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[For the Voice of Angels.]

INES ON THE DEATH OF LIZZIE STRONG,

[Aged 10 Years, Only Child of Frances and Orrin Strong, of Gerry, Chautauque Co., N. Y., Sept. 20, 1878.]

THROUGH TRYPHENA C. PARDEE.

On the roseate wings of Eternity's morn,
That waft on the zephyrs, so cool and so calm,
Now I come, dearest parents, to tell you I'm born
Into newness of life, where rest is a balm.

Oh, the fever no longer, distracting and wild,
Can baffle your tenderest care and pure love;
Oh, I live, dearest parents—your Lizzie, your child—
Where no death-damp can chill me, in heaven above.

Oh, you miss me, dear parents, every hour of the day,
And sigh that you see not my form in your room;
But an angel to bless you, I'll cheer your sad way,
And refresh your worn strength to the gate of the tomb.

The loved Spirit you laid not in earth's bosom cold;
Rejoicing, 'tis soaring triumphant o'er death;
Where no death-sting is felt, 'twill forever unfold,
Wreathed with fadeless primroses and blushes of health.

In the fresh-blooming gardens of beauty untold,
Where fountains sing softly of love, rest and peace,
I find precious Life, with its cords like fine gold,
Holding soul-ties so perfect, that nought can release.

Now your thoughts warmly press the bright mansions of bliss;
They draw on your footsteps, entangled with care,
Till the heavenly land bleeds its borders with this,
And the arms of your darling are clasping you there.

Like the dewdrop that rises from summer-tinged flowers,
Then settles again on their pale withered leaves,
So the Spirit that vanished returns its glad powers,
With the choicest of speech—"Dearest parents, I LIVE!"

Every heart-pang be healed with assurance divine—
My presence is with you—your love-jewelled pet—
Like a star through the clouds, my best love-light shall shine;
Through the broken death-door, I can come to you yet.

ELLINGTON, N. Y., Sept. 28, 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.]

[CONCLUDED.]

A SOCIAL SYSTEM containing the germs of these beneficent and glorious results to universal humanity has been developed in the higher spheres of Spirit-Life, by the Originators and Guides of the movement we call "Spiritualism." Already established upon certain other members of our Solar System, more advanced (under the general laws of Evolution) than is our planet, the Harmonial Order is now being evolved upon the earth.

The Band of advanced Immortals, known as the Spiritual Congress, comprising the most highly unfolded minds of the Spiritual Spheres surrounding our earth and its sister planets, is applying its almost limitless resources of influence and power, in all the various departments of human thought and action, for the purpose of bringing about such a culmination of circumstances and conditions affecting all peoples, such a universal crisis of affairs, as to compel the civilized world to perceive that its only possible salvation from utter downfall and collapse into a worse than barbarism and anarchy, is in the abandonment of those "principles," (if they may be so called,) and methods which form the basis of the present Civilized System, and the general adoption and establishment of such radically new and normal elements as shall inevitably give peace and rest to our long-suffering planet.

This, then, is the real mission, the ulterior aim, the hitherto mostly-hidden design, the determined, invincible purpose, the inevitable culmination of the Spiritual Movement, namely, to cover the earth with groups of happy homes, where congenial souls may meet and mingle, on principles of fraternity, equality and equity,

and all "be merry as a marriage bell"—with no "Hush! hark!" to the 'larum of deadly combat, to disturb their joy or mar the serenity of their lives—for spears have been turned into pruning-hooks, swords into plowshares, the tomahawk and butcher-knife have been buried, and the nations learned war no more!

[Having been the channel for a series of verbal communications on this subject, written down at the moment of utterance by my companion, at the request of the Spirit—and also of direct inspiration and intuitions, covering a period of many years, I now propose to present a general summary of the whole, (as fully and exactly as present conditions permit,) for the consideration of mankind in general, and the special attention of constructive, practical reformers.]

POSTSCRIPT.

MATFIELD, Mass., Sept. 10, 1878.

The above was originally intended as an Introductory to a work bearing the title of "Associative Familism, or Hexagonian Grouping and its Bearings upon the Destiny of the Race." It is now presented in connection with the series of messages on "Civilization," in accordance with the desire of the controlling band whose inspiration guided in the penning of the document. The work above mentioned was to contain some of the Messages on "Civilization" which have appeared in the Voice, together with a full statement of the new plan of laying out villages and conducting the affairs of life—illustrated with diagrams and ground-plans of Groups, Clusters, Private Dwellings and Group-Houses, Temples of Science and Art, with "Academic Groves," etc., together with practical details of "organization" of each Group; the whole emphasized by brief "essays" on the various principles involved in a true System of Life—one that should be worthy the title of "Harmonial Order of Co-operative Home-School Commonwealths."

The manuscript was in the hands of William White & Co., Publishers of the *Banner of Light*, when the great fire occurred. It was not wholly destroyed, but its immediate publication was prevented. Intense and bitter, careless and long-continued

movement, (and to us, per consequence, as humble workers in its behalf,) had meantime already arisen, and operated in the atmosphere of the two worlds—in those mental regions most in sympathy with war, and the causes which produce war—with external authority on the one hand, in the varied forms of king-craft, priest-craft, doctor-craft, fashion-craft, etc., and self-indulgence, lawlessness and anarchy on the other hand—with political “money” and the endless evils it engenders—in short, with the evil that is, rather than with the good that ought to be; and the intrusive power of this opposition had so far cut off our supply of life-force from the Summer-Land (and this), as to “shatter the bowl” that held the harmonious spirit of our Ernest, prostrate the mother, and nearly destroy the father;—not to speak now of still earlier interruptions, difficulties and afflictive trials from the same sources.

Another year, (Nov. 3, 1873,) and our sweet Maribel Ernestine, child of love and peace, well organized to live, fell by the same hand of hate; and from that chamber, the scene of ineffable glory and demoniac intrusion, in the village of fruit-farms, (Vineland,) the cold form of our darling was transported to its final resting-place, near the house at Ancora, in which her arisen spirit, (with Ernest, Nee-nuch-ee, and many others,) clothed anew, presented itself to us, four years later, through the law of re-materialization, as illustrated in the mediumship of William Eddy—glorious triumph of Life over Death!

Our cup was now “running over,” indeed—but our faith undimmed that

“Ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.”

Though stricken down by the “war power,” and warned by my revered and ever-faithful friend, John Quincy Adams, to keep off the rostrum mostly for the coming two years, if I would live, my faith in the ultimate power of Love and Peace to overcome Hate and Violence did not cease. We struggled on in poverty and pain—under the sustaining influence of bright ones from the high heavens, and more especially under the immediate care and protection of noble bands of red brothers and sisters, (ancient, some of them,) aboriginal Scotch, Arabians, and others, who have refused our “Civilization”—FREE Souls all, whose indomitable will and powerful magnetism infused life into our being, revived our spirits, and renewed our power to meet the opposing forces with love, patience, and all-conquering charity, and thus lift up many benighted and vicious souls, that must needs be educated and softened before the Harmonial Order of Life could possibly gain a foothold upon the earth, or even be properly explained through the press.

Ah, the work of educating “Spirits in prison,” neutralizing noxious mental (and physical) emanations of mortals, and breasting tidal waves of bigotry and persecution, which so often flow over us from both worlds—so little is known, by even the Spiritualists in general, of this immense labor entailed upon Mediums by the necessities of human evolution, towards and into a TRUE CIVILIZATION.

To return. It was at this time, just previous to the second birth of Maribel, that the United States Government committed its great blunder and cruel crime, in the murder (by execution) of Jack the Modoc Chief—Ki-ent-poos, “the man of few words and great deeds.” [See “Council-Fire,” for Jan., 1878, (Washington, D. C., box 700, A. B. Meacham, 10 cts.,) for an interesting biographical sketch.] His work with us began almost immediately after he entered Spirit-Life, being approached by our Ernest and led to us. His warm heart, his cheerful ways and genial and penetrating magnetism gave new vigor and buoyancy to Mrs. A., whom he often entranced; and I think more than to any other one Spirit is she now indebted to him for her life. He wished us to visit his people. We did so, after several ineffectual attempts—being driven back each time by the deadly opposition to the Indian, and to the introduction among them of the New Plan of Civilization. At last, having received from the United States Government, taken him to our hearts and “home,” and adopted him as our own child, an Arapahoe Indian lad of ten years—good, faithful, earnest yet playful, sensitive but gentle—we indulged the hope that at last, through our Nee-nuch-ee, the New Civilization might be carried to the Indian people, when he should attain to maturity.

Alas, our hope was vain! Consumption (fatal enemy to so many Indians, who become “civilized” in the East) seized his body, and it now reposes in a wild spot, not far from the Modoc Reservation (Indian Territory).

Thus again (Aug. 9, 1876,) the destroying power had reached us. But it could not prevent our making connection with the Modocs, and other tribes, and with the grief-stricken wife of Ki-ent-poos. Did space permit, an account of our interesting experience with her might be given. If those who think the “Indian has no feelings” could have been present when we gave her a photograph likeness of her husband, taken just before his departure, and witnessed her deep grief, her sobs and tears and bursts of anguish, as she looked upon it and thought of the parting and the last moments and the cruel martyrdom; could have seen also with what great joy and gratitude she pressed the likeness to her bosom again and again; could have observed the pleasure she evinced as *Jack himself* addressed her through the lips of Mrs. A.—there would be a speedy change of opinion.

Suffice to add in this connection, that our friendly intercourse and intimate relations at different times with mortal Indians, has greatly strengthened us in our work, by drawing to us closely a stronger and larger body of determined immortals than could otherwise have reached us, and we “still live.”

An extensive correspondence with parties in every quarter of the Union, and outside of it, quietly carried on; publication in the *Banner of Light* of an outline statement of the “Basic Elements of a Peaceful Civilization,” and some articles in health journals, etc.; lectures on the subject; distribution of private circulars among leading Indians and others; an informal Con-

vention in 1874; some thousands of miles of travel, to see persons and places;—these are among the external agencies we have been permitted to employ, for the furtherance of the great work of our lives;—not omitting to mention, though last, not least, the numerous messages and essays which the Spirit-Band controlling the VOICE, and their faithful mundane editor, have so warmly welcomed to their columns. (Dear VOICE, child of the skies! May it be heard in every land, loud and clear, speaking no uncertain sound in behalf of Mediumship, Spirituality and Human Brotherhood!)

Notwithstanding the many difficulties in our pathway, something has been accomplished, and much more may be, with sufficient co-operation from others. Interest in the work increasing, and opposition decreasing, in both worlds, each year, we indulge the fond hope that the New Civilization (including the New Alphabet and Language) may before we pass to the Summer-Land be not only fully set forth as a “word-picture” on paper, but in a more tangible form practically inaugurated—at least, on a small scale, by an Initiatory Group-Home and Home-School, where Mediumship shall be encouraged, illustrated and taught, and Mediums be “free and independent.”

J. M. AND S. S. A.

CORROBORATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

WEARE, N. H., Sept 22, 1878.

MR. D. C. DENSMORE:—*Dear Sir,*—I received a copy of the VOICE OF ANGELS of Sept. 15th, containing a message from my wife, Susie M. R. Fisher, through M. T. Shelhamer, which is correct in every particular, except the initials of her middle name which should have been M. R. instead of N. R., as printed, which, as the message is so correct and characteristic in every other particular, must be a typographical error.

I attended a circle the night after receiving the message, and the Medium, Miss Georgie Neilson, who knew nothing of the message I had received, was influenced by an Indian Spirit, who asked me, “Have you got de big scratch which de braves sent you?” I then asked if he meant the message I had just received? He said “yes,” and seemed much pleased.

Please accept the gratitude of a grateful heart for your kindness in sending, unsolicited, the message to me.

Yours, with much respect,

ALBERT S. FISHER.

Be serious and exact in duty, having the weight of it upon thy heart; but be as much afraid of taking comfort from thy duties themselves, as from thy sins.

ENVY is a passion so full of cowardice and shame, that nobody ever had the confidence to own it.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

LITTLE MESSAGES FROM OUR "LITTLE ONES."

No. 1506 NORTH SEVENTH STREET, Philadelphia.

BROTHER DENSMORE,—When the columns of the VOICE seemed to be opened specially for the little Spirits, there was a perfect gush of infantile communications, and since then the "little ones" have been prompt in sending greetings to their friends.

How full of love!—"lots," as they put it. How many mothers and fathers, particularly the former, have been made thrice happy, upon reading these loving messages from these "little ones!"

I send you something from "Little Helen," whose name is not an unfamiliar one to you, and hope it may be interesting to your readers. Little Helen and her companions were nightly visitors to me, at the residence of a Medium, when she resided in this city; and it now appears that these little Spirits are frequently with the Medium at her present home, nearly one hundred miles from here, and give pleasing messages, some of which were designed for me, and which have only just now come to hand. They may not be of much general interest, but to me they are full of pleasing and joyful emotional force, and their peculiar characteristics satisfy me that they are genuine.

A short time ago, I wrote a letter to a male Medium, (one of our former Media,) who was sojourning at the place referred to, in a distant State. His report to me by reply was, that before he mentioned the fact of having received the letter, the Medium was controlled by Helen, who manifested great joy at the receipt of a letter from "my dear grandpa."

This was followed by a greeting from her of the most pleasing kind. She desired to acquaint me with the fact that she has a little cow, (heifer), a horse, and chickens, and that she has her doll-baby, with which she plays very often.

In this relation, let me add, that a few days thereafter, a brother of the distant male Medium, while reading the letter at my house, was controlled by Helen and an Indian aid, and by Mary, the nurse, teacher and guardian of Helen. Now, in all this I see that, though our loved ones may be more or less with us, we may feel assured of their presence, if medial opportunities are present, when we speak of them, or even think of them with emotions of affection or love.

Helen says she is with me a little while every day, and by raps has endeavored to make me know it, but could not succeed. I recognize such as a fact. She proposes a plan in which, by alternate numbers of raps, I may be assured of her presence; and further, having learned to write, she proposes to furnish me something every week. So, then, Mr. Editor, we may hope to hear more from little Helen and her bonnie little companions.

Little "Lewey," a younger Spirit, and a companion of Helen, is generally with her, and he informs me that he is still about; that he and Helen frequently visit me at my residence, and

try to make me aware of it. He mentions of my being at Church (Conference) on Sunday, and that they there and then "bit me on the neck like a fly-bite"—(flea, perhaps.) He speaks of little "Molly" as having "her fingers washed clean." This is a little waif that Helen and her companions picked up in New York, and her filthy condition—hands and fingers—was often the subject of remark by both Helen and Lewey.

For fear of making this communication too long for the amount of general interest there is in it, I shall give only the later communications from these little ones, hoping that in the future we shall have regular correspondence.

Little Molly wants her message put into the "Angel Voice." She says she was stolen by an old Italian beggar-woman in New York, when a child about four years old; and was sent out to beg and sweep the crossings on Broadway. She was nearly starved, and got nothing to eat but potatoes, for which she asks sometimes now.

Let me give some of her own words—"I am little Molly; eight years old; my frock is all tattered and torn; no one to pity me, and no one to love; sweeping the streets; asking a penny of each one I meet; no one to love me, no one to care for me—fatherless, motherless, sadly I roamed; no one to give me a kind word, for it was 'only a child of the street.' But soon my Father in Heaven had taken me on high." [From little Molly's Spirit, through the Medium, Martha Hoffman.]

Little Helen says—"Dear grandpapa, I now again take the pen to write you a little more of myself and my Spirit-Home. Dear grandpapa, first I will write a little of myself, that I am happy here in Spirit; for you know best that I have passed away from this earth without sin, and I knew nothing of earthly existence or of care; and I am happy, oh, so happy.

"Dear grandpapa, I wander in among the flowers, and beautiful birds of all colors, and I have companions of my own age, and I am being educated here. First, we little children learn to pray and sing, and are sent by God our Father as little Angel-Messengers to those that are willing to accept us as such. And we learn to read and write, and learn music, so that we can sing and play when we meet our friends on the other side, 'on the evergreen shore.'—HELEN."

The next day she sent the following—"The rose is a flower very beautiful and full of perfume of fresh scented air; but more pure and bright is the lily, for the white lily is like unto us little Spirit-Children that are taken up to heaven without sin; for the lily in its purity is likened unto God, for he is all love and compassion for us his children.

"Dear grandpapa, it has taken me some days to say this much, with the help of my teacher, Mary.

"Darling grandpapa, good-bye to all, and my love to mamma and papa, and my darling sister Emma, and my grandmamma, and all the friends you meet; for your little Helen is not dead, but living. My love to you, my own darling grandpapa, and God's love be with you.

"Dear grandpapa, grandmamma says do not grieve. Dear grandpapa, all is for the best. From your own little Helen in Spirit."

There are several astounding mentionings in these messages, and while they take me by surprise, they present tests of truth beyond all cavil or doubt.

If what I send is published, I will take up the specialities, (some not now given here,) and furnish them, with comments, hereafter.

J. W.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

SYMPATHY AND HOPE.

BRO. DENSMORE,—From the Land of the Beautiful, from the Shining Shore, we the Spirits of the loved and gone before, through one of our chosen channels, come greeting you for the noble, self-sacrificing spirit that you have displayed in the effort to sustain our mouth-piece, the VOICE OF ANGELS.

While a dweller and worker in earth-life, while endeavoring to open the minds of the people to our new Philosophy, our brother, through whom I speak, and who I can readily impress with my thought, gave me a word of cheer and a helping hand to build up the cause so dear to all reformers.

And now, when I can again take hold of his mind, and infuse into his inner consciousness the great work that we from the World of Spirits have designed to accomplish through him, and when I find him passive, and willing to work, to suffer, and to wait, I rejoice, and the Band, with a prayer of thankfulness, as with one thought, cry Amen.

We have waited patiently for this baptism as by fire, the fulfillment of a prophecy made, that out of much trial, tribulation, sickness and sorrow, he should be ultimately brought to do the work of the mouth-piece for our Band.

We have guarded him in the hour of danger, turned from him the knife of the assassin, and warned him in his night-slumbers of the wily designs of the mob to destroy his work as a reformer; we have kept him from temptation by the syren voice of folly and fashion, and prompted him to oppose the wiles of the moneyed demagogues and sectarian charlatana. And we say to you that we have prepared a work for him in the far Sunny Southlands, that none other could do; for the door is opened, and the sunlight and breezes are ripening the minds of his brethren, to have planted the seeds of our glorious Spiritual Philosophy of Spiritual Communion.

Through the hand of your brother,
J. EDWIN CHURCHILL.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

MR. INGERSOLL'S LECTURE.

BURLINGTON, Vt., Sept. 29, 1878.

D. C. DENSMORE, Esq.:—Dear Sir,—Col. Robert Ingersoll lectured in this city to a crowded house, Saturday evening last, Sept. 29. Subject: "Tramps."

If continual applauding is a demonstration of appreciation, it was most certainly

enjoyed. Comment is unnecessary. Suffice it to say, Burlington has never been visited by a lecturer of as much common-sense argument as that given by Mr. Ingersoll. Respectfully,

A. A. MITCHELL.

[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 TEN.

ENGAGED in the work I had chosen, I had no time for regrets. Retrospection became no longer a scourge, but a guide, which, by showing me wherein I had erred, pointed out the true way to amendment; and in striving to gain knowledge of the higher, better way of living—the way of the Spirit, bound to no avenue of sensual life, but seeking the intellectual haunts of wisdom and truth, I found peace of mind, and in seeking to bring happiness to others, I became truly happy myself.

Again I stood in the Temple of Art; again I found myself in the Poets' Chamber, but no longer an outcast and an alien.

Indeed, I was greeted as one whose coming was expected and welcomed with a warm cordiality and royal fervor, that was very refreshing to my soul.

The same kindly company was assembled, but augmented by a number of other souls, rich with their freight of poetic imagery.

Neither was the assembly composed entirely of my own countrymen and women, as heretofore; for among that mighty throng could be seen the smiling, open, intelligent faces of Thomas Moore, the sweet singer of the Emerald Isle, and Robert Burns, he who found his best inspiration amid the rugged heights and heather-crowned hills of Scotia's land.

Many another, too, was present, whom I failed to recognize, clad in the flowing robes and purple vestments of the Roman period, or in the classic garments of ancient Greece.

But England's delegation was a large one, numbering those of every century and age: Pope and Spenser, Johnson, Cowley and Butler, Dryden, Gay, Thomson and Young—not the sad, melancholy, pensive Edward Young of earth, but the radiant, calm, contented Edward Young of Spirit-Life; gentle Henry Kirke White, liberty-loving Thomas Campbell, and stout-hearted, staunch and true Walter Scott, who, although not English-born, yet seemed very near to me.

Addison, whom I had mentioned as occupying the seat of honor before, now sat low at the feet of him who occupied the position as Master of Ceremonies, whom I recognized as the true, loyal, long-suffering, yet monarch-crowned soul, Milton. At his right was to be seen the lofty brow, and bold, fearless, speaking countenance of William Shakespeare; while at the left, Dryden seemed to be acting as assistant or secretary.

In my experiences of Spirit-Power and possibility, I had learned to understand and interpret the waves of thought flowing out from soul to soul; therefore I was at no loss to understand the purport and purposes of this convention.

It was a gathering of kindred souls, who thus met together to communicate the loftiest thoughts and sweetest aspirations to each other, thus dispensing the bountiful gifts of the spirit to all who would partake.

I cannot describe to you the rich, ennobling thoughts, clothed in their draperies of sweetest imagery, which flowed from the soul of him who presided, into ours, the recipients; nor the grandeur and sublimity of the ideas with which he threaded, like brands of shimmering pearls, the network of his discourse. But all was grand and glorious, beyond the power of mortals to conceive.

At the close of his remarks, the company clustered into knots, discussing the discourse, comparing experiences, or revealing to each other the secret depths of their poetic souls, from which were to be drawn lines, glowing with the beauty and fragrance of harmonious lives.

It was then I discovered that every soul that is attuned into harmony with the inner life, that dwells in sympathy with the Divine Mind, as manifested in his outer creations of Will, in his natural expressions of love and beauty, is in itself a poem of rare delicacy and power; a living, breathing, animated poem, thrilled with the magic power of thought, and stamped with the eternal glory of individualized liberty.

That every poetic soul is itself the production of the Infinite Mind, that must make itself heard in lines of glowing, inspiring thought, along the pathway of human toil and suffering, and which cannot fail to arouse the hidden energies and sleeping possibilities of power of those it comes in rapport with.

It was then I was made supremely blest by being taken by the hand by such souls as Cowper, Byron—my boyhood's ideal—Burns, Scott, Campbell, Moore, Mrs.

Browning, Felicia Hemans, and others, and welcomed to this haunt of the beautiful and the good. And I cannot convey to you my exquisite sense of pleasure when my hand was again grasped by that of my helper and friend, Robert B. Brough, and I was enabled to bless him for the avenues of tranquillity and peace he had opened out to me.

But, I must not linger here, although sweet and pleasant to me are these reminiscences of actual life in the spheres.

Leaving the Poets' Chamber, I visited in turn the Musicians' Gallery, the Sculptors' Hall, and the Artists' Studio. It is impossible for mortal hands to pen a description of what is to be seen and heard there. Ah, no! words fail and language grows cold and unmeaning before the splendid achievements of the Upper World.

Imagine, if you can, all the sweetest sounds your soul has ever heard or dreamed of, blended into one harmonious whole, swelling louder, clearer, sweeter, or melting away into the far-off distance, like the gentle fading of a glorious sunset, which is absorbed by a finer and more ethereal beauty of azure brightness, and you will have but a faint conception of the music and the singing of the spheres.

Imagine, if you can, all the most graceful, beautifully moulded, perfectly formed and rounded, exquisitely carved and delicately sculptured forms of statuary, of which you have ever heard or read, grouped together, forming a class of the rarest workmanship and art, that human skill and genius can chisel from the marble block, and you have a slight idea of the superb expression of the sculptor's soul which is perfected in the Immortal World. Dream, if you can, of the most magnificent bits of scenery the world affords, the most royal landscapes, the most superb water views, and you may be able to just approach in thought an idea of the productions of the artist's soul, that line the walls of the Artists' Studio in Spirit-Life.

Recollect all the sweet, the beautiful and the various expressions of the human countenance—the fire, the vigor and sparkling triumph of the eye, the restless energy or quiet repose of the limbs, the smiling, speaking expression of the lips, and you can understand the models and patterns that Spirit-artists and sculptors seek to emulate. And have they succeeded? To a certain extent, decidedly, Yes.

Enter a hall of statuary, and in the marble beauties, grouped together there, you find the expression of peace, hope or joy, depicted with marvellous fidelity; you

observe the contour of the limbs as perfect as in life, and all seemingly permeated with that indescribable something that gives them the appearance of having the power to move, act and walk off at will.

Enter a gallery of portraits, painted by Spiritualists, and you would readily believe the eye depicted there capable of flashing with passion, or melting with tenderness, and the lips able to open and to utter words or sighs at will.

Conceive of the moving lights and shadows, the waving trees and running waters of natural scenery, and you have an idea of the ambition of landscape painters of Spirit-Life.

Enter the artist's studio; at the farther end of which is suspended a magnificent landscape painting; you would, at first sight, believe yourself gazing out upon a scene of natural life and beauty. The lights and shadows seem to be continually shifting, the trees to be waving their branches, and the streamlet running along in murmuring gladness. The clouds appear to be settling slowly down upon the distant mountains, while it distinctly seems to you that the cattle, grazing in the meadows, are moving lazily along, half wearied out by the incessant buzzing of the hovering insects.

So it is with the music of the upper life. It approaches as near to the harmonious, perfect blending of the various parts of the human voice as can be imagined, and of the poetic utterances of the poets; they partake of the life of the giver, and are animated with true fire and vigor, which is of itself a part of that eternal Voice, that is the author and sustainer of all life and being.

But these Spirit-artists are by no means satisfied with what they have produced. They see something grander, more beautiful, sublime and perfect, which they are striving to attain. Their ideal is as yet unexpressed; but with the perfect development of the soul and its possibilities, all that is ever dreamed of must yet find its expression in the outworkings of the spirit.

But I have found, that with all its striving to emulate and express the workings of Nature, in its perfect form, that the soul of the true artist, poet, songster, etc., finds its keenest delight in stamping its poems, its paintings, songs, etc., upon the receptive human mind that is ready to receive; that the true poet breathes his fiery inspirations upon the slumbering soul, awakening it to life and activity, bringing to it an enjoyment and appreciation of the beauties of the inner life, and

of the splendors of natural creation; that the true artist paints in glowing colors on the sensitive souls of mortals a beautiful landscape of the higher life, which arouses those souls, to a realizing sense of the beautiful, and develops within them an ideal, for which they will ever strive; that the true musician and singer sends his sweet strains echoing through the souls of mortals, developing their sweetest, noblest powers, to bless and enrich the musical world; and that the true sculptor finds his delight in moulding and carving out the possibilities of those he can approach, of chiselling and chipping away all that is detrimental to the Spirit's growth and bringing forth to light an angel of power and beauty, from the rough, unpolished mass of individuality. In short, that the workers of the higher life do not find enjoyment in bringing their own productions to earth, but their highest blessing and privilege is in being able to impress, work upon and guide the hidden, inner powers of souls in mortal, until they develop the beauty and glory that is within them, and awaken their spirits to an understanding of beautiful life, an appreciation of the good and true, and a knowledge of the possibility of power that is theirs.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

(From the London Spectator.)

THE HINDOO SKEPTIC.

I THINK till I weary with thinking,
Said the sad-eyed Hindoo king,
And I see but the shadows around me—
Illusion in everything.

How knowest thou aught of God,
Of his favor or his wrath?—
Can the little fish tell what the lion thinks,
Or map out the eagle's path?

Can the finite the infinite search—
Did the blind discover the stars?
Is the thought that I think a thought,
Or a throb of the brain in its bars?

For aught my eye can discern,
Your God is what you think good—
Yourself flashed back from the glass,
When the light pours on it in flood.

You preach to me to be just;
And this is his realm, you say;
And the good are dying of hunger,
And the bad gorge every day.

You say that he loveth mercy,
And the famine is not yet gone;
That he hateth the shedder of blood,
And he slayeth us every one.

You say that my soul shall live,
That the spirit can never die;
If he were content when I was not,
Why not, when I have passed by?

You say I must have a meaning;
So has dung, and its meaning is flowers;
What if our souls are but nurture
For lives that are greater than ours?

When the fish swims out of the water,
When the bird soars out of the blue,
Man's thought may transcend man's knowledge,
And your God be no reflex of you.

TRUTH is mighty, and will prevail,
Though hosts assail.

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

RED WING TO HIS "MEDI."

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF OWNEETA.

Hail, Medi Squaw!—whose Spirit bright
Scatters the darkness, sheds the light,
Just as the sun at rising day
Chases the shades of night away,
And gives to all nature the life and power
Seen in the beautiful sweet-scented flower,
Felt in the air as we breathe it in—
Making all life a wondrous thing.

Holy and sweet is thy mission of love,
Given unto thee by the powers above,
To teach mankind that life is one
Continuous stream forever on;
That Death is the Angel appointed to wait
Upon mankind at the Beautiful Gate,
And usher them in to God's temple above,
Where peace ever dwells for the spirit of love.

Labor, then, on in thy true mission's field,
For a glorious harvest truth will yield;
And water the seed with love divine,
Poured from that beautiful soul of thine.
Thus will thy earth-life beautiful be,
Showing the fruits of charity;
And Angel-friends will lead thee along
Safely unto thy heavenly home.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

TO THE LOVED OF EARTH.

BY AN ASCENDED SPIRIT.

THROUGH PROF. J. EDWIN CHURCHILL.

ON wings of love I come, dear one,
To greet thee, loved of yore;
To cheer thee in sad days, so lone,
Through trials, sickness sore.
Then weep no more,
Nor sadly sigh;
The shining shore
Is very high.

Each day and hour I watch and wait
To open the heavenly door,
To turn from thee each evil fate,
And guard thee evermore.
Then watch and wait
The coming years;
Thy chosen mate
Will soothe thy fears.

Then fill thy mission, work thy way,
And walk the path of duty;
Be up and doing while 'tis day;
Fill up thy life with beauty.
Be wise and good,
Act just and true;
In pure manhood
Seek out the new.

Oh, let thy life a beacon be—
In deeds of truth and right;
At eventide I'll come to thee—
Thy Spirit-mate, all bright.
Then do not sorrow,
Nor weeping, sigh;
A bright tomorrow
For heaven is nigh.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

STONEHAM, Sept. 26, 1878.

MR. D. C. DENSMORE:—*Dear Sir,*—
Please accept my thanks for your paper of August 15, containing a message from my daughter, Katie Wyman, every word of which was correct.

Excuse my not answering till now. I neglected to do so, thinking every day I should see you, as I want to subscribe for your paper.

Yours, with respect,
A. A. WYMAN.

SPIRITUALISM unmasks the soul.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION

FAIR VIEW HOUSE, NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS.

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

" D. K. MINER, Business Manager

D. C. DENSMORE, Amalgamator and Publisher.

WEYMOUTH, MASS., OCTOBER 15, 1878.

REMOVAL.

The VOICE OF ANGELS, formerly issued at 5 Dwight street, Boston, will hereafter be published at Fair View House, North Weymouth, Mass. All letters and papers, to secure attention, must be directed as above, to

D. C. DENSMORE.

NOTE.—Letters sent to 5 Dwight street, prior to this notice, from our patrons and subscribers, will be forwarded.

EDITORIAL.

THE MENTAL, MORAL AND PHYSICAL EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

WHAT subject can be of more vital interest and practical importance to humanity, more especially that portion of it known as Spiritualists, than the education of the young? By education, we mean a thorough training in all the practical departments of knowledge—mental, moral and physical—that go to make up the standard of a cultured, well-informed, healthy and honorable man or woman.

To place children amid the conditions and surroundings that shall afford them the best opportunities for receiving and retaining a thorough education in the mental, moral and physical sciences of life—conditions that will inculcate a love of study and investigation into all the realms of attainable knowledge—which will develop and strengthen the innate powers of the soul, is the first duty every parent owes its child, a duty that should be fulfilled as faithfully as it lies within the means and power of the parent. And to professed Spiritualists, more than to any other class of the community, this question of a correct scientific, practical, everyday education of their children, comes with added force. To them, it is of the utmost importance, whether their offspring shall receive an education calculated not only to give them a knowledge of special departments of literature, science, art and mechanics, a knowledge of nature and its unfoldments, of the world and its topography, of history and its revealments, of geometry and its laws, and in fact all the studies that comprise the stock-in-trade of a well informed mind, but also to develop, unfold and strengthen their reasoning powers, to call out their highest sense of justice and right, cultivate the attributes of love and sympathy within them; in

short, so promote the study of the inner life, as well as the external, that the coming generations shall spring forth into the arena of active life, not equipped for battle, but so grown into harmony with Nature and Nature's laws, and the wants of humanity, that existence on the mundane plane will be a continued blessing to them and their followers. When this state of things shall obtain—as it surely will sometime in the coming future—then the Millennium so long looked for will have arrived—then every one can "sit under his own vine and fig-tree, with none to molest, or make afraid."

To bring about this desirable state of things, it is the bounden duty of all parents to educate their children in an atmosphere where the spirit of liberality and liberty of thought, speech and action is allowed to express itself naturally, where toleration is respected, where party principles do not rule with prejudice, arrogance and authority, and where no sectarian creed nor bigotry comes in, to warp and narrow the God-given reason or judgment of any child of earth.

Parents, and especially those conversant with the laws and principles of life, as promulgated in the Spiritual Philosophy, pay too little attention to this subject. They forget that the training received in youth, whether mental or physical, forms the character, and, to a certain extent, shapes the career and destiny of all coming time. They forget that the "child is father to the man," and that the way it is taught in early life directs its steps, although it may be unconsciously, through perhaps a long and eventful life.

Therefore it behooves all parents, and more especially Spiritualists, as far as in their power, to so instruct and train their offspring in the rudiments (at least) of a practical education, by which they can steer clear of superstitions and errors arising out of old creeds and dogmas, thus avoiding the ruts and pitfalls, over which their parents have stumbled, and come forth from their scholastic and college life with well-formed, well-balanced minds, ready to assume the duties and responsibilities of an active life.

In selecting an institution where their children can have the advantages of a thorough, practical and liberal education, parents can find none more worthy their consideration than the Belvidere Seminary, situated in a delightful and healthy locality, where their children will have the best of care and instruction, on moderate terms. We were personally acquainted with the self-sacrificing, noble band of workers,

composing its board of instructors, before we left the scenes of earth-life, and we can assure our friends that their children would receive no less care from their hands than from the parents themselves. Hence we recommend to all parents who contemplate sending their children to acquire an education, to place them in this truly Spiritual Seminary of learning. For further particulars, see circular in another column.

BOOK NOTICE.

A NEW book, called the "WATHIKA WONDER," a startling and instructive Psychological study, and well authenticated instance of angelic visitation, has just reached us, from the "Religio-Philosophical Publishing House," Chicago, Ill., and although we have had no time to more than glance through its pages, yet, from what we gathered in looking it over, we have no hesitancy in saying that there is not—taking into account its workmanship and low price—another book of its size ever published, that satisfies a thoughtful, reflective, scientific reader and thinker, to the extent this book does; and we believe it will attract the attention of thousands who have not been blessed with a thorough or even partial knowledge of Spirit phenomena, and if perused with interest, it will force convictions of its truthfulness upon all, whether they believe in what it teaches or not. For sale, wholesale and retail, at Publishing House of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, at the low price of 15 cts. single copy; 8 for \$1.00.

SPIRIT MESSAGES.

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE,
SEPT. 8, 1878,

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELLHAMER.

INVOCATION, BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

OH, thou author of every blessing, for the sacredness of this hour, for these joys that flow from every Spirit, for the duties and privileges of life we thank thee, thou who art God over all, supreme and eternal. For the company of the angels we thank thee; for the love and friendship of kindred souls, we bless thee; and we ask a Father's benediction to fall upon every Spirit here tonight, whether in the mortal or immortal spheres; for strength and patience to be given unto them, that in the future they may be able to look back with joy and thankfulness.

For thy songs of praise we bless thee, for the promise of that "Sweet Bye and Bye," the hope of every soul, for the faith that opens out to our vision vistas of future good, and develops our strength to press steadily on in the journey of life, and inspires each soul to look forward to that which lies before.

And now we ask the co-operation and aid of all of God's holy influences, that

the work may be carried on, each mission be fulfilled, and his name through them be glorified and blessed.

NELLIE C. WILSON.

[The Spirit was long in controlling.] I am somewhat diffident about coming. I do not like to make myself known in public. I have friends and relatives not many miles from here, but I came from West Geneva, Ill., to speak a word to my dear, dear father, who is so sad.

My name is Nellie C. Wilson. I have been gone only a little while. I do not wish to say much here, only that I am so sorry, so very sorry for the cloud that has settled over my dear father. I want him to know this is true, and if he will go to some good Medium in Chicago, I will tell him all about it; the cause I had, and why it was, and will give him enough to satisfy him as to the truth of this. If I had known of this, I think it would have enabled me to live and bear my sorrow; but I missed my mother so much, her loving ways and tender counsel, with her sweet reliance upon me, that I sank under the blow.

I can see things clearer now, and I hope to make all plain to those I so dearly love. I want to send love to my father and my brother E. Tell him not to allow any cloud to dim the horizon of his future prospects. I am sheltered and cared for by dear grandpa and mother. My love to uncle, aunt and all.

I do not wish to say more here, only, if they will go to a Medium I will come, stipulating that if they do not succeed the first time, to try again.

I thank you. My father is Judge Isaac G. Wilson of Chicago.

[Please forward to Judge Isaac G. Wilson, Chicago, with directions if not there, to forward on to Geneva, Ill.]

REV. RUSSELL TOMLINSON.

"He tempests the wind to the shorn lamb," and showeth tender mercy unto every weary child; and I perceive its truth in the case of the dear soul who has just preceded me.

This is a blessing and a privilege, my dear sir, for one who weathered the storms of over seventy years, to be able to return and make himself known to his friends.

Not many months have elapsed since I passed on from the good old town of Plymouth, and now I return again, bringing blessings to those I love, and informing them that I rejoice in continued life and activity.

My name is Russell Tomlinson, for

many years an ordained minister of the gospel, but later in life interested in medical practice. I believed in combining the cure of the body with the saving of souls, and I would inform my friends that I find my instincts were right, and my vocation now lies in ministering to the ills that flesh and spirit are heir to.

JOHNNIE EVANS.

CAN I come? [Yes.] I'm only a little boy. I lived in New York. [What street?] I don't know; down by the Five Points. [Have you parents?] Never had any, I guess. I used to go the Mission.

My name is Johnnie Evans. I was only six years old. I feel so cold. A lady brought me here. May I have some of the flowers all the Spirits have got? [Yes; they will give you some.] They are real pretty. I used to like flowers, but I never had any. I feel warm now.

MARTHA SMITH.

WORK, work, work. I am so weary and tired. I worked myself out of the body, and now I'm trying to work myself in again. Only thirty-five years of life; but a hard one at that, and I feel all gone. [You'll feel better now.] I came here to get rest, and perhaps to call the attention of those I love to this. I'd like them to know I can come.

My name is Martha Smith. I am from Savannah.

MAMIE HOWARD.

I'se want to tum. [Come right along.] I'se bring pitty fowers to mamma; heaps pitty, pink fowers, so mamma won't ky any more. Granpa say, "bess mamma"; and I'se tum to tiss mamma and make her heart all well. I'se live. Mamma go to Medi an' I'se tum. Tell her I'se want to.

I'se Mamie Howard. I'se tum from Bockton (Brockton.)

MESSAGES GIVEN SEPTEMBER 15, 1878.

JENNIE SPRAGUE.

I WOULD like to send a message of love to my dear mother and all my friends, if you please. I came here with Tunie. I have been with mother tonight, but came here a few minutes to waft her a word of hope and cheer from the Spirit-World. Dear mother! She has been so faithful to her Spirit-friends, and they all bless her for it. We have assisted her a great deal this summer. She has done so much more than she thought she could, and by-and-bye, when the cool days come, she will feel the better for it.

Grandpa sends his deep, abiding love.

He says, "Bless you, my child; may your ways be ways of happiness and peace. You have seen sorrow; but joy springeth from the rod of affliction, and whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."

Aunt Katie says, "Dear sister, remember that angel-hands are ever guiding you, and bringing your spirit safely through the by-ways of life. All are happy and at peace."

Aunt Hattie sends her love, as do hosts of others. And now, dear mother, I must go; but the love of your child, whose inner powers are constantly developing in the Higher-Life, and whose aspiration is to ever grow more good and pure, that she may crown your life with blessings, is with you. My love to the good doctor.

I thank you. My name is Jennie Sprague. My mother is Mrs. M. B. Sprague.

EMMA A. GRAY.

PLEASE may I come? [Yes, indeed.] I'm a little girl, only six years old. I've been gone about six months, I guess. I want mamma to know I'm alive, and papa is alive, too.

My name is Emma A. Gray. It's just like mamma's name. Papa's been gone years; but I've only been gone months. Mamma won't know what to make of this, but if she'll go to a Medium, I'll come and talk. Tell her not to be afraid; but I want to talk so much to mamma, and papa does, too. Mamma's got no more little girls, and she feels real bad. I love her so much, and I came all the way from heaven to tell her so.

You never heard of me, did you? [No, dear.] Well, my mamma lives in Boston—once it was on North Charles street, then moved to 105 Poplar street. Please tell the man to send the letter there.

[Please forward to Mrs. Emma A. Gray, No. 105 Poplar street, Boston.]

WILHELMINA ROBERTS.

I HAVE not much to say. I belonged in Portsmouth. I was only twenty-five, but I have been gone a number of years.

My name is Wilhelmina Roberts. I have been told that Spirits see clearer and do better after having been back. That is the reason I am here, and I hope my letter will catch the eye of some of my friends, that they may know that I am not dead, but liveth.

C. H. MOSELY.

STRANGE, very strange, the transition from life to death, and yet more strange the return again to earth.

I am weak; my chest, lungs, sides, etc., are about used up. To me, the final illness seemed brief but terrible, and I

am glad to breathe freely again; yet could I have health and strength, I would prefer to be the inhabitant of my old body, amid old familiar scenes and friends.

Intelligence has just reached the East of my death. It is not yet two weeks since I passed on from Oakland, California. I have friends in Massachusetts—at Winchester and elsewhere, who I would like to greet.

My name is C. H. Mosely. Had I lived a few days longer, I would have passed forty-one years on earth; but as that could not be, I come on this anniversary to waft a message of love to my friends, and to bring them tidings of great joy, tokens of immortality, and to assure them that through death Henry remembers and loves them all.

I cannot tell how I like the other life, as I have not begun to realize it fully as yet.

ANDREW KEATING.

I HAVE been gone many, many years. Father, mother and many others are with me; but I have sisters living whom I like to reach. Most of my knowledge and growth has been received in Spirit, and I come filled with the love of my soul, and bearing the love of those with me to dear ones here.

Tell Maggie, Jane, and all who are with them, that we do come to them with words of love and cheer, and we are rejoiced that one of our dear ones can receive and transmit to others the messages of angels.

I have been to Maine recently, but came from Halifax today, to send these few words of greeting.

My name is Andrew Keating. My message will reach its destination. I thank you.

MESSAGES GIVEN SEPTEMBER 22, 1878.

MARY WILDER.

My name is Mary Wilder. I am from New Jersey. I have been in the Higher-Life since 1866. I was sixty-two. I would like so much to have my friends hear of this, that they may know we live and can return.

My husband and only daughter are with me; but I have a brother somewhere in New York who I hope will see this and realize it is me. His name is Charles. Our mother's name was Rhoda, and father's, Jobu.

ROSIE MAY FULLER.

I'm Rosie May Fuller. I came from Brooklyn, New York. My mamma believes this, but she goes to church, and

people don't know she thinks dead people can come back. She reads the paper sometimes, and I want my name put in so she will see it, 'cause I want to send her lots of love and tell her aunt Minnie does, too; and we're all well and happy, and waiting for her and baby and papa.

I was seven years old. Good-bye.

R. P. COLTON.

I DO not know as I can do very well this time, but I would be so thankful to send a word to my wife and son. It is many years since I passed on, and it seems strange to me to return under earth conditions. I feel somewhat confined, as if I had not room to breathe, but presume that will pass away.

I have heard for a long time the cry going up from my dear one's soul, praying for a word from me; and oh, blessed privilege, that I am at last permitted to come. I hasten to bring a word of cheer and to say, through all change, through all separation and sorrow, I love you still, and that I know how dark, how painful and sad the days have become to him in whom I centered all my hopes—in him, my dear, dear son, and if Spirit-love and Spirit-power can avail to work the mighty change that is needed, it shall be done.

I have met dear ones who waft thee, my own Phenie, a blessing—mother, sisters, friends and all, love and cherish thee, while the members of your band send you kindly greeting and promises of assistance.

I knew why you made the change, and was glad you thought at the time that I knew and would be satisfied. May blessings attend you forever. Thank God we shall one day be re-united, when soul shall commune with soul, and heart with heart, as in early life.

I am Robert P. Colton.

AUGUSTUS PARDEE.

I REJOICE to meet thee. It is not often, I take it, that the two husbands of one woman return to send her a message simultaneously; but such is now the case.

My name is Augustus Pardee, and I come to send a token of love to my family, and to say, God bless them, every one. You cannot realize how rejoiced in spirit I am tonight; full of exceeding great joy, that after years of weary torture, I have thrown off the cumbrous form of clay and now revel in the clear sunshine of awakened immortality. I am not now the wasted, attenuated Augustus Pardee. I am not weighed down by over three score years and ten, but feel young and strong and free, and, bless God, can return and attest to the truth of that

grand philosophy that sustained me through years of mortal life, and to bring cheering words of love and appreciation to my late noble wife, Tryphena C. Pardee, and to bless her and hers forever.

It is all right. Life is beautiful and full of love, and I will do all in my power to bring them peace and rest. I have met my loved ones, and have walked with them the streets of the New Jerusalem. It was a sweet, blessed, happy New Year to me. I meant to come through the VOICE OF ANGELS, if I could. I knew nothing of this Medium. I expected to come through Bro. Donsmore; but I have shaken hands with our noble friend, L. Judd Pardee, and by him directed here to speak my word, and waft my blessing to the sweet singer and to all the home band.

CHARLIE TOWLE.

How do? I heard you had opened free communication between the dead and the living, and so I'm here to give in a word. I want Al to know I'm still around and not asleep, by any means. I hope he won't get so wrapped up in the church he can't have a friendly nod for a poor returning brother; but if he does, I'll try to bear it, that's all. Jim's such a pitch-pine sort of a fellow, I suppose he'll not believe it's me, any way. However, I'm here, and like Banquo's ghost, have come to stay.

I'd like to send a word of love to my family, that is, if I've a right to claim 'em now. I'm not so sure. Nearly eight years of practice in the other life has left me sound as a nut—no weak lungs, and I can spout with the best.

My little Willie has grown quite a big boy, and sends his love. Lizzie and Perry send their love to our brothers and sisters. We wouldn't exchange. After all, we've got the best side of life, and I admonish you, my brethren, to look into this thing a little closer, and find the kernel that's hid within the shell.

I'm Charlie Towle. Have it sent to Albert Towle, Hyde Park, Mass.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

QUESTIONS.

POKAGON, Cass County, Michigan, June 24, 1878.

DEAR BRO. PARDEE,—Will you allow a poor ignoramus like myself to address you, for the purpose of trying to gain a little more knowledge?

I have asked you one question before; and as you have not answered that, I don't know as you will this. My question is this: We are told by many that the Spirit is what suffers while in the body, or the

cause of all suffering; that when it leaves the body, it has no life, feeling or motion; that it can be all unjointed without one tremor of feeling. Then we are told that the Spirit, when free from the body, can suffer no pain, no sorrow, or hunger, or thirst, or cold, or heat, or fatigue. Now, if it is the Spirit that suffers all this, while in the body, please explain why it cannot, when out of the body, just the same, if it is the Spirit that causes all the body feels. If you will explain this, I think you will confer a great favor on many of your readers, who perhaps are as ignorant on Spiritual matters as myself.

I have been very much interested in many of your answers to important questions, as they have thrown much light on my dark side, and I at least have gained from them much knowledge.

Trusting that you will pay a little attention to my question, and give me an answer, if ever so brief, you will confer a great favor on one seeking for light and truth.

Affectionately yours,

SARAH M. CHILSON.

ANOTHER VERIFICATION.

GALESBURG, Ill., July 5th, 1878.

D. C. DENSMORE:—*My dear Friend and Brother*,—As I have received a communication from a dear friend in the Spirit-World, (the home of love,) which has made me very happy, I feel an impression from my guardian Angel to ask for a place in our spiritual organ, the VOICE OF ANGELS, to communicate it to the world, show and prove the truth and reality of Spiritualism, that man (the Spirit or Soul) can never die, but will live for ever and ever.

I thought first to keep this precious diamond to myself, because it is to me a pearl of great price; but I am not allowed to wrap up the Spiritual truth in a napkin and hide it in a secret place, but unfurl the banner of heaven-born true religion of light and truth to the world, that still gropes in the dark for the true path of eternal happiness, and is bound by the shackles of ignorance, superstition, bigotry, and prejudice, which have created a Spiritual eclipse between the Celestial-World and the mental mind of man.

Oh, ye my fellow wanderer to the Spirit-World, that lies beyond the shores of time, lift up your Spiritual eyes and mind, and behold the glorious aurora that has already illuminated our Spiritual horizon with golden rays from the Spiritual-Sun. Look at the glorious morning that is dawning over the nations of the earth, who sit in sad darkness of gloom and

doubt, and struggle between fear and hope. Look around you, and behold the dark and gloomy cloud of superstition, bigotry and error, which is rapidly disappearing; for the dawn of light and truth, that brings in its embrace peace and good will to man, is on its way.

Oh, happy era. I am one of your admirers, and salute you with reverence and affection. God speed you.

Your friend and brother,

P. DAHLBERG.

FROM WEST INGLE TO PETER DAHLBERG.

I have just received the enclosed message from a beautiful Spirit, calling herself Reala Bokholder. She was beautiful, with eyes like sunshine, and hair soft and silken like flax. If you lost her in early manhood, she has kept her soul pure and steadfast for you, and she is fairer and sweeter than when she was here. What a wealth of love and tenderness seemed to shine from her face. You have a glorious love awaiting you in the life beyond the Spheres.

There is a time coming when you will meet the beautiful Spirit Reala, and walk the stairs hand in hand. Then the dreams of youth will all be realized.

I saw your parents and grandparents, brothers and sisters. All seemed waiting to talk to you. Reala also spoke of John and Mary.

TO PETER DAHLBERG, FROM HIS FRIEND, REALA BOKHOLDER.

My ever dear and fondly remembered Peter,—After a long, long silence, which may have given you the idea that you were forgotten by your Reala, I come to you in love, my dear Peter, a love so strong that death did but add to, instead of weakening the tie. I am watching and waiting for you, knowing you will surely come to me when you are done with the earth.

I did not want to die and leave you behind me, for I did not realize that I could be near you, to guide and direct you and whisper comfort and cheer to you, when your friends and the world turned away in order to pursue their own ambitious ways; but I know the time draws near. Old age has placed the crown of years upon your forehead, my dear, dear friend, and your clear eyes are looking towards the eternal hills, trying to catch a gleam of the "breaking day."

Oh, the beautiful morning is near—nearer than you think. Reaching out my hand, I can now clasp your dear hand, growing weak with age and the labor so long and cheerfully performed. The wealth and treasures of the earth have

crumbled away from your clasp; your hands are empty, my dear Peter, and you may not gather on the earth the bread so lavishly cast upon the waters. But you will find your sheaves have all been garnered by the Spirits who love you, and you will not come empty-handed into eternity.

Yield your soul to perfect reliance upon your Spirit-friends. All are near, all whom you loved have gathered round you, and you will find yourself surrounded by the dear ones who passed out of your earth-life years ago. Some who went home when youth was bright and full of promise are now in Spirit-life, in the sunny clime where I have prepared you a beautiful home.

You and I will yet realize the golden dreams of other years. Here are your parents and friends awaiting you, my weary-hearted darling. Our love was not of the earth, my dear Peter—no, not of the weary, wasting earth. It was like the musical songs heard round the homes of the Angels. Love cannot die or change. It is eternal, like the atmosphere around the throne of the Supreme Father of the universe.

Now, my dear Peter, do not let your faith grow weak when you are nearing our happy shore. Many seek to darken the sight of the true believer by pointing out errors in the true religion; but do not let philosophers, dogmas nor creeds come between your Spiritual eyes and the illumination shining down from the Heavenly Spheres.

You will soon be here, to learn for yourself; and then we will return and aid in spreading the light abroad among the suffering children of men.

I would like to appear before you as I am now, clad in the garment of immortal beauty. You would know your Reala had neither changed in form, features, nor yet in the love which is still glowing in her heart for you.

Oh, how long must I wait for my darling? My soul longs for you. But I am with you now and will hold you firmly till I clasp you in the loving embrace of Angel-love. I am still your

REALA.

DEAR BROTHER DENSMORE,—The above letter is truly genuine and undeniable in reality, from my Guardian Angel Reala, who has me as her especial charge, to guide and protect, while I tabernacle in the flesh. It is to her and also to me a joy, that we can communicate to each other through our dear friend, "West Ingle." She is really a true and genuine

Medium. The office that Providence has entrusted to her is glorious—far above that of kings and emperors—to stand between the Spiritual and physical worlds as a telegraph, by which the Spiritual immortal inhabitants can speak to us mortals, who dwell yet in this vale of tears and sorrow.

You who have friends there, and would have a message from your dear and loved ones in the Spirit-world, write to your Spirit-friends confidently. Send your letter to "West Ingle." You can truly depend on her. She is a true and genuine Medium. Trust her confidently as a friend. I have received several letters from my friends in the Spirit-world through her mediumship, which all this world's money cannot purchase. They all stand the test beautifully, even if they were to be scrutinized and weighed in a gold balance. You cannot pay a dollar for anything in this world that will bring you so much permanent joy and lasting happiness to your soul and heart, as to communicate with the Angels in the Spirit-world. It lifts your soul up from this world's heavy clay, and makes you acquainted with the heavenly inhabitants, where you sooner or later surely will be one of their company.

Next time I will send another letter to be published in the VOICE OF ANGELS.

I remain ever your true friend and brother,
PETER DAHLBERG.

(Selected by M. J. K.)

THE SEXTON.

Stand to a grave that was newly made,
I used a sexton's old, on his earth worn spade;
His work was done, and he passed to wait
The funeral train through the open gate.
A relic of bygone days was he,
And his locks were white as the foamy sea:
And these words came from his lips so true—
"I gather them in! I gather them in!"

"I gather them in!—for, man and boy,
Year after year of grief and joy,
I've buried the bones that lie around
In every nook of this burial-ground.
Mother and daughter, father and son,
Come to my solitude, one by one!
But, come they strangers or come they kin,
I gather them in! I gather them in!"

"Many are with me, but still I'm alone!
I am king of the dead, and I make my throne
On a monument of marble cold,
And my sceptre of rule is the spade I hold.
Come they from cottage or come they from hall,
Mankind are my subjects—all, all, all!
Let them enter in pleasure or tollfully spin—
I gather them in! I gather them in!"

"I gather them in—and their final rest
Is here, down here, in the earth's dark breast,"—
And the sexton ceased—for the funeral train
Would surely over that solemn plain;
And I said to my heart, When time is told,
A mightier voice than that sexton's old
Will sound, o'er the last trump's dreadful din—
"I gather them in! I gather them in!"

Park Benjamin.

It is with our judgments as with our watches. none go just alike, yet each believes his own.

PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

CHARLES BLAKE TO DR. HUDSON, STOCKTON CAL.

I do not come with a weakness, born of a lingering illness; I do not come rolled in light, like some of those around me; neither am I enshrouded in utter darkness, as some would believe. I am in a sort of mist, and I come here partly to emerge from it, and principally to send a word of love to my family.

Days and weeks have lengthened into months, since I cast off the material form, and those I love still mourn almost as those without hope; and I am here to say that, although shadows came, and darkness fell upon my spirit, yet I love you still, and through that great love I would convince each one of my existence.

I am not plunged in night. I regret now from my present outlook; but I would not go back. I am contented to take up life where I left it off, and to go forward; for now I can see clearer, I understand your Spirits, and if you will seek out an avenue of communication between the two worlds, I will come and tell you why and wherefore, how I felt, and what I thought best.

Do not censure nor blame any one; it could not be helped. I am glad that nothing was said, and no one is to blame. My earthly destiny was fulfilled. Do not grieve. The Infinite Father is just and kind, and in his own good time you and I shall be reunited. Oh, let this thought vitalize your creed: that as you would deprive no soul, however poor and humble it may be, of the sunshine of life, so He who reigns above will debar none from enjoying the sunshine of love and sympathy; and as you would not separate loving souls in mortal, so he who is wiser than all, will not tear his children's hearts asunder. Rest assured we shall meet again.

I waft love and recognition to all my friends.

CHARLES BLAKE.

STOCKTON, California.

THROUGH ALFRED JAMES, PHIL'A,

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

LORD RAGLAN.

GOOD AFTERNOON, SIR,—This is a strange way of manifesting to another; or rather, I should say, for a Spirit to manifest to a mortal. You are blessed that you are satisfied of its truth. It would have been well if I had recognized it as a fact, too. Of all things in this world, I have no desire to be a military conqueror;

for you will see in Spirit-life those who have been sacrificed for your ambition. Poor fools!—they think they are dying to save their country. Heroism, bravery, martial music, the cannon's roar, shouts of victory, incited by these, what thousands of Spirits, through the hot smoke of the battle-field, ascend to Spirit-life, with what? With a passion for destroying their kind. A dreadful violation of the law of infinity. Is not this world broad and wide? Is there not room for all of human kind? From a Spirit stand-point, I see this sad sight to-day. Oh! how I feel for those whom I see in this life, (meaning Spirit-life) who are embarrassed, cast down, and not fit to enter the Spirit-world. Where can we obtain relief? Only by trying to influence those who are left here to engage in no wars or scenes of bloodshed.

I had a conqueror's burial—martial music and all the pomp of war. Well, my enfranchised spirit looked down upon it with a contempt which I would have given worlds to have expressed. In this life I am not advanced as I might have been if I had cultivated the art of peace instead of the art of war. But I feel in my bosom, as a Spirit, an earnest desire to lift mankind, and to approach nearer to that power which shall give to the weary rest and to the pure in heart happiness. My title comes last, of all. What is a title in Spirit-life? Nothing! Real merit is the only Sun that shines here. Write me, sir, as Lord Raglan, Commander of the British forces in the Crimea.

"WEST INGLE'S" DEPARTMENT.

JENNIE SPRAGUE TO HER MOTHER, MRS. MARIA SPRAGUE, OF BOSTON, MASS.

YOU DEAR PATIENT, SUFFERING MOTHER!—Do you feel that your Jennie has forgotten you? I have wanted to cheer you up, and make your heart happy and glad, dear mother; but the only way I can do so is by telling you some good news. Now you must not say "Impossible!" when I tell you the crosses that have been so heavy are falling off. They will be laid at your feet in just six months; and the losses are not really treasures gone for good, my darling mother. You know what was said to comfort those who cast their bread upon the waters. It was promised them again, after many days. Just so it will return to you.

I want to tell you about grandma. I am where I can watch her better than you can. Tinnie and I know just how to manage her; and when all is ready, we will take her here. We will steal her

quietly at a still hour, when all is dark. You must not mind when it is done, for grandfather has been waiting for her a long while. He is going to impress uncle to give you back what is your due. He says it is not natural for one by his name to be so dishonest; and he says it shall be given you, and you need not fear either loss or trouble from those who depend so much upon you in time of need.

Now I must say something cheering about the paper—the *VOICE OF ANGELS*—“the Boy,” as “Papa Davis” calls it. It is developing rapidly, and I guess you will laugh when I tell you it will soon be a *big man*, dear mother; and there will be thousands made happy by our noble *boy*, who is proving a brave little hero, and may now be called the “boy of the period.”

I like Louis Bond; he is all he appears, only a great deal better; he cannot express half there is in his heart; he will find many friends if he stays around “the Boy” long. We are bound to love all who help on the good work; and we will help him in all his business life. After a time, he will become a great man—one able to teach humanity deep lessons of love and human sympathy, and show to the young men of coming time what can be accomplished where the will is brought to bear upon surrounding circumstances.

I think you will be relieved of the darkest burden of your life; and then will come the warm bright Indian Summer, fruitful and lovely.

Do you think, dearest mother, there will be no ingathering from “bread cast upon the waters”? You always scattered with a lavish hand; the earthly poor have crowned you with blessings; the Angel-World have guided and protected you in many dark and lonely hours. They will not forsake you now. They will lead you safely onward. Be of good cheer, and all will be well.

I am still your “Little Comforter,” and I am ever your affectionate daughter,

JENNIE.

TO MR. T. LAMBERTON, OF WALNUT GROVE, A T., FROM HIS WIFE, SALLY S. LAMBERTON, IN SPIRIT-LIFE.

My dear and ever-faithful husband, I am pleased beyond language to describe, that I am permitted to speak with you through the *VOICE OF ANGELS*. I have tried to give you a good test, once or twice, but it seems that when I try I fail; and this is almost always the case.

I am more than pleased with your management and tender care of all I left behind me. I did not think I was going to die till it came upon me; and yet, of course, I

thought, as well I might, that my life would not last long after the new trouble set in.

You have had a hard time, my dear husband, and have always been equal to your burdens. I know you miss me from your life, and so do the others; and yet I am really nearer my dearly loved home-friends than ever before; I can do more for you all, and in a better way. How I must have tried you at times; and you were always so kind and pleasant through all my sufferings. You shall be happy, if I can bring happiness to you.

I am glad you kept my things; I mean those that will in time fall to our dear one—those who are dependent upon you for love and sympathy.

Did you seek to fill my place, my dear, and did you think death meant a final separation, my husband? Ties of love cannot be sundered; for love is a law of God; and through love the world will yet be redeemed.

I did not dream of dying so soon; and yet I might have known that my organism was doomed to early decay.

You know all the friends here, how many, and how near and dear they are; and if tests are needed to convince you, look within your own heart, and if you are happy, you will know there is a test in the matter. No one can be perfectly satisfied on earth.

Tell A—I give her my blessing for all she has been to me and mine. I hold myself ready to repay her in many ways for every act of kindness bestowed upon those who are still dear to me. I could name many others to whom I would send messages of love. My own call for all I can now bestow. Do not let them forget me. Do not cease to remember our early and holy love; and think of me always as being fresh and fair, not wasted by pain and disease.

Here there is no decay, no grief or parting; and here I will wait your coming, with those who will make the new life and the new home bright and beautiful.

Your past sorrows and losses will all be made up to you, and prosperity will crown your life.

I am still your affectionate wife,

SALLY S. LAMBERTON.

MALINDA JANE PEMBERTON, IN SPIRIT-LIFE, TO HER FRIEND AND EVER FONDLY CHERISHED, CAPTAIN E. PEMBERTON, HENLEY, CAL.

So you miss your “pet,” do you? I miss you, too, and have tried so hard to speak to you. My dear friend, how good you were to me always. I want you to tell mamma all I say to you, and tell her I

could come to you best, because you understand and know why Spirits cannot come to the living till they are called for. I know mamma will be glad to know that I am not dead, and that I am still her darling child, though I cannot make her know I am near her. Alice and Johnny can, if they get a chance to speak. I wish we could talk without a Medium; we could then say just what we want to; but you know Mediums are afraid of telling all. “West Ingle” is not much afraid; we brought her little boy Elmer to help us, and she said we could write when we pleased—I mean Johnny, Alice and myself, Ma. I don’t like the whole name, Malinda Jane; it is too long. I like Pet better. Call me Pet always, and I will tell you all that has taken place since I came here. Papa says I can talk all I desire to, and you and mamma will listen. He can listen, too, and do you understand what he means when he talks of Philosophy, Science and future attainments; if you do, you will understand me when I tell you all I know about this beautiful Spirit-home, where we have all that makes life beautiful and pleasant. I only want you, mamma, and a few others to make me perfectly happy here. I wish I could have you with me now. The Angels cannot take your place in my heart, and I send you the brightest flowers—spiritual flowers. You must not think they are material, or that you can see them with your eyes. You must look through the “inner vision,” as they call it here, and then you will know I mean Spirit-sight. Georgiana and Hattie and mamma know my love can never change, and tell them I am still the same—death can never change my heart, and it never parted us at all. I know as much afterward as I did before death flung dark shadows between us. I like this life, dear friend, and shall be the first to meet you when you are done with the labors of life. You have so much to do for your friends and humanity, and will need help to do it, if you do your work faithfully; but you will need all the help your Spirit-friends can give you. I would like to see you fill your true position in the world, and you will accomplish it yet. Try to do your best; and my dear, good friend remember your Pet is ever more one of your truest guides to love, honor and happiness. She is still waiting for you in the beautiful Spirit-home.

PET.

TOM ALLEN.

I GUESS Tom Allen can give his compliments to the *VOICE OF ANGELS*, as well as other and more polished spirits.

I am not much on “sawdust language.”

I'll tell you why: I was brought up in a place where refinement was polished up in a saw-mill, and my father said, "Tend to your business, boys, and common sense will do the rest." Well, I did 'tend to business at home till the war broke out, and then I just shouldered my gun and started for "Dixie," and in the battle of "right and might" I got overpowered, was taken prisoner, and passed out at Andersonville prison; and when I opened my eyes in Spirit-Life, I for the first time understood what freedom meant—I saw Tom Allen for the first time in his true light. I was not proud of him; but the Spirit of my dear old mother came softly to my side, bringing my little sister Emma. Her tenderly whispered, "Poor boy," gave me an electric thrill that has quivered in my soul ever since. I tell you, it is good to find a faithful mother, when you enter a strange land.

I was a rough boy, and still more rude and rough when I left home. But I have found the dearest and best of mothers, the sweetest and brightest of sisters, and a brother who died young; and there are so many good helpers here, I shall yet develop out of my old roughness; and you will see what there is in the soul of Tom Allen, of Strong, Maine.

ANGELS' SONG.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold;
"Peace to the earth, good will to men,
From heaven's all gracious King,"
The world in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still celestial music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Oh, ye beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow—
Look up! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its final splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing!

WHEN we love God most, our duties run on the most freely and sweetly; and when our thoughts are most steeped in the love of God to us, we are then most likely to love Him abundantly in return.

WATCH against constitutional sins. See them in their vileness, and they will never break out into act.

"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:

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