DEATH.

OLD Death is now asking my soul for a song,
While my heart with life rings as sure;
And his fingers of ice are slicking along
Fresh flowers from the emerald shore.

"Oh, weave me a garment of beauty most rare,
To adorn the pious temple and brow;
And the music that unit in the wintry air,
Must breathe of deliverance too!"

"Oh, sing of calm rest in the land of pure love,
Where all sorrow and pain are no more—
Oft the spirit in white, with angel shore,
Refolding that suffering is over.

My astonishment is not yet over at the result of this change in my condition, and in converse with myself I ask, 'Is this the place I feared to come to? Why should I fear? And why should any one fear?' In this great mart of heaven, I am surrounded by beautiful landscape grounds, upon which are fruit-bearing trees, made fragrant by endless species of buds and flowers—the blessed sun lighting, and clouds passing between its light, shoewing here and there a spot, to relieve the vision, and give beauty to the perfection of day. I have seen the rain and the dew, daylight and moonlight, repose and the whirl of busy life;—everything my mind has been accustomed to see here the same at there—more lovely in their spirituality, and more real.

Then wherefore feared I to die? The passing away of one single breath was my terror; the giving up of my clay-born body—old loved body—many a tear has dropped for you, and long will you live in my memory. The day is far distant when I shall say, Farewell, we part forever.

Mrs. A. Drake (the Voice had some time ago a beautiful and realizing communication from her to me) is my sponsor for your good nature in accepting and giving your attention to this most interesting of all subjects. We all hail your good fellowship, knowing you are leaving the material world behind you, and in your present habitation in the body you see higher than the worms at your feet. We wish you every success, knowing that higher influences are about you, giving you the cream of understanding, which is more lasting and more powerful than the mighty dollar.

Now, since I have passed the big bugbear of death, I find myself suddenly refreshed with youth, lifted immediately into volumes of knowledge, standing, as it were, unveiled—knowing myself as I was never known before;—all the different characters of my past life and the life itself passing before me like a panorama. This
Amazement, as crowds follow me, and heap up life's pages I have given impulse to thousands. Wherein nature hangs upon thy head, choke the utterance, for my very dear friend, Mrs. A. Drake, was one of the most wonderful pieces of acting I ever witnessed, clothed in language such as makes one involuntarily shudder, and then speak to the multitude. But if doubt hangs upon thy head, choke the utterance, for fear it chokes thee.

I will not philosophize, but tell you this is a world where all the emotions of your heart and every passion of your being are brought into play. Therefore your good as well as your bad follows you. Self-government seems a necessity in all stages of progression. To live on God's earth, and enjoy God's heaven, you must make yourself fit for such an inheritance. Surely a man, a woman masculine, with no touch of intolerance of deception, and fall victims of monstrous and untruths,—which of a condescension jets, in the centre of which stood a forum; and around the sides were tables enriched with all the delicacies of the spirituality of food, which contains more nourishment than material food, because it consists of fruits and wines of fruits. All the beauty and perfection of art were here displayed in the arrangement of these festivities.

The scene was of dazzling brightness,—such exquisite order and harmony, such grandeur of dressing,—the brilliancy of jewels and the perfume of flowers were so admirably in unison with draperies, statues and paintings, that to imagine anything beyond them would be an impossibility.

Our hero and heroine were carried to the forum, where they were received by the most eminent of our old-time actors, who welcomed them to the highest seat of honor. Then came shouts for "Garrick—David Garrick!" This gentleman at once responded to their call, and as his grand form arose, every one's murmur was hushed—a dead silence prevailed in this truly refined audience. In looks he represents the old-school man of art,—not a look, gesture or motion escapes him, without his knowledge of its correctness. He plays with every passion of the heart, with a rapidity which excites mirth and tears like sunshine and showers. It would be intruding upon you to give the whole of his speech. A small portion of it will give you an idea of the generosity of the man. It ran thus:

"Ladies and Gentlemen—I arise to acknowledge the compliment you so generously bestowed upon me. You have given me the choice place of speech. I accept the honor, and proceed at once to throw wide open to you every gate, door and window of the mansion I have the liberty of calling my own. This mansion [striking his heart] have I built up by the powers of my ancestors; from their foundation have I sprung, and by the most ardent toil have I labored to adorn the endowments which now I hold, and which places me among you in the society of arts; without them I never could have had this honor. [Applause.] On this occasion every gate, door and window, of each one of us, have burst their hinges, and thrown themselves upon the winds of emotion, to give way for the tragic tread of Mrs. A. Drake. [Loud applause.] We have seen in her a rare genius—equal to any of us, and perhaps greater. [Applause.]

Our occupation in this life is love, not jealousy. Therefore we give to her the palm! We lay bare our bosoms that she may place her confidence therein, and rest assured it will be safely kept. This is our safeguard to progression, and to the Almighty God! She comes to us not as a stranger, but as one known to us; our life has mingled with hers; she has the records of our fathers, and our forefathers, implanted upon her wonderful memory, with all their historic fame at her tongue's end. Then how could we, their children, escape her? Is she not our sister, who comes to us with her soul's..."
worship of what we were on the earth sphere? And now that we fold her to our bosoms, for her love and knowledge of us, in this free country, where our emotions are freed from the bondage of earth, we can give her that which belongs to her, an honorable membership of this society. [Cheers.]

Then let us now crown her head with jewels, and place at her feet the rarest flowers, that she may tread upon them. Give us robes to drape her as a queen, that she may grace a throne for the banquet. [Shouts. "Crown her, robe her!"]

Instantly came the crown and the robes, and as quickly were they placed upon Mrs. A. Drake, who, overcome with emotion, swooned. In the excitement, Garrick took his seat, and Forrest arose, and cheers then went up for Forrest. Let me say that individuality here is more demonstrative than it is on the earth sphere—deeper passion and more intense feeling is manifested here.

After a pause, Forrest said: "My friends, Mrs. A. Drake and myself have been brought hither with my poor brain, and I tremble, lest I fall that long succession of ancestors whom you know—were you not, as the words, you can wield the pen of divine law; and all men recognize it as a holy commandment, and the pity ingominy more evident.

To C. F. Burroughs, Michigan City, La Porte Co., Ind.—The Spirit of the Age is manifesting in a peculiar manner, Brother Burroughs. You who hold in your hand the "Magic Staff," may look on and laugh, for you can wield the pen of power. I say—and I speak for the whole spirit-world—God give us power to overcome the wicked, expensive, eccentric, vehement spirit of humanity! May the incoming age bring a better and more kindly spirit—one a little more charitable, and one possessing a little more godliness, and causing men to manifest a little more of the Christ principle towards each other. We need, friend Burroughs, a few more faithful mediums in the ranks of the faithful. Thou art one of the few. Preach according to the divinity within you, for the world needs more earnest, truthful Christians, more real piety and spiritual faith. Humanity needs more of the divine harmony which brings all men into a sympathetic brotherhood. Give men spiritual light, and a good quantity of common sense—should be the prayer of every honest spirit, in the body and out of it.

P. F. FRANKLIN.

INTERPRETATION OF MYSTICAL WRITING.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

P. F. FRANKLIN.

JUDGE NOT.

BY SUSAN B. FALKS.

THOSE whose lives are filled with sunshine and prosperity, know very little of their less fortunate neighbors, who are compelled to struggle with poverty. The rich can not sympathize with the poor classes, unless somewhere in their lives they have learned the laborer's prayer—"Give us this day our daily bread." One must possess real knowledge of poverty, and the surroundings of the poor, ere they can give them aid and sympathy. And then they can very easily understand the great difference between the operations of God's justice, and what men so proudly dignifies with that name. God's love and mercy is the very essence of justice, while men are often ruled by selfish gods, and those gods are their own secret idols.

"Love thy neighbor as thyself," is a divine law; and all men recognize it as being a holy commandment, and the pity is, that so few can obey it. Love is a merciful, tender, and winning sentiment, emanating from the "Infinite Mind." Men can not fully appreciate its God-like power, and very few make use of this divine law of love, when they seek to interpret the lives and conduct of their fellow men.
They forget love, when they judge the motives of others, and fail to look at characters and motives by the best possible light.

The people who form a neighborhood ought to be like children of one family, constraining the lives and motives of each other, as they would have their actions judged by those who are set to govern the hearts of men—those bright ones, who are always near the humblest of the human family. God's holy messengers minister to mankind through the divine laws of sympathy and love. And men will fulfill the requisitions of conscience when they live in accordance with the Golden Rule. They will be just and generous to each other when they obey the commands of the Divine within them, and not before.

When men live right themselves, they will judge their neighbors kindly, and then there will be no cold, formal rejudging. The prayers of good Christian men and women are always near the humblest of the human family. God's holy messengers minister to mankind through the divine laws of sympathy and love. Anil men will fill till I the requisitions of conscience when they live in accordance with the Golden Rule. They will be just and generous to each other when they obey the commands of the Divine within them, and not before.

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Jerusalem the Beautiful

JERUSALEM, the beautiful;
Faith once rose thee from afar;
To pilgrims on life's lonely road
Thou art the "Polar Star."

Thou art their "Cloud and Pillar,"
Their guide by day and night,
With glorious rainbow gliding
Life's dark and winding way.

The flowers of hope may waver,
Before our weeping eyes,
Yet still our "Flower of Promise"
Dawns from the benignant skies.

CHORUS—Jerusalem, the beautiful,
Thou city on the hills—
Thy name so soft and musical
Through all my being thrill's.

Thy gates immortal
We stretch our arched arms,
Toward our loved ones, waiting
Beneath thy wavy palms.

Across the mystic river,
That darkly rolls between,
We see the palm-leaves quiver
Upon branches, ever green.

Jerusalem, the beautiful,
We may not reach thy strand;
No mortal foot hath trod
Thy sunny "Summer-land."

Our daughters, sisters, mothers,
Our sons and fathers brave,
Our lovers and our brothers,
Victorious over the grave.

From thence may smile and beckon,
And some time cross the stream,
To bring us hope and comfort,
Through music of a dream.

Jerusalem, the beautiful,
The jewelled walls are bright
As crowns and regal garments
Of those who walk in white;

And thy sheila and cairis,
On shining sands of gold,
Are all our bright-eyed children,
Safe in the Shepherd's fold.

Our lambs so white and spotless,
Led by his gentle hand,
Now sport along the byres
Of thy fair and sunny land.

Jerusalem, the beautiful,
Our burdened with the earth,
The residence sons of Adam
Awaits immortal birth.

Through all the realms of Nature,
Beneath the flower-gemmed soil,
They're sought to find the pathway
That leads up into Blue.

The infant in its cradle,
The man with buoyant hair,
To reach thy shining portal
Must climb the many a stair.

Imagine, the beautiful.
The road that leads to thee,
Though rough, may be trodden
By all, born here and there.

The king must love his palace,
And with the beggar, treat
The thin and wilty, lady,
With broad and equal head.

For some may be the sentimental
Who guard thy mystic gate—
It swings not back at pressure
Of worldly pomp and state.

Love song at parting.

TO THOMAS H. BURNS.

THROUGH J. M. A.

[Written at North Middleboro, Mass., Jan. 28, 1853.]

LOVE, dearest, love me kindly,
I will be lest thy dear;
Kiss me once, my ain kind Mary,
Ere I cross the deep, blue sea.

CHORUS—Ane mair kiss, an' I'll awa';
Keep my memory fondly cherished,
I'll return to thee some day.

I will ever cherish Gouldy
A' the many hours o' uther
I spent wi' thee, my laesie—
Tak's ane mair kiss, an' I'll awa'.

CHORUS—Ane mair kiss, etc.

Keep my memory, sweet, dear Mary,
I will home return again;
Then we'll dwell in bliss together—
No more partings from my ain.

CHORUS—Ane mair kiss, etc.

Lo, me, dearest, lo, me kindly—
Sweet has been the bonnie hours
We hae spent thegither fondly—
Culling pleasure's shesey flowers.

CHORUS—Ane mair kiss, etc.

Now, my ain, my dearest laesie,
I mean go—I canna stay;
We maun part! Anes mair fond meetings—
Ane mair kiss, an' I'll awa'.

CHORUS—Ane mair kiss, etc.

Keep my memory, fondly cherished,
I'll return to thee some day.

Love in Old Age.

By Susan R. Fales.

THOUGH your eyes have lost their brightness,
And your hair is white as snow,
Though your heart has lost its brightness,
And your steps heavier grow,
To my heart you are still dear—
Though your voice is softer now,
And your eyes are bluer, clearer,
Than in youthful days long gone.

And a stronger chain than duty
Love has thrown round you and me—
A far holier charm than beauty
Now binds my soul to thee.
There is thought but death can sever
Our faithful hearts, my own dear;—
We have lived and loved together—
Hand in hand we're going home—

Where your eyes will gleam new brightness,
And your form immortal youth,
There, old hearts never wear their lightness,
And the jewelled crown of Truth.
We are growing old together,
Journeying onward, side by side;—
Oh, we soon shall reach the river,
Cleared by love at evening tide.

We Miss Mother.

By H. E. D.

Miss thee, my mother, oh, when do I not?
For when thou went with me, my soul was below;
Thou wert born from my side when I treasured thee most—
And whose care now can be soothing so thee!

Oh, in the broad birth, take me to the crystal cave!—
Thither fare, thither come, let me see the dazzling scroll!—
My affections, my thoughts, were all earth bound;—
But now they have followed thy spirit to God.
VOICE OF ANGELS.

THROUGH WEST INGLE.

Lizzie.

My dear, dear Edwin,—I found the medium alone tonight, and very passive, and knowing how very much you desire to talk with me, I have asked her to let me send you a word of love and blessing. Oh! my darling, there are times when I can almost utter my thoughts to you. Intuition tells you when I am near you, and your ever tender and loving heart answers to my earnest call. Your soul judges me accurately; love is an infallible teacher; no science or philosophy can teach love's sublime lessons. Only the highest unfolded angels understand the divine art of loving as God loves.

I find my own soul growing large in all womanly graces, by coming in contact with your own noble spirit. Intellect and reason grow grandly harmonious when I touch your forehead with my spirit hands. I must wait your coming, my beloved, and until your life span is measured, I must devote my interior powers to promote your earthly progression and spiritual happiness. There will come pleasant and peaceful years, my beloved friend; you will often catch the spiritual heart illuminations coming directly from the celestial forces; you will soon stand glorified in God's universal temple; love will enter your being from ten thousand avenues of thought and feeling. I will bring you the royal cup of wisdom, and you shall receive from the hands of your Lizzie all that you require to render your life beautiful and useful among men. Do you not know, my darling, that usefulness is one of heaven's crown jewels? Humanity needs your aid, and you have power to command spiritual forces. Whatever you ask through faith, believing, will be granted.

I hold you so dearly and purely my own, that I glory in all the victories you win over the temptations of life. You have lived unspotted from the world. You have always felt that your soul must look above the earth for its true mate. Somewhere in the Great Beyond, God will give us the key to a mystery, and the mystery is love's affinity. I can hear your voice, and when you question me, I strive hard to make answer. Tonight I have stood so near you, that my head rested upon your shoulder, and my check was pressed against your own. Your heart was filled with my presence, softened, subdued and peaceful. Your soul recognized its true mate, and was content. Heaven was surrounding you, my own love. I do not desire you to neglect any of the duties of a son, brother or friend; take an active part in all the requirements of your social position. Let no power stay the development of all noble, manly qualities in your nature. Walk through all the states of life as if you were satisfied with the earth and life as you find it; and you and I know the source of all happiness and content.

Seek to learn all you can from reading the great Book of Nature; study the hearts of your fellow-men, and give the helping hand to all who need your aid. O, my darling, my blessed love! seek to earn a title to the highest sphere of spiritual happiness, ere you are called to come over to this side of life.

You have a taste for all the higher branches of knowledge. Your life powers will in the future become wholly devoted to philosophical investigation. You will find me walking with you hand in hand, and when you are alone in the garden, or by the water, I will be near you, and together we will track the Great Father of Love through all the winding ways of Nature. You will find life growing more beautiful every day, and the more you seek to stand in the divine presence of your angel guides, the clearer will their shining faces come to you. I am, through my love, brought nearer to you than all others, and the bond of holy love will keep us firmly and faithfully bound to each other. Let your friends say what they may, you will rise superior to all influences. In this age of creeds and dogmas, Love is the only true divine law. Love holds the souls of men in a sphere of harmony and rest. The beautiful and appropriate language of the spirit-world has no sweeter word than Love, no holier names than Faith, Hope and Clarity.

When your soul has attained to its proper degree of development, I will unfold a new page of the heavenly history to you, giving you higher wants and feelings; higher attainments will bring nobler sentiments and more sublime depths of love. The angel messengers have power to develop all the highest qualities in the human heart.

Whenever your faith in immortality becomes weakened through the weakness of material nature, remember to call upon your ever loving and faithful Lizzie, who has power to impart purely analytical and inductive modes of obtaining knowledge. She will give you revelations of divine love, unfolding larger views and deeper fountains, that you may receive all needed aid. You are surrounded with light, my darling. Home influences and friendships are all the world can give, yet I have a brighter home, a holier atmosphere of love in store for you.

Do not feel that a link has been lost from the golden chain of our love, because you did not find my grave, or mingle with my kindred. Medium Lull will find that other and more powerful revelations are in store for you, and your guides hold the lamp which one day will illumine this mystery.

O, my darling, be patient, hopeful and truthful, and I will dwell near you. Seek the medium who comes so near to me in her aspirations, and I will often communicate with you, I give you the kiss of love, my own Edwin.

Lizzie.

MRS. MORSE.

To her Husband, Mr. C. Morse, Belvidere, Ill.

My ever dear husband,—Are you growing weary, looking for a message of love from me? I have no need to communicate with you through paper, as I have been with you constantly since my change. You have felt my presence, and the dear little ones, who come to you with love and hope.

All was for the best, my dear husband; although at the time I thought it hard to leave you and our dear ones, when I was just looking upon life as holding something more for us than care and sorrow.

I know God ordered all for the best; and though it often seems hard to bear the burdens laid upon us in life, we learn to know the full value of Infinite Wisdom.

I have seen you in darkness, my dear husband; and when you have been troubled by losses and deception by those you thought true, I have tried to whisper comfort and hope.

I thought, when you were sick at one time, you would come into Spirit-Life, and I rejoiced; but I saw your work was not finished on the earth. You have a few more years to sow seeds of truth; and my dear husband, you will make good progress, that you may bring into Spirit-Life a shining crown of usefulness.

I am surrounded with holy influences. Your own family and friends are all gathering near to comfort you. You will never be alone, my dear husband. "Look to the rock that is higher than I," for the best and truest life.

From your affectionate wife,

LINES ADDRESSED TO MR. AND MRS. H.

THROUGH MRS. A. ANDREWS.

Address to you bringing true love,
And bid me say you have much to do.
For mortal have upon the earth,
From heaven's host of highest worth.

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EDITORIAL.

Dear Amaranthus,—Again it is our privilege to monopolize for a brief space your ever-ready hand and brain, to give out a few thoughts upon the all-important theme—"If a man die shall he live again." At this time we shall confine our remarks to responding to two questions—one upon the immortality of the soul, the other the destiny of the soul after death. These questions were propounded by a lady of high moral and social attainments, who, although highly educated in church orders, entertains serious doubts whether the soul or thinking part of man survives the dissolution of the body. In a letter to us she says, "Although a firm believer in a God of infinite love and wisdom, and that he doeth all things well, where, we ask, is his wisdom, foresight, and wondrous knowledge, you credit him with? Would not such an admission rob him of all godly attributes, and place him in the catalogue with unsuccessful earthly speculators? Not only that, but, as you, with all your Christian friends, admit that he alone is the Author of the untold millions, said to be suffering never-ceasing tortures in a never-ending hell—makes him out ten thousand times worse than the most unscrupulous vagabond that ever disgraced the name of man.

If, as some say, God made them all right in the first place, but they rebelled against him, that does not alter the responsibility in the least for all the suffering and misery growing out of his thoughtless, reckless speculation in man-making; for, but for his blunder in getting up the human race, as recorded in the Bible, all the vice and misery, under which the world is now groaning, as it has been for countless cycles of ages, might have been saved.

Hence, whether he did it ignorantly or knowingly, the fearful responsibility is precisely the same; because in either case it makes him equally culpable, as he was and is the actual cause of all the misery and suffering in the mundane world, to say nothing about the excruciating fiery tortures in the next. Thus you will see, my long ago friend, that when you admit that God intended to have made a good job of it, in creating man in his own image, but missed in his calculations, you not only disprove him of all godly attributes, but, as before stated, make him out thousands of times worse than the most degraded wretch ever put on trial in the criminal courts; because where the criminal injured but few persons, at most, in his deprivations, this being called God was the direct cause of making untold millions miserable and unhappy through the endless ages of eternity; that is to say, if he really made the blunder attributed to him by his so-called earthly vicegerents, of making a race of beings which he thought was good, but who turned out absolutely so bad he could not manage them, and finding they were going from bad to worse every day, to remedy the grievous blunder, destroyed them at one full swoop, by drowning.

As distasteful and repugnant to every sense of love and justice as the above is, according to the moral code, yet, with few exceptions, just such doctrines and sentiments are thundered from every pulpit in the land today. In summing up, we arrive at the following results, viz.: If the immoral part of man—in other words, the soul, the intelligent, indestructible part thereof—did really and positively emanate from God, then, reasoning from analogy, if there is anything suffering in that place "where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched," it must be a part of Divinity himself, as nothing else could withstand the scorching sulphuric fumes of that exceedingly warm place. Now, friend E——, ask your own self if such a thing could be entertained a single moment by any reflective mind, viz., that, if the part of Divinity composing the man fails to do its work properly, that God will force that part of himself into a burning lake of fire and brimstone, there to remain forever, for acts done against itself. The thought is too ridiculous to occupy a moment's reflection; and, were it not our desire to disabuse mankind of such absurd teachings, it would never have monopolized a thought. But as it is, coupled with other equally erroneous earthly metaphysical teachings, one of which is, that there is no progressing after what is called death takes place,—from a sense of duty we are compelled, as it were, to do all in our humble way to set thinking people upon the right track, touching their present welfare and future happiness. Thus we have endeavored to answer our friend's questions to the best of our ability, with the space at our command; and, if we have failed in our effort, she must call...
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upon us to "rise and explain" anything she does not understand that we may have uttered, and we will comply as best we can.

TUNIE.

Good Evening, Dear Father: Again is it my inestimable privilege to address you from the spiritual side of life, and the communion so sweet that I can find no words to express it; and when I feel that it is mutual, and fully reciprocated, the soul seems to be immersed in a sea of indescribable ecstacies. Dear father, it is my privilege, with the aid of our hand, to escort a poor wanderer here tonight. Bowed down with grief at the hopeless condition he found himself in, on entering the world of causes—to take the first step to free himself from the shackles of a false education, at first, and for a long time after he left his earthly tenement, he could not be made to believe he was in spirit-life; and although his wife and two lovely children were present and recognized by him, yet when we asked him, he knowing that they had been dead, as he called dissolution from their earthly bodies, for years, how was it he could talk with them, if he was still in the world of effects—said, "I'm dreaming, I've dreamed of them before, and thought at the time it was a reality, but on waking, found it only a dream; and so it will be now." He was in this condition for months, but at last he found out that it was not only a dream, but a dream that knew no waking. No sooner than he became fully conscious of this fact, he began to realize his true condition, and reading on the scroll of memory, all the incidents of his earthly life, and remembering the teachings of his spiritual advisers, that there was no repentance after death had taken place, and comparing his appearance with those of his family, his regret knew no bounds; and although when mourning over his misspent life, and when told that there was a way out of his uncomfortable position, all he would say was, "I'm lost, I'm lost!" He remained in this terrible state a long time before he could be induced to come here, but finally he consented to accompany us here tonight, and if nothing else comes of it, it is hoped he will get enough light to drive back some of the dark clouds of despair that now envelope him.

This is only one case out of thousands, transpiring every hour and minute, from darkened minds, upon entering into the realities of spirit-life. I do not know as he can say or do anything tonight, but by coming in direct contact with your magnanimism will assist him some. Your loving TUNIE.

[Soon after Tunie left the room, I saw her re-enter, leading by the hand a man apparently fifty or sixty years old, who seemed, by his trembling, shuffling gait, to be very weak. When near enough, she introduced him as Amaziah Trowbridge, once a resident near Chattanooga, Tenn., and after seating him in a chair, a few feet from where I was sitting, left. He sat forward, with both elbows on his knees, and his head in his hands, for fifteen or twenty minutes, and, finding he said nothing, I asked him if he did not want to say something; at this he winced, as though my voice hurt him. Seeing this, his wife came to his side, and putting her hand upon his head, asked him why he didn't speak, telling him if he would try, he would feel better. At this he straightened up a little and essayed to speak, but failed, and fell into the same stupor again; but by the loving caresses of his wife, he seemed to gain a little more strength for he made another effort to speak, but all he could say was, "I want to go home." Having spent so much time with him, and thinking it might be better to defer attempting anything further this time, I told his wife to come the next evening, when I thought he would be in better condition to do something for himself. After thanking me for my patience, his wife and all hands passed out of sight.]

NEXT EVENING.

While waiting for the time to arrive to commence the business of the evening, I saw lovely Tunie and Jennie Sprague enter the room, assisting the wife in getting her husband, who was here last night, to where I was sitting, he seemingly being more weak than on the previous night. After getting him in a reclining position on the sofa, his wife and Tunie commenced making passes downwards from his head. After a few moments spent in this way, he rallied and sat up. Up to this time I was a silent observer of the scene going on before me. Finding him inclined to conversation, I asked him if he felt any stronger than he did on entering. He said he did, and commenced talking about his condition, and whether or not I thought there was a chance for a sinner like him to escape the horrors of the doomed? He was told that his case was no worse than millions of others; that although no one could escape paying a penalty for attempting to trespass upon any of nature's laws, yet there was no such place as a literal hell of fire and brimstone to punish delinquents in, only in the muddled, ignominy brains of earthly teachers, found only in the creeds and dogmas of Christian churches. He listened with great earnestness, until I finished, when he asked "Are you sure there is no such place as hell?" I told him I was quite sure there was not such place; at any rate, no one had ever seen it yet. He then asked, "Is there no place of eternal punishment for the wicked anywhere?" He was told there was not; but every one suffered for wrong doing until their sins were erased from the escutcheon of their souls; that progression was inevitable; that all, no matter how far they may have lapsed from virtue, would in proper time become cleansed from all their evil deeds.

This seemed to give him more strength, as he said, "You will excuse me, sir, but I want to send a message to Frank Baxter, and tell him to cease his regrets about his abusing my confidence in a matter I would not like made public—and tell him I feel a love flowing out to him like a great river; also to tell him not to heed the churches, for their utterances are either wilful lies, or else ignorance. I had rather believe them the latter than the former. Thanking you for your kindness, and expressing a hope that I may become useful in rescuing the fallen, I bid you good night."

MESSAGE VERIFIED.


Bro. Densmore:—I have discovered in the Voice of Angels of December 1, 1877, a communication to D. W. Hambly, coming from an ancestor, whose name was David Hambly. That was my grandfather's name. This delineation given of my family, its accuracy in statements, surpasses anything that could be given by any mortal now living. I am the oldest of the Hambly family now living, to my knowledge. I have two brothers and two sisters still living, but they are younger. We are from England. There is not a branch of the name of Hambly left in the old country, to my knowledge. I left in 1844. All that have not passed over to the other side, left, and have immigrated to America and Australia. There is not any of my household that could write up such an account of my people. All of my individual family were born in the United States. They don't know how many brothers or sisters, if any, that have passed over.

I say again, there is no one in the mortal form today, that could write up such an
account of me or mine, but a Spirit Rela-
tive. In speaking of such as dropped out
by the wayside, I have two boys and a little
girl that went out young; besides two lit-
tle girls, who knew not their mother in
earth-life. They passed over at child-birth;
but we have talked with them all from the
other side through their mother, who was a
splendid medium for two years, before she
passed on. My second son, spoken of, is
a good medium; but he is married and has
bad surroundings for development. My
eldest son’s wife I know is a good medi-
un. She was up with us, and stopped
several weeks last year, and gave us all
good tests of Spirit-Power. They now
live in San Jose City, Santa Clara Co.

That bright-eyed, beautiful little daugh-
ter of mine, spoken of in the message re-
tered to, has been described to me by clair-
voyants several times. She was about nine
months old when she was taken away from
our sight, but not from our home.

My father, mother, one sister, and two
brothers, as well as my little ones, are on
the other side, waiting for me; but they
are well grown, and I have compared
heights by making my sons stand up in
the room to compare at our seances.

My wife passed over on the 27th of last
June; but she is with me a large portion
of her time, and will be, as long as I re-
main in the body, so she says, and I am
satisfied of that; in fact, I know it, I
sense it.

Now, sir, you sent me two copies of
No. 23, in which the communication was
given. I want, if you have them, at least
six or eight more numbers of that paper.
I want to send two or three numbers to
Australia, to a brother and a sister, and a
friend; one to a brother in Nevada, one
to a sister in San Francisco, and one each
to my two sons. I would have written
before, but currency is so hard to obtain
in this section of California, I can’t get it,
so I have sent you postage stamps to pay
you for the extra numbers, if you can
oblige me with them. I was looking for
a communication from my wife, not think-
ing to receive such a prize from such a
source.

Well, my paper is about full, and I will
conclude for the present my rumbling
remarks. Yours, for the truth ever,
D. W. HAMLBY.

PARTIAL NOTICE.—Subscribers are requested to write
the name of the State, County, and Town where they want
this paper sent, in plain words; otherwise, it may not reach
them. Some neglect one or the other, and in some instances
forget to write their names.

Several such have already been received—one from Dasi-
arteguida, Mx., one from Iowa, with no names written; two
from Wisconsin, and one from Missouri, with neither town
nor county named. If any miss in getting their paper, they
should notify as immediately as possible.

VOCIE OF ANGELS.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

FIGS OR PIGS—FRUIT OR BRUTE?

SHALL WE EAT FLESH?

A Document Supplementary to "Civilization Message
No. 3." Published in "Voice of Angels," Sept. 1, 1871.

INSPRATIONAL PREPARED BY J. M. A.

INTRODUCTION.—The soul of humans beings, except infants,
should be derived from men and wholly from the Plant King-
dom, without recourse to other Animals or Minerals, and
should consist mainly of Fruits (including Nuts) and Grains;
instead of the contsortums, which ranges growthy and
viciously over the three kingdoms.

The following summary embraces the principal reasons for
entertaining the Vegetarian (or Fruitarian) Principle:

1. ANATOMICAL.

The use of animal food by
man is contrary to the evident design of Nature,
as indicated by his anatomical structure, which is
in all respects nearly identical with that of
the orang-outang and others of the Simian
or "monkey tribe," who are naturally frugivorous
(food and nut-eating) animals. Says Baron
Cuvier: "Man resembles no carnivorous animal.
There is no exception, unless man be one, to
the rule of herbivorous animals having cellu-
lated colons. The orang-outang perfectly re-
sembles man, both in the order and number of
his teeth. The resemblance also of the human
stomach to that of the orang-outang is greater
than to that of any other animal. The intest-
es are also identical with those of herbiver-
os animals, which present a large surface for
absorption, and have ample and cellulated colons.
The cecum, also, though short, is larger than
that of the carnivorous animals; and even here,
the orang-outang retains its accustomed similar-
ity. The structure of the human frame, then,
is that of the one fitted to a pure vegetable diet,
in every essential particular. It is true that the
reluctance to abstain from animal food, in those
who have been long accustomed to its stimulus,
is so great (in some persons of weak minds) as
also to be scarcely overcome; but this is far from
being any argument in its favor."

Says Thomas Bell, F. R. S., etc.: "It is not,
I think, going too far to say, that every
fact connected with human organization goes to
prove that man was originally formed a fruit-
eating animal. This opinion is principally de-

tained from the formation of his teeth and diges-
tive organs, as well as from the character of his
skin and general structure of his limbs." Says
the poet Shelley: "Comparative anatomy teaches us
that man resembles frugivorous animals in everything,
and carnivorous in nothing."

2. PHYSIOLOGICAL AND HYGIENICAL.—It is

demonstrably and unmistakably true that the
purest blood, the most substantial and efficient
bone and muscle, the most symmetrical forms,
and the most perfect and uninterrupted health,
and exquisite enjoyment of all the physical
functions, are produced by "vegetarian" diet,
especially whenever that diet has been well
selected and applied through several successive
generations. "Animal food, in general, digests
sooner than most kinds of vegetables; and not
being so much in accordance with man’s nature,
constitution and moral character, it is very liable
to generate disease, inflammation, or fever, even
when it is not taken to excess."—Dr. Chauncey
Stephenson, of Chesterfield, Mass.

"The objections, then, against meat-eat-
ing are three-fold—intellectual, moral and
physical. Its tendency to check intellectual
activity, to deprecate moral sentiment, and to
derange the fluids of the body."—Dr. Colles,
Boston.

"Nothing is more certain than that animal
food is injurious to health. This is evident from its stimulating
qualities, producing, as it were, a temporary fever
after every meal; and not only so, but from its
corruptible qualities, it gives rise to
many fatal diseases. But that which ought
to convince every one of the salubrity of a diet con-
sisting of vegetables (that is, plants—including
fruits, nuts, grains and roots) is the considera-
tion of the dreadful effects of totally abstaining
from it, unless it be for a very short time."

Dr. Whittall.

"Celsius affirms that the bodies which
are filled with much animal food become
the most quickly old and diseased. It was
proved that the ancient athletes were the
most stupid of men. The cynic Diogenes, being
asked what was the cause of this stupidity, is re-
ported to have answered, "Because they are
wholly formed of the flesh of swine and oxen."

It has not been improperly said of vegetable
feeders, that with them it is morning all day
long. There is no organ of the body which,
under the use of vegetable food, does not receive
an increase of sensibility, or of that power which is thought to be imparted to it by the nervous
system. The senses, the memory, the under-
standing and the imagination have been observ-
ed to be improved by a vegetable diet."—Dr.
Lamb.

3. PHENOMENOLOGICAL AND MORAL.—The use
of animal food tends to develop the base of the
brain prematurely, and gives rise to those thought to be imparted to it by the nervous
system. The senses, the memory, the under-
standing and the imagination have been observ-
ed to be improved by a vegetable diet."—Dr.
Lamb.

—It

...
direct and control the lower, are for the time being, measurably ignored, forgotten, disregarded; which throws the human into the sphere of the animal, prostrates the higher nature at the feet of the lower, ties hand and foot the spiritual impulses, unbalances, perverts and distorts the whole mental being, and drags in the mire and slime of bestiality and sensualism the priceless gem of angelhood, implanted in every human soul.

Animal food develops the war spirit. Note the well-known ferocity of butcher's dogs, and the taming of the tiger by farinaceous food. I the notion of nourishing himself with the flesh... Pr°ached and inspired by the truly spiritual... There are emanations from the life, around us. There are emanations from all things. The objects, animate or inanimate, so-called the creatures, the people, that surround us, breathe upon us the qualities of their inner life; and we cannot escape the fact, whether conscious of its existence or not. Those who partake of animal food, open the door of their animal nature for the ingress of animal influences, and become negative, more or less, to the surrounding magnetisms emanating from the animal faculties, whether of beast or man. In this condition, they cannot so readily be approached and inspired by the truly spiritual influences...—O. S. Fowler.

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whur was well mixed, he gave it as a gargle, and in ten minutes the patient was out of danger. Brimstone kills every species of fungus in a man, beast and plant in a few minutes. Instead of spitting out the gargle, he recommended swallowing it.

In extreme cases, in which he had been called just in the nick of time, when the fungus was too nearly closing to allow of the gargling, he blew the sulphur through a quill into the throat, and after the fungus had shrunk to a brimstone kills every species of fungus in a few minutes.

Instead of spitting out the gargle, he recommended swallowing it. If a patient cannot gargle, take a live coal, put it on a shovel and hold it in the mouth, and after the fungus had shrunk to a brimstone kills every species of fungus in a few minutes.

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ally under the influence of old divines. I may as well class them under the head of theological theories. Now you are coming over to the sunny side, where Truth has spread her mantle of living green. You need more knowledge in regard to the change called Death, and why so few return to the earth after that change.

Now, Daniel, I tell you honestly, when the soul enters into the world of spirits, it meets with other changes than the one which freed it from the earthly body. The spiritual form is far more perfect than the body; and after it passes the second change, which is called "an exchange from the exterior to the interior," the features put on a more beautiful and exalted expression. The face of the body takes its form and beauty from the parents; but the spiritual face is beautified by the affects. No one in Spirit-life is allowed to assume the base elements. The inner life is revealed in the clear light of Truth, which must ever be the atmosphere of the Angel World. A man who has been vile on earth, practising the habits of evil nature secretly, that his fellow-men may be deceived in regard to his life, finds himself revealed to the clear eyes of those who surround him.

The removal of the exterior covering— which is the body, reveals the interior; and if the spiritual face is scarred by the evil habits and affects of the earth-life, it renders the spirit unsightly to those who love the beauty of purity and virtue.

The faces of the angels are glorified; for they express the peace and harmony of heavenly conditions. They interiorly love Divine Truth, and delight in expressing the thoughts of their affectional natures.

There are no hypocrites in the Spirit-World; for there are no mysteries to hide, no secrets to keep. Souls read and understand each other by intuition, which is a silent but powerful language.

The Spirit-World differs from the material world in many respects. We have more love than we do theories and philosophies. We need no scientific power to aid us in catching glimpses of character—we get our knowledge by reading the index of the soul. Human nature does not always preserve universal harmony, and to those who acknowledge the Spiritual Philosophy, and possess the interior sight, these matters are of little importance, for they readily understand why these facts exist. There is more inharmony caused by lack of knowledge, than there is by its possession, for they who know little have nothing of importance to fight over, and are generally contented and harmonious with each other.

Brother Daniel, look deeply into the science of the soul; forget that you were once a good earnest fighting element in the church, where religion rages like an epidemic, corresponding to the conditions of church organizations and treasures. I want you to seek the truth, and when you have found it, come under its divine influences, and become more intimately engaged in developing individuals who have a weakness, or constitutional predisposition, to church revivals. Seek your inspiration from a power superior to atmospheric electricity, which sometimes changes the mental conditions of men.

LEANDER G. BOWLEY.

ELIZABETH PIERCE.

To her Husband Julian Pierce, living in Denver, Colorado.

My Dear Husband,—I will again try to communicate with you through the little paper, called, and justly so, the "Voice of Angels." It has been many years since I left you, my dear husband; and those years have passed heavily with you. Crosses and losses have been your lot; yet you have not been compelled to bear them alone. Your spirit friends are continually helping you. You never needed them more than at the present time. I watch you daily; and when I see you slowly nearing the change which must come to all, I rejoice exceedingly; for you will soon be free from care and perplexities.

Life is a constant burden to those who are weakened by old age. You are ripening like corn for the harvest. Can you look back, and count the years since we parted, and have one desire to live them over again? Our dear ones on the earth may grieve to part with you, but all who love you here in the Spirit-World will rejoice when you are with us, dwelling in peace, having no regretful thoughts to deplore.

The loss of money is the least of earthly losses. Wasted years are the real losses over which human hearts will mourn.

I will try to impart a ray of spiritual light to our dear children, that they may be cheerful under their daily burdens. I could do so much for them all, if they would do as I impress them. You are led by intuition, and if you had been always true to your impressions, you would have been a rich and influential man at this time.

Your friends are gathering round you in great numbers, to cheer your declining years. You may not see us when we come, for it is impossible for all to behold the heavenly messengers when they visit the dear ones of earth. You will know when I am near you by the peaceful influences surrounding you. I will bring you comfort and rest, my dear husband—rest even here upon the earth.

Do not fear for the future. You will be watched over and tenderly cared for; and when your earthly work is finished, I will lead you to the beautiful home I have prepared for you. Heaven is nearer the earth than you imagine. I have always been near you and our dear ones.

Your affectionate wife,

ELIZABETH PIERCE.

My name is Orrin L. Green. I passed away from the earth at a time when the nation was convulsed with civil war, and all men were engaged in open rebellion with each other. 1862 brought spiritual knowledge home to many, by bringing them face to face with the realities of the Spirit-World. I passed out of the body during that year, from Richmond, Virginia, and have desired to come back and communicate with my friends, who are quite numerous in York State, chiefly in Oneida Co. Eliza, you know how I desire to communicate with you. I have been seeking a chance. Sophia says she can communicate herself through the West Ingle medium, and will do so as soon as possible. I would like to have John know more about this true life. He will be a happier and more prosperous man after he learns how to ask and receive spiritual aid. You must not expect much from me at this time, as I will surely come again, and tell you how I suffered, and how glad I was when I was free. There is one who desires to speak to you, Eliza, your bright-eyed daughter waits to communicate, and so does Katie Mckerhoff, and the time given is not sufficient for to express half what I desire to say. I will take all times and places to talk with my friends, till I give them the knowledge that I am still living, and able to help them. God bless you, my dear sister, may you and yours be made as happy by the knowledge that spirit friends can come back, as it makes me to come to you.

Yours, affectionately,

ORRIN L. GREEN.

ELLA CASTLE.

To her Aunt, Fanny Castle, of Lowell, Lake County, Indiana.

My Dear Aunt Fanny,—Do not think it strange that I came to you, instead of your other friends. There is a great deal in knowing how to reach you. The words I would speak to you are cheering, Auntie. You and dear, patient mother both need a
message of love from your friends in the world of rest and peace. You are tired out with care and trouble, and it is almost time for the Comforter to visit you.

Dear Auntie, you are getting nearer—nearer to me every day. You are coming nearer the change which must eventually come to all embodied souls. You will know of the mystery which shrouds all things connected with death. There is something grand in the fact that the aged are prepared for the change. Like ripe corn they are gathered into the garner-house, which is the Spirit-Life.

Here you will find all whom you love, and they will receive you with joy. Here are your parents, and the dear friends of your youth; and Auntie, here are many who want you to come, some who would gladly communicate with you, and they will do so very soon now. Tell my dear mother that she will see better days now. Her spirit-friends are able to do much for her. I want to tell you this truth, and I desire all my loved ones to remember it as coming from me—Ella.

To die is pleasant, and the change from the material to the spiritual world is pleasant and beautiful. Live pure in heart and do every known duty, and you will find Heaven on the Earth, and eternal happiness in the Spirit-Land.

I give you a bunch of flowers, dear Auntie; give one to each heart that loves me. Tender words of love are the spirit-flowers which I give you. I will come to you all. Good night.

ELLA CASTLE.

JOSEY ANSON, TO HER SISTER.

So you have not forgotten your sister, who found freedom and love in spirit-life. I am really Josy Anson, and you know how I come to you, my dear sister. Mrs. Elizabeth Rea, late of Humboldt, Tenn., told me to come to you, as you were living in her family. I could make you understand all that I wanted to say, if I could bring you near the medium. I want you to believe that the spirit lives on after death, and there is for our unhappy race a grand and noble future. The world will yet learn that God's gifts of intellect and talents are not confined to people of the white race. The children of Africa are nearer the chamre which must eventually be the gates of reason to all; typifying the relations between man and woman.

Through a Young Girl only is years old. She never read. Through a Young Girl only is years old. She never read. Autumn windt make masks of flowers. They value God's gifts of intellect and talents are not confined to people of the white race. The children of Africa are nearer the gates of reason to all; typifying the relations between man and woman.

TO MRS. S., FROM HER SPIRIT-CHILDREN.

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