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[For the "Voice of Angels."]

ELLINGTON, Jan. 9, 1878.

MY DEAR BROTHER DENSMORE, — At last my broken heart has found strength to write to you. My dear husband, AUGUSTUS PARDEE, left us for the spheres of immortality on the second instant, after spending seventy-three years of tender, genial kind-heartedness and honest labor, and after suffering over four years of untold agonizing illness. He was a full-hearted humanitarian, utterly despising all conventionalisms and needless rites;—claiming Reason to be his guiding-star. He embraced the Spiritual faith soon after its first modern advent at Rochester, for which he ever held an unchanged, fervent love;—and passed on, leaving the impression upon all who knew him that a worthy, honest life is far more valuable than riches. His family, in particular, feel an irreparable loss, only to be made whole at the heavenly reunion.

DEATH.

COLD Death is now asking my soul for a song,
While my heart with his sting is so sore;
And his fingers of ice are strewing along
Fresh flowers from the emerald shore.

"Oh, weave me a garland of beauty most rare,
To adorn the pale temples and brow,
And the music that melts on the wintry air,
Must breathe of deliverance now.

"Oh, sing of calm rest in the land of pure love,
Where all sorrow and pain are no more;—
Of the spirit in white, with angels above,
Rejoicing that suffering is o'er.

"Oh, sing of the glorious light that revealed
On the ever-bloom plains of delight,
The warm welcome of friends the grave had concealed,
So wondrously strange, from its sight.

"Oh, sing of the morning, on pinions of gold,
Introducing Eternity's day;
Where sweet Life takes a form that never grows old,
Or changes by waste or decay."

Yes, Death, we will sing as thou biddest us sing,
And our hearts shall be cheered by thy voice.
Immortality heals thy terrible sting,
We thankfully bow to God's choice.

TRYPHENA C. PARDEE.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

AN INTERESTING AND NOVEL COMMUNICATION
THROUGH MRS. EMMA CARTER, MEDIUM.

FROM THE RENOWNED ACTRESS,
CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN,

NOW IN SPIRIT-LAND.

[Reported by Hon. A. G. W. CARTER.]

You have already published, friend Densmore, several very interesting communications from the other world, given through my sister, Mrs. Emma Carter, living in Cincinnati; and I do not know how I can please you and your readers better than, in reply to your request for something from me, to send you, on this Christmas day, a most remarkable communication to me, through her, from the renowned actress, CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN, who departed this life some little time ago. There is not much use of commenting upon what the spirit of Charlotte Cushman says, for she undoubtedly speaks for herself, and that so plainly and practically, that those who run may read and understand. Surely, after perusing this communication, we can have no difficulty in determining about the employments of the inhabitants of the supernal world; for they are really pretty much as in this, with the exception that they are on a grander, greater and better and higher scale; and each one is employed according to his or her genius or lore. We might say a great deal upon this subject, to be sure; but perhaps it will be better to let Miss Cushman, as she is now in spirit, speak at once for herself. It will be seen that she addresses her words immediately to me, in the form of a letter:

"APRIL 24th, 1877.

"JUDGE A. G. W. CARTER—

"Dear Sir,—Will you excuse me, 'most noble

and learned judge,' as I am apparently a stranger to you, for thus taking the liberty of communicating my thoughts of the life interest I have the privilege of now holding in the mysterious inner world.

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, shadowing 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 I see here the same as 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 to 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 freshened 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

optical reminder of joys and sorrows, ambition and success, strikes me with wonder, and shows to me that I stand alone in the make-up of my nature. Wherein I have failed has been in union. Although there may be strength in union, nature does not reveal it. I will leave this for your reflection; may be your eyes will be opened, and you will be willing to let each atom play its part, to fill up law in its purity.

The world knew me only as Charlotte Cushman, a woman masculine, with no touch of heart! Here it is different, even to my own amazement, as crowds follow me, and heap up affection so true upon me, that I lose my office of deceitfulness, and clasp each hand held out to me with trust in its honesty. I see in my life's pages I have given impulse to thousands of barren minds, making them fertile with thought, from which the loveliest of characters have taken root, and become the masters of art.

This one developement gives me pride. How many more I am the possessor of, the future will unfold to me.

You see I have been living partly in a blind life, knowing only the exterior or surface value of existence. Now, when my knowledge combines both the exterior and the interior thought, I well up in interest to myself, and to gather every fragment of my being, and class them in their proper sphere, making each one harmonize with the other, blending like the chords of music into harmony with my fellow humanity, is one of my greatest objects in this existence. Then I shall become capable of teaching and speaking the gospel;—not until then is the individual the philosopher. *Know thyself*, 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 mind of equality and uniformity opens the powers of nature, and becomes in likeness to the God of our worship! If we remain stationary in our self-conceit, we retrograde into the intolerance of deception, and fall victims of monstrosities and untruths,—which of a consequence becomes a government of ills, the production of disaster to the opening of spiritual intercourse between the spheres.

Ah, but I must stop my philosophy, lest I burthen you with what you already know. I am a beginner, with all the nervous excitement upon me of something new. In fact, I am a new being, handling with unlimited freedom the fruit of the tree of knowledge. I bend with its boughs, and am wafted by its winds;—so carry more than I can hold. Therefore I stumble to regain myself; and in so doing I cannot vouch for my correctness. I am, at all events, in a substantial world, more real than the earth-sphere, as my very dear friend, Mrs. A. Drake, can also certify to.

And now to what I do know. The amusement world is largely represented here. The theatrical profession is in a high state of cultivation. We are classed among the high art, and are very much more thought of than ministers of theology. Our theatres are temples, named after the gods of old mythology. In the temple of Juno, Mrs. A. Drake made her debut. She is fashioned now in all the beauty of youth, and as delicate and sensitive as a flower. She is also rich in the confidence of her aspirations; yet no gaudy showing pollutes the really refined woman that she is. To look upon her is to know of her rare talents, not only as an actress, but as a natural historian, with all the events of the past laid down on the map of her very extraordinary memory.

She appeared in a new play, called Napoleon's Fall—Mrs. A. Drake representing Josephine, wife of Napoleon the First, and deserted by him. I cannot tell you the extent of the wonderful play. It abounds in magnificent scenery and gorgeous appointments. Josephine, with her many scars all bleeding for revenge and love, is driven into all the extremes of passion. She becomes a continual source of ills to the ambition of Napoleon, checking him in his career, in the midst of his prosperity.

The play dates back to the time when Napoleon was in the height of his ambition, when he discards Josephine, and takes to his bosom Maria Louisa. Forrest, who supported Mrs. A. Drake, with the assistance of a whole corps of her professional friends for the minor characters, took the part of Napoleon.

The scene between Napoleon and Josephine, [Forrest and Mrs. Drake], was one of the most wonderful pieces of acting I ever witnessed. Her grief and despair, and then her announcement of revenge, and prophecy of his downfall, clothed in language such as makes one involuntarily shudder, and then tremble with admiration! The terrible conflicts working in Napoleon's mind, his almost passionate love for Josephine, that he dares not yield to; his wonderful strength in subduing the ravings of his heart, and rendering unsubdued a will power that made nations tremble—was here enacted by Forrest, as no other man could act.

In the finale, the great Josephine conquered. She found sympathy, constantly spreading her wrongs before the people, who through her saw Napoleon's object was more to be conqueror of humanity, than any love he might have for their elevation. In the abandonment of his followers, his power fell; when death came, as in all tragedies, to end up a life of remorse.

When the presentation of this play was over, the applause was long and continuous—the two beneficiaries appearing before the drop, to be carried bodily out of the temple, and placed in a chariot which stood before the door, its four white prancing steeds all impatient to carry their precious load through the throng of shouting people, amid showers of flowers which fell at their feet, to the Athenæum, where a banquet awaited them. I also was hurried along to meet my friends at the same place, and had the pleasure of seeing their reception.

The Athenæum is an immense circular building, lighted from a dome by thousands of sparkling 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 "Garriek—David Garriek!" 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 to 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 every man and woman is 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 in the arms of triumph, which is nothing new to me, but unexpected to her,—so much so, as to stop her powers of speech, and to cause her, in acknowledgment of your appreciation of her merits, to swoon at your feet, an act more powerful in true feeling than speech. She does not flatter with words, but shows her emotion in your expression towards her, by giving to you the very pulse of her heart's throbbing. This night chains her to us! She walks through our gates, and opens our doors and windows, as free an inhabitant of our dwellings as ourselves. What is ours, is hers! We do not hoard up our gains,—no such folly attends us here. We have no doorkeepers or ushers. We cannot buy our reputation. The transcendence of our power is in our brains. No pretenders disturb our harmony. The law of affinity is our safeguard. Where we shower our generosity, it is done honestly. In the addition of this member, we are elevated in many ways. She adds to the dignity of the profession. Our appreciation and love of her abilities, not only as an actress, but as a natural historian, will at once unfold in her what has been partially hid. In this uncovering of the soul, we have found a gem. We shall henceforth live in the admiration of its brilliancy." He takes his seat amid shouts.

Before the tumult ceased, Mrs. Drake stood up a very queen indeed, and, with upturned eyes and hands, spoke as follows:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—to whom I have the honor to be presented with so much *clat* tonight, I have prayed that I might find tongue to speak to you. I have been so overcome with fright, or fear—I know not which—ah, yes, I do know—it was neither of these—it was emotion, the emotion of my heart! I have been all in a blaze of enchantment, bewildered with joy, transplanted to an eminence higher than my poor faculties can reach! It is too exhilarating for my poor brain, and I tremble, lest I fall back to the earth which holds my poor clay. God forbid that it should be so! As I stand now, draped in these robes, I feel the dignity

placed upon me. I love you, my friends! the very ground you walk on is sacred to me—and why not? You illuminate me; I have been transplanted from a world where I was a miserable piece of flesh and blood—loathsome to myself with disease—and when I was no longer able to support such a body, I was raised to this elevation! Who would doubt there lives a God of wisdom? I am here, at your mercy! Lead me where you will, I shall be content; and for this night's privilege of being your guest, and banqueted in this manner, I have no words to express my feelings; I never knew of such an occurrence in the earth-life. There we find every door and window locked, with the biting cur snapping at our heels, if one dare to enter a gate. The individual is not *seen* there, as he is here—merit does not live, but money does! As I am here upon my merits alone, may I be able to sustain them, and not fall from grace. My triumphal admission into all your mansions is so generous, that I accept the position, and, with my spouse, enter your courts, where, socially elevated, we will go on progressing in our virtues, and rise in histrionic power with our forefathers!" [Shouts.]

My communication is of such length, that I dare not speak more of this joyous occasion. I have given you thus much to let you understand the highest religion in this life is the appreciation of the living Arts and Sciences—those things which unfold Nature. The dogmas of religious tyrannies have no affinity with people of common sense. They so retard growth, and throw a veil over the eye of God, which blinds the beauties of his creation. Our sister, Matilda Heron, the proud, the beautiful, and the generous, is here, in perfect ecstasies over her transformation! A butterfly could not be more gay; and as she roams around, a beam of sunshine follows her. The world will hear from her soon. The Conways also illuminate our horizon. Their will is power. They were not disappointed in their belief: the rising of their souls was, to them, the opening of their existence!

Excuse me for so prolonged a gossip. My energy has not abated, and I would let my friends know that *I never shall make my farewell adieus from off the stage of life!*

Yours, with much respect.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN."

I will only say, in conclusion, (leaving all other comments to readers,) in the language of the medium, after the communication, through her, was finished by the spirit of Cushman:—

"Well, it is strange; but it comes so real. it must be fact! What a great inner life, flooded with the love of our imaginings—a busy, real life—where we can gratify all our longing desires! Who would weep for the Living Dead!"

NEW YORK, Dec. 25th, 1877.

THOUGH you be sprung in a direct line from Hercules, if you show a low-born meanness, that long succession of ancestors whom you disgrace are so many witnesses against you; and this grand display of their tarnished glory but serves to make your ignominy more evident.—Boileau.

INTERPRETATION OF MYSTICAL WRITING.

BY WEST INGLE.

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.

JUDGE NOT.

BY SUSAN B. FALES.

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 man 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, construing 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 relations existing between people who think and reason alike, and seek to obey the laws of justice and human brotherhood.

God's kingdom is nearing the earth. The prayers of good Christian men and women are being answered. "Let thy will be done," is bringing an answer. Changes are coming. Self has reigned monarch over human hearts long enough. Intellectuality and knowledge are rising superior to wealth. Piety and virtue are becoming more powerful in the land, than ancient names or empty titles.

The rich are standing on ice. Cold, and often indifferent to the wants and requirements of their less fortunate fellow creatures, they have no sympathy for those who struggle for their daily bread. But in the years of the future, the lowly may rise, and they who stand upon ice may slip and fall from their high estates, and feel the need of the very sympathy they now withhold from the poor ones of earth. The great ones of the earth may live to know that the grandest and purest justice in this world is that which comes from the spirit of an earnest, toiling humanity. The poor of the earth know how to be just. God's love for his children must bring to earth a better state of things, and the poorest will learn to know God through love, instead of fear.

To those who believe that Christ is their only hope, that he constitutes the foundations of true religion, he appears as the true Saviour, and they must worship him according to the light given them. To the soul of a true Spiritualist, Christ is an elder brother. He comes to earth as the fulfillment of a glorious prophecy. He brought to light immortality, and a re-

deeming power, and that power is love. Love and sympathy are saving powers; they teach men to judge of each other justly, truthfully and lovingly.

We have no right to judge each other by any human authority, and when we seek to do so, let us be gentle, truthful, merciful and generous, and we shall dwell together as neighbors should, who love each other with unselfish love; and we shall soon attain conditions of natural harmony—the sweet and beautiful, seen so conspicuously in the attributes of Deity.

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

JERUSALEM THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY SUSAN H. FALES.

JERUSALEM, the beautiful,
Faith sees thee from afar;
To pilgrims on life's journey
Thou art the "Polar Star."

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

The flowers of hope may wither,
Before our weeping eyes.
Yet still our "Bow of Promise"
Beams from the bending skies.

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

Toward thy gates immortal
We stretch our aching arms,
Toward our loved ones, waiting,
Beneath thy waving palms.

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

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

Our daughters, sisters, mothers,
Our sons and fathers brave,
Our lovers and our brothers,
Victorious o'er 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,
Thy jewelled walls are bright
As crowns and regal garments
Of those who walk in white;

Amid thy shells and corals,
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 among the lilies
Of thy fair and sunny land.

Jerusalem, the beautiful,
O'er-burdened with the earth,
The restless sons of Adam
Await immortal birth.

Through all the realms of Nature,
Beneath the flower-gemmed sod,
They've sought to find the pathway
That leadeth unto God.

The infant in its cradle,
The man with hoary hair,
To reach thy shining portals
Must climb the mystic stair.

Jerusalem, the beautiful,
The road that leads to thee,
Though royal, may be trodden
By all, both bond and free;—

The king must leave his palace,
And with the beggar, tread
The dim and misty valley,
With bowed and crownless head.

For none may bribe the sentinel
Who guards thy mystic gate;—
It swings not back at presence
Of worldly pomp and state.

LOVE SONG AT PARTING.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

THROUGH J. M. A.

[Written at North Middleboro, Mass., Jan. 25, 1863.]

LOVE ME, dearest, love me kindly,
I will e'er be lent to thee;
Kiss me once, my ain kind Mary,
Ere I cross the deep, blue sea.

CHORUS:—Ane mair kiss, my bonnie lassie!
Ane mair kiss, and I'll awa'!
Keep my mem'ry fondly cherished,
I'll return to thee some da'.

I will ever cherish fondly
A' the many hours o' bliss
I ha' spent wi' thee, my lassie—
Tak' we now ane mair fond kiss.

CHORUS:—Ane mair kiss, etc.

Keep my mem'ry sweet, dear Mary!
I will home return again;
Then we'll dwell in bliss together—
No mair partings from my ain!

CHORUS:—Ane mair kiss, etc.

Love me, dearest, love me kindly—
Sweet ha'e been the bonnie hours
We ha'e spent together fondly,
Culling pleasure's sheeny flowers.

CHORUS:—Ane mair kiss, etc.

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

CHORUS:—Ane mair kiss, my bonnie lassie!
Ane mair kiss, an' I'll awa'!
Keep my mem'ry fondly cherished,
I'll return to thee some da'.

LOVE IN OLD AGE.

BY SUSAN H. FALES.

THOUGH your eyes have lost their brightness,
And your hair is white as snow,
Though your heart has lost its brightness,
And your footsteps heavier grow,
To my heart you are still dearer,
Than when first I called you mine,
And your eyes are bluer, clearer,
Than in youthful days lang syne.

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 nought but death can sever
Our faithful hearts, mine own;
We have lived and loved together,—
Hand in hand we're going home;—

Where your eyes will gain new brightness,
And your form immortal youth,
There, old hearts renew 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,
Cheered by love at evening tide.

WE MISS MOTHER.

BY O. E. O. W.

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

Spirit of ethereal birth, take me to the crystal caves!
Thither fancy, thither come, let me scan the dazzling scroll;
My affections, my thoughts, were all earth bound;
But now they have followed thy spirit to God.

[For the "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 glory-crowned 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. Whatsoever 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 cheek 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; 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 Charity.

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 founts, 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 trustful, 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 commune 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 was 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.

ANGELS to you bring greeting true,
And bid me say you have much to do
For mortals here upon the earth,
From heavenly hosts of highest worth.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION.

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BOSTON, FEBRUARY 1, 1878.

EDITORIAL.

DEAR AMANUESSIS,—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 churchal creeds, 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, who is the same yesterday, today and forever, in whom there is no variableness or shadow of turning," yet with all this, at times I am greatly perplexed and troubled with ugly doubts as to its reality; and with a faint hope of having them removed, the thought occurred to me a few days since to apply to my old friend and brother, L. Judd Pardee, for his views upon the subject. No sooner had the thought found a lodgement in my mind, than I commenced hunting round among my friends to know how to reach him—one of whom, happening to have a copy of the *VOICE OF ANGELS* in his possession, I ascertained the *modus operandi* of conferring with him. Now, then, for old acquaintance sake, I hope he will not refuse to give me his views upon the all-important subject, whatever they may be; and if they do not fully convince my mind that the immortal part of man lives forever, I shall at least have the satisfaction of leaving 'no stone unturned' to acquire the needed information." In a postscript she adds, "What a terrible thought to contemplate, even if immortality is true, that untold billions of human beings—at least all those who have neglected to make their calling and election sure, before leaving the material body—are doomed to unutterable torments, in a lake of fire and brimstone, ages without end."

Yes, friend E—h, we will respond as best we can to your appeal; and if we fail to convince your judgment of the reality

of immortality, it will be no fault of ours.

The first query, touching the immortality of the human soul, can be answered with a very few words, namely, as the soul is a scintillation and a part of the Divine Mind, which but few question, consequently its (the soul's) longevity equals that of Divinity himself. If the soul, or immortal part of man, *does not* emanate from the above source, then we know nothing about it.

In response to your second query, touching the endless misery of the human race, we will say that, as you admit that there is a God of infinite love and wisdom somewhere, and that "he doeth all things well," etc., we answer it by asking another question, namely, if there is such a being, and *he is* the Cause and the Maker of all things, as you say he is, and if *he does* possess the attributes which you and all the Christian world award him, and if *he really does all things well*,—how, in the name of all that's sacred, can there be anything wrong in all his works? If there is anything wrong, or in the minutest sense out of place, or different from what he designed it should be, before he created it—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 torments 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 disrobe 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 depredations, 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 immortal 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 sulphuretted fumes of that exceedingly warm place. Now, friend E—h, 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

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 is 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 ecstasies. Dear father, it is my privilege, with the aid of our band, 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 earth-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 mag-

netism 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 bent 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, ignorant 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 no 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.

(SNAKE LAKE VALLEY, Plumas Co., Cal.
(Spaulsh Ranch P. O., Dec. 26, 1877.

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 any 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 Relative. In speaking of such as dropped out by the wayside, I have two boys and a little girl that went out young; besides two little 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 had surroundings for developement. My eldest son's wife I know is a good medium. 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 daughter of mine, spoken of in the message referred to, has been described to me by clairvoyants 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 remain 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 thinking to receive such a prize from such a source.

Well, my paper is about full, and I will conclude for the present my rambling remarks. Yours, for the truth ever,

D. W. HAMBLY.

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, 1877.]

INSPIRATIONALLY PREPARED BY J. M. A.

PROPOSITION:—*The food of human beings, except infants, should be derived directly and wholly from the Plant Kingdom, without recourse to either Animals or Minerals, and should consist mainly of Fruits (including Nuts) and Grains; instead of the omnivorousness, which ranges greedily and lawlessly over the three kingdoms.*

The following Summary embraces the principal reasons for entertaining the Vegetarian (or Frutitarian) Principle:

ANATOMICAL, PHYSIOLOGICAL AND HY- GIENIC, PHRENOLOGICAL AND MORAL, PSYCHOLOGICAL, PATHOLOGICAL, CHEMICAL,	AGRICULTURAL, ECONOMICAL AND LABORIAL, GUSTATORIAL AND SENTIMEN- TAL, INSTITUTIONAL, HISTORICAL, EVENTUAL.
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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 *Simiadae* or "monkey tribe," who are naturally *frugiverous* (fruit 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 cellulated colons. The orang-outang perfectly resembles 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 intestines are also identical with those of herbivorous 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 similarity. The structure of the human frame, then, is that of 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 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 derived from the formation of his teeth and digestive 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 frugiverous animals in everything, and carnivorous in nothing."

LINNEÆS, the naturalist, remarks: "This species of food is that which is most suitable to man, as is evinced by the structure of the mouth, of the stomach and of the hands."

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. Channey Stephenson, of Chesterfield, Mass.

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

"Nothing is more certain than that animal food is inimical 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 consisting of vegetables (that is, plants—including fruits, nuts, grains and roots) is the consideration of the dreadful effects of totally abstaining from it, unless it be for a very short time."—Dr. Whitlaw.

"Celsus affirms that the bodies which are filled with much animal food become the most quickly old and diseased. It was proverbial that the ancient athletes were the most stupid of men. The cynic Diogenes, being asked what was the cause of this stupidity, is reported 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 understanding and the imagination have been observed to be improved by a vegetable diet."—Dr. Lamb

3. PHRENOLOGICAL AND MORAL.—The use of animal food tends to develop the base of the brain prematurely, and gives rise to those passion outbursts of hate and lust, which darken human life, and cover the earth with the offspring of unrestrained propensity, rather than with the tokens of mutual spiritual affection. The love which flesh-eating incites, is the love of self, the love which the ferocious beast feels for his victim, the desire for selfish gratification, regardless of effects upon others. It is unquestionable that animal food stimulates. This stimulation or excitement, (like that from fermented liquors), in passing from the body into the brain, comes necessarily first in contact with the lower part of the brain, and there expends itself mainly. Here are located those faculties which are related specially to the bodily and selfish life; and these are inflamed, "whipped up," thrown into a state of feverish excitement—and the higher faculties, those which should always

PARTICULAR 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 Damariscotta, Me., one from Iowa, with no names attached, two from Wisconsin, and one from Missouri, with neither town nor county named. If any miss in getting their paper, they should notify us immediately.

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 draggles in the mire and slime of beastliness and sensualism the priceless gem of angelhood, implanted in every human soul.

Animal food developes the war spirit. Note the well-known ferocity of butcher's dogs, and the taming of the tiger by farinaceous food.

"The natural diet of all animals is constitutionally calculated to develope their respective natures; and as the paramount characteristic of all carnivorous animals is rapacity and ferocity, therefore animal food, eaten by man, naturally and necessarily developes a like rapacious fierceness in him also, whereas a vegetable diet is constitutionally adapted to foster docility and goodness."—O. S. Fowler.

Says SHELLEY: "The advantage of a reform in diet is obviously greater than that of any other. It strikes at the root of the evil. To remedy the abuses of legislation, before we regulate the propensities by which they are produced, is to suppose that by taking away the effect, the cause will cease to operate."

It was not from those who lived on vegetables that robbers or murderers, sycophants or tyrants, have proceeded; but from *flesh-eaters*."—*Porphyry of Tyre*.

"The use of animal food hurries on life with an unnatural and unhealthy rapidity. We arrive at puberty too soon; the passions are developed too early; in the male they acquire an impetuosity approaching to madness; females become mothers too early and too frequently; and, finally, the system becomes prematurely exhausted and destroyed, and we become diseased and old, when we ought to be in middle life."—Dr. Lamb.

While the eating of animal food thus stimulates propensity and unbalances the higher and lower natures, the act of slaughtering animals blunts moral sentiment, and is revolting to the most ennobling instincts and sympathies of human nature. Children invariably shrink with horror at sight of butchery—as do all persons whose native sympathies have not been habitually violated, blunted and crushed.

To quote again from SHELLEY: "It is only by softening and disguising dead flesh by culinary preparations, that it is rendered susceptible of easy mastication and digestion, and that the sight of its bloody juices does not excite intolerable loathing, horror and disgust. Let the advocate of animal food force himself to a decisive experiment on its fitness, and, as Plutarch recommends, tear a living lamb with his teeth, and, plunging his head into its vitals, slake his thirst with the steaming blood; when fresh from the deed of horror, let him revert to the irresistible instincts of nature, that would rise in judgment against it, and say, Nature formed me for such work as this. Then, and then only, would he be consistent."

The blood and breath of carnivorous animals

emit an unpleasant, ghastly scent, while those of herbivorous do not. Compare the cat and cow.

Says PLUTARCH: "It is best to accustom ourselves to eat no flesh at all, for the earth affords plenty enough of things not only fit for nourishment, but for enjoyment and delight. You ask me, 'for what reason Pythagoras abstained from eating the flesh of brutes?' For my part, I am astonished to think, on the contrary, what appetite first induced man to taste of a dead carcass; or what motive could suggest the notion of nourishing himself with the flesh of animals which he saw, the moment before, bleating, bellowing, walking, and looking around them. How could he bear to see an impotent and defenceless creature slaughtered, skinned, and cut up for food? How could he endure the sight of convulsed limbs and muscles?' How bear the smell arising from the dissection? Whence happened it that he was not disgusted and struck with horror when he came to handle the bleeding flesh and clear away the clotted blood and humors from the wounds? We should therefore rather wonder at the conduct of those who first indulged themselves in this horrible repast, than at such as have humanely abstained from it."

THOREAU observes: "I have found repeatedly of late years, that I cannot fish without falling a little in self-respect. I have tried it again and again. I have skill at it; but always when I have done, I feel that it would have been better if I had not fished."

O. S. FOWLER remarks: "What could the lion, or tiger, or butcher, do with active Benevolence, or Conscientiousness [or Spirituality]? . . . No one faculty should ever be so exercised as to clash with the normal function of any other. . . . Animal food is therefore [unnatural, improper, and] injurious, because it can be procured only by violating man's moral constitution."

HUMBOLDT says: "The habit of eating animals diminishes our natural horror of cannibalism. It is, indeed, civilized cannibalism; we care tenderly for [domesticated] animals, cherish and fatten them (like as the savage cannibal fattens his captive before eating him) only in the end to show our 'love' by slaying and devouring!"

The slaughter and consumption of animals for food may be entirely consistent with the present form of "civilization;" may be appropriate to the era of war, general violence, and confusion, sensualism and corruption; but it is *not* consistent with a social state which looks to the removal from the earth of these and all other evils, and the establishment of universal purity and spirituality, order, love, harmony and peace.

4. PSYCHOLOGICAL. By the law of Influences, man is affected, for good or ill, by whatever surrounds him. The Soul of Things is a reality which finds a responsive recognition in the inner life of man. Spirituality or animality, refinement or grossness, in our surroundings, induces a corresponding condition in ourselves; we are magnetized by the objects, by

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 either of the earth or skies.

Says BRONSON ALCOTT: "Meat is out of all fitness, the opposite of spiritual food. We should subsist on vegetables and fruits, to be divine. When we pluck the apple above our head, eating is an aspiration; and the clustering grapes of our own arbor shed their soft purples in mellowing light upon the whiteness of our souls."

THOREAU observes: "I believe that every man who has ever been earnest to preserve his higher or poetic faculties in the best condition, has been particularly inclined to abstain from animal food. . . . I have no doubt that it is a part of the destiny of the human race, in its gradual improvement, to leave off eating animals, as surely as the savage tribes have left off eating each other, when they come in contact with the more civilized."

The earth-world, in its "civilized" portions, at least, is now being brought in contact with the heavenly world, to an extent probably never before experienced. May we not look for, as one of the results of this spiritual overshadowing, an entire abandonment, ultimately, by the civilized world, of every form of animal food? In other words, will not the animal magnetism eventually be overcome, neutralized, displaced, superseded, swept away from the earth, by spiritual magnetism, and man emerge from his animalism, cast out the beast that is now within him, cease to be brutal, and cruel, and warlike, and, looking upward for guidance through the spiritual faculties, instead of downward through the animal, become at last truly human, and achieve for himself the glorious and peaceful destiny which Nature designed for him as a mortal being, capacitated to walk hand in hand with the angels.

[To be concluded in next.]

[From the Banner of Light.]

A REMEDY FOR DIPHTHERIA AND THROAT DISEASES.

A few years ago, when diphtheria was raging in England, a gentleman accompanied the celebrated Dr. Field on his rounds to witness the so-called "wonderful cures" which he performed, while the patients of others were dropping on all sides. The remedy, to be so rapid, must be simple. All he took with him was powder of sulphur and a quill, and with these he cured every patient without exception. He put a tea-spoonful of flour of brimstone into a wine-glass of water, and stirred it up with his finger instead of a spoon, as the sulphur does not readily amalgamate with water. When the sul-

phur 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 the gargling, he blew the sulphur through a quill into the throat, and after the fungus had shrunk to allow of it, then the gargling. He never lost a patient by diphtheria. If a patient cannot gargle, take a live coal, put it on a shovel and sprinkle a spoonful or two of flour of brimstone at a time upon it; let the sufferer inhale it, holding the head over it, and the fungus will die. If plentifully used, the whole room may be filled almost to suffocation; the patient can walk about in it, inhaling the fumes, with doors and windows shut. This mode of fumigating a room with sulphur has often cured most violent attacks of cold in the head, chest, etc., at any time, and it is recommended in cases of consumption and asthma.

TO CURE WARTS.—One drop of the oil of cinnamon, applied to warts three or four times daily, will cause them to disappear, however hard, large or dense they may be. The application gives no pain, nor causes suppuration.

INTERPRETATION OF MYSTICAL WRITING.

GRANDMOTHER.

BY WEST INGLE.

TO FANNIE TUMLY, Decatur, Ill.,—Oh my dear child! Are you indeed prepared to bear the medium's cross? Are you willing to join the vast number who renounce the pomp and follies of the earth, and go out into the world as a spiritual reformer? You, who are surrounded with all that is bright and beautiful in life, may add to your crown of womanhood by speaking words of comfort and cheer to the suffering ones of humanity. A band of faithful spirit friends are near you—men, women, and little children are drawn to you by family ties. Let them speak to your spirit, and give you a stronger faith in the ministration of angels. Let me convince my dear Fannie that there may be sweet communion with your dear ones who have passed out of the body.

I am one who loves you dearly, and you will soon recognize me. Remember me to all the family. GRANDMOTHER.

FROM A LADY SPIRIT-FRIEND TO A MEDIUM.

THROUGH MISS A. ANDREWS.

THE dove of peace shall fold her wings,
To nestle in thy breast;
And to thy heart sweet quiet bring,
And point thee to thy rest.

LET no man anticipate uncertain profits.

PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

THROUGH C. E. WINANS.

JAMES MARSHALL.

I AM not used to speech-making, and may not be able to give even what I come to give; but I can try. I am from Weland, and I died very sudden. I was 20 years old when I departed this life.

Dear father, I come to give you a warm greeting, warm from the chamber of Divine love. I rejoice to find a way opened for me. I have no other means of telling you I now live. Grieve not for me; I am not dead. I am your only son still. I have not become dumb to human emotion. I am united in spirit with you, to an infinite degree; yet I cannot always enter your daily sphere. You were so kind to me while I occupied the body, and have been so considerate since I have been a spirit, that I owe you more than I can ever pay you.

Dear father, I would have you to know that I am not dead, but am alive in a world just as real as the world you live in. Is not this good news? Whosoever doeth the will of the Father, to love one another, doeth also my will, etc. Then fewer crimes would send fewer disheartened men out of human spheres, to suffer over and over again the results of their sin in ours. The religious systems cripple the soul, and hold it bound in iron bands to inactivity, to a reliance upon a nominal faith, which consists in open profession of assumption of forms—the whitewashing of the exterior, while the heart remains full of ravenous wolves.

Teach the people that there is existent within their own minds, hearts, intellects and consciences a principle to do good, and that by cultivating that instinct they may advance themselves to the dignity of Christ's equals, and you will have put in a lever which will upheave Christendom, and in the future populate high spheres in heaven.

I perceive its weight, and have small power to remove it individually; but, in co-operation with spirit and mind, I shall try to do my part. If I am recognized, I shall come again.

Direct or send message to Mr. Moses Lounsbury.

I am your precious child.

JAMES M——L.

CATHERINE GRUBB.

MY NAME, Sir, was Catherine Grubb. I am from Rushville, Fairfield county, Ohio. I wish to communicate with my husband and children. I have been gone five years. I would be glad to communicate

with them privately; for I have many gems to give them. But I would scarce care to give them in any other way. If they are not afraid to come down to the shores of the River Jordan, I will shake hands with them from over the other side, and give them ample assurance that I live.

Send message to Richard H. Grubb, Rushville, Fairfield county, Ohio.

VINCENT HAWKINS.

SIR, I am Vincent Hawkins. I am from Austin, Minnesota. I suppose I have been in Spirit Life five years. I want the folks to know that this Spiritualism is a blessed truth; and if they will try half as hard to inform themselves about this as they have tried to inform themselves about certain other things, they will be successful and made happy, and never will regret the trying. I was forty-three years old.

WHOR.

How you do, Chief? I want Chief Densmore to put this in his talking sheet. Squaw got the name of Milton. Want Toby come here. So me come. Me seen Squaw Milton, old chief, and some pap-pooes in the happy hunting grounds. Old chief if can get in will have heap to say to Squaw Milton. Me think he can get in. Toby don't know; think can get in. My meda heap sick with painum in the arm. Chief Cook that am in hunting grounds says she get well if she take advicem she got Squaw Milton. Me am much pleased with the box Meda sent us, Meda. Big brave no like cause Meda go to meetems. He fraid his squaw get in lake of fire. Ho, ho! The big brave that stand up in the big wigwam, that have a big book under his nose, was to see my meda about soul salvation. He greenum. The red sisters and red brothers has no fear of death. For this fear of death makes cowards of us all. If you all do what um right, you may expect better hunting grounds over thare than here, cleurer water thar than here, more game thare than here. The pale-face musent harbor the tarrible gost, the fear of death. If the pale-face goes out in the night, the consequence is he wakes up in the night there. Not so with the savage, as the pale-face call us. Ho, ho!

Good moon.

THROUGH WEST INGLE.

LEANDER G. BOWLEY.

TO DANIEL CAME, of Cambridgeport, Mass.

BROTHER DANIEL,—I have looked into the spiritual conditions surrounding you, and find them wonderfully improved. When I left the earth, you were a Methodist in heart and soul, and were continu-

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 affections. 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 affections 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 JABISH 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.

ORRIN L. GREEN.

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 I 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 Mekerhoff, 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 soon 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.

JOSY 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 just as near to our great Father as are the people of other nations. Progression teaches and develops all. My dear, dear sister, so live on the earth that you may be loved and honored. All our friends are with me, and we will come and help you to do all that is required of you. Be kind and truthful, and let your life be earnest and womanly. Oh, my dear sister, I will try

to tell you more about those you want to hear from, in my next message. If you will send your lock of hair, you can get a message which will point out all your future life. Heaven bless and keep you happy and good! I am still your affectionate sister,

JOSY ANSON.

TO THOMAS REA, Humboldt, Gibson Co., Tenn.

MY DEAR HUSBAND,—I am rejoiced to see you coming into the light where my spirit can reach you. O, Thomas, death has not parted us, and I can do more to help you now than if I had lived with you in the old, weary body. I am glad I am free from struggles and pain. I tried to do my best while I lived on the earth, and I am happy now. Our friends are all here. Your mother wants to communicate with her children. I find the dear ones still remember me and often speak of me. I love to hear you talk of me; it gives me power to come near, when you call me from your heart. Thomas, my dear husband, you shall prosper better in the future; I will help you. Be cheerful and look to the future hopefully.

You will find a reward for all your trials and losses. Tell my dear friends, one and all, that Elizabeth Rea is not and never can be dead to her friends. I have been in spirit-life a year in February, counting by earthly time. I will bring you a message, my dear husband, from all our dear ones. God bless you, my ever dear husband.

ELIZABETH REA.

AUTUMN.

[Through a Young Girl only 13 years old. She never read a line of poetry in her life. Her name is GEORGE JENING. She lives in Chattanooga, Hamilton County, Tennessee.]

SUMMER'S birds are fledged and flown,
Skies once bright hold many a frown,
All the fields are turning brown—
Turning brown.

In the lanes where lovers walked,—
Nooks where elms their long arms locked,
Where the twittering swallows flocked—
Sparrows flocked—

All is silent;—not a sound
Breaks the solitude profound;—
Bombed leaflets strew the ground—
All around.

Autumn winds make moan—make moan
Over the fields, once flower-bowdren;—
As I watch and wait alone—
Wait alone.

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

THROUGH MRS. A. ANDREWS.

WE linger round our loved in gladness,
On the hill-top of the blest,
To cheer the weary in sadness,
And point to them the land of rest.

We listen to each mournful sigh,
That from our mother's heart doth fall,
And try to reason with her—Why?
'Tis God, she knows, who doth all.

In sweet submission she will bow;—
The chastening rod doth bless.
Great Spirit! give her knowledge now.

FROM THE SPIRIT OF DR. M. TO HIS

THROUGH MRS. A. ANDREWS.

Oh, Hattie! be not so sad, my dear,
For my spirit is ever hovering near,
To try and help you on your way,
Daring wife, whilst here you're but clay.

But soon as earth's troubles will be o'er,
To me you'll come on the other shore;
And both again will share one home,
Where care and sorrow can never come.

Oh, loved one! think how short time may be,
And compare it with the vast eternity,
Then you'll look with less sorrow on the trials here,
For many do love you and hold you most dear.

The light of truth to you has been shown,
In the home of the medium through whom I come.
Oh, bless her for aye! the good she has done,
Has comforted many a sorrowing one.

This beautiful truth, oh, love it not less
Because by the multitude it is not confessed;
The Saviour hath said, those who deny
Me, will I also when the time comes to die.

And so with this truth; how few will own
That it cometh from the Father's heavenly home?
But it shall be your bright, guiding star,
That we will watch over from afar.

LET BYGONES BE BYGONES.

Let bygones be bygones; if bygones were clouded
By aught that occasioned a pang of regret,
Oh, let them in darkest oblivion be shrouded;
'Tis wise and 'tis kind to forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones, and good be extracted
From ill o'er which it is folly to fret;
The wisest of mortals have foolishly acted—
The kindest are those who forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; oh, cherish no longer
The thought that the sun of Affection has set;
Eclipsed for a moment, its rays will be stronger.
If you, like a Christian, forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; your heart will be lighter,
When kindness of yours with reception has met;
The flame of your love will be purer and brighter,
If god-like you strive to forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; oh, purge out the leaven
Of malice, and try an example to set
To others, who craving the mercy of heaven,
Are sadly too slow to forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; remember how deeply
To heaven's forbearance we all are in debt;
They value God's infinite goodness too cheaply,
To heed not the precept, "Forgive and forget."

—Chamber's Journal.

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