



VOL. III. { D. C. DENSMORE, PUBLISHER. }

BOSTON, JAN. 15, 1878.

{ \$1.65 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE } NO. 2.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

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

SPIRIT L. J. B. PARDEE, Editor-in-Chief.

" K. MINER, Business Manager.

D. C. DENSMORE, Amanuensis 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.]

THE FIELD BEYOND.

THROUGH TRYPHENA C. PARDEE.

No mortal scope of optic vision
Can pierce the stretch of life's elysian,
That lies beyond glad faith's fond glance of immortality,—
Nor even be portrayed in trances,
Of all the glorious marked advances,
That o'er the breast of ether roll eternally away.

No gallery of idle leisure,
For merely sing-song bosom measure,
Will occupy the spirits' claims, when once they've reached
this shore;
But in each being's new-born bosom,
Fresh budding joys burst into blossom,
With odors for elastic air mollious ever more.

No joy is felt in life's great mansion,
But thrills a limitless expansion;
And love's best labor once begun in her bright soul-sun's
glow,—
When self is lost in God's fond favor,
What mazes thread the all-for-ever,
With tender strains of rapturous song for little deeds they do!

Soul beats to soul in all well-doing,
And pleasures wait the worker's wooing;
And life in God's great field of bliss, beyond the palace
dome,

Is filled with arduous tasks of eaving,
Each handling each the chalice sharing,
Till feeling hearts like tuneful lyres repeat no note of gloom.

And life keeps soaring, over soaring,
Above the damps of death's dark mooring,
And sin, and hell's black stygian waves are cleared of all
their scum:—

No midnight waves, hoarsely creaking,
Stand on life's window sills and look in
Upon the souls that rest at last on amaranthine bloom.

Life's current circulating freely,
Fears no vampires, plagues greedy,
Secure they are from every harm mythology can throw;
For search eternal regions over,
And no such vermin you'll discover,
And wisdom's records do declare such things they never
know

From star to star the field of science,
Keeps living truths, unerring triumphs.
And life's perennial luscious fruits exchanged for molting
smiles;

And good is God, the whole for ever,
Of endless spheres that perish never;
And happiness, the coin they use to recompense their toils.

There friend with friend, in bowers ambrosial,
Covets not fame's tower colossal,
But reads in every finite form infinity divine:
And learns dependence in each lesson,
Of mind on mind,—whose vast expression
Is, "brotherhood for ever more—what's mine is also thine."

This field is broad as endless ages,
It's work, all kinds, and in all stages;
And principles of every growth, of every line and kind,
From lowly flowers on earth new opening,
To flaming oracles God-spoken,
Are pleasures to each living soul, and never dying ideal.
ELLINGTON, N. Y.



D. C. DENSMORE,
MUNDANE EDITOR OF "VOICE OF ANGELS."

A MESSAGE ON HEALTH.

THROUGH THE HAND OF J. M. A.

[GIVEN AT NEW HAVEN, CT., JUNE, 1863.]

[CONCLUDED.]

From these sublime contemplations of
man, in his oneness with God, with reluct-
ant pen and drooping heart, veiled eyes
and trembling lips, we turn to contem-

plate him in his kinship with the brutes—
with the beast that perisheth. Alas! that
man should compel us in our investiga-
tions to behold him so oft debased in bru-
tality, degraded in animality, ignorant in
vice, miserable in tyranny, superstitious
in bigotry, blind in custom, sick in gross-
ness, deformed in disobedience—leprous,
maimed, halt and deaf—running over with
impurities, oozing out foulness at every
pore—fætid breath, decayed teeth, rotten
lungs, and mercurial bones—fever, dys-
pepsia, epilepsy, neuralgia, and cephalal-
gia—doctors and pills, plasters, syrups
and anodynes, leeches and lancets, and all
the hideous paraphernalia of medical
mountebanking! Who can depict all the
horrors of the sick-bed! Who can de-
scribe the selfishness of sickness! What
greater curse can enter the household than
the curse of disease? All the operations
of domestic life must be interfered with,
all the comfort and sociality suspended.
Everything must be subservient to the de-
mands of invalidism.

Oh! the sin and suffering which the
realm of physiology attaches to itself at
the present stage of man's development
are indeed gloomy realities, far surpassing
in magnitude even the horrors of war and
slavery.

The world is one vast hospital, and
three-fourths of mankind are nurses, doc-
tors, patients or undertakers. Scarcely a
home but has some member ailing with
one or more of the thousand maladies
which man has brought upon himself.
Scarcely an individual, if arrived at ma-
ture years, but has been in the hands of a
physician. Scarcely a body but is reek-
ing with impurities. Scarcely a soul but
is cramped more or less in its develop-
ment by the inharmoniousness of its casement.

No soul can manifest itself wisely and



D. C. DENSMORE,
MUNDANE EDITOR OF "VOICE OF ANGELS."

lovingly, unless some degree of freedom from disease pertains to its body. No growth of soul can be thoroughly symmetrical while gross physical habits mar and putrefy the fleshly covering. No soul, taking to itself that which is gross and impure, can rise in external manifestations to its highest degree. The body and spirit are inter-active and mutually dependent; that is, physical habits and physical conditions modify spiritual habits and spiritual conditions, as well as *vice versa*. Thus, intemperance in eating, drinking, sleeping, working, passional indulgence, or aught else pertaining to the physical specially, produces an effect upon the *soul*, as well as upon the body. In eating its way into the physical structure, and paralyzing the functions thereof, it approaches also the *mind*, and contaminates it with the vileness of gross desires and base ambitions. Vulgarities and profanities emanate more from the flesh-pots of modern cookery than from spiritual depravity, aside from physical causes. The *juices of animals*, low and gross in their nature, permeating, as they do, almost every article of food placed upon civilized tables at the present age, are vastly more responsible for the low aspirations of humanity in general, than we have been accustomed to consider. The pig, in his spiritual entity, is a low being. Gross, filthy, ugly, unattractive as he is, there are yet found persons who are willing to (and even think they *must*) imbibe year after year, constantly and habitually, the very "soul-essence" of the animal, by partaking of his flesh and blood and brains! His feet and ears are considered to be delicate morsels, to be rolled under the tongue of man, created in the image of God, and "a little lower than the angels."! A pig-sty in Paradise, we might almost think some would desire—their bodies and spirits have become so completely saturated with the deliciousness of *pigosity*. Must man always remain oblivious to the great truths of spirituality—oblivious to the fact that there is a *spiritual essence* pervading all forms, and that this element is a part of food as truly and as necessarily as the mere physical, which is perceptible to the material senses?

All things have a bearing upon the soul-life, whether final or aught else which human beings can take to themselves, and appropriate to self-use. In proportion as that is pure which is taken home and made a part of self, will self be made pure and keep pure; but grossness (of food, drink, air, etc.,) produce grossness correspondent of mind, or at least of its

manifestations. When this simple truth is learned and realized, appropriated and acted upon, by the world at large, sickness will begin to disappear, and men begin to be in their bodies fit tabernacles for the indwelling of *holy spirits*. Until then, men will continue to walk blindly, all unheeding the great law of Purity, which underlies all elevation. Until then, the world will continue to be sick, and to be cursed with doctors, who *minister to ignorance of Law*, instead of instructing in the knowledge thereof.

It is not our province at this time to enter into detail of conditions pertaining to health, or to lay down rules for its preservation or recovery. Other duties weigh more heavily upon us. We can only call attention to the lamentable fact of universal neglect of health, and to the prevalence of disease and misery; seeking to enforce, if possible, the idea that *law* governs health, and that an understanding of the laws of health will enable mankind to so live as to avoid sickness. Volumes may be written concerning the particular kinds of food, for instance, best adapted to sustain life in good and pure conditions. Much might be written concerning the preparation of food, frequency, regularity and manner of eating, and the manifold influences which bear, favorably or otherwise, upon the vital powers. The one rule is sufficient for our present purpose, in this as in all other departments of the Science under consideration—*study the laws of life and seek to obey them*. Do this, and sickness will flee from you, as darkness flees from the rising sun. Do this, and happiness of body will be yours. Do this, and health will be your dower. Do this, and doctors will flee from you, and smiling peace and plenty, and joyousness of spirit, will be yours. Do this, oh! ye dwellers of earth, and ye will cease to be victims of scientific (?) experiments from medical highwaymen. Do this, and you will cease to sustain a normally needless profession, and create for yourselves knowledge and wisdom which will guide you safely over the billows of life, physically. Do this, and *virtue* (such virtue as has never yet been known) will crown your obedience to the laws of nature with laurels of happiness. Do this, oh! ye suffering, groaning, weary ones, and if you yourselves do not reap the full rewards of duty done, in a renewed lease of life and a firm condition of health, your children and your children's children will praise God for such inherited vigor of moral *principle* as will enable them to carry forward to success the work so

nobly begun. Do this, and humanity will at length be pure and strong, healthful and joyous; and from being one vast hospital, the world will become rejuvenated into bounding gladness and rosy-cheeked gaiety. Do this, if you would be strong, healthy and happy. Do this, if you would be wise, loving and courageous. Drive ignorance from you and be wise! Drive misery from you and be happy! Probe deep the laws of life, and be masters of yourselves, not slaves, as now, to misery, disease and drugs! Cease to depend on an external Saviour, and save yourselves. Let no "atonement" dogma stultify you into disobedience of natural law. Let no false hope of escape from the consequences of violation of law, allure you on to disease, drugs, and doleful death. There is *no need* of dragging out a miserable life in the clutches of disease. There is *no need* of pandering to falsities of medical pretension. There is *no need* of sinking down year after year, lower and lower, into the filth and miry corruption of unhealth. There is no beauty in sickness. There is no attractiveness in helplessness. The feebleness of "delicacy," or the delicacy of feebleness, is not a something to be sought after and labored for by sensible people. Young ladies might better employ their time in useful, manual labor, than in frequenting the fashionable promenades, bedizzened, bedaubed, and be-pinched with the tinsel, rouge, and corsets of modern folly.

Rosy-cheeked health is better than pinched feet, wasp-waists, and panting lungs. Headaches, dizziness, and consumption, are fit concomitants of late hours, wine-bibbing, and sexual dissipation. Young men may well inquire why life hangs so heavily upon them. Why are they so listless, aimless, and extravagant? Why is there so much vulgarity, profanity, and riotousness? Why are the beer-shops, gambling-hells, and race-courses so much better patronized than the lecture-room? Why is virtue so mythical, and vice so real? Wisdom so rare, and folly so prevalent? Why do not young men and women love each other with a true, virtuous, appreciative and beautiful affection, rather than a false prurient, debasing and vulgar animality? The necessity for such questions as these is a sad one, in truth! The glory of humanity is almost covered and destroyed by the debasements of beastiality; and *why is it?* Why, oh! why is it? Are there not *causes* for such deplorable conditions? Cannot these causes be discovered? Cannot humanity become pure, and holy, and

sweet, and loving, and wise, and strong, and healthy? Cannot the "corruptions be changed to incorruption," the sick bed to the couch of health, the *doctors to teachers*? Cannot the world be made a blooming garden of fragrant health and beauty? The answer is brief: **STUDY THE LAWS OF LIFE AND SEEK TO OBEY THEM.** Then will humanity begin to be healthy and happy. Then virtue will be the possession of young men and women, and purity the condition of married and single. In their bodies they will be sweet, and in their minds loving.

STUDY THE LAWS OF LIFE! 'Twill elevate and ennoble you. In your conception of the dignity of man in his nature—designed capacities and mission—you will be elevated and strengthened; in your conceptions of God you will be exalted. **STUDY THE LAWS OF LIFE!** They include *all* laws of mind and nature, and the study of them will open to your view magnificent fields of beauty, such as, in your frivolity and listlessness, you have never imagined to exist. **STUDY THE LAW OF LIFE!** You have a perpetual fount of wisdom and happiness. Glory will attend you, and love crown you. **STUDY THE LAWS OF LIFE!** Health and peace, serenity and joy, will be yours for ever.

[THE REMAINDER OF THE MESSAGE WAS WRITTEN NOV. 1, 1863, BY "JAMES MONTGOMERY."]]

THE laws of life! How sweet to learn to shun
Disease and woe. 'Tis well to be upright
In body as in soul; for he who fails
To yield obeisance to the law of health,
Can not be happy, wise, or strong, or true.
Disease enchains him. Misery throws her pall
O'er every soul untrue to Nature's law,
And bounds with magic power the faculties;
Until the soul-cramped, wretched, feeble one,
No more remains a true, harmonious man,
But dwarfed and stunted, insignificant,
He drags his weary life in woe along,
And finds at last a grave dug deep and wide
For *folly's* burial. Not such the life
And death of him who seeks to walk upright,—
Forgetting not that Nature rules by *law*.
His life is sweet; and rosy-tinted health
Waits ever on him, all his hours to bless.
Disease can not approach, for he is armed
With weapons true. He stands unmoved;—
Virtue repays her willing votaries.
And thus the brave man—brave in healthful life—
Stands firm and mighty, strong for noble deeds,
With health and harmony within, without.
The body, as the soul, is pure, and free
From taints of grossness, lust, shame, and vice.
His powers increased by due obedience
To all the laws of life, his labors are
More efficacious, far, than his whose walk
Is disregardful of them. Thus 'tis seen
Prosperity attends, and usefulness.
The waning hours of life behold him young
In spirit, joyous, happy, fresh and pure,
A life well spent in useful deeds of love;
Rejoice the mem'ry, as he contemplates
The hours, and days, and months, and years flown by;
And as the hour of death approaches, all his thoughts
Are thoughts of satisfaction o'er a *course complete*.
His race well run, his mission here fulfilled,
Earth-scenes grow dim, and fade away. He wakes
A happy spirit, *free from earthly taint*!
Oh may the time soon come when all shall learn
To walk uprightly, serving Law in all
The operations life devolves on man.
Then death will come a welcome friend to all,
And sickness flee from all the haunts of life,
And bounding health bless all the sons of man,
AND VIRTUE REIGN IN BODY AS IN SOUL.

DR. BOERHAVE'S STAR PAPERS.

BY WEST INGLE.

NO. ONE.

IN order to consider justly the physical nature of man, and more fully the reason why he occupies the highest position in animal creation, we must treat the subject anatomically and physiologically;—we must individualize man, and examine his form and functions, with reference to the ultimate end of his creation, and, if possible, ascertain why man never loses his identity in the subordinate forms and organisms of Nature. By a perpetual and harmonious development, all the different organisms of creation have been produced. Obedient to the great law of progression, each form gradually attained perfection. The early Fathers were long led to believe that God created forms and shapes, as the potter fashions vessels, from the dust of the earth. All grasses, flowers, trees, fruit and vegetables were created in a given time—God, in his mighty power, producing the earth and the countless worlds above and beneath it in about six days. Reason and common sense declared this theory impossible, and without practical philosophy. There were a few wise men in each generation who investigated the matter for themselves, and by intuition discovered the real truth. They found that Nature is a vast and powerful organization, producing plants, brutes and men, and all the different organisms known to have life, by mysterious laws, made and administered by the one Supreme Mind and Controlling Power of the Universe.

Men in their awe, learned to recognise the God-power in all things that grew, breathed and moved upon the earth, and were satisfied, for the time being, with the historical facts handed down from their ancestors. Centuries followed each other, generation after generation passed on, counting time by earth's changing seasons, looking to God for everything, and charging him with everything which transpired. Kings and warriors were chosen according to the will of God, uttered through prophets and oracles; and the different races of the human family were contented with their lot. After a time, there came a grand awakening. The spirits of the departed were formed into Ministering Bands and were sent back to the earth as divine teachers. They came, bearing torches of revelation. The minds of men were enlightened, and became restless and eager to investigate the mysterious problems of life. Scientists and philosophers sprang up from all ranks and conditions of social life. Then the commotion commenced.

Every department of knowledge was sought out, and scientific discovery became the order and fashion. The men who could tell the wildest and newest story became popular idols, just as they do in the nineteenth century. Simple-minded fools were always abundant, even in ancient times. This age produces learned fools just as prolifically as the fields produce grasses and grains. Every third man is a natural born philosopher in his own estimation. And what is strangest of all, the most liberal minded are often kept in the back-ground by their fellow-men; while they who have the least knowledge and understanding are sent to the front as preachers and teachers for the people.

They who preach of God, from knowledge obtained from the ancient nations of the earth, are the blind, and seek to lead the blind, regardless of ditches. As God revealed himself to the ancients, they loved and worshipped him accordingly, and were content with their spiritual conditions. No modern man, of any intellectual capacity at all, would be satisfied with the knowledge given to men in the dark ages. The minds of men have progressed. They have been nearing the Great Fount of all knowledge, and it requires a great deal to satisfy a modern mind.

In my papers for the coming year, I shall treat scientifically the different laws by which Nature governs Mind and Matter, and in order to do so reasonably, I shall seek the aid of Spirits from the highest spheres—men and women who lived upon the earth when the social conditions of humanity were superior to those of the present day—and I hope to impart a certain amount of practical knowledge, whereby the inhabitants of the earth may know that God has really provided a cure for all evils which afflict the human family;—for every disease there is healing in Nature. Plants and minerals will produce all that is needed to keep the human organism healthy in all its vital functions.

Ignorance is the most formidable and dangerous foe with which the Spirits have to contend, and it is manifested through false education and superstition. It is almost impossible to develop such minds as we need for our work. Ignorance stands at the entrance of every field which leads to new revelations and discoveries, frightening those who would gladly explore new truths.

I shall do my best to satisfy those bold enough to follow me in the sublime paths of investigation. We will find sacred ground, and from the testimonies of Nature prove the truth of immortality and spirit communion.

[To be Continued.]

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

THE SONG OF LOVE.

BY SUSAN R. FALES.

LONG AGO, I listening heard it,
When my cheek was hot with youth;
Ere the reaper's ruthless sickle
Reaped the fields of love and truth;
Ere my soul became a gleaner
For its scattered grains, like Ruth.

When life's joys, like golden branches,
Over-drooped each shadowy nook,
And blossoms of love's early summer
Bloomed by every murmuring brook,—
Ere affections, blindly lavished
Blighting winds of falsehood shook.

Is there ne'er a word of warning
Coming from the song it sings?
Must the sweetest notes of passion
Never breathe the woe it brings?—
Nor the heart so true and trusting
Folded be by angel wings?

Years have vanished since I heard it:
Still its music sometimes stings
All my soul to madness, as its clarion
Through its hollow caverns rings:—
Though, beneath life's drooping branches,
Neither bud nor blossom springs.

[Written for the Voice of Angels.]

ONLY A DREAM.

BY KATE ENNIS ALLISON GOODRICH.

I SAT beside the little cradle,
Rocking our darling to sleep;
Singing to her soft strains of music,
That she would not weep.

With the window shutter closed,
And the curtains carefully drawn,
Leaving all around in twilight,
Like the eve or early dawn.

I was thinking of my loved ones,
Of those dead and gone,—
Of my darling blue-eyed sister,
And my brothers Will and John:—

Whether, in the world of spirits,
They ever think of me;
Or if I was called to meet them,
What would their greeting be?

While as thus I sat a-thinking,
Strains of music filled the air,
And a beam of heavenly radiance
Fell across my baby's hair;

And a voice from unseen spirits,
Softly whispered in my ear:—
"We are those who love you dearly,
Therefore feel no fear."

Then I heard a gentle rustle,
Like one moving to and fro;
And I plainly heard words spoken
In a whisper, soft and low,—

"It is hard for her to lose her,
But we want her up above;
And our Father sent us for her,
Said, 'Go bring the child I love.'"

Then I saw a form rise slowly,
And come toward my baby's bed,
Sloop and kiss the snow-white forehead,
Touch the golden curly head;

And the smiling blue eyes opened—
Still the darling spoke no word,
For the low and tender whispers
Of the angel, was all I heard.

"Wake up, darling, smile upon me;
Ah! I see you feel no fear;
Listen, now, for there is something
That your little ears must hear.

"I am from the land of spirits,
From that land where all is love,
Far across the dark death valley,
Which is called bright heaven above.

"I am sent to take you with me,
Are you willing for to go?
Go, and leave your loving mother,
And your kind friends here below?"

Then the little arms clasped tightly

Round the form so purely white,
While the room shone very brightly,
With a sort of heavenly light.

"Come, then, darling, we must go.
They are waiting over there,
Waiting, too, and watching for us,
In that land of love so fair."

Then the spirit lifted gently
The little form I loved so well,
And in a flute-like voice she whispered,
"Come and kiss mamma farewell."

I felt a kiss upon my forehead,
Heard a sweet voice say, "Good-bye,
Mamma, it is hard to leave you,
But in heaven we'll meet by-and-by."

Then it seemed as though they faded
From my sight, as I gazed on,
Like the mist before the sunshine,—
Faded until they were gone.

"Bring her back," I cried in anguish,
"Only for a little while;
For I cannot do without her
Sunny eyes, and warm, bright smile."

"You shall have her, then," was whispered,
In a voice so strangely sweet,
"But, ere long, you shall be parted,
And in heaven you will meet.

"You may have her a few hours,
It may soften earthly pain;
But we want her; we must have her,
And I'll call for her again."

Then the light around us faded,
Leaving twilight as before,
And my baby, sweetly sleeping,
With her white hands folded o'er.

Then I thought I had been dreaming,
Or my fancies must have flown
To the world of unseen spirits,
There to see my lost, my own.

Next day, when the sun was glowing
Golden red in the far west,
The pall was spread where our little one
In her last sweet sleep should rest.

For the spirit told me truly
That my darling one would leave me,
Never more on earth to meet,—
Thus my dream did not deceive me,

For my baby, she was gone
To the land where angels dwell;
But in heaven I know I'll meet
The little one I love so well.

DETROIT, Nov. 13, 1877.

PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

THROUGH WEST INGLE.

DES MOINES, POLK CO., IOWA.

MRS. MARY S. BLAIR,—The mystical writing sent by you to the West Ingle medium, is given below:

"My poor discouraged child! Do you not understand the divine law? Can you not see why you are so often called upon to suffer disappointments and losses? When all has been taken, and your spirit bends low before the spirit-power which is coming upon you, you will rise superior to all earthly losses.

"Yours has been a weary, checkered life, and you have been compelled to struggle, to keep your head above the waves of trouble, which at times seemed to well nigh overwhelm you. The night has passed. With you, prosperity is near at hand. Be hopeful.

A GUIDE."

TO ORSON BROOKS, DENVER, COL.

MY DEAR HUSBAND,—I am not dead to the memory of earth-life, neither have I forgotten your noble-hearted kindness to

me when, in my mental weakness, I well nigh destroyed the happiness of all the friends who tried to make life pleasant. I was clouded with mental gloom. My soul seemed wrapped in shadows. Now all is light and beauty—all is peace and quiet.

My dear husband, I have been near you ever since my spirit passed from its frail earthly temple. I have been more fortunate than many, for I have been able to communicate with you through "West Ingle." She is quiet and peaceful. Mr. Mansfield is also very harmonious. I shall seek to talk with you every chance I can get. I will try to give you some idea of this grand free life in the Spirit World.

It is impossible to convey to you the full description of this beautiful Sphere of Immortality, where Truth and Harmony go hand in hand. You were right, my dear husband. I could not comprehend it when I was with you in the body. I was not so clear in intellect as you were. I could not see as you could. And when my reason ceased to hold the governing power over my mind, I did not understand anything, good, bad or indifferent.

Now, everything is changed. My soul is growing strong with the clear light of Universal Truth and vitality, which are the great principles emanating from the Divine Mind. Here the Infinite governs—kindly and tenderly—and all cheerfully obey his natural laws. The messengers of mercy sent to do his will on the earth are the brightest and most superior members of the glorious band of heavenly workers. The human family are constantly surrounded by the spirit messengers who are bringing glad tidings to the sad and sorrowing. I would like to tell you of the little ones who are here; and the dear friends I used to count with the *lost* are all with me now; we are supremely blest.

You, my husband, are never more to be alone. Your own spirit will learn to recognize those who surround you by the harmony of the influences they exert. I will bring sunshine to you and guide you in all your worldly affairs. There is no discord or bitterness here; no hate nor envy can mingle in our ministrations to you.

Orson, I loved you so entirely, when I was your wife Phoebe, that I cannot lose you, even for the joys of other and higher spheres. When you are free from the cares and fetters of earth-life, we can commence the upward journey together. *Heaven is not home without you, my dear husband.*

I will soon send a message to other dear

friends. I would like to have them know my life is no longer clouded. My mind is clear and active. My spirit still longs to minister to the suffering and unfortunate. Through you, my husband, I desire to help the hungry-hearted ones who are fainting by the way, for the knowledge I may give them.

Sow the seeds of immortal truth, my husband, wherever the soil appears sufficiently prepared to receive it. I will be near to guard and tend those seeds of love and truth, and if possible aid the quickening process, which is always needed to bring forth plants of vigorous growth. Humanity needs all we can do. The souls in the body are subjected to bondage. These out of the body are free, loving and happy.

You could not understand me when I was with you, my dear husband, for my heart and brain were under a spell. Now you may comprehend me. I will communicate with you often through "West Ingle." She knows what conditions I require in order to give you a message direct from my spirit to yours.

May God's highest and holiest angels join with me in protecting you, my ever-faithful companion, husband and friend!

PHÆBE —.

LIZZIE HAZLETON.

A SPIRIT beautiful in the glow of a new life, comes before me. Through suffering on the earth, she has attained to high and harmonious altitudes of happiness in spirit life. She desires to communicate with her friend, M. McIntosh, of Boston; I think she says, "who resides, or did reside, in the Highlands."

My dear and ever faithful friend, you know better than any other earthly friend, what my life was on the earth, and how full of struggles and disappointments it was. But you cannot know how glad I am that I suffered, for it brought out all the grand possibilities of my nature, developing them one by one for this true and useful life, upon which I hopefully, yet doubtingly entered. You speak of my last earthly visit to you, and pronounce it solemn. Dear M——, your spirit entered the mists and shadows through love and sympathy for me. Now I can return you ten-fold, and for every sunny hour your friendship afforded me, I can give you weeks of peace. Your heart was always loving and kind. How hard it was to think I was going from the earth, and might not be able to visit you even in spirit. How happy I was when your dear face looked up to me through the silver mist, which hangs between the

living and the dead, between earth and heaven. I knew then that immortality was not a word of doubtful meaning; but it meant more than the simple word implied. It meant eternal life and peace. My heart calls you softly by the dearest name—friend, more than friend. My soul whispers to yours of a happy meeting by-and-bye, when your heart is tired, even as mine was, when your soul will long for the quiet beauty of eternal life and happiness.

I will minister to you tenderly, lovingly, till the change, and greet you joyfully when you come to me, and those who love you here.

LIZZIE HAZLETON.

JENNIE ROSS, TO MRS. ANN A. HUTCHINSON,
EAST HAVERHILL, N. H.

MY DARLING GRANDMA.—Do you want a message from your little Jennie, who passed from mamma and you last year, when everything was so bright and beautiful? I didn't want to die, I wanted to stay with papa and mamma, and you, and when that awful feeling came into my head, I tried to hold on to my life. I wanted mamma, papa, or some of you to keep me fast, for I was frightened. Did they see how frightened I was? After a moment I heard sweet music, and then came such a lot of little children, boys and girls, dressed in white and crowned with flowers. One child kissed me softly, saying, "Don't fear, little Jennie, but come with me. I am your papa's sister, and will take you to One who loves you better than your own papa and mamma." I said I could not go, for I could see mamma crying, and all of them mourning over me. Grandma, I wanted to stay and comfort you all. They told me to look at my body, and I did. I could see my little, tired body sleeping sweetly, and I felt no pain; all the ache was over. The spirit-children commenced to sing, and they put flowers on my head, twining bright green leaves in my hair. O, I felt so glad, for I was not far from you. I was near mamma, though she could not see me and I could not make her hear.

I saw you all. When they put on my white dress, and put flowers round me, and laid me in the coffin, I said, "O, you may bury the body of your Jennie, but Jennie is not dead; never will be dead, either. I shall grow to be an angel woman. Little children progress in growth and knowledge here, just as they do on the earth. I shall be here to welcome you mamma, you and papa, and all who love me. When you come here, grandma, you will be glad to find me waiting for you.

I want you all to keep my birthday at home. I want your picture, mamma's and papa's, and the rest of them, given to me for a present. Hang them on the wall over the mantelpiece. I can see them, and every time you look upon them, mamma, you will say, "These are Jennie's," and I shall be more real to you all.

I have not seen Christ yet, grandma, nor God either, but I have seen your papa and mamma, and one who they call Grandpa Ross. I have not seen the Beautiful River and those who are gathered there. Don't you know the hymn, "Shall we gather at the River?" Grandma, people on the earth teach little children queer things. They tell them stories of God and the angels; of Christ and a great city, with shining gates and streets of gold. When we die we look to find them, because our parents tell us they are here; but it is a long hunt, grandma—the search after God's palace home—leads old men through the mysteries of countless worlds, and we children find Him in the flowers—in the water—among the green trees, and we are sure to see Him in the sunshine. Grandma, you will find God everywhere. Tell papa and mamma to be comforted. The other children will need their love. I am their Jennie still; death never parts friends. Evil may, but death unites loving hearts, though some may be on earth and some in the Summer Land. I will come again. I am still

JENNIE ROSS.

TO MARY ANN OSERDIE, DALTON, OHIO.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—You are not forgotten. Your spirit-friends have ministered to your sorrow. They have not left you to bear your crosses alone, you will still be tenderly cared for. Home and friends will be given back to you. The dear ones in the spirit-life outnumber the friends on the earth, and you will soon behold some of them. Your dear mother desires to speak with you. Be true to yourself, and trust us.

YOUR FAITHFUL GUIDE.

AMOS BABCOCK TO HIS BROTHER WILLIAM,
DALTON, MASS.

[A SPIRIT COMES AND SAYS:]

My name is Amos Babcock, and I desire to hold a few moments conversation with my brother William, who is looking for a message from some of his friends in spirit-life. William, if you desire a message from Aline, that you can trust in, send her picture, if you have one, or a lock of her hair, to West-Ingle, the medium, and she can communicate to you words of cheer. I am going to send you a long letter in one of the February numbers of the "VOICE," and, if possible, will give you a true statement of the spirit-life, and how it is with me. Renew your hope, for greater things are to come, William. Mansfield fails as to facts, many times, for he certainly overdrew my picture not a little.

AMOS.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION

NO. 5 DWIGHT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

SPIRIT, L. JUDITH PARDEE, Editor in Chief

D. K. MINER, Business Manager

D. C. DENSMORE, Announcer and Publisher

BOSTON, JANUARY 15, 1878.

EDITORIAL.

DEAR AMATEUR, — As we have a long list of questions on file for consideration, we will take them up by the rule "first come, first served;" although many of them have been responded to, one way and another, many times before in this paper, yet for the benefit of those who may not have perused its pages heretofore, we will go over the ground again. The first of the three questions on the docket is contained in the following letter, which being short, we print entire.

[To the Spirit Editor VOICE OF ANGELS.]

GENTYVILLE, Mo., Aug. 5, 1878.

DEAR SIR — I have received much pleasure by reading your editorials in the "Voice," and I venture to ask you a question, hoping you may be able to throw some light upon the subject. Do you believe in the doctrine of re-incarnation of human spirits, after they have lived thousands of years in the spirit-land? If such a doctrine is conceded, does it not practically amount to a death of the soul in the spirit-land? If the spiritual body has a beginning, must it not of necessity in some period of the vast future, have an ending?

Respectfully,

J. W. GIBSON.

Yes, friend Gibson, we do believe in the re-incarnation of the human spirit, not once, but countless times, in its march on the road towards the Infinite. But you must not forget that this is merely an opinion of our own, and must be taken for what it is worth.

It is the easiest thing in the world to make a declaration, but quite another thing to prove its correctness. If, however, space permitted, we could give ample reasons for making it; but to elucidate the subject properly, would take more space than we have at our disposal; and, as you merely asked us if we believed such a doctrine, not asking our reasons for such belief, for the above reasons, we will defer giving them in detail, to a future number.

In answer to your second question, viz: "If such doctrine is conceded, does it not amount practically to a death of the soul in the spirit-land?" We will respond by saying that we do not so understand it; because the soul is the life principle of all things, and being such, cannot die, although the physical body through which, and *only* through which

can its attributes be known—may be resolved back into its original elements, yet the soul still lives to occupy other bodies.

To make our meaning more clear, allow us to say, that this life principle, in other words, the soul, is, to all intents and purposes, *the* man, and not the physical body, *it* (the soul), lives in. Hence, death of the soul would no more follow the death of the body, than casting aside an old worn-out suit of clothes and donning new ones, would cause the death of a human body. Another reason for such belief is founded in the fact, at least a fact to us, that out of the essences of the old body a new one is formed, adapted to the wants and needs of the new-born spirit. As we understand it, this process goes on forever; that is to say: the soul, in other words the *real* man, after leaving its original body, takes possession of another, evolved (as before hinted) out of the finer elements of the last one; and when the new habitation becomes unfit for the progressed spirit to fully manifest its power, that, like the former, is cast aside, and the spirit takes possession of another, as in previous ones. You must not lose sight of the fact—for such it is—that everything outside the soul is material; it may be so sublimated and refined, that its existence is not discerned by mortal, or immortal ken, except in the higher grades of summerland, yet it is matter nevertheless.

In response to your third question, viz: "If the spiritual body has a beginning, must it not of necessity in some period of the vast future, have an ending?" We are impressed to say that it most assuredly will, after the soul has become so far unfolded, that it does not need it. When that takes place, if it ever does, no common mind, in or out of the body, can tell. It must not be forgotten that the physical body, as a body, has not the slightest significance or importance, except as a medium for the spirit to manifest its presence and power through, while on its march to higher conditions, just as the earth is a medium for the production of the staff of life.

To disabuse mankind of the error of calling the human form the man, instead of the soul, which latter was never seen by mortal or immortal eyes, is one object among other equally fallacious theories connected with the unfolding of the possibilities of this unseen man—of our present effort to eradicate it from the progressive minds of earth. Hence, when

clairvoyants say they see a spirit, they are mistaken, for they only see the spiritual body in which the spirit, or man, owning it, dwells. In conclusion, allow us to say to friend Gibson that if there are any other points connected with our philosophy, on which he needs more light, we shall feel happy to elucidate them to the best of our ability.

CONNECTION.—In the last number of VOICE OF ANGELS is a poem called "The Motherless Boy," and marked, *Selected*, when it should have been by Susan B. Fales, written expressly for the "Voice."

D. C. DENSMORE,

Publisher of "Voice of Angels."

A HEAVENLY VISION.

JAN. 7TH. At this office, today, our friend, Lorenzo D. Grosvenor, of this city, (281 Shawmut Avenue), by the aid of a truly reliable medium whom he had never before seen, had an interview with a numerous company of Shaker spirits. The lady said she had never seen such a powerful host around any one.

One spirit, who had been here several times, calling himself "William," proved to be Elder William Leonard, of Harvard, accompanied by his former colleague Moses (Moses Tenney), Joseph (Parker,) and Jonas Nutting, Caleb Dyer, Jeremiah (Lowe?) and as many sisters, whom she described as very beautiful spirits: Betsey (Bates?)—yes, said she, I am sure of it; Mary, giving a description of Mr. Grosvenor's mother; and another, Betsey, answering to the person of Betsey Maynard.

The cause of the death of each one—and some by accident, which Mr. G. had forgotten—was given by our medium. Of Mr. Jonas, she saw "he died somehow in a moment! There was some blunder about the carriage; was he thrown down a bank?" Yes, said our friend, and never breathed again.

The spiritual gathering was, to the view of the medium, very beautiful. The sister Shakers were in the costume; she showed the style of dance and march, quite to the amusement of all present.

She then said: Here comes a good man; his name is James; they all bow to him; he is quite ancient, and has a halo about his head; he lifts up his hand thus, [raising her right hand] and they bow with deep reverence.

All united to bless and encourage our friend Grosvenor and his peculiar mission, in which there seemed to be a deep inter-

est and prophecy of good things yet to come.

There was a proposition made by our spirit friend "Elder" William, to the necessity and justice of which most of the spirits seemed anxious to "bear witness," that appeared to us so clearly a private matter between Mr. G. and his Shaker friends, and so delicate and sacred, that we feel constrained to be silent until the parties shall have the privilege of a personal interview. We think there will be no disputation as to the genuineness of the vision. No doubt the prayer of our unknown spirit friend will be duly considered; for the spirits said repeatedly that if they go back on William's request, the effect will be disastrous to the Institution. Should Mr. Grosvenor give us a communication, we shall hope to understand better about that good people and their special mission.

MESSAGE CORROBORATED.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, Dec. 20, 1877.

FRIEND DENSMORE,—I have this moment read in the *VOICE OF ANGELS* a communication addressed to me, from my spirit-wife, Mrs. Ward. Every word in reference to this life is true to the letter. Inclosed is one dollar, for which you will please send me specimen copies of Dec. 15. I want them for distribution. More anon in relation to the communication.

With thanks, fraternally yours,

W. W. WARD,

52 York St., Cinn., O.

THE INDEPENDENT VOICE.

[From the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, Chicago, Ill.]

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

By the spirit of James Nolan, through his own materialized organs of speech, in the presence of his medium, Mrs. Hollis-Billing, at her residence, 24 Ogden Avenue, Chicago

QUESTION:—Hudson Tuttle says, when treating of the spirit-world, that everything is entirely different from earth, and that we have no names for spiritual things, so that, as you are obliged to use our words, a vague conception only can be conveyed by your language. How is this?

ANSWER:—That statement is only partly true, for there are many things in the spirit-world called by the same names you use on earth; there are, however, many things of higher conditions that are designated by different names, because of nothing like them in your sphere of existence; and it would be perfectly useless for us to tell you in reference to the same, or attempt to describe them, for you could not comprehend their nature. This vague conception is incident to the finite mind, because you are yet children on your plane of thought. To bring people ideas that they could not comprehend or appreciate,

would be like giving children books on grand and abstruse philosophies, when they did not know their alphabet. There is a day coming, and not far distant either, when spirits can make more plain to the clairvoyant, or those who possess the sixth sense, many things in the spirit-world.

QUESTION:—How can individual spirits be positively identified?

ANSWER:—Only, sir, by what they tell you of, their past lives, and by proving to you their truthfulness, in their communications; but as you are yet in the alphabet of Spiritualism, it is very difficult for spirits to prove their identity, because you do not understand the laws that govern the conditions required to assist them; many spirits do not understand communicating, therefore, under such circumstances, it is only half-way work on either side. The only wonder, with me, is, that we are able to give any communication at all.

QUESTION:—How far are these unseen intelligences of a reliable and beneficent character? How far are they to be trusted as our instructors?

ANSWER:—In many instances they are reliable, and in many others they are not; you must use your own judgment in regard to the reliability of the communication you receive. People relinquish their own judgment too readily, and seek advice from the spirits in every direction. I advise all people, in receiving communications in regard to business, to carefully exercise their own judgment, and if that is adverse to the advice given by the spirits, be exceedingly careful how you follow it. It is very often the case that spirits are anxious to give communications and impart advice, because you are reaching out for something, and they see the necessity for it, in your mind, and their love and sympathy for you induces them to advise you to the best of their ability, though in many cases the information imparted is no more reliable than that which could be given by the friends of earth.

QUESTION:—What are the necessary conditions of mediumship? Who can become mediums?

ANSWER:—All people are more or less mediumistic. It is necessary, to be a good and true medium, to lead a pure and good life, and attract the higher spirits around you. It is the peculiar magnetic emanations from persons that give spirits power to communicate through them. There are so many kinds of emanations that it would require half the night to explain them.

QUESTION:—What is the character of the substance, spirit or matter, that produces the so-called mesmeric sleep?

ANSWER:—It is a peculiar subtle magnetism that is controlled by the will-power

of the one who magnetizes, and is of the spirit, and not of the physical body. Mediums when entranced are simply magnetized in the same manner that one is magnetized by a person in the form.

QUESTION:—It has been suggested that a battery might be formed, (if the law were understood), by different individuals, through whose instrumentality any person might be mesmerized. Do you believe that possible?

ANSWER:—We think not. We think that a battery formed as you suggest, of a number of persons, would not possess the power to magnetize every one, because there are some people who have will-power sufficient to counteract the influence of thirty or forty persons.

QUESTION:—Is the spirit of the negro of the same color as his body?

ANSWER:—Are the white hairs of the old man, which the cares of many winters have turned to that hue, of the same color in the spirit-world? We answer, no! The atmosphere of Africa has produced that peculiar complexion in the negro, that dark hue that you see, and it is of the physical form only, and when the spirit is liberated from the physical body, it is as white and perfect as the spirit of any white man on the same plane.

QUESTION:—Are spirits white?

ANSWER:—There is a shining light around them that illuminates the whole spirit, and makes them clear and beautiful.

QUESTION:—What are your ideas of God?

ANSWER:—The Great Principle that permeates the whole universe: the laws of Nature—not personal but a principle. I have never seen a spirit who has seen the being designated as God. I am sure I have not.

THE MOST DEADLY DISEASE.

THE most deadly acute disease from which the people of the United States are today suffering, is pneumonia. There are not less than 2000 cases at this hour in the city of New York alone. Many are nearly down with it who do not suspect it, and these can bring it on by a single act of indiscretion. Ten minutes on a street corner in the cold wind; a glass of brandy or whiskey; late hours, and exposure at night; an evening in a badly-ventilated church or theatre—any of these may permit the latent disease to manifest itself.

The disease attacks the lungs, but is not, as generally supposed, a species of hasty consumption. There is very little expectoration in pneumonia, and in many cases none at all. The cold settles on the lungs, the air passages fill up with mucus, and death is due to the impossibility of breathing, or to the weakness which

the disease brings on, as cautious dieting is necessary. When the trouble in the lungs is overcome, the patient is often left in so low a condition that it is impossible to make him rally. It is a rather singular phase of this deadly disease that the percentage of cases is as four to one in favor of men. Women very seldom suffer from it. This may be due to the greater exposure to which men are subjected, and to the more sedentary life of women, who do not suffer from such constant changes and such shocks to the lungs. The best preventive against pneumonia is to keep the mouth closed when going from a hot place to a cold, and breathe through the nose. It comes like a flash of lightning; there is no preparation or means of averting it. One may go to bed healthy, to all appearances, and wake up with the disease in full blast. Then it is simply a question of constitution. Medical skill avails but little, and physicians pursue but one course—to keep the patient in a warm equal temperature; to give remedies as much as possible to clear the lungs, and to seek to keep up the proper animal heat. The patient ordinarily partly loses consciousness on the third day, and the crisis is reached on the seventh. If not dead then, there is a small chance of recovery, and all depends on the strength of the patient.

Pneumonia is far more fatal with us than it was years ago. We may attribute the increased mortality from this disease to a multitude of causes. Alcohol gives the disease more victims than all else. Other causes are steam-heating devices, bad ventilation, and tobacco smoke. The devitalized heat of the steam pipe is most injurious to the lungs. The action of the heat on the iron coils sends off a deleterious gas, which seriously impairs the lungs, and renders the inhalation of cold air positively dangerous. Tobacco smoke dries up the mucus membrane of the throat and air passages, and dispels their action. Alcohol destroys the power of the stomach, and so lessens vitality that a simple "cold" speedily becomes pneumonia. These causes—added to the absurd custom of bundling up the throat and leaving the feet nearly without protection—are sufficient to account for the enormous mortality from this disease.

NATURE, NOT GOD.

God is the terminology of man's ignorance. Nature is the casket of his knowledge. The one is a dark abyss. The other scintillates with light.

In two May numbers of the captivating *Voice of Angels*, Mr. Pardee writes

on the evidences of the Being of a God. He says:—"Upon investigation we found that it was admitted on all sides, both in and outside of churchal creeds, that there was a Great First Cause, called God, somewhere; that this Being was the maker of all things."

I. After reading the above, we respectfully ask, What is the proof? Merely this, and nothing more. Namely, "It is admitted by everybody that there is a God." This bare admission he calls a "foundation." Now, is it not a little queer to call an admission—almost the thinnest and most unsubstantial of all nebulae of thought—the opinions of people, opinions they have *not* acquired, but have inherited, or had imposed upon them—to call that "proof?" No fact, no observation, no experiment, no knowledge, but the common mental varnish of surface opinion. People think so! How came they to think so? Was it not in the same way that they, in one era of the world's history, came to think the earth was *flat*, instead of globular? Because it was admitted on all sides the world was flat, did that amount to "foundation" proof? By no means. Who are these people that make this sweeping concession? Is it not essentially the ignorant multitude of demotics of earth? What is the value of their opinion as evidence against one wise investigator like Galileo, who has interrogated nature, and who has obtained answers, as far as answers are obtainable? Nothing—not a feather's weight. The crude multitude, though admitting the existence of God, have been held and led by the nose by their arch prelates, who have always had a bread and butter interest in imposing that belief upon every willing ear. This fact is enough to throw discredit upon that sort of so-called proof. The idea of a God, then, is a myth—man's conjecture, a reflex of himself.

II. "It was admitted on all sides," etc. I question the scope of this statement, and believe that the *majority* of scientific savants, outside of church polity, deny, or do not admit, the being of a God. Mr. Pardee knows a regiment of them; others need not be written here. Thus it is disputed by too many learned men and women, to say "it is admitted on all sides." Such a proud phalanx of profound non-acceptors of the proposition is, to thinking people, of more weight, than the admission of uncultured millions.

III. "A Great First Cause." Abandoning a personal God, many, like your good coadjutor, Mr. Pardee, adhere to "a Great First Cause" as a substitute

and equal. On this point we have more to say than we have space for; but must at once affirm, no one knows of any such cause any more than of God. We *do* know of many minor initiatory causes, many little primary forces, and behold their action. It is a rule, or law, in the developing universe, that large results issue from small beginnings and minute conceptive energies. The results of these infinitesimal powers rise to mammoth magnitude, under a quiet cumulative expression. These little first causes are as microscopic as the sunbeam, as attenuated as electricity, as all-pervading as air and space. They constitute—if you will—gods not one, but many, and are all the gods we are sure of. To these we trace every existing thing on earth. What are they?

First, is matter. Ample, subtle and contiguous—carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen. Next, light, heat, electricity, magnetism, and moisture. These are forces or causes. The interchanging motion, action and reaction between the objects and surrounding forces, modify each other, until at length a minute organism results from the inorganic elements. These motions are life-steps, and the tiny organism is a living object. Life once begun, there is no end to the variety and extent of its manifestation.

After an object is formed, repair and reproduction are properties of that existence. Silix in a certain form of solution is a *colloid*, or jelly-like. Likewise all primitive living beings are colloidal. A solution of alum, under proper conditions, forms a crystal. Damage one of its angles by breaking off a corner, then place it in its proper pabulum. Before new crystals form, the injured one is rebuilt, and the defaced part repaired. Though crystals cannot be said to live, yet this step of repair is a life-step and a type of vital action. This is effected, not by any God-agency, but by the ambient forces native thereto. As the crystal begins, may not a world begin? As it is repaired, may not an injured world be mended?

Here again we come to a "therefore," which is, science finds no "Great First Cause," but many little first causes.

IV. "God a maker of all things." We must dissipate that perverting idea that the world was "*created*"—that anything was "*made*."

Man, having hands, is the only maker of things—excepting a few inferior animals—we have any knowledge of. The world was not created, but evolved. The prod-

acts of it were not made, but likewise evolved by the process of growth. The mountains were not made, they arose from the sea by the slow process of upheaval. A thunder-shower is not made, space and matter were not created. The bed of rivers was not mapped by thought or laid from design, but was etched out by the power of ice and water, pushed onward by gravity in the direction of least resistance.

How often have we heard the devout Theocrat thank God for sunshine and rain; which is equal and the same as to thank the Ohio River that it is so good as to go past Cincinnati, or to praise the Mississippi for its kindness in laying its course so handy to St. Louis and New Orleans.

It is said all existing things must have had a maker—that if God did not make the world, how came it here? In turn, we ask a question that reaches back of that. If all things must have, or had a maker, and God made the world, who made God?

A. S. HUDSON, M. D.

STOCKTON, Cal., June 1877.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LOMPOC, Cal., Oct. 11. 1877.

BROTHER DENSMORE,—The following communication was received by me on Sunday, July 29, 1877:

"The basis for your currency must be your production. This is the only true basis for a circulating money medium."

Strange as this communication seemed to me at the time, upon further thought it explained itself to me in the following manner: Money being the measure of values, it follows that gold, being only a value to be measured, it cannot then constitute the measure itself. This, then, must account for the deficiency of our present circulating medium, that medium being based upon a gold value, or being made redeemable in gold. It cannot be disputed that gold is but a small fraction of a value, compared with all our other productions, so to speak—only a drop in the bucket. We must, therefore, if our productions amount to a certain value, at the present rate of values, issue a medium which will represent or measure all and every value, gold and silver included; for gold and silver constitute only a small fraction of our productions. How absurd, then, is the idea of taking the precious metals and making measures of value out of them! Would it not rather suggest the idea of taking something which is of less value, and can be produced with less labor?

A circulating medium, based upon the product, would very naturally make everybody a producer: it would only be received and paid for as products corresponding to the value which the medium prescribes. The effect of this would be, that the payment for usury would cease, for all usury laws are but legalizing robbery.

A value is but an idea. As soon as the human family has become sufficiently developed to understand the relations existing between values, so soon will they perceive that it is entirely superfluous, and only a waste of time and material, to have any circulating medium at all.

Yours, E. QUAST.

The Christian's God is the Pagan's Devil; and the Pagan's God or (Devil) is the Christian's (God) Devil.

I believe in the Bible enough to confound the Christian's doctrine concerning it.

Every man who is not a producer, is a thief. If we punish a thief for stealing, we do that which we ought to do to every man who loans money out on interest.

The proper limit for our currency should only be our production.

THROUGH MRS. J. T. BURTON.

NEW YORK CITY.

WHEN you educate others in the mysterious lore of Spiritdom, do not forget to educate yourself from the original sources. And now that I have your ear, I may be able to get you to believe that I, Charles Dickens, alias Boz, am here in *veritas personæ*, and am willing and glad to speak; and I would say, with the same idiom that used to characterize me, that the true missionary does not go into heaven to find subjects to convert, but looks about him, even in his own household.

Question:—[Give a test of your identity.]

When Cruickshanks had the modelling of my characters, I drew the character of the subject, and he portrayed it in an exaggerated style.—Boz.

STILL there vibrates in the heart of the forest, pulses of life strong as in the spring, only the superfluity is laid off; the centre of the oak is grown one round the stronger; though its leaves are cast, and its greenness faded, yet is its bark thicker, its fruits perfected, its juices condensed into sinews of strength and thews of endurance. Though the worn frame of the sufferer is in process of decay, the hull rolling off, the spinal cord less and less strong, yet the spirit that lies fettered

within is fast ripening, and has nearly reached its exit.

In the beginning of the dawn of revelation, hearts grew faint and weary with waiting. Now that the dawn is fairly come, mind grows strong, and the progress of philosophy marks the passing eras, shines in every incident, hallows accident, and shapes results. Let the mourning rejoice, and the faint-hearted take courage: let the pilgrim renew his burden, take up his staff, for the flush of victory is already shining on the mountain sides, making the path light and easy.

Sick and sore, sad and weary, come ye to the fountain, drink freely of the waters of life. Ye thirsty, gasp no longer; here quench your thirst. Progress through ilimitable cycles of time, elevation, advancement, the supreme height will be attained by all—into their nostrils will be blown the intelligence of the divine.

I would sing a song of joy, a psalm of thanksgiving. Let my innermost clap her hands for gladness, and praise the Creator of all the beautiful, the wise and good. Already is the light come into the world, whereby man may know that he is immortal—that, though worms may eat his flesh, yet will his soul come out alive, and live forever.

In that future, upon the violet will the rain and dewdrop as gently fall, the sun-rays as warmly kiss the leaflet, the blush give its mysterious birth to the rose, the artery pulsate, the vein fill, the eye sparkle, the lip sweeten, the smile gladden, as today.

There is no death, but life, life, unceasing, beautiful life.

FREDERIKA BREMER.

WHILST I was once roaming the streets of Venice, I found a diamond brooch, which had three emeralds also. I did not think, at first, that I would advertise it; but finally put a description of it in the *Inatio de Luna*, and before sunset, next day, fifty-four persons had come and claimed it; but, as none gave an accurate description of it, I declined to give it up. After my siesta on a lounge on the arcade, I sat on my verandah smoking a cheroot. There came to my ear, in musical accents, the words, "Che sana, Senor." I turned, and a vision of supreme loveliness, in the form of a young woman, met my gaze. Her hair hung loose upon a ravishingly beautiful neck. I asked, "Why do you, who are so angelic, come to me?" "I am not mortal," said she, "I am already entered into the land where forms and phantoms of forms are. I come to tell you the brooch which you found was lost

by a woman who scorns her own sex, and gives no help or sympathy to any, save men, whom she calls her brothers. I would have the jewel to excuse my visit to her, and may try to win her love, through myself, for her kind."

In the next moon, a message came, that I was to repair to a certain street, and knock with my knuckles three times on a door, which, after obeying, I went through a dirty vestibule, into an apartment, very splendid, with fine tapestry around the walls. In the centre of the apartment a female form stood, closely veiled, and I did not at first discover who she was. But when she spoke, then I knew it was the Senorita Bianca de Lupina; and throwing back at the same time her veil, and disclosing to me the beautiful features of the fairest dame of Venice, but a woman-hater, whose character was well known as a synonym of comparative opprobrium. "Why has the Senorita honored me with an interview?" I inquired. "Senor," she replied, "I have seen a woman who has learned me to love her, and, through her virtues, my own sex stand redeemed, and I can love and sympathize with all my sisters henceforth. One who called herself an angel of mercy has been to me, in a vision, and promised me perfect peace, through the token of my brooch, which I have lost. If I would look upon her as the representative of woman—and there was a charm in her sweet presence that at once wore off the rusty chains of hate, and in their place wove silver links, from her heart to mine, and from mine to all the world." "Beautiful is this regeneration, Senorita, and I now restore to you the very brooch which in a dream, or vision, I seemed to lend to this beautiful angel. Verily, it must be accepted as an interpretation that it is vain, wrong, wicked to judge of the whole by an imperfect part, and that only through mercy are we severed from hatred and malevolence, and secured peace and happiness."—BROWNING.

[From the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*.]

A CHILD'S COMMUNICATION FROM SPIRIT-LIFE.

The following communication was sent to Mr. and Mrs. Chapman, of Perrinsville, Wayne Co., Mich., through a medium 150 miles distant, by their daughter Agnes, who passed to spirit-life a little over a year since, when about seven years old, and is full of tests, using many of her favorite expressions. We place her flower-offering in Ouina's Basket, as a bouquet for the children:

MY DEAR PAPA AND MAMMA:—My

teacher says she will help me to write you a little letter from spirit-life to your world. I am so glad, because I can tell you how much I love you, and how happy I am. I do love you so much better than I used to, papa and mamma, and my dear little De Witt, and my sweet, sweet little sister. Some of your friends would say that I never saw her, but I have, almost every day, and she is so nice. I want to tell you that I have a garden so beautiful with flowers, and I have flowers inside, too. Some of them are different from any I ever saw, and my teacher says you never saw them either, because the earth is not nice enough to grow them yet. My dear mamma, to please little Agnes, won't you have some flowers in the house, too? I don't live in God's house, but it is my own little house. Oh! how I do love you! and I want to hug you so hard. The sweet lady says she will do it for me. My dear papa and mamma, good-night.

AGNES.

As there were some things I forgot, the lady says I may have them written today. I have a bird that sings for me, and is as white as snow, with a little cage; but I never shut the door up tight, and he never goes away. I have a dolly, and, mamma, it is so much nicer than I used to have. Don't feel bad any more about me, for I am just as happy. I brought the flowers my auntie saw, though I understood you could not get them. But, papa, if you ever buy any plant, the nicest one to buy is a lily; they smell so sweet. Mamma, I'll tell you what to do: I want my pieces made into a little dolly's quilt for my little sister—all I sewed. My hand is tired, some. Aunt Mary says I ought not to forget the rest of my friends, so tell them I love them all. If Aunt Rose knew how bad little Albert feels because she cries so much, she wouldn't cry any more. One more real hard hug, then good-bye a little while.

AGNES.

THROUGH C. E. WINANS.

ME TWANY.

TAKE est to Messey Squaws—and chiefs, how does ye do? Me am Twany; me come here so me can send along talkum sheet to my meda. She am a way along furney from here. Me fust come from my meda. She lives in Calaforna. Me no come through my meda much like me did. She in strange wigwam; she no bin thare very long; but she getum stronger. Meda much cure sick with herbs; she no use poison stuff—ha! ha! meda. Big brave in wigwam; gives away lide pileum things to big braves and squaws. For shiners, me got good medum to talk through at my wigwam, but big brave no like it; spect meda will open her eyes at this—don't you? Ha! ha! meda; you got shiners all right from your pale face brother; he much thinking of coming on fire-horse to your wigwam when he get the

shine so. He is going to bring the fat squaw, and papooses, too. The white squaw—your pale sister—got them, blankens all right. She ticklum about it, spect; she put them on her head, like the big braves that have a yue—oh, that no' it—it am a cue—that is it—ha! ha! ha! Might send this meda one—he like blankum, too; you white sister got a little Indian canoe, too; like mine that you am got. Me takeum the little canoe at the big falls; that am no stealun, am it? Me takeum it, and—and—other squaw give shiner for it—ho! ho! going to have this put in long talking sheet. You send this to Mrs. Hannah Carey, Okland, Calaforna, Twelft-eleven, Broadway. Good moon. Me go.

TO DELIA, OF HARTFORD, CONN., FROM A SPIRIT CALLING HERSELF A MOTHER GUIDE.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER DELIA,—Do you, for a moment, think I have been in spirit-life, all these long years, counting by earthly time, without coming to you? My child, there has not been a day of your life, since I left you, that I have not been with you; not a trial which I have not aided you to bear. I loved my dear ones too well to leave them, while there was a possibility of helping them bear their earthly crosses. I felt unreconciled, and thought it hard to die, when I must go. My child, you will never know how I suffered. But when I awoke to the reality of eternal life, and found myself still near to my earthly home and family, and when the dear friends who passed on years before me came and showed me how much more I might do for you all, out of the body than in it, I felt perfectly satisfied. I have been a ministering spirit to you, my dear daughter. Hew many times I have sought to ward off disappointments and other losses from you—disappointments which overshadowed childhood, and clouded the brightness of youth and early womanhood! Oh, my dear Delia, you have had to learn what all women must sooner or later realize—*there is nothing lasting or satisfactory in earth-life*. Your intellect and reasoning faculties carried you above the common standard of womanhood, and you have been really alone in the world, unable to find rest or peace for your restless, inspired spirit.

Your dear friend, Ellen Barr, brought you near the still waters.

My dear child, if you are happier to stand apart from the Spiritualists, do so. It does not matter how you worship the Infinite Father, if your soul is pure, and your life useful to your fellow-creatures, you will reach the happiness you seek.

Your life is passing. It has been full of bitter experiences, all of which have unfolded and developed the immortal nature within you; and you are progressing toward the light. Let me communicate with you often, for I desire to give you my best advice in regard to your earthly affairs, and describe to you the condition of those for whom your soul mourns.

My dear, dear child, do not think I have ceased to think of you. Modern Spiritualism is but the rough path opened for humanity, that they may find their way out of the wilderness of doubt caused by creeds and theories.

My dear Delia, modern theology leads deeper into darkness. Nature carries the Divine Light. Follow her, and you cannot go astray.

I will bring you a message from all you desire to hear from. When you desire to get a clear and comprehensive communication from a spirit friend, send their names in full to "West Ingle," or to the Spirit Guide of the circle surrounding the Publisher of the *Voice of Angels*. Tests are well enough; but the desire for tests is almost always a stumbling-block to the Spirit influences. I will give you the Truth in all its purity, my ever dear and fondly remembered daughter Delia.

Very affectionately, MOTHER.

THROUGH WEST INGLE.

WILLIAM.

SIR,—I will only give my first name, William; I will withhold my full name until some other time. I am here, my sister, head and shoulders, heart and brain, safe and sound—yet a man, that was cut into more than fifty pieces in less than forty minutes after I was knocked off of my horse. Where is the use of the old nonsense of the general, as individual, resurrection of the body? I occupy a position, live in a place, move in a sphere, think, talk, and eat; have my wits, my conscience, and my understanding. I came not only to say that I live, but I have sisters that are believers in Spiritualism; I know that they will see this, and they will know it is from their brother that was murdered while on his route over the mountains. If I am recognized, I will try and come again, and will give them more concerning myself. I have been gone about twenty-five years. Please put this in the "VOICE." From W. M. G.

TO MRS. JENNIE M. JEWELL, PAINESVILLE OHIO.

My child, be not cast down, nor look upon the earth as a place of desolation, because your friends have passed on before

you. The "Beautiful River" is only a little further on. Faith gives you a gleam of its cool, rippling waters. Your loved ones are all gathered on the farther shore, waiting for you. Your dear husband stretches out his strong arms to clasp you once more in his sheltering love. He will soon communicate with you through the

Voice of Angels. He is now where he can rest, free from pain, sickness and disappointments. He now understands why everything of an earthly nature—money, business and friendship—seemed to fail him, during the last few years of his life. It was to wean him from the earth, that he might think of the hereafter, and long spiritually for its rest and peace. I am one of his guides, and he has sent me to you with this message of love. I give it, as it was given to me:—"Be of good cheer, my dear wife; death has not taken me from you. I am still near you, Jennie, and will very soon convince you that I still live and can care for you. Bright days will come, Jennie; happy years will crown your life. When I can do so, I will tell you of my experience in the new life; also, give you tidings of our dear ones. My dear wife, do not mourn for me. I am happier and better off every way. The angels of love will come with me to guard you from sorrow. God bless you, my dear wife Jennie! Keep cheerful and happy, for my sake.

"Affectionately, your ever true

"HUSBAND."

This is the message which I give you, my child, from your companion. The little ones rejoice, with others, that he is free. You shall not be left alone; you shall be protected in all you do; and prosperity will be yours while you stay upon the earth.

Seek to learn more of the spiritual, that you may come nearer your dear ones in spirit-life. Let nothing the world can say or do hide from you the immortal beauties of the Spirit-Land. You will soon hear the angel voices, and comprehend the mighty truths their tones impart.

I am and must ever be your nearest angel guide. TRUTH.

J. BARDWELL TO HIS FATHER, DR. J. C. BARDWELL, PLEASANT GROVE, MINN.

MY EVER DEAR FATHER,—If I could have sent you a message, I would have done so. How long and patiently you have waited to hear from me through the VOICE OF ANGELS. It is hard for me to convey a true statement to West Ingle, as I cannot make her understand me. She needs something of mine to form a mag-

netic force, sufficiently powerful to make her spirit understand the language my soul is uttering. Dear father, if I had remained with you, you would have never thought of Spiritualism as a comforting faith. I might have been ashamed to acknowledge my interest in its truths, so all is for the best.

When I saw the earth and all I loved fading from my sight, I was dreadfully excited—fearfully so. Do you know I could not bear to think of death, whatever I might say to the contrary. And when it came upon me, my soul cried out eagerly for longer life on the earth. I thought of all I was leaving behind. I thought of your sorrow, and how bitterly you, and the rest of you at home, would mourn for me, and I would have given much for a longer stay upon the beautiful earth. I felt sure that there was help for me, and all was over. You looked upon my calm face, without power to read the struggle going on within; and I could not tell you. I could not speak of my inner feelings, nor express my fears.

Now all is bright and clear. I find that death is not parting, and I have gained by the exchange of worlds. Knowledge of spiritual truths can only come by experience.

My soul used to be crowded with doubts in regard to the unseen, mysterious world, where I was told God dwelt, surrounded by His angel ministers. I used to seek for some sign by which to read the truth. I never saw a living embodiment of my ideas of religion, though I used to meet people who professed to enjoy sanctification, and lived as though goodness was a profitable speculation. I could not judge of their exalted moral feelings, by the principles displayed in their dealings with their fellow men. I looked upon these Christians as if they dishonored their profession.

My own soul always craved something beyond its reach. Knowledge came to me by intuition. I never found anything too hard for me to understand. I always felt that I should die early, and often looked forward to that period as the free and full unfolding of the mind in spiritual knowledge. I used to find myself thinking of departed friends, and wish I might know where and how they were situated. I used to study Nature, and always with the impression that there was balm in Nature for all human ills. You, being a physician, can understand my feelings; and father, I know you now, better than I did. It would be impossible to love you better than I did at all seasons of my life.

Mother's influence helped to form my nature; and my love for all the beautiful and harmonious things of the earth came from her. I find myself, even now, wishing I had done more for you all. Dear father, I have now developed a natural talent for medicine, and will give you the benefit of my knowledge. Human nature needs all we can give. The world is seeking to solve the mystery of life and death, and those of us who can throw light upon the subject, must do so.

It will seem strange to you and the rest of our friends, to have me come back to the earth, and teach those who thought they taught me, and possibly succeeded.

I come not to the skeptical students of ghosts and spectres. I shall not try to materialize before you, my father. You have too much common sense to look for me in prophetic dreams and groundless presentiments. I always disliked hypocrisy, all sham and pretence; and when I communicate with you, or any of my friends, you will know I mean just what I say.

I will send you a message as often as possible. Give my best love to all the dear friends who loved and cared for me. And believe me, dear father, still your living son.

J. BARDWELL.

FROM THOMAS C. CHISHOLM IN SPIRIT-LIFE,
TO J. A. JAMES, JEFFERSONVILLE, OHIO.

MY FRIEND JAMES,—You have ever been a good, earnest man, and your faith in the spirit-world is something remarkable. There are so many who profess to seek spirit help, and when they have obtained it, forget from whence it came. Now, my friend, I will give you some sound advice. Look less after mediums, and be guided more by your own intuitions. You have been seeking spiritual aid from those afar off, when that which you sought was near your own hands. You can be governed by your own impressions, and when thus led you will not fail. Judgment and good common sense were my best helpers. And you will find it to your advantage to look after business matters yourself. Understand me, my friend. The spirits are always ready and willing to do what they can for the living. Business, bonds, and speculations, on either railroads or exhibitions, will not add to your spiritual gifts. If you would seek the power to read future events, control stocks, markets, and other worldly lotteries, go to some one whose soul was never sickened by constantly mingling with those who have no other aim in life,

no other hopes after death, than gold, and speculations. If you need any knowledge concerning spiritual matters, I am ready and willing to give it to you. My friend, you are looking for your spirit-friends to bring you knowledge of the world, but some of them were too glad to be free from the world to mingle again in its tumultuous cares. You have many who will communicate with you, if you will give them a chance. Lay aside all earthly desires, and look for the pure, the good, and the spiritual. In fact, seek first the kingdom of heaven, and all things will be added unto you.

Wars in the nations of which you speak, will end according to an Infinite plan. And the result will be, freedom to those in bondage. The Russian Bear will not be able to eat a whole Turkey without a warning growl from the British Lion. A heavy paw has the Lion, and the Bear is a powerful beast, yet the brave Eagle masters both, and the Goddess of Liberty will control her animals, and govern with wisdom the different nations of the earth. Then will come peace to all. The spirit of the age is a progressive spirit. See that you are led by wisdom, friend James.

THOS. C. CHISHOLM.

GOD IS EVERYWHERE

BY SUSAN H. FALES.

God dwells among the roses,
Where the sweetest flowers grow,
His angels are the blossoms,
For Jennie told me so.

Our Jennie is gone to heaven,
And it is not very far,
It's only down in the garden,
Where buds and blossoms are.

You need not look for Jennie
'Mid starry worlds so fair,
She has only gone to heaven,
And that is everywhere.

[We clip the following suggestive words from a business letter we received a day or two since—PUBLISHER.]

Spiritualists, above all persons, should take, read and circulate spiritual papers; very many can afford to do so if they would but reflect on its importance; and besides, we make much less sacrifice, on our part, than do our spirit-friends; why our old brother Jacob told the Lord after he had the Ladder vision, that henceforth he would set apart for him one-tenth of all his future income, in all business matters. We expect first to pay out, or invest, before we can receive. The spirit-friends aid all who are reasonably unselfish. Then let one and all co-operate with them in the good cause they have begun.

S. BATES.

C. E. WINANS,

Test Clairvoyant and Business Medium.

He can diagnose disease, read the past and future by a lock of hair; also give advice in business matters. By remitting one dollar and two three-cent stamps will insure prompt attention. Direct all letters to Edinburg, Ind.

THE HALO: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF D. C. DENSMORE.

This volume is intended to be a truthful autobiography of the author, so far as pertains to experiences and thrilling adventures, which are believed to be more exceptional than representative. It is designed to illustrate spiritual philosophy; or, in other words, to demonstrate the fact that our friends in spirit-life attend and act upon us while we inhabit material bodies; and that they frequently influence us for good, watch over us in the ups and downs of life here, are cognizant of every thought, cheer us when desponding, and give us hopeful words of encouragement when misfortune befalls us.

To the struggling, discouraged men and women of the world, to those bent down with sickness and cares, this volume is respectfully dedicated; and it is the prayer of its pages shall gladden the heart of some wayfarer in his gloomy pilgrimage through the world, with fresh hopes, one great object of the author will be fulfilled.

CONTENTS.

Childhood.—Precocious Shipbuilding.—At School in Providence, and School-Teaching.—First Voyage Whaling.—Second Voyage Whaling.—Third Voyage Whaling.—Farming.—Purchasing the Ship "Massasoit," and Getting Ready for Sea.—Fourth Whaling Voyage, in Ship "Massasoit."—Lumbering business at Gardiner, Me.—Learning the Shipbuilding Trade, and its Results.—Incident on a Voyage to the Gold-Mines of California, and Return, 1848.—Shipbuilding at Rockland, Me.—Healing the Sick by Laying-on of Hands, and often without Contact with the Patient.—At Home on a Visit.—Experiences in New York.—Visit to Cincinnati.—Gas Regulator: What because of it.—Visit to St. Louis.—Work in Shipyard.—Driven out of Town by Advances of a Rebel Army.—Stay in Paducah, Ky.—Town Occupied by Gen. Forrest.—Flee to Metropolis City.—Steamboat-Building, &c.—Publishing a Spiritual Newspaper called the "Voice of Angels," edited and managed by spirits: How and by whom it was first projected, and why it was gotten up.
12mo, cloth, 300 pp. Price, \$1.50; postage 10 cents.

For sale, wholesale and retail, at the publishing-house

VOICE OF ANGELS,

5 DWIGHT ST., Boston, Mass.

THE VOICE OF TRUTH. PROSPECTUS.

We have arrived at a new era in the world of thought. No reflecting observer can fail to see everywhere an upheaval of the old fossilized ideas in religion, in science, in society. The press, with its mission, is every day heralding the announcement of new and startling ideas in every department of human learning and human thought. The true philosopher is he who does not close his eyes to facts, and we, the undersigned, believing that, in these latter days, a door of communication has been widely opened between mortals and immortals, and having consecrated ourselves to the work of announcing and demonstrating to an anxious, waiting world this glorious truth; and knowing that through the press alone can any great truths be widely and successfully proclaimed, hereby inform our friends and the public that we contemplate issuing a weekly journal to be called the VOICE OF TRUTH; and to be devoted to the interests of spiritual science, to the spread of the true Harmonical Philosophy, to the examination of all current general literature, to the encouragement of free and liberal thought, and to the real welfare of humanity. We have reason to believe that we can enlist for our pages some of the best and highest talent in the land, and we shall spare no pains to speak with a "voice" which shall utter no uncertain sound, and which will be indeed the "voice of truth." We hope soon to issue a specimen number, and we ask the friends who favor this project to send us their names, so that we may be able to determine, as soon as may be, what are our prospects, and what hopes we may indulge of a favorable reception from the reading and thinking public in all parts of our land.

Our paper will be a good sized quarto, of eight pages, and the subscription price will be probably \$2.50 per annum. Letters of inquiry may be addressed to Mrs. Shindler or Mrs. Hawke.

Specimen copies will be sent to those wishing to subscribe.

MARY DANA SHINDLER,

ANNE C. TORREY HAWKS,

Editors.

311 Jefferson Street Extended, Memphis, Tenn.: All papers friendly to this enterprise will please insert this prospectus, and send us marked copy and oblige.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, A Large Eight-Page Weekly Paper, De- voted to Spiritualism.

Established in 1885, it has overcome all opposition, and has attained a standing and circulation unprecedented in the history of liberal publications. The most profound and brilliant writers and deepest thinkers in the Spiritualistic ranks write for the JOURNAL. Through able correspondents it has facilities unequalled for gathering all news of interest to the cause, and careful, reliable reports of phenomena.

Terms, \$3.15 per year. Specimen copy free. Address

JNO. C. BUNDY, Editor,

MERCHANTS' BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

INSPIRED BY JESUS OF NAZARETH.

Mrs. JESSIE RUSSELL Typical, Prophetic, and Symbolic Medium, under the inspiration of Jesus of Nazareth, will prophesy of all nations, tribes, and tongues, unbinding error from the chains of truth, unveiling the real and the true, and light, past, present, and future in one; standing on the rock of truth between credulous Spiritualists, and opening the gates of reason to all; typifying the relations between man and woman; throwing light upon the birth and sayings of Jesus. Will attend meetings, discourses, private or public, in Boston or vicinity. Address letters to 8 Dwight Street.