, and in fact, homesick. Five years since I passed from the body, and most of the time spent among strangers.

With the thought, I found myself losing all control of my subject, and in a moment I was away from all material things, and in the realm of Spirit. Long, long ago, I had learned to dispense with the mode of travelling I had known when first entering Spirit-Life, and I could now visit any place by concentrating my will upon it, and in an instant I would be there. Time nor distance had power over the soul, and it could and can travel as swiftly as thought.

In a moment I found myself in the vast magnificent garden I had left so long before. All was blooming in richness and beauty. I entered the stately portals of a superb mansion, the white walls of which gleamed and glistened like frost-work. In the centre of the hall a group of Spirits were gathered in social converse.

Judge of my delight in recognizing among that group all who were nearest to me in Spirit-Life—mother, father, kindred and friends!

As I entered, I heard my mother say in Spirit language, "All day I have been calling Critchley, I am sure he must come; we all want him so much; he is doing a good work—bless the lad—but I would like to meet him here."

My soul leaped forth in response to those words; I was immediately seen and recognized. It is impossible to convey to mortals the bliss, the rapture of that meeting. None but those who have experienced can understand the like.

That welcome more than recompensed me for my past pain and sorrow. It brought an infinite peace and calm, that the world can never give nor take away.

I remained with my loved ones for a time, but not idle nor inactive. I had learned that true joy cannot reach the soul that is inert. Action is the law of life.

There was much for me to learn of Spirit-Life and its laws, and I set myself to work to acquire what I needed, not forgetting to return to earth frequently, to see if there was anything for me to do, nor neglecting to do what I could for the unfortunate Spirits I came across.

At the present writing, I have learned but little in comparison with what there is to attain, but with active powers, trained for work and study, assisted by wise, beneficent teachers, and surrounded by loving, sympathetic souls, it would be strange, indeed, if a Spirit's course should not be onward and upward towards the realms of infinite light and truth.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

To those whose god is honor, disgrace alone is sin.—Augustus Hara.

THE POETS' CORNER.

EDITED BY SPIRIT JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE,
THROUGH THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" MEDIUM.

[All Contributions intended for publication in this Department must be addressed to M. T. SHELLHAMER, 89 K St., South Boston.]

IN assuming charge of the poetical department of this publication, we do so with a full knowledge of the responsibility and care devolving upon us; and while we cheerfully take upon us the duties of this office, we would ask the co-operation and aid of all true spiritually-minded souls who are endowed with the gift of Poesy. It is our aim and object to make this paper a gem worthy the attention of the highest and most cultured minds of the land; and in order to do this, we need the sympathy and assistance of all true Spiritualists.

To those who see fit to favor us with their productions for this department we would say, rest assured we shall make use of your favors whenever it is practicable to do so; while at the same time, should we deem the productions forwarded to us unsuitable for our columns, we beg their authors will not consider it any slight of them and their productions, neither to become disheartened nor discouraged; for we would extend our sympathy and encouragement to every Spirit in its efforts to give clear, beautiful, poetic expression to its secret, soulful thought.

And furthermore, we would have it distinctly understood that neither the publisher of this paper nor any of its *attaches* are in any way responsible for the matter printed in this department. The responsibility rests with us alone; and should any one have any suggestions or grievances to offer, we shall be pleased to consider them at any time.

SPIRIT J. C. PRINCE.

NO ONE FOR HIMSELF.—Nature has written upon the flowers that sweeten the air, upon the breeze that rocks the flower upon its stem, upon the raindrops that swell the mighty river, upon the dewdrops that refresh the smallest sprig of moss that rears its head in the desert, upon the ocean that rocks every swimmer on its bosom, upon every pencilled shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, as well as upon the mighty sun which warms and cheers the millions of creatures that live in its light—upon all is written, "None of us liveth to himself."

EDUCATION is a better safeguard of liberty than a standing army. If we retrench the wages of the schoolmaster, we must raise those of the recruiting sergeant.—Everell.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION:

NO. 5 DWIGHT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

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

D. E. MINER, Business Manager

D. C. DENSMORE, Amanuensis and Publisher.

BOSTON, MASS., OCTOBER 1, 1878.

EDITORIAL.

GOOD AND EVIL: THEIR RELATIONS TO EACH OTHER.

SOME days since, we received a lengthy communication from an old friend, who has been a hard worker in the cause of truth, as he understands it, from his standpoint in churches, creeds and doctrines, deploring in sad and piteous tones that "there is so much evil in the world and so little good." He says, "As you aver that every thing and condition of life, in all spheres of existence, comes into being through natural law, I would like to see you reconcile—if you can—the deplorable results of evil as it exists today, as being in harmony with a Divine law."

The subject has been treated and commented upon so much, first and last, in these columns, that we doubt very much whether we can add anything of more interest than heretofore. However, we will do the best we can, with the limited space at our disposal; and if we fail to satisfy his mind, he must take the will for the deed.

In the first place, we shall try to prove that there is no such thing as positive evil in the world, only in seeming. Our proof of this being that there is a cause for every effect, whether in the higher or the lower spheres; and that this cause is what our friend, and, in fact, every Christian in all the world designates God; that this being, or God, is possessed of all wisdom, all knowledge, all power, and that he doeth all things well; and as our friend and all his *confreres* declare without any qualification that this being, or God, is the actual author, maker and finisher of all things in heaven and earth, and if he does all things well, as they say

he does, it puzzles me not a little to see how anything can be wrong or out of place. If he says that God made all things well, but the devil stepped in and capsized all of his (God's) plans and calculations, he robs his Maker of all godly attributes, and brands him, if not in so many words, at least in substance, an unprincipled poltroon and heartless speculator, for causing or making millions and billions of human beings to suffer all sorts of hardships while in a material body, and at last land in a lake of fire and brimstone, there to remain ages without end, and all

through a miscalculation of his own powers.

Further, as God is conceded to be the absolute author of all things, and as the devil is the author of all the mischief in the world, he must, if he can circumvent the designs of Deity, be a pretty big thing.

If the above is true, that is, if God is the author and finisher of all things, as our friend says he is, then as a natural sequence, as before stated, there can be nothing wrong or out of place in all his works. Hence, what is called sin is, as before hinted, only so in seeming. A further proof that what is called evil is not such in fact, is the biblical fact that God is reported to have said in that book called by our Christian friend the "Holy Bible," "I create good and I create evil; I the Lord say it."

Thus you will see, friend M., according to your own belief, backed up by God's own word, there can be no positive evil in the world, all the world to the contrary notwithstanding. In other words, everything and all conditions of life, whether in the mundane world, or in the more or less refined Spirit-realms, are just what God meant and knew they would be, before he created them. It is true that there are what are called high and low conditions, in all spheres of existence, just as there are large and small trees in a forest; but there would be just as much sense in calling the large trees good and the smaller ones evil, as to say, because a man may not have attained to as high development in Spirit lore as his more fortunate neighbor, that he is evil or wicked.

The fact is, friend M——n, from all we can gather, reasoning from analogy, and from cause to effect, and from effect back to the cause that produced it, man is just what God intended he should be from the beginning, and he acts just as he knew he would before he created him. Else God is neither omnipotent, wise nor good.

These varied, and what is called evil conditions, as much as our friend deploras their existence, are not without their uses; because if there were no low, or what he calls evil conditions, how would he know that good ones existed? In other words, if there were no wicked, vicious people in the world, how would he ever know there were any good ones? If there were no disease, sickness and misery in the world, how would he know that health and happiness had a recognised existence? In other words, if everybody was on the same plane of development, the words

good and bad would have no significance. And so if everybody was in the same condition as to physical health, the words disease, sickness, misery and happiness would never have been used. Hence, all conditions are necessary to know that others exist—disease to know that health has a being, and what is called evil to know that good has also a being.

THE ETHICS OF SPIRITUALISM: A System of Moral Philosophy, founded on Evolution and the continuity of man's existence beyond the grave. By Hudson Tuttle, author of "Arcana of Nature," "Antiquity of Man," "Career of the God-Idea in History," etc. Chicago: Religious Philosophical Publishing House. 160 pp. Price, in cloth, 60 cents; Pamphlet, 40 cents.

We have carefully read "Ethics," and must say the subject has been admirably handled all the way through. Mr. Tuttle's style may be called *incisive*, for he cuts boldly into and clears through many errors, and unhesitatingly lays them open to view; then leaping the chasm thus caused, he conducts the reader into the fields of deductive truth with the hand of a ready master.

Starting with the proposition, that "A correct system of morals must be founded, not on any supposed revelation or ancient form of faith, but on the constitution of man," he shows the fallacy of the dogmas that would attempt to contradict that statement, and reasoning from evolution as a basis, demonstrates that "Man never having fallen needs no redemption." Man is then considered as an individual, his susceptibility of infinite improvement is shown as residing in his moral faculties, and his position and destiny pointed out. The growth of the body and subsequent advancement of mind are presented, and matter and force defined as the foundation upon which Spiritualism is based. The doctrine of reincarnation is shown by logical deduction to be a fallacy; the origin of life traced to the primordial cell, and man is shown to be the outgrowth of the ages. The aim of the creative energy is shown to be the conferring of immortality—that the body was made to serve the mind, and not the mind the body.

The chapter on the Appetites shows the benefit of being natural, temperate and judicious, to insure happiness. The selfish propensities are discussed somewhat at length, and it is shown that when held to their true sphere, they are pure and right—perverted, or in excess, they lead to wrong doing and the injury of others. Love, Benevolence and Justice are examined in their different bearings, and their true relations are presented, in connection with Wisdom and Conscience.

The province of the Will is carefully examined, and shown to depend upon the action of all the faculties. The relations of labor and capital are tersely stated, and the rights of labor clearly, though briefly, laid down; the illustration of the mill is very happily presented. The rights of woman are shown to depend upon the question, "is she a human being?" The duty of individuals, of parents to children, and children to parents, forms an interesting section.

The duty and obligations of society to individuals are well presented in the "Fable of the Wheel." One of the very best chapters is on the duty of society to criminals; and although the ideas advanced may seem to be utopian, yet society can never be free from the depredations of criminals, until its efforts are directed to the reform of that class of persons, and through their radical cure, cease to bind upon the children the burdensome sins of the parents. The chapter on the duty of self-culture, presents more food for thought than many entire books, or even some whole libraries.

Monogamic marriage is presented as the only true domestic relation, and is viewed in its different bearings. Mr. Tuttle concludes the work with the idea, that what is possible to one is possible to all; that Spiritualism makes man the divine centre, and that he should purify the inner temple of his soul, in order to have healthy spiritual growth; that we are not living for ourselves alone, but for the good of all.

The author grasps his ideas with a strong mind, and indites them with the pen of a ready writer. The book is replete throughout with suggestive ideas, calculated to stir the mind and impart an impulse to the thoughts of the reader, and is a work every Spiritualist, and opposer of Spiritualism, should thoroughly read and ponder.—*The Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

[NOTE.—We have read the above work through carefully, and find that we cannot give a clearer expression of our thoughts than is contained in the above review, clipped from the "Religio-Philosophical Journal." Hence we print it entire, with our full endorsement as the most practical work upon the subject it treats ever printed, and we commend it the consideration of all thinkers, whether in or out of the Spiritual ranks.]

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

AT THE BAR.

"Who speaks for this man?" From the great white Throne,
Velled in its roseate clouds, the voice came forth;
Before it stood a parted soul alone,
And rolling east, and west, and south, and north,
The mighty accents summoned quick and dead:
"Who speaks for this man, ere his doom be said?"

Shivering he listened, for his earthly life
Had passed in dull, unnoted calm away;
He brought no glory to its dally strife,
No wreath of fame, or genius' fiery ray;
Weak, lone, ungifted, quiet and obscure,
Born in the shadow, dying 'mid the poor.

Lo, from the solemn concourse, hushed and dim,
The widow's prayer, the orphan's blessing rose;
The struggler told of trouble shared by him,
The lonely of cheered hours and softened woes;
And like a chorus spoke the crushed and sad,
"He gave us all he could, and what he had;

"And little words of loving kindness said,
And tender thoughts, and help in time of need,
Sprang up, like leaves by soft Spring showers fed,
In some waste corner, sown by chance-flung seed."
In grateful wonder heard the modest soul,
Such trifles gathered to so blest a whole.

Oh, ye by circumstance' strong fetters bound,
The store so little, and the hand so frail,
Do but the best ye can for all around;
Let sympathy be true, nor courage fail;
Winning among your neighbors, poor and weak,
Some witness at your trial-hour to speak.

All the Year Round.

The passion for sudden success is rude and puerile, just as war, cannons and executions are used to clear the ground of bad, lumpish, irreclaimable savages, but always to the danger of the conquerors.

SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE,
SEPT. 1, 1878,

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELHAMER.

INVOCATION, BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

Oh, thou God of the universe! Creator and Sustainer of all things! Author of Life—beautiful life! We, in harmony with the spirit of the song, ask to come nearer to thee, consciously nearer to thee; that in all things we may do, wherever we may be, we may be made conscious of thy presence, shedding over our souls thy blessings of love and wisdom. We bless thee that we have been instructed through the ministry of thy angels, and for the protection that has been afforded unto us through all the ways of life.

We bless thee that we have reason to-night to rejoice upon the Mount of Transfiguration, that we have passed safely through the valley of suffering and sorrow; and we feel that we would not have one trouble, one woe or one sorrow less, for they have brought us nearer together in friendship and love; they have taught us thy lessons of life, not only of our common origin, our relationship to each other and to thee, but of that final home, whither all are tending; that when this earthly tenement is dissolved, we shall enter those mansions of light, "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

We thank thee for the opportunity afforded to the needy ones, seeking instruction and comfort. May thine angel hosts still assist each one on their journey of life!

Bless this little company! May their light be set upon a hill, that shall brighten up the way of those in darkness! And may the truth in their souls ever shine resplendent with the light that beams from the Angel-land!

MYRA MAY ROOP.

MAYN'T I come, Mister, if I do live in South Boston? [Yes, indeed.] I want to send a letter to my papa. My mamma is with me now; she didn't like to come herself, but she wants me to send her love to all the family—every one—great, perfect love—and to tell them she is reconciled now, she is happy and at rest; she is satisfied with all that has been done, and the changes; she wants to thank all for their care, and to be remembered to every friend.

I came through this Medium to my mamma ever so long ago—nearly eight years. Won't papa be astonished when he reads this! Tell him I'm grown up pretty well now; I ain't the little tottie I

used to be. My name is Myra May Roop.

I brought a gentleman here; can he come? [Certainly.] I want to send my love to papa, and Ikey, and Johnnie, and Bennie, and Sadie, and every one. I was such a little bit of a girl when I was here; papa thinks he would know me anywhere; I wonder if he would? When mamma got my Spirit-picture, he said he'd know it any where. I want to send my love to Mercy.

Will the gentleman please send this to Mr. Isaac Roop, 112 M street, South Boston? Mamma says that'll be right.

SETH GODFREY.

I WOULD like to say a few words, sir, to my wife and friends. The dear little angel who was just here urged me to come, and I was indeed grateful for the privilege. I was young to leave earth, and life would have been beautiful to me, had health and strength been spared; but as it was, I felt it was best I should go and join those dear ones of my family who had gone before. And I want to say, I was neither disappointed nor deceived. It is all as peaceful and bright as I could have wished; and I want to say, dear Mercy, I am often with you, striving to assist and strengthen, bringing you love and cheer from the Spirit-World. Our beautiful tiny blossom is with me, unfolding and developing for you in the sunshine of heaven.

I am conscious of the change you have just made; all things beneficial to you are interesting to me, and I feel that life looks promising to you and your little ones, whose father also blesses them from his Spirit-home.

Give my love to Mother Baker. Tell her all is well now. May blessings of peace ever attend her way.

And finally, I would bring deep, tender, confiding love to my own dear parents; tell them that an unbroken band of dear Spirit-children await them in the higher life, and that while they linger here, love, blessings and watchful care will attend their steps, wafted to them from their Spirit-family.

We all went to the dear old town, Chatham, and there felt the deep peace and harmony of life, undisturbed by the coldness of wintry weather.

thank you, sir. My name is Seth Godfrey. I passed on from consumption, last December.

MARY ANNE HARVEY.

[You don't seem to be very strong.] No, sir; and I can only say a few words.

I am from St. John. My name is Mary Anne Harvey. My parents are living, and I would like them to know I can come back; and I bring my love to them and all the family. Tell Aunt Hattie and Uncle John I am at rest now, and have all the beautiful things I want. I have seen little Addie, and she is beautiful. I was twenty-four years old.

MARY KELLEY.

Good evening, sir. I came from the city of New York, and I would like to have my husband know that this is true, that I am often with him, have seen what he has done, and have the power to help him, if he will give me a chance and others will not interfere. If he will go to a Medium, I will come to him; it will not harm him, and may do him good.

My husband's name was Frank Kelley. I was near the age of the lady just here. I thought it too young to go; but the good Father knew best. I have been gone just about four years.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

NEPHI, Utah, Sept. 6, 1878.

D. C. DENSMORE:—Dear Bro.,—I have felt like writing you for some time past; that is, since you began to publish in the VOICE OF ANGELS the "Spirit Experiences of John Critchley Prince." I have been deeply interested in reading his statements from week to week, as they have appeared in the VOICE.

I am from the same part of England that J. C. Prince dwelt in the form, and was once a power-loom weaver in the West Mills at Ashton-Underlyne, in 1850, near where he then resided. I always admired his poems, and next to Byron, I esteemed his poetry the grandest and best I had then read. I realized that he had a noble mind and a grand soul—one of Nature's noblemen, gifted above his fellows; but when he yielded to the temptation of the ale-house and the pot, knowing that he was measurably burying his divine gifts in the mud and mire of human life, I always felt sorry, and wished it had been otherwise with him.

Drink and tobacco I set my mind against in my youth, and they never were my besetting sins; nor do I think they ever will be, for I never had a liking for either of them.

I recognize the hand of John Critchley Prince, the Lancashire Poet, in every line of his account of his earth-life; my wife also recognizes it, she having attended select parties, where he has recited some of his best poems, in Duckenfield and

Ashton-Underlyne; and we read with surprise and somewhat of astonishment his first communication in the VOICE, not expecting anything of the kind at the time; but it has been most interesting and agreeable since. And now we are more than pleased that you have arranged, through M. T. Shelhamer, for him to assume the charge of the poetical department of the VOICE OF ANGELS. I congratulate you upon the acquisition of so noble a soul on your staff of assistants; and I trust he will often give us his rich effusions thro' the VOICE.

Now, brother Densmore, I wish you to give my greeting to him, as an old Ashtonian, and once a Lancashire factory lad, now a resident of far-off Utah; tell him I recognize his communications in the VOICE with pleasure, and may God and angels inspire him on the other shore to be a benefit and blessing to humanity on this side of life, is the desire and wish of your brother and well-wisher.

THOMAS J. SCHOFIELD.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON, August 27, 1878.

To the Editor of the Voice of Angels:

I have just returned from a séance for materialization, given by Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, No. 8 Davis street, Boston, where many excellent manifestations occurred, among others one that John King, the presiding Spirit, said was given for the express purpose of proving to us the utter futility of testing the Medium or Spirits by physical appliances. There was a cage, securely fastened by nailing on the outside, and secured by a padlock, also on the outside. Mr. Holmes took his seat in the cabinet, outside the cage, no one entering it but himself, and directly on the curtain being closed, we heard quite a noise within the cabinet. John King came some time afterwards, and told us that he had done something to prove the futility of testing Mediums, at the same time throwing a key on the table before us.

After the séance, Mr. Holmes was found securely locked in the cage, which was turned completely round, bringing the door against a partition, so that the door could not be opened until the cage was moved away.

Of course, if the Spirits could thus lock the Medium in the cage, they could release him in the same way, and again relock him in, after the manifestations were through with.

T. R. HAZARD.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

FRIEND DENSMORE,—Having left Philadelphia for a home in your city, please allow me space in your truth-loving sheet, wherein to express, as a parting tribute to the materializing Mediums residing there, my unswerving confidence in their truthfulness and reliability.

In the face of all that has been written and said against them—the oft-repeated assertion that they have been detected in frauds, have been exposed, and utterly defeated—I repeat there never has been the slightest proof of fraud of any kind on their part. Neither have materializations been killed out in Philadelphia.

That the manifestations have been unfavorably affected by these base falsehoods and bitter denunciations, most of which have come from Spiritualistic papers and Mediums for other phases of Spirit communion, there is no question. But by the help of a few daring souls, who have stood by this highest phase, this absolute proof that our dear ones gone still live, they have kept up their séances to the present. Doubtless the darkness and pressure, now so gloomy and heavy, are the very agents needed to bring light and strength to the cause they are now developing in the very face of utter destitution.

Yours, truly,

J. P.

[Selected by M. J. K.]

BOOKS.

IN the best books great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours. God be thanked for books! They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levelers. They give to all who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence, of the best and greatest in our race. No matter how poor I am,—no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling,—if the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof, if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakspeare to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom,—I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place that I live.—William Ellery Channing, died 1842.

KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM.

KNOWLEDGE and Wisdom, far from being one, have oftentimes no connection. Knowledge dwells in heads replete with thoughts of other men; Wisdom in minds attentive to their own. Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass, the mere materials with which Wisdom builds, till smoothed and squared and fitted to its place, does but encumber whom it seems to enrich. Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much. Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.—William Cowper, died 1800.

FRANKLIN was the greatest diplomatist of the eighteenth century. He never spoke a word too soon; he never spoke a word too late; he never spoke a word too much; he never failed to speak the right word in the right place.—Bancroft.

THE laws of the emotions are as well established as those of the material universe.

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

STEPPING HEAVENWARD.

BY M. THERESA SHELHAMER.

TIME presents a shining stairway,
Leading upwards from below;
Mounting up the gleaming ladder
Countless millions daily go;
Every day a step we're gaining,
Every night we've climbed a round
Of this ladder leading upward
From the cold, material ground.

At each step the prospect widens,
And we take a broader view
Of the road that lies before us,
Stretching out so fresh and new.
At each round our eyes grow clearer,
And we gaze with pleasure back
O'er the road where weary millions
Toll along life's beaten track.

At each step the way grows shorter,
Though the stairway has no end,
Even when all souls in glory
With the Great First Cause shall blend.
At each step our knowledge deepens,
Grandeur powers do we gain,
While in all its clear revelations
Truth is made more truly plain.

If each soul throughout its journey
O'er the upward scale of life,
Would but close its eyes to error,
Close its ears to warring strife—
It would gain a nobler vision
From the higher realms above,
With the sound of heavenly music
Ringing with the tones of love.

Aye, each day we're stepping heavenward,
Though to some the way looks dim;
Others travel in the sunlight,
Chanting Life's eternal hymn;
But the stairway is progressive—
Each day brings an aided good,
Making all the laws of being
To each traveller understood.

At each step the way is flooded
With a brilliant, radiant light,
As the fast approaching future
Brings the promised land in sight;
Where our fullest comprehension
Shall take in the whole of life,
Turning ignorance into knowledge,
Drawing peace from woe and strife.

Yes, old Time presents a stairway
Which the feet of all must climb,
Stretching onward to the kingdom,
To Perfection's height sublime.
Though we faint, we must go forward,
Must our dully course pursue,
Making way for those who follow,
With the work they have to do.

By-and-bye will come the summons,
And we'll pass from mortal sight,
But our march will still be onward,
To a nobler, loftier height.
We will rest not while there's glory
For our spirits to attain,
But will bravely climb Life's stairway,
Till Infinity we gain.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

NATURE'S THEOLOGY.

BY DR. D. AMBROSE DAVIS.

NATURE's great temple stands open forever,
All star-domed and radiant from portals to shrine;
With anthems eternal from God's chorus-singers,
And sermons outgushing from all things divine!

Listen, oh, mortals! The teacher is teaching!
From ocean to ocean, from mountain to glen;
Preaching, yes, preaching!—Jehovah is preaching
His gospel of love to the children of men!

The trees bow them low in the hallowed old forest,
As souls may be sway'd by the pathos of prayer;
Oh, Nature! thy chantings are sacredly holy,
And freely bestowed as the ambient air.

The sunshine, the rain, and the dew-drops of morning,
How Godlike and kindly their blessings are given!

Forever impartial, and ever untiring,
Like smiling angels, directly from heaven.

The murmur of brooklet adown through the meadow—
The voice of the insect, the bird and the bee;
Harmoniously sweet, as the gospel of Jesus,
That fell on his hearers around Galilee.

And tho' the dread tempest, with all its loud thunder,
May bold its fierce revel in Nature's domain;
Yet God governs all with a purpose in wisdom,
And suffers no shadow to darken in vain.

How often the breath of the sweet gentle zephyr
Comes with its whisper, so pensive and dear,
Like blessings of angels that hover about us,
With their benedictions to fall on the ear.

Oh, Nature! thy gospel is sacredly charming—
And well for God's children that bow at thy shrine;
For they shall all find they have heavenly manna,
Who eat of thy bread and partake of thy wine!

And then, when God's pilot comes over the river,
To guide them across to that radiant shore,
Their loved ones shall meet them, and angels shall greet
them,
And joys shall attend them, yet more and still more.

For there is that mating—that blessed soul-blending!—
That bond that is welded to never untie!
That journey of life, that shall never have ending,
And never the sadness of saying "Good-bye!"

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THERE'S A BEAUTIFUL LAND.

BY OWHERTA.

THERE'S a beautiful land, not far away,
Not up in the clouds, as the preachers say,
Not a land of shadows, nor mist, nor gloom,
But a real land, where bright flowers bloom;
Where birds all dressed in colors gay
Sing their sweet songs from day to day,
And the words they utter or seem to say
Are—"This beautiful land's not so far away."

This beautiful land is free to all,
The rich and poor, the great and small;
This land is theirs—their title's good—
For they are all the sons of God.
No matter, my friends, what the preachers say,
They're marching along the King's highway,
And soon will hear the dear Father say,
"Take them home to my land not far away."

Then those they loved in days of yore
Will haste to help their dear ones o'er
The River of Death that flows between
This world of ours and that unseen.
No matter, my friends, what the preachers say—
No fiery fiends, no Devil's sway
Is known in the land not far away.

Fathers and mothers will meet once more
Their loved ones who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting prove,
Blest with such scenes of perfect love.
No matter, my friends, what the preachers say,
They're safely kept where they'll always stay,
In the beautiful land not far away.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

BUNKER HILL, Ill., Aug. 17, 1878.

DEAR BRO. DENSMORE,—In the VOICE OF ANGELS for August 1st I find a message from my departed wife, Maria L. Gordon, given through M. T. Shelhamer. I recognize the message as coming from my wife, without the shadow of a doubt. The memories of that last Sabbath she speaks of was the day her mother was buried, two days before my wife's departure from this world. She (my wife) departed this life on the fourth day of July, 1854, in St. Louis, Mo.

I saw another message in the last number of the VOICE, from Susan Runkle to George Richey, of St. Louis. I am well

acquainted with Mr. Richey; and my sister-in-law, who is visiting us from St. Louis, and is very intimate with the family, says all the particulars in the message are true to the letter. She is bitterly opposed to Spiritualism, but says that truth is truth, let it come from what source it will.

Yours, most respectfully,
W. P. GORDON.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

CORRECTION.

In the issue of Sept. 15, page 1, column 3, line 13, the word "waated" should have been "waited," and the last line of the same message, instead of "Co-operative Common-School Commonwealths," should have been "Co-operative Home-School Commonwealths."

PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

THROUGH WEST INGLE.

TO MRS. M. A. CHURCH, OF MOUNT IDA, FROM
HER SON, EZRA CHURCH.

DARLING MOTHER,—You are right when you say you cannot live without us, and you will never have to do so, for I am near you. When you call my name, I come to your side; and though I cannot yet break the silence between us, I feel that you understand it is me, and I have no reason to doubt you feel just as I do—glad and happy that we are again together.

How many times I have stood by your side, striving to attract your attention, hoping in some unguarded moment I might make myself known to you,—for you were always my dearest comforter, in all perplexing cases. I feel sure you will yet see me, and I know I can help you and father in all your daily affairs. Sisters Arvilla and Mary, dear brother Della—so bright and merry still, mother—are here, and when we can, we are going to form a guard around you and father, and the dear ones of home life, and see if we cannot bring back the old sunny expression to your loving, faded face—not faded to me, who look at the fond mother-spirit within. But I want others to know our mother is happy and contented; that her soul is warmed and cheered by a light which is pure and clear, illuminating all her inner life.

I want you and our dear father to put off the clouds of care, and be cheerful and happy. You shall never want, either of you, and you shall never be dependent upon others. Let us help you—Arvilla, Della and myself—and you have one helper better than all—sister Mary, who is like a beautiful star, so pure and lovely. Why, mother dear, picture to yourself the

home we are preparing for you and father—four loving children already in it, waiting for dear mother to come home.

Don't you know how we used to wait when you were gone a few hours. Well, we are waiting now, and we are not idle, either, but are doing all we can to help you and the rest of them. Mary, Arvilla, Della and myself send you a bunch of flowers—spiritual flowers, called "Heart's Ease." Do you know what they are? And with the flowers we give our best and truest love to you all.

MARY ———
ARVILLA ———
DELLA ———
EZRA ———

With many kisses, good night.

EZRA.

JOSEPH H. SMITH, TO HIS SON, BARNABAS SMITH, OF JAMESTOWN, COLORADO.

MY DEAR SON, BARNABAS,—Is there no healing powers in the land that can give you the use of your limbs, and make you to suffer less? I think the faculty is retrograding in knowledge and power, if they cannot, any of them, find some cure for rheumatism. I know it is hard to cure, and once in the system nothing common can remove it; but I think you can get a cure. I will tell you what I believe to be the best remedy I know of; it is one often used by the fathers of the land, and it will be found in future time the only real cure for stiff joints: Place in a vessel about a half pint of angle-worms, add to them one table-spoonful of lard and a half table-spoonful of salt; cover tightly and steam till all is dissolved. Use freely till all parts of the body diseased are thoroughly permeated with the oil. You will find relief, and constant use will make a certain cure.

This is one of the most crude and humble remedies known, and comes within reach of the poorest people. If men only knew what nature can really afford, they would seek her more often, and save themselves a vast amount of suffering.

My dear son, your mother and sisters join me in giving you the love and friendship we all feel for you. Our love will prove true and lasting as the immortality to which you are entitled.

I would like to have you improve all your faculties, my son; but when a man is physically a sufferer, there is no use talking of the spiritual. All a man can think of is, "How can I get out of my pain?"

My son, there is a better prospect ahead. After the change called death, you will know why you have been afflicted.

You will be a great deal better off than you are now—happier and more contented.

Make the best use of your time, my dear Barnabas. Your friends are gathering around, and you and yours will be happy.

Give my love to all. Tell them I still live. Affectionately, your father,

JOSEPH H. SMITH.

JOE TAYLOR, OF TAYLORSVILLE, CAL.

WEST INGLE:—Let me, Job Taylor, talk with a friend, or several friends, through your mediumship; and I will be very thankful. I am from Taylorsville, Cal., and have friends there, who cherish my memory honestly and faithfully. One who sent you the letter will understand what I am going to say through you and the VOICE OF ANGELS.

So you want to know how I like my new home here and how I am getting along? I am progressing rapidly into new and brighter conditions, and when I can come back and fix up a few matters, which perplex me still, I shall be all right. You know what I mean, old friend. Can you not help me? Money and worldly honor do not amount to much here. Every man must stand upon his own foundation. There can be no creeping out of trouble here by casting the sin on to others. Justice reigns here, and the poor fare as well as the rich.

Bob Smith says he wishes he had been better posted in the Spiritual philosophy, before he came here; and Bill Young says he is satisfied he done the best he could with the knowledge he had, and trusted God for the rest; and he is all right now. He wants to talk with his friends, and will do so if he gets a good chance.

Now, friends, I am speaking to all who knew me in business and otherwise—all who loved me as Job Taylor. The Spirit-World is a grand reality, and no mental vision of an imaginary state. Immortality is true, and no absurd story of the soul's life and activity. You had all better heed the lessons daily taught you, and when a friend throws off the outer covering of clay, do not say he or she is dead, but say rather, they have passed into a new life, and entered upon a pathway of eternal progression. And cease to mourn for them. This weeping for departed friends is all nonsense. Why, the dead are all right. It is the living that ought to be pitied. They are the sufferers, and should be mourned for.

This is home, and my near and dear friends are with me. I know there are

many on the earth—you are one—"old friend," and many are the happy hours we have spent together; and we will have more of them, when you learn how to talk with me, as you will some time. I have much to tell you all.

Bob and Bill send love, and many others are watching a chance to speak.

Remember me to every heart that ever loved Job Taylor,—and say that he still lives and loves his friends.

JOE TAYLOR.

ANDREW JACKSON, IN SPIRIT LIFE,

TO FRANK HANAN, OF OREGON, DOANE CO., WIS.

MY FRIEND,—I addressed you a message, hoping by so doing to draw you still nearer the magnetic currents, knowing that a more perfect spiritual development is needed by you. You are now in conflicting elements, and the harmony of your inner life is much disturbed thereby. Your nature is one of fire, and it flashes out in all directions, and friends and foes must give way when you are ready for combat.

You will need controlling power, and as you progress you will acquire mental action and discipline, and will in time become powerful as a leader in political life. And there is need of leaders; for I can see how wrong-headed and vile-hearted men in power are becoming. Honor and principle are things heard of, but very imperfectly understood by modern politicians. I am sorry to make this statement, but I find it is true. There are men in office under the United States government—dimmed-eyed, honry-headed men—whose brows may be marked with wisdom and wreathed with political and military honors, who have really done nothing to merit the places of trust they occupy.

I desire you, my friend, to acquire a deep and lasting love for truth. Let genuine patriotism become trained and twisted in every fibre of your being, till you are able to battle triumphantly for the right, till you can discharge your bounden duties with honor and a conscience void of offence toward your fellow-beings.

Look around you, my friend. The vast arena in which you stand is the natural sphere for minds like yours, and the treasures of truth are not exclusive; they are free to all, and he who goes into action thus armed will surely conquer.

You possess a determined spirit, and your voice may yet become an oracle among men. You have chosen your path, and your abilities will carry you through. Obstacle after obstacle will be removed, and the sunbeams of prosperity will shine

upon your pathway. Make a firm resolution that you will pursue a faithful course through life, and use the gifts bestowed upon you for the upbuilding of the nation. The times are eminently propitious for good men to develop their true mettle of manhood. Ignorance has no excuse. Men are eager and anxious to be led into better and happier conditions, and it seems that all the avenues of knowledge are open to the people. Poverty and labor can make no plea for intellect and idleness.

Go forth, my young friend, guided by me. You cannot fail to reap a harvest of golden sheaves in the coming years. The world is a man's school, and the broad earth his harvest-field, and life his term-time—eternity the season wherein he must complete his labors.

One year will add to your power in the land. Go onward and prosper. Establish good principles in the minds of the young.

THROUGH C. E. WINANS.

DAVID JACKSON.

DEAR brother William, I come at this silent hour, when I find the influence good, to give you a message—a message, William, from your brother David. I cannot print in words what I feel at heart. But however, William, I am in the best of spirits, and I am nearly all the time with you and Julia. I find the Spirit-World a reality, brother, and I have learned to come to your lower plane, and to come in contact with you. I often impress you in your business, and so does Abe.

Brother William, I want to give you a little light about manifestations. You sometimes take it for granted that it is done by will-power, which is not the case. The will is used in producing these manifestations; but they are not absolutely the results of will-power; they are the results rather, of chemical combinations, chemical forces, set in action by Spirit-chemists. A child's hand or body could be produced just as well as could that of an adult Spirit.

I don't want you to take it for granted that the Spirits who materialize must do so through the absolute action of their own wills, which is not true. Babies do not exercise their wills in that direction at all; yet they are materialized and brought forward in the arms of their mothers, fathers, nurses, or attendants. The will of some Spirit or Spirits is used as an auxiliary in the case. But that is all—it is not absolute.

To you, my brother, I give the simple

assurance that at all times and seasons, in all places, your inner and outer have moved harmoniously together; and in anticipation of mortal trouble, of human deprivation and physical pain, have been nearly able to avert such. I come into the intermediate space between the outer and inner ring, and am the watchful telegraph operator who conveys intelligence, ever eager and anxious to spare you from human ills. With so loving an index, your volume of life cannot be disagreeable. And I am going to bring our dear parents and brothers in, that they may constitute themselves illustrators and demonstrators to you of the undying truth that Spirits are capable of imparting information, of directing personal influence, and of manifesting their existence to you and to all.

I am learning some higher law, some wiser fact, every day; and I shall never effect anything which will not be fit for your approbation. I am glad to see that time deals gently with you. It is through your heart, which you have always kept moist by the tears of gratitude, let fall upon it from eyes made glad. Just as long as you stay behind me, I conjure you not to let that heart get dry and cold. Keep it warm by friction of sympathy—by the widow's smile, the orphan's kiss.

I am just as well off as my actions rendered me deserving; and when I have been in this condition (the fourth sphere) longer, I shall be able to tell you all about my meeting with your friend George, and your brothers, mother and all the rest.

I am now well clothed and in my right mind, sitting under the same roof of love and protection that God Almighty made for all, with some who were saints on earth, and had never been subjected to such heavy tests of virtue.

I go, hoping that my words may not be amiss.

I was David Jackson. Good-bye.

PHEBE M. WILSON.

'Twas in September I died—1872, I believe. My name was Phebe M. Cutler, the daughter of Rev. Benjamin Cutler. Some folks have to have tests after tests, before they will believe anything. So I am going to give tests. Oh, my name—Well, I have been married twice. My first man was John Davis. He is here with me; also my other husband and three children. His name was William Wilson, and my name is Phebe Wilson.

I've enjoyed this privilege of coming back ever so much, and I hope to feel benefitted by it. I'm so happy now, I don't want to hurt anybody. In fact, I love all

humanity; I love the birds; I love little children and flowers, too; and best of all, that chapter in my favorite portion of Scripture, that my class-leader read to me—oh, it gave me so much courage and so much strength! It made me so happy!

Here in Spirit-Life I've met my two husbands and my dear sweet children. I have many kindred; I have some on earth today; and for the second time I make the attempt through this avenue to send those dear ones a letter I left behind, and to say that I would be very glad to communicate some facts which have come to me within the past two years. I feel I could give them help that would be worth a good deal to them.

J. F. Wright, why don't you, oh, why don't you recognize your friend? Are you so afraid that the man of the gospel will turn against you? You know I have children in the earth-form. If you see this, tell them you have seen a message that purported to be from their mother.

Most of my friends are here; yet there are some dear ones that will remember me, that have not ceased to think of me from the time my eyes closed in the sleep which they called death, but which was life everlasting. I again make an appeal. Please hear me. I was a member of the First Methodist Church in—let me see—oh, yes, in Carthage; and I was faithful unto death.

Boundless are thy universes! Unto thee, Creator of all creatures, offer I my thanks for the power which thou invested within me tonight to speak to mortals, and say truthfully, there is no death—all is life, all is activity in that beautiful realm called heaven.

Children, I know you were sorry I went away; but I think it was the best thing that ever happened to me. I come here with thankfulness and joy, that I am freed from the body, and that I can come and speak.

Children, when the evening lamps are lighted, I want you to realize that I am near; I have never gone far off, but I have been close to you, my children, at times. My heart was so overflowing with joy, that I had to come and speak, to let you know that although you shrouded me for the grave, I am not there; my spirit dwells in heaven.

I am Phebe M. Wilson.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

TUNIE DENSMORE.

How do you do? I'm Tunie Densmore. I want to write another letter to the people, and I want father to publish

it in the next paper. I've come this time to ask all my friends who can, to send a mite to a poor sick man, so he can purchase medicines and other things needed to cure him. The Spirits say they can prescribe for and help him, if some one will only provide the means; and I have taken the case in hand. He is a stranger to us, but is suffering and in need of help, and that is enough; I don't think he will object to our putting his name in print, as it is the best way we can help him. Now, please don't think somebody else will send, and so nobody do it; but the angels will bless a good deed, if you send a mite to Mr. John Miller, Hazlehurst, Copiah County, Miss.

And then, too, we hope every one who can will send a little to the fever-stricken South. You cannot realize how terrible the situation is there; it beggars description; anything is acceptable, whether food, medicine, money or clothing; and it makes no difference who you send it to; any of the benevolent associations will receive and expend it carefully. In cases like this, creed or sect have no place, but common humanity binds all together.

I bring a blessing to my dear father. He knows I have been with him today. I also bless you, for affording us this means of communication with mortals. Good-bye.

TO THE MEDIUM.

Be yet trustful; vouchers hold you for the holy work appointed through you. Though clouds beset your path, the way cometh by which all shall live, both temporal and eternal. Trust, for recompense cometh to the faithful. Remember "not even a sparrow falleth without the Father's notice; of how much more value are ye than many sparrows." The anxiety of mind is known; to dispel it, help cometh from on high. The song of rejoicing will be heard, and the echo reverberate in the hearts of loved ones here, and you will offer up the soul's highest gratitude for these heavenly gifts.

Then gird on thy armor—there cometh not strife,
But great joy for blessings given in earth-life.
Truthful and trusting, march on to the goal,
Scattering rich seed for man's hungry soul.

Mentally, the Medium answered, "It is not want of faith or trust." Immediately was given:

Thy heart is as an open book;
Upon its pages we all look,
And read the motives well defined—
The wish to love and help mankind.

Mrs. A. ANDREWS, New Orleans.

We listen to those whom we know to be of the same opinion as ourselves, and we call them wise for being of it; but we avoid such as differ from us; we pronounce them rash before we have heard them, and still more afterwards, lest we should be thought at any time to have erred.

—Landon.

CORROBORATION OF SPIRIT MESS- SAGE.

STRATHAM, N. H., Sept. 4, 1878.

MR. D. C. DENSMORE:—*Dear Sir,*—The VOICE OF ANGELS, bringing a communication from Emma S. Dodge, was received. The communication came to notice last Sunday. It has been read with great interest. We feel satisfied that it came from our only daughter, who passed away May 25, 1878.

You have our heartfelt thanks for forwarding the communication.

Please send a specimen copy of August 1st to Mrs. M. Wiggin, Kennebunk, Me. We would like another copy of August 1st, if you can send it to us.

Yours, respectfully,
Mr. and Mrs. SEVERANCE.

THE EYE.

With the eye you drink in the most beautiful and soul-inspiring themes. Beautiful objects are in wisdom given to arrest the grossness of earthly surroundings, and pour a sublimity for the time on man, that could reach him in no other way. Then say not beauty is vain and fleeting. It is all for great uses. Personal vanity is sinful—by its possessor is often made a curse. Mothers, train your beautiful youths in spiritual love. Love of self will then diminish, and the person and character become more beautiful. From Nature they are led to the Great Giver.

THE Book of Nature contains volumes of knowledge which would flood the world with light and beauty, bringing untold happiness to its benighted children, blessing their lives with joy unspeakable, because possessed of the key that unlocks the door of mystery, setting the imprisoned mind free to examine and judge for itself, and soar in gratitude to the Infinite Father for its deliverance; and on wings of thought mount upward, ever reaching for knowledge from the great fountain of life.

Mrs. A. ANDREWS, New Orleans.

The inner fold of the flower contains the aroma; so within the heart is contained whatever is true and good. By deeds only can it be known even to ourselves. Circumstances bring out character which we never knew belonged to us, and appear to shape our destiny. Unless our principles are firm and fixed, we shall be drifted about as a ship upon the mighty ocean of life, without compass to guide or rudder to steer. But the firm, strong principles of right will lead us to the haven where is anchored our faith.

As the sea-shells are washed upon the shore, to be gathered in time, when their beauty will be discovered, so will the expressions of good minds be remembered long after those who gave them utterance have forgotten them. Everything in nature will impart a lesson of interest to the student of it.

Mrs. A. ANDREWS, New Orleans.

"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. T. Hudson, M. D., Stockton, Cal.,	\$1.00
J. A. Rotner, Decora, Iowa,	.25
Mrs. Orrin Pooler, Do Royster, N. Y.,	.50
Mrs. C. L. Cabale, Philadelphia, Pa.,	5.00
A Friend,	1.00
"	.25
J. C. H., New York City,	1.00

NOTICE.

Miss SHELHAMER would inform all those suffering from Liver Complaint and its attendant evils, such as Biliousness, Jaundice—the worst cases of which latter complaint may be cured in one week—etc., that she has been very successful in treating such diseases, her remedies being calculated to go to the very root of the evil and work a revolution there.

Miss S. also prescribes for and treats all other diseases, under Spirit direction. Her Guides having determined to place her fairly in the field again, where she may work for the good of mankind, solicit the patronage of those suffering from the ills that flesh is heir to, promising—after examination—to faithfully inform each one whether there is hope of cure; that the patient may incur no expense, unless with the hope of permanent relief.

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