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LITERARY.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

WHEN WILL MY CHANGE COME?

THROUGH TRYPHENA C. PARDEE.

THEY tell me of pleasures beyond this dark earth,—
Of joys in the life that's to come,
Where the spirit receives a new heavenly birth:
O, tell me, when will my change come?

I'm saddened with sorrow, I'm weary with care,
My spirit desires its new home;—
Sweet heavenly place, how I long to be there,—
O, tell me, when will my change come?

They speak of bright lands beyond the cold tomb,—
Bright lands in the life that's to come,
Where flowers never-fading eternally bloom,—
O, tell me, when will my change come?

The thorn and the thistle do rankle me here,
Sin darkens my bosom with gloom:
Bright lands of pure bliss, how I long to be there,—
O, tell me, when will my change come?

They speak of fair climes in the regions above,—
Fair climes in the life that's to come,
Where the free spirit basks in the light of pure love,—
O, tell me, when will my change come?

I'd fly from this prison of pain and deep woe;
I long those bright gardens to roam;—
O, fair happy climes, my heart throbs to go,—
O, tell me, when will my change come?

They speak of a house that's not made with hands,—
A house in the life that's to come,
Where the worn spirit rests when freed from death's
bands,—
O, tell me, when will my change come?

Though I dread the last pang that shall grant me release,
Yet I pray for kind angels to come,
And bear me away to the mansions of peace,—
O, tell me, when will my change come?

They speak of a time when the dear ones we love,—
Dear ones in the life that's to come,
Who have passed to the paradisaic plains above,
There tenderly making us room,—

Will clasp our glad hands and receive us with joy,
And heartily welcome us home.
Tarry not, happy time, O, I don't fear to die!
O, tell me, when will my change come?

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

FIGS OR PIGS—FRUIT OR BRUTE?

SHALL WE EAT FLESH?

[A Document Supplementary to "CIVILIZATION: MESSAGE No. 5." 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,	AGRICULTURAL.
PHYSIOLOGICAL AND HY-	ECONOMICAL AND LABORIAL,
GIENIC,	GUSTATORIAL AND SENTIMEN-
PHRENOLOGICAL AND	TAL,
MORAL,	INTUITIONAL,
PSYCHOLOGICAL,	HISTORICAL,
PATHOLOGICAL,	EVENTUAL.
CHEMICAL,	

[CONCLUDED.]

5. PATHOLOGICAL.—Those who use animal food are more liable to disease, and their diseases are more severe and tend more to putridity, than is the case with vegetarians.

"Animal food disposes the body to inflammatory, putrid and scorbutic diseases, and the character to violence and coarseness."—*Encyclopedia Americana*.

Dr. LAMBE says: "Contagions act with greater virulence upon bodies prepared by a full diet of animal food." . . . "Abstaining from animal food palliates, when it does not cure, all constitutional diseases; while on the other hand, the use of animal food aggravates, and tends to develop to a fatal issue, such diseases. The recuperative force is more active in those who abstain from animal food, and they recover more readily and quickly from accidents and wounds." . . . "Fat meats, butter, and all greasy substances, are difficult of digestion, offensive to the stomach, and tend to derange that organ and induce disease."

Dr. BEAUMONT TIMORIC, in his account of the plague of Constantinople, asserts that "the

Armenians, who live chiefly on vegetable food, were far less disposed to the disease than other people."

6. CHEMICAL.—Since all the animals obtain their food—either directly, or in the case of the carnivorous indirectly—from the plant kingdom, it follows that we gain nothing, chemically considered, by taking our sustenance at second hand, from the animals.

7. AGRICULTURAL.—It requires not more than one-eighth as much land to sustain a given number of persons from the direct products of the soil, as from those products converted into beef or pork.

"A spot of ground which, if in Mexico, when used for banana, will support two hundred and fifty persons, would sustain in wheat in Europe ten persons, or in beef and pork only one."—*Humboldt*.

"Careful estimates prove that a horse requires for his sustenance the products of eight times as much land as would furnish food for man."—*New York Tribune*.

8. ECONOMICAL AND LABORIAL.—It is proved by chemical deduction that as much real nutriment can be obtained for a given sum, from farinaceous food and fruits, as for ten times that sum expended on the flesh and juices of animals. The economy of labor in favor of vegetarianism [or of fruit-eating] is beyond estimation. Who that has ever had charge of animals, who has produced their food and fed it to them, etc., does not know what an incessant slavery it imposes? Who that has ever cooked on the usual plan, with flesh and its concomitants, has not inwardly sighed, yea, groaned in spirit, at the endless complications and never-ending demands of the kitchen? At least nine-tenths of the labor of the kitchen would be dispensed with by a simple diet, consisting mainly of fruits and nuts. To follow a modern cook-book were as disastrous to purse and health—as physically and morally impossible—as to follow the fashion magazines! Who that has served the numerous courses in which dead animals predominate, removed the horrid "remains," washed the greasy "dishes, pots and kettles," etc., but has wondered, at least, if there might not be some way of ministering to the food-

wants of the body, less tedious, odious, revolting and filthy?

9. GUSTATORIAL.—It is the uniform experience and testimony of those who have abstained from animal food and its usual concomitants, for some considerable time, that their pleasure in eating is greatly increased. Their food "relishes" better. Their nerves of taste are in a healthy, natural condition, instead of being blunted and seared and "tanned" and deadened by being brought in contact with highly-seasoned stimulating food, hot drinks, tobacco, etc.

10. INTUITIONAL.—It is in accordance with the universal, instinctive demand and perception of the unperverted, natural appetite of childhood, to call for "fruit, *fruit*, FRUIT"! This is the "voice of God," crying aloud in the wilderness of human depravity, ignorance and animality, for that which shall yet constitute the actual form of sustenance for the human race, as it already constitutes the really true and legitimate form—using the word fruit in its broad sense, to include nuts and grains.

Those who from moral conviction reject the usual mixed diet, and return towards the natural or fruit diet, enjoy presently a certain intuitive consciousness of the rightness of the principle, which becomes more and more clear and powerful, in proportion to the thoroughness with which the principle is adhered to; until at length nothing can be more certain and real than this same instinctive, indescribable, self-demonstrating consciousness—which is above and beyond, and yet fully in harmony with Reason.

All who, from principle, have gone far in the direction of diet reform, have enjoyed this blissful realization of being in accord with the voice of God in the soul—than which there can be nothing more delightful or more needful to the human race in every department of life.

11. HISTORICAL.—Says Dr. WHITLAW: "All philosophers have given their testimony in favor of vegetable food, from Pythagoras to Franklin."

Says Dr. BELL: "By far the greater number of the inhabitants of the earth have used in all ages, and continue to use at this time, vegetable aliment alone."

The writer has abstained from flesh something like twenty-seven years, having become convinced when a lad of fourteen or fifteen, by reading, observation, reflection and instinct, that the use of animal food tends to degrade and brutalize the human race, and keep it in subjection to the animal appetites and passions. That it is unnecessary to either health, strength or longevity, witness the ox, horse, camel, elephant, reindeer, etc., who derive their immense strength and endurance from herbage alone;—witness the ancient Pythagoreans and Errenes;—the great mass of the ancient Egyptians and Persians, whose physical, mental and moral superiority are well-known facts of history;—the Brahmins, who eschew milk and its products and eggs, as well as flesh, yet are among the most healthy, vigorous and long-lived of their race;—the great bulk of the four hundred and fifty millions of Chinese, who subsist mainly upon rice, and use neither butter, cheese nor

milk;—the negroes of Brazil, who subsist almost wholly upon farinha or mandioca flour, and yet endure the hardest labor;—the Mexican Indians, according to Humboldt;—the Society of Bible Christians, whose creed embraced vegetarianism, and one of whose American members was reputed to be the strongest man in Philadelphia;—the bulk of the hardest and hardest laboring class in Scotland and Ireland, whose chief reliance is upon oatmeal and potatoes;—the peasantry of France, who live mostly upon bread, and the common people of Spain, who live principally upon bread and onions;—the Caffres of the coast of Africa, who subsist mostly upon "mellis" or corn, and who, according to Prof. Welch of Yale University, are a hardy race, who live to be over a century old, and who "are singly able to lift a bag of salt from the ground, raise it to the head, carry it down an embankment and on board the vessel—the whole weight of which is not less than six hundred pounds";—the Brazilian women, seen by the same, who can carry bags of sugar in the same manner, weighing three or four hundred pounds, and who live on fruits;—Himalayans, seen at Calcutta, whose strength was said to be equal to that of three Europeans—who were able to "grasp a man with one hand on his chest and the other on his back, and hold him out at arm's length so tightly that he could not escape—yet these men never eat animal food, nor drink any stronger drink than water."

Witness also the experiments, experience and testimony of many of the most eminent philanthropic, progressive and pure thinkers, writers and doers, in all ages of the world; such as the Grecian poet Homer, three thousand years ago, who observed that "the Homolians [Pythagoreans] were the longest-lived and the honestest of men;" Plautus, a distinguished Roman writer of two thousand years ago; Plutarch, the "father of history;" Cicero, the Roman orator, who said, "Man was destined to a better occupation than that of pursuing and cutting the throats of dumb creatures;" Cyrus the Great, who was brought up on bread and water; Claudius Galen, second century, the celebrated physician, who lived one hundred and forty years, and practiced always the most rigid temperance and abstemiousness; Socrates, the philosopher Epicurus; Zeno, the stoic philosopher; Diogenes, the cynic, who declared, "We might as well eat the flesh of men as the flesh of other animals;" Troctus, Empedocles, Quintus, Sextus, Appolonius; Porphyry of Tyre, third century, who wrote a book on abstinence from animal food, and maintained the following propositions—1. "That a conquest over the appetites and passions will contribute greatly to preserve health and to remove distemper;" 2. "That a simple vegetable diet is a mighty help towards obtaining this conquest over ourselves;" Ovid, who represents Pythagoras as saying:

"Take not away the life you cannot give;
For all things have an equal right to live.
Kill noxious creatures, where 'tis sin to save;
This only just prerogative we have:
But nourish life with vegetable food.
And shun the sacrilegious taste of blood";—

Lord Bacon, Peter Gassendi, famous French

philosopher; Prof. Hitchcock, the eminent geologist of Amherst College; Dr. Thomas Dick, author of the "Philosophy of Religion;" Prof. Bush, Thomas Shillitoe, a distinguished Quaker; many of the "Shakers"; Alexander Pope, the poet, who ascribes all the bad passions and diseases of the human race to their subsisting on the flesh, blood and miseries of animals; Swedenborg, Sir Isaac Newton, Sir Richard Phillips, the Abbé Gallani, Benjamin Franklin, Horace Greeley, Newton, an English author; Dr. Cheyne, who says, "I have sometimes indulged the conjecture that animal food was not intended for human creatures. They seem to me neither to have those strong and fit organs for digesting them, nor those cruel and hard hearts, or those diabolical passions, which would easily suffer them to tear and destroy their fellow-creatures. To see the convulsions, agonies and tortures of a poor fellow-creature, whom they cannot restore or recompense, dying to gratify luxury, must require a rocky heart and a great degree of cruelty and ferocity. I cannot find any great difference, on the fact of natural reason and equity only, between feeding on human flesh and feeding on brute animal flesh, except custom and example;" Thomas Parr, who died at the age of one hundred and fifty-two years and some months; Johnson, American missionary to Trebizond; Chandler and Caswell, missionaries to Siam; Magliabecchi, an Italian, who abjured cookery, at the age of forty, and confined himself for about fifty years afterwards chiefly to fruits and grains and water; Oberlin and Swartz; Francis Huperzoli, Sardinian ecclesiastic, merchant at Scio, and Venetian Consul at Smyrna, who ate but little except fruits, and drank water, and lived one hundred and fifteen years; Miss Hinckley, poetess; John Whitcomb, whose health was so good at one hundred and four that he rose and bathed himself in cold water, even in mid-winter—whose wounds would heal like those of a child—who drank only water for eighty years, and subsisted for thirty years on bread and milk chiefly; Capt. Ross, the celebrated navigator, who with his company spent the winter of 1830–31 above 70° North latitude, without beds or bed-clothing, or animal food, with no evidence of any suffering from the mere disuse of flesh and fish; Henry Francisco, one hundred and twenty-five years old; Prof. Adam Ferguson, Howard the philanthropist, who with constitution not very strong, endured in his visits to the prisons of Europe the greatest fatigue of body and mind and the most dangerous exposures to pestilential diseases; Gen. Elliot, British; Thomas Bell, F. R. S., etc., previously cited; Linnæus, the naturalist; Shelley, the poet, who entertained the most earnest convictions on this subject, and wrote a treatise against the slaughter of animals and their use as food; John Wesley, who, for the last half of his long life of eighty-eight years, was a thorough-going vegetarian, and who lived four successive years entirely on potatoes, never enjoying better health than then, nor relaxing his arduous labors; Baron Cuvier, Lamarine, educated a vegetarian of the strictest sort, and who possessed as fine a physical frame as could be found in

France; Samuel Chinn of Marblehead, Mass., who subsisted four years on fruit and unground wheat, uncooked—and who, being appointed a delegate to a convention at Worcester, fifty-eight miles distant, filled his pocket with wheat, walked there during one day, attended the convention, and the next day walked home again, with comparative ease; "Father Sewall" of Maine, a man of giant size, who lived ninety years or more, and abstained from flesh and fish, etc., between thirty and forty years; Miles Grant, the noted Adventist, who can preach fifteen sermons a week, and perform a vast amount of other labor; Bronson Alcott, the "sage of Concord;" Thoreau, the sweet writer of Nature; Geoffrey, Percy and Vanguelin, distinguished French chemists; Dr. J. Berdell, distinguished dentist of New York; Sylvester Graham, Drs. Alcott, Shew, Smethurst, Schlemmer, Guy of King's College, London; Jarvis, Jennings, Beaumont, Van Coothe, Condie, Clark, Buchan, Salgues, Lambe, Rush, Cullen, Gregory, James, Abernethy, Hufeland, Taylor, Cranstoun; Drs. Trall, Heald, Gorham, and a host of other physicians, of the present day, together with their numerous pupils and followers; O. S. Fowler, Prof. Mussey, etc.

12. EVENTUAL.—When the earth becomes everywhere densely populated, it will become necessary to economize the soil; which can best be done by ceasing to keep animals for food—for the reason that a vastly greater population can be sustained by the direct productions of the soil, than when those productions are converted into flesh. The race will then become by necessity, if it shall not already have become so from choice or moral conviction, vegetarians.

(Already is this prospective necessity become a present one in China; in which country, according to Sir John Davis, the raising of cattle and all other kinds of stock is explicitly discouraged, on the ground that it exhausts the soil, and tends to lessen its capacity to produce food for man.) And it will then become necessary to balance the births and deaths; which, in the pure, spiritual and intuitive conditions accompanying the universal elevation of man to a fruit diet and consequent passional self-control, will be practicable and easy.

Then will the earth become one vast garden of fruits and flowers, where purity, love and innocence may repose in peaceful bowers; and the perhaps mythical "Eden" of the past will become a substantial verity at last! In that garden, each Adam and Eve will hear the voice of God within, and will not be "ashamed" nor "hide themselves." No *butcher Satan* shall be there to tempt them to partake of the forbidden flesh. The "tree of knowledge" will shed for them its luscious fruits, and they shall partake and be happy. "PARADISE IS REGAINED!"

CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.—A German forest-keeper, sixty-two years of age, not wishing to carry to the grave with him an important secret, has published in the *Leipzig Journal*, a recipe he has used for fifty years, and which, he says, has saved several men, and a great number of animals, from a horrible death by hydro-

phobia. The bite must be bathed as soon as possible with warm vinegar and water; and, when this has dried, a few drops of muriatic acid poured upon the wound, will destroy the poison of the saliva, and relieve the patient of all present or future danger.

M. Lisle strongly recommends the use of bread mixed with sea-water, in cases of disease arising from poverty of blood, for convalescents recovering from acute diseases, and for healthy persons of delicate constitutions. The water must be genuine sea-water, not the sea-salt of commerce in water.

A YOUNG LADY of this village was recently attacked with diphtheria in a virulent form. Slices of fresh pork were bound on her neck without any good results. Her father, hearing that the city doctors were using beef extensively for the same purpose, tried it, and in six hours the beef turned green, relieving the sufferer.—*Riverside (L. I.) News*.

MYSTICAL WRITING,

SENT TO WEST INGLE, BY A. C. WILLIAMS, GRANVILLE, IOWA.

O, BROTHER, know you not that power is not confined to physical strength alone. There are those who may be weak in body, and yet possess the power to do and dare much for humanity and the Spirit-World.

By the laws of Nature, God's gifts are about equally divided; and if many warriors fail in the battle of life, it is not for lack of power, but for the ill-use of their wisdom and intellect. Ambition is a good thing; but you will find that ambition without energy in the right direction, is like a balloon without gas, it will not float in the air surrounding the active energetic classes of humanity. There are more ambitious idle men and women than there are of the labor-loving classes. Lazy men are like the sand.

"Give us our daily bread," is a good prayer, but if a man sits down and waits for an answer, he don't get his bread till it is dry; and when the answer to the prayer comes, the bread has lost its nutritious elements. Such people have no cause of complaint with their hard fortune, which must ever be their portion.

Let each intelligent human being become a cheerful worker, and put away all idleness from their lives, and there will be less misery manifested among men. Jesus, in all his teachings, kept these laws constantly before the people. The laws of universal association and progression demand earnest effort on the part of those who help to make up the human brotherhood. Let your life, O, brother, conform to the general law of industry, and all will be well. A religion which makes idlers is no religion at all. The human mind is ever changing and unfolding. Knowledge

is given according to one's capacity and needs; and the world is full of those who have need of human ministrations. There are the blind, the halt, and the famine-stricken; the white, the black, the free and the slave,—all need the love and sympathy of human brotherhood. If you would enter into a life of serene glory, do your duty on the earth, as a spirit destined to a better and a higher sphere of usefulness. Do not let little things prevent you from doing your duty as a man among men.

WEST INGLE.

EXPOSERS.

We clip the following from the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, Chicago:

"Should we complain at the absurd pretences of 'exposers'? Are they not essential factors of the New Dispensation? Who has done more to educate us, and advertise spiritual phenomena than this class of empirics? It is well to criticise, for that brings out the truth. It may be well to censure, if the patient needs that kind of help. But the chronic habit of grumbling and anathematizing, hurts most those who indulge the weakness. But if they are so conditioned that growls are their highest language, it is meet that they unburden their feelings, that they may clear up like the air after a storm. We have a noble class of protectionists who groan at human folly and seek to devise means of salvation from the order of Nature! Intense devotion to an idea or method often generates intolerance. This is as apparent in the ranks of liberals as in the church. The history of religious persecution is not the fruit of chance, but of law. Nor is that law bound in books or creeds, but in men; and creeds are derived from men. The effects of the human cause may react to foster the evil in the source, but the same cause that instituted the inquisition still exists in human nature everywhere, modified and softened by the steady growth of mind and the broader spiritual vision which exalts and sweetens all our feelings.

"I do not write to complain of the complainers; but to offer suggestions for our mutual helps. If there were no scolds, I might feel like scolding to supply the void! But since they are abundant, other agencies demand our advocacy. Lovers of truth and purity naturally hate lies and liars, and feel bitter over the fleshly bias and sensual tendencies of imperfect humanity. It is very hard for such to tolerate what to them is so repulsive and vile. They cannot wait for nature to do her work, for experience to correct, and time to emancipate and redeem. They want it done now. Heaven must be reached by the 'air line.' The surgeon must amputate at once, and sinners must be 'born again' now, or the world is on fire. This has ever been the case and ever will, for it is the law of mind and expression of virtue and inexorable moral feeling. But time tempers this absolutism with the light of universal experience and the bearings of infinite causation. The true philosopher sees the

law of use and necessity running through all ages and forms of development.

"Spiritualism is the great expander of nature. In its philosophy is the key of all life and the reconciliation of all its manifestations. The faults and perversions of which we complain are inevitable accompaniments of the world's growth and indices of our position on the map of eternal progress. If the world had no need of expanders, they could never appear. The phases of mediumship that we often try our faith, and drive us to more extended research and critical analysis, may provoke our anger, but they reward us with knowledge dug from the mine of despair! They, too, are learning. What if they are weak and touch our most sacred feelings? They are the offspring of the world and have inherited its proclivities. As sensitive they breathe the moral pestilence that exhalates from the social selfishness and moral disease of society and echo the discords that environ them. We expect selfishness and deceit from society everywhere. It is the rule, not the exception. People delight in being deceived when the deception is pleasant! Behold! how they feed on flattery when they know it is not the reward of merit! How they brace against all 'exposures' of their sins, lest the light should dispel the charm and rob them of the bliss so long shared in worshipping a lie!

"Spiritualism is a sublime reality, the most exalting truth that ever rose over the grim shadows of the world's great night; but like all other truths it walks among the lowly, and haunts the valleys of time, associated with 'goldens and sinners,' breathes its influence here more in the desert, and is crucified among thieves by the dominant rule of self-righteousness who court the blindness that betrays them. To save the world it must come into the world, be a part of the world, affiliate with it on terms of human life with all its imperfections and grow with our growth, help us to grow. Human nature vibrates between two extremes—extreme skepticism and extreme credulity. Between these is the golden mean to which Spiritualism is leading the world. To do this, it must have its mediums of all grades and phases, including the 'exposers.' Our wit must be sharpened, our judgment disciplined, our trust perfected by trial. Unprincipled tricksters receive the endorsement of the clergy, who blindly believe their sisking craft can be covered by covering their faces with a veil of fraud and exposing their moral obliquity to the painful amusement of the world, while they welcome the avowed imposture in the name of religion and truth! They thus relieve Spiritualism of some of its shame, and unwittingly acknowledge their own moral weakness.

"This place is just now the focus of wonderful lights that dazzle the vision of the anti-spiritualists. They appeared here last week as the 'Florentine Brothers,' the most astonishing Mediums in the world. They exhibited at Leonard's Hall, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday evenings, and took some money, performed some clever tricks and some quite remarkable manifestations. At the close of the season Friday, they announced that on Monday even-

ing, at the Academy of Music, they would 'expose' Spiritualism in their true character as the 'Cecil Brothers.' I hear that their notices were read or announced in the different churches yesterday, and to-night the 'Cecil Brothers' are to 'expose' themselves and receive the money and endorsement of their willing dupes, who feast on their depravity and glory in their shame. As I am invited by the Professor (!) to attend, I may risk myself for an hour in bad company, and trust to redeeming grace and innate tendencies, aided by good angels and worthy men, to rise out of the bad mire and hold my love of truth unsullied. We held forth at Leonard's Hall yesterday, to a larger audience than heretofore, and discovered no signs of trepidation or waning faith. Spiritualism gets a wholesome inspiration and quickening by the fresh breaths which remind us of our autumn time, and reflect the tender bloom of the infinite summer that awaits us all, when we have braved the winter of time, warmed and strengthened by the hidden light that wears its rainbows through the crystal lampshade that crown the gardens of snow, and we rise to higher altitudes and deeper consciousness of the work that invites our hands and the rewards that await the faithful. Let us be thankful for all our helps, whether they come in the glory of truth or hidden in the disguise of fraud, masked by the repulsive shadows of moral perversity, and brazen folly and imposture."

LYMAN C. HOWE.

Binghamton, N. Y.

MEDIUMS.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Dec. 10, 1877.

BROTHER DEXAMORE,—With the permission of the editor of the "Voice," I would like to write a few thoughts for the public concerning Mediumship. I do not feel capable of doing the subject justice, but I would like to ask a question or two, and offer a few suggestions. Why is it our Mediums have very high-toned, moral and intellectual messages, while others have right the reverse, coming under the head of pure selfishness? It is said it is because one is developed, and the other is not. Now, in one sense this may be true; but in another I do not understand it so. As far as I have observed, there is a great difference in the shape of Mediums' heads. When moral and intellectual messages are given, that person has large benevolence, well rounded out and fully developed. Whereas the other has no benevolence, while the selfish organs are largely developed. Now, does not the law of like attracting like make all the difference, or is it something else? In other words, cannot the differences in the communications be owing to the differences in the development of the organs? What we want for good Mediums is fully developed organs of the entire brain.

Now, will the editor-in-chief please give his views on this subject, and oblige an humble inquirer after Truth?

JOHN S. ADAMS.

[NOTE.—Our friend who asks us to answer a question has been already answered. If we should write a such, we could not give a better rendering of the subject. If our friend means to infer that any phase of mediumship—no matter how low in development it may be—is needless and ought not to be tolerated, we shall disagree with him; for the reason—as often repeated in these pages—that there could not by any possibility be what is called a higher class of Mediums, had a lower class have lived that last day; for it was not in the latter that the higher has been developed.—Ed.]

LETTER TO MRS. L. FROM HER SPIRIT COUNSEL.

THROUGH MRS. A. ADAMS.

ANGEL guard you, cousin dear;
Show you that great truths are here,—
Truths from out the spirit land,
Brought by your own dear loved hand.

Come to living by your good cheer;
Give the knowledge that they're here,
To wait on high your parent prayer,
For they are with you everywhere.

Oh, receive them! for their light
Will guide you onward to the right;
Ever telling something new;
Queens of heaven they come to you.

MESSAGE CORROBORATED.

C. WYOMING, Hamilton Co., Ohio,
Sunday Evening, Dec. 16th, 1877.

BROTHER DEXAMORE,—In the Voice of Angels of Dec. 1st there is a communication from Alexander Perodery, stating that he departed this life in this place on the 5th day of April, 1866, at the age of eighty-five years. He also gives the place of his birth—"the south bank of the Potomac River, in Berkeley County, Virginia." As I reside in this place, and am a regular reader of your little paper, and felt an interest in the communication, I have investigated the case. I find the communication is true in every particular. His children, who still reside here, and others familiar with his history, confirm the truth of all the particulars as stated in the communication. Common justice and fidelity to truth require this statement of facts from me.

Very truly and fraternally,

D. WINOEN.

D. C. DEXAMORE: Dear Sir,—I would like to give Brother Gibson one reason why I believe in re-incarnation. Some Spirit Intelligences say there is no sex in Spirit. If that is a fact, how in the name of common sense are we going to get all the experiences that pertain to both sexes, if the Spirit is not re-incarnated? We hear it often said that such and such an one is a feminine man, or masculine woman. Can friend Gibson inform us why it is that some persons have these peculiar characteristics?

W. L. WEST.

Anger is an emotion to be avoided.

INSPIRATIONAL FORMS.

THE LAST SLEEP.

BY EVA KIDDERPINE.

As it was it only that sleep
So calm and strange!
They told me it was death,
I knew not, death not
For its name;
I only knew it meant
A never waking of the kindly eye,
That had watched me ever tenderly;
I, poor, feared I, that I had loved
So well, were sealed. (Oh, God!)
And was I never more to hear
His voice?
Those half-breathed hands
Folded so peacefully—
That brow—that intellect so noble—
Was all that—was this—was this
The end?
I could not weep,—
My heart, a frozen thing,
Gave back no hope
Of word of cheer!
Oh! it was hard—hard,
To speak and not reply.
And when all was over,—
When at last the soul and
Was hushed above the breast,—
I thought I could not live
Without him.
But I did—heart do not break
As often as we read of it
And now I think of him calmly,
Tranquilly, as of some pure religion,
That, finding its abiding place
All too narrow, unimagined,
Went higher to perfect its holiness.
And I'm at peace;—for well I know
That when at last my weary work
Is done,—when I come the great day,
And at last find rest—
I shall find him waiting
By the shores of the eternal sea.

[At two lectures a fortnight ago, each time over an old lady's head, a female spirit form was building a gold key, during the whole evening.—HUNTER'S MAG. A. ANDERSON.]

In the darkness of the day,
We will come to guide the way;
And point to him the better land,
Where thy loved ones now all stand.

With outstretched hands to thee they show
A life of more worth than gold below.
The key unlocks the treasure store
Of more than gold must rich and rare.

For when to you therein you'll find,
Rich treasures of the undying mind;
Of those who long have passed from earth,
And joined the choir of heavenly worth.

They gather now around you here,
To bring you words of love and cheer,
Unlock the treasure store above,
And point to him the home of love.

For not to go, as time draws nigh,
Nor give for earth one lingering sigh;
For we have found a bright home here,
And loved ones bid us bring you cheer.

TRUE LOVE FROM THE DIVINE.

THOMAS MAG. A. D. P. WINTER.

When loving hearts are closely pressed,
Involuntarily, sweetly, then they rest;
When true souls each other pressing,
Involuntarily brings them a blessing.

Pure love, an element divine,
Around the material souls entwined,
In blissful folds, happily roaming,
Free from sadness and from gloom.

There is pure love beyond control,
Its hold on the world within the soul;
Pure love is in the soul's keeping,
In busy life, or when sleeping.

Where the enchanted lovers are,
The angels whisper: "Love is there;
Pure, true love, yea, the old world's true;
There we find our living God."

The angels come from earth above,
And bring the heart-strings of pure love,
And join of love from the soul,
Through the material world above.

That is love! The angel love
Involuntarily pure! They love the world—
The material love, the pure heart;
Love and gentleness are not apart.

Pure love is holy affection,
Living in man's creation;
Pure love from the celestial,
Crystal fountain—love eternal.
Gloria, M. H.

A REVERBY.

THOMAS MAG. A. D. P. WINTER.

It never fails and never fails to show!
Could you have the thought that all men know,
In the morning;
Could you have my love in a moment's power,
As I all alone, while the wild winds blow
Are rushing.

You would know your love, as I know and know,
Had not been in my heart, had I not seen,
Through the morning;
Would you know it is a love as I know and know,
And that I would know, and know, and know
You are ever.

It wrinkles hands! you are better at
Than the wealth of worlds in jewels are
To me;
And I know that, by the wave-washed strand,
That lies far in the better land,
Those hands, as with the old and new,
Will find a heart that stands there
From many.

And when I, with my earth-work done,
I meet and sleep you in that dawn—
My mother!
The sweetest blessing I could know
Would be, that in thy hand of mine,
I'd have you happy through to rest;
Had brought me joy to thy dear breast—
My mother!
(HUNTER'S MAG. A. D. P. WINTER.)

People are suffering for the want of knowledge, and yet refuse to accept it when it is offered them free. Ignorance propagates itself, and can be subdued only by spiritual force, and not by human argument. It would seem that one part of the human family fear the knowledge acquired by the other. We judge so by the existence of petty jealousy in members of all learned professions. It would seem as if fear was indulged, lest a wider diffusion of knowledge, and a more thorough culture among all classes, would detract from the supremacy of a chosen few. The shrewdness of the medical men is pitted against the scientific classes; and the scholars versed in the laws of Nature forget the requirements of the human, and often blunt their sense of manhood, to keep a little ahead of their rivals in chemical science.

This truth is beyond cavil, that no class of men can safely be left in ignorance, and least of all the weak and sickly, who go through life suffering for the sins of their fathers.

All men must be reached through reason and common sense. Humanity needs more brains, more nerve, patience, and con-

scientiousness, and more moral strength; and should be taught a little of all those different branches of knowledge. Hoping the new year brought to the readers of THE VOICE OF ANGELS health and prosperity, I am, as ever, a lover of the human brotherhood.

DR. BUCKHAUSEN.

AN ELEGANT PASSAGE.—It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding-place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble cast by eternity to float a moment upon its waves and sink into nothingness. Else why is it that the high and glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and cloud come over us, with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off, to leave us to muse on their loveliness? Why is it the stars, which hold their festival around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affection to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our hearts.

There is a realm where the rainbow never fades; where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber in the ocean, and where the beautiful beings which pass before us like shadows will stay in our presence forever.—(George D. Prentice.)

COMMUNICATION.

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MARY LUNING, OF DANIA, ILL., JAN. 13, 1878.

GOOD EVENING.—I wish to say a few words to let the world know that I am not dead. I passed out of the body in 1864. The day and month I can't give. I lived in Stark Co., Ill., near Bratford—a small town. I have a brother John. I died of consumption. Please put this in the VOICE OF ANGELS, so that my brother may see it. I have a sister Mary, and one named Julia. Good-Bye.

HENRY HADEN.

HUMANITY is becoming so utterly indifferent to the laws of Nature, that it is almost useless to say anything, for or against the present uses and abuses of the human organism.

SELF-LOVE is sure to make men mean;
The love of others makes all men brothers.
G. W. BEEVERS, Sen.

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EDITORIAL.

GOOD AND BAD MEDIUMS.

WE have often recently been asked why it was there were so many unscrupulous, deceiving Mediums, while there were so few good reliable ones? We have been asked the same question and cognate ones hundreds of times before, and always answered them by asking another, namely, why did not God, in his wisdom, while he was about it, make all men truthful and good? Why make so many vicious, evil-disposed men and women, and so few good ones? Why didn't he make all Washingtons, Franklins and Lincolns, when he had his hand in! Now, Mediums, good or bad, are composed of essentially the same materials that other people are, and require the same amount of food and raiment to sustain the physical body and keep it warm and comfortable, that the non-mediumistic ones do; And while the good ones are scrupulously truthful and honest, and try to get a living by practising those virtues, the latter, devoid of those divine principles, although they may be endowed with fine Medial powers, and may use them honestly when it will serve their purpose, but, unlike the former, when that fails them, they are guided wholly by mere mercenary, selfish motives, prostitute their powers to Moloch, and resort to fraudulent means to obtain their ends.

Now, the question is, what is it or was it that made these two classes differ so widely? In short, what is it that causes the difference between the good and bad, the world over? Our answer is, as often before expressed, circumstances of birth and education—circumstances over which neither had any control. The circumstances and surroundings that gave the world a Washington, a Franklin or a Lincoln, would have made all men with similar characteristics; and *vice versa*. The same circumstances and surroundings that produced a Benedict Arnold, a Jeff. Davis, or a Robespierre, would have made all men precisely like them. Now, this being conceded, another question demands an answer, namely, who is to be praised or blamed for these diametrically opposite dispositions in mankind, if circumstances over which they had not the slightest control made them what they were? If the

preceding reasoning is conceded to be correct, then neither the good or bad had anything to do in making their dispositions; hence some power outside of themselves is responsible for what they are. What that power is, we leave for those to answer who do the most growling and grumbling about the want of foresight and wisdom manifested by Diety in getting up the human race.

If every Medium in the world had had the same father and mother and similar surroundings that gave the world Andrew Jackson Davis, there would have been no deceptive, lying Mediums to expose. In fact, if there were no lying, deceiving Mediums, or wicked, quarrelsome, vicious people in the world, there would have been no need of Mediums at all, good or bad, and the word Spiritualism would never have been known. If that was the order of things, that is, if there were no wicked people or deceptive Mediums to contrast with the good ones, how would the world ever know that there were any good folks or reliable Mediums? Hence, if for no other reason, both the good and bad are equally necessary to know that either or both exist.

NOTICE TO OUR FRIENDS AND PATRONS—
and especially Correspondents. The reason I have not responded to your letters of late, is, I have been very ill the past six weeks, four of which I have been unable to write a word without great effort. But now that I am rapidly gaining strength, I expect in a few days to liquidate all such liabilities.

Pub. Voice of Angels.

NOTICE TO OUR FRIENDS.

THE "West Ingle" Medium requests me to say that, in her card in the January 1st number of this paper, she did *not* mean it to be understood that she would answer sealed letters, as she never claimed that gift. In consequence of that card, she has received many letters of that kind, which she will return to those who sent them, with their contents. In justice to myself and the cause I represent, I will say, I know nothing of her mediumship, other than that she has written many communications which have appeared in the *Voice* at various times, many of which have been fully corroborated, while some were partially so, and a few not so.

This is the case with all Mediums—a fact recognized by all. She is a lady of high moral standing, and where she is known, it is said that she is a fine inspirational Medium.

Publisher Voice of Angels.

To D. C. DENSMORE.

(From his Son, who passed into Spirit-Life when an infant about six months old.)

MY DEAR HONORED FATHER, — Will you be pleased to learn that I am one of your Spirit guides?—I, the little round-faced baby, who used to lie in your bosom, with no power to tell you of my love, only through my eyes, and infant desire to be with you all the time! I am now strong, and possess well developed Spiritual form and faculties, with a capacity for knowledge superior to your own. I have a sister and two brothers, with a countless number of friends, here with me in this beautiful world; and am happy in my Spiritual work. I know very little of earth-life from experience, my father, very little of the struggle going on amid the sons and daughters of men. Yet I understand their sorrows and needs, and can do something toward the accomplishing of the Christ-work among men.

Your life has been one of constant changes. I have followed you through all; and many times when your soul cried out bitterly for help, I have administered to your needs, only as pure, unselfish love can do.

I was taken from you in my infancy, that I might become your inspiration in later years. Let those who mourn for little children, remember the truth—"Developed in Spirit-life, they have power to bring knowledge and spiritual light to their dear ones left behind."

I would have been called David Edgar, if I had lived to grow to manhood, and I like the name. Eddie and Tunie might and would have told you concerning me, but I requested them to be silent. I wanted you to learn of me through my own Spiritual powers.

Let your faith be strong and unshaken, my dear father; your paper will yet wave like a "battle-flag" above the walls of Superstition. Humanity will yet rejoice when they behold its silken folds floating in the clear air of Truth. There are many gathering round, curiously watching and listening for Spiritual Manifestations and Angel Voices, glad to hear a new song of Immortality. They are beginning to understand what they need, and Reason teaches them to seek a God of Love and Mercy, instead of a wicked, revengeful Creator, glorying in the sufferings of those he created.

Those who govern the minds of the people, through fear and church creeds, are finding their arms powerless to hold the brave and adventurous minds, who are ever distinguished for their zeal and stability in the cause of Truth.

The evangelical churches will find their walls and pillars melting away before the triumphant car of progress, and the very atmosphere surrounding their sacred altars permeated with the revolutionary spirit of the age. The brightest ornaments of their pulpits, those possessing genius of the highest order, have secretly avowed principles of progression.

Hell-fire is out of fashion when Reason puts on her mantle of Truth. The leading men of the nations are forming in a harmonious fraternity regarding Spiritual knowledge, for the Angel-Forces are drawing men toward their Divine Source, the Creator of Love, Life, and Harmony.

Let the revivals of religion continue, there is need of religious earthquakes. Revolution must shake humanity to its centre, and Church and State must furnish the material to strengthen the Spiritual forces of the earth, that God's will may be done, and his perfect work accomplished on the earth, through unfolded humanity.

All creeds will surely be dethroned in the end. Spiritual Truth will be victorious. The struggle between right and might is drawing very near. The day for the fulfillment of Scriptural prophecies must come, and those who would be successful in the great conflict of the future, must work with zeal for God and Humanity.

Dear Father, draw up your forces into line, lift high your battle-flag. Let the world know a grand army is on the march to meet the King of Glory, who comes with his cloud of unseen warriors, to overthrow the old theories, and bring back from their captivity the ransomed children of a grand and noble humanity.

Good speed, my dear father. I shall ever be at your right hand from this hour.

DAVID EDGAR DENSMORE.

[From the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*.]

THE INDEPENDENT VOICE.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

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

QUESTION:—Describe the analogy or difference between the change we call death and the change you call "going to a higher sphere?"

ANSWER:—In my transition from earth to spirit-life, or in the death of my physical body, I seemed to be borne aloft; in fact, I felt as if I was shedding off an old garment. When stepping from my physical frame, I could scarcely realize that I was looking upon that which held my spirit within its embrace for a period of twenty-two years. The transition was as natural to me, however, as divesting my

limbs of a pair of pants, or feet of boots. I seemed to feel that I was taking something off me and obtaining great freedom by the act; also more comprehensive thought. I have never regretted the change. The passing from one condition to another in the Spirit-world, is so gradual,—the progression so gradual that you scarcely realize that you are ascending to a higher sphere of life, until you stand on the high pinnacle to which you have aspired; this transition in Spirit-life, from a lower condition to one higher and more beautiful in its nature, is not regarded as death, but a condition of advancement; it is not like a step up a stairway—the ascension from one step to another taken at once, but is so gradual that for the moment you do not sense the change that is going on. The progression from childhood to maturity—the change made each day in your body and mind, you do not realize, but when you look back from mature manhood to childhood, you then realize the various steps you have taken in growth.

QUESTION:—Does a change in a spirit's appearance or condition indicate always an ascension?

ANSWER:—No; the change is always gradual; the face becomes radiant with the delights of intelligence—with the light of knowledge gained in its progression—a change of garments as it were. An immediate change in the expression of the spirit, is not because of a step up the ladder each day, but because some pleasant thing has transpired, or some new prospect presented.

QUESTION:—Why is it that there are such bright lights and large irregular luminous bodies or waves of light in the room to-night? [these seances take place in a room made totally dark.]

ANSWER:—Because at this time there is a strong magnetic power in the room. I am very much in hopes that I may at some future time present to you a form, if only a shadowy one, that you may recognize.

QUESTION:—Have spirits the power to retrogress as mortals have?

ANSWER:—No; I don't think that mortals have the power to retrograde either. If man truly stands on the platform of truth, he never goes back; judging from a worldly standpoint, some retrograde; but it is only in appearance. They have passed for more than they were in reality, and finally sink to their proper level.

QUESTION:—What is the proportion of time required for the expiation of a single fault in spirit-life?

ANSWER:—As an illustration, put five children into school; designate the time, if possible, for each to learn the alphabet. Of course, the time required for the expi-

ation of a single fault depends upon circumstances.

QUESTION:—What qualification is necessary for a spirit to be able to visit and study another planet?

ANSWER:—Hundreds of years of progression, and a thorough understanding of the electrical laws governing the universe.

QUESTION:—Do you know how many inhabited planets there are, in the circle of the earth, or in the universe?

ANSWER:—My God! I am something of a mathematician, but I take a solemn vow that I never counted the number of inhabited worlds in the universe, or in the circle of the earth. Nor have I met any one who has, or knows.

QUESTION:—Do you get information from still higher spirits, and how?

ANSWER:—Certainly I do; and very largely through the instrumentality of the same laws that govern the inter-communion of mortals with each other, only we have a larger number of sensible people with us.

QUESTION:—If superior intelligences inspire the spirits, why don't the spirits repeat the superior information to earth, and so down to us from the very highest order of spirit existences?

ANSWER:—Mortals must learn the alphabet before they think of reading. We have already presented too much for the consideration of the children of earth. In the first place, you do not understand even the magnetic laws that govern your life on earth in any direction; if you did thoroughly understand them, you would have no crimes or criminals to contend with, and no need for the prisons and punishments which your law provides. No need of dyspepsia and the miserable conditions around you in every direction, if you understand the laws of health. Why present facts and principles to humanity that they can not comprehend? When I try to make natural laws plain, and give you correct ideas in reference to the same, you say, "I don't want to hear that; I desire something in reference to the Spirit-world." Laws guide and direct the Spirit-world, and when I explain their nature, you fold your arms in a dignified manner and say, "You may tell the truth, but I have never been there." The spirits have presented already more than the world can understand in its ignorance. If we were to put the power in the hands of people that we understand, we know what would be the consequences. Man is not capacitated to understand everything brought to him from the other world. You might tell the fish to fly, and it would say, "I cannot, for I have no wings." You might tell a man of the wonderful things of the

Spirit-world, and he could not understand them, for he is not a resident of spirit-life; he can no more comprehend the laws and divine principles of the spiritual realms, than an infant can comprehend the grand science of mathematics.

QUESTION:—Can you describe the physical and spiritual status of the inhabitants of any other planet; also the planet itself?

ANSWER:—I can not; I have never been to any other planet, but this and the Spirit-world around.

QUESTION:—Have other material worlds had a Saviour?

ANSWER:—I don't know, sir.

TO A MEDIUM.

THROUGH MRS. A. ANDREWS.

Thou asketh instruction that thou mightest gain
The light of these truths, while here you remain;
And we seek to give to all willing hearts
That wisdom and light each sphere can impart.

Sweet sister, thou art a great object of love,
Of angelic throngs that hover above;
Each seeking to give some fragment to thee,
That blooms over here on Wisdom's great tree.

By touching his garment were the multitude healed;
Great Spirit we thank thee for truths thus revealed;
Such power cometh only from God above;
And filleth our souls with the holiest love.

SEEK THE FOUNTAIN OF TRUTH.

THROUGH MRS. A. ANDREWS.

Come all to the well, the waters are bright,
And sparkle with jewels of heavenly light;
With crystalline clearness they'll shine in the crown
Of earth's weary children, by care trodden down.

130 NORTH SEVENTH ST., Philadelphia, Jan. 2, 1878.

FRIEND DENSMORE.—I rarely cast my eyes upon the title of our little Gospel Messenger, the VOICE OF ANGELS, but infantile baby-spirits are presented to my imagination, or internal sense of sight. I love children—and who does not?

I inclose two songs or canticles, given me, first in musical intonation, and subsequently, upon my request, furnished in recital. The sittings were among the pleasantest of my experience, for these little spirits (three or four) were highly delighted when one or two ladies present responded in infantile song, and the antiphone was kept up for some considerable time. The little choral party has been present several times in song, and otherwise signified their presence, by child-like addresses, recognized by their friends in the circle.

I have another song, given by little Helen, which is a greeting to her kindred, and expressive of her strong desire for them to realize the beauties of Spiritual life.

Thinking that you may give a corner of our paper to these little spirits, I send the baby salutations, roughly transcribed. As to the punctuation, I have tried to

give the true sense; if I have failed, please correct. As heretofore, use my messages as you please. J. W.

LITTLE SPIRITS' HAPPY GREETINGS.

Oh, is it not joyful,
To greet all the friends once more,
Before the old year is ended?
There is joy in that greeting,
But happy is that home
Where there is joy for all.

Oh, it is sorrowful
To see that vacant place at the fireside;
But it is joy at the other side
To meet our friends at the other side,
That have left their earthly home.

Oh, then, let us be joyful!
Oh, be joyful to meet them once more.
A happy Christmas greeting to all!

ELLA GREEN.

LITTLE SPIRITS' HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

HAPPY Christmas to all!
Happy Christmas to all!
We are working, although we are small;
We are bringing that gift
To poor little mortals.

Happy Christmas to all!
Happy Christmas to all!
Happy to think that our Saviour has come
In the form of a little spirit.

Happy Christmas to all!
There is joy in the greeting for all.
Little Spirits rejoice
In giving happy Christmas to all.
I wish them all a happy time,
At my dear papa's home.

Happy Christmas to all!
Happy Christmas to grand-mamma;
Happy Christmas to grand-papa;
Happy Christmas to my darling sister Emma;
Happy Christmas to all.

LITTLE HELEN.

[SIB.—The above was given to the writer at a private circle, Friday evening, Dec. 21st, 1877, Mrs. Hoffman, Medium. Little Helen is the writer's grand-child, whose spirit left the form July 25, 1870, when not quite five months old. She has a sister Emma. Little Helen is represented as being apparently seven or eight years old, and the description given of the Spirit by the Medium corresponds with those furnished by other Mediums, and agrees to the appearance she would make as to features, complexion, etc., looking at her as advanced and developed in Spirit-Life.]

BRO. DENSMORE.—The VOICE OF ANGELS cries aloud. The time is at hand to open the Seventh Seal and to sound the Seventh Trumpet. It is one of the lights which is to enlighten the world. Blessed are those virgins who have their lamps trimmed and burning! Go on, brother. Your position is an enviable one. "The Root of David" will prevail. The Book is being opened, and the seals loosed. "And this is the confidence that we have in him, that if we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us."—Jewett.

WHITE CLOUD'S LAMENT.

[Given through P. DAGGETT, at Jewett's Free Hall.]

White Brave,—White Cloud comes; Indian all same as white man—some very good, some very bad. Me thinks those great rulers need more wisdom. They no treat red man right. Injun always hate white man—enemy. It is born in um, it's handed down to them from their ancestors. White man want all Injun got; Injuns can have nothing for themselves. As soon as

he have something, white man wants to take it. Poor Injun no account. What is an Injun?—a beast, a reptile, or is he a species of the human race? If they belong to the former, annihilate them. The quicker done the better, and finish it; but if they belong to the latter, treat them as human beings.

Where is there, under the light of heaven, a race of people that does not know right from wrong? where is there a people, born and raised in any kingdom, and established in homes of their own, that would willingly give up their homes, hunting and fishing-grounds to any race of beings who had never proved themselves friends? What would these American people, who you call an enlightened race, think of such arbitrary rulers that might settle amongst them? If the red man should come and say, "Me wants this country about here, me will buy it of you, me will pay you for it; but our price must be what *we think* it is worth, to us—you have nothing to say about the price;"—do you think the people, settled here in Rutland, would sanction a trade of that kind, made by your rulers, and compel them to leave their country and their property, and move to some other hunting-grounds less inviting?

Oh, it is shameful, sinful, and a disgrace to any race! Only think of the dishonesty ruling the white man's heart! think, for a moment, how they will rob and steal, to gain wealth from their own government! And if they will steal from one another, at home, is it to be wondered at that they cheat, rob and steal from the red man?

So long as this pillage continues, so long will this warfare and murder go on; for it is nothing more nor less than robbery and murder, and somebody is accountable for it; and those who are responsible for these crimes would, in the future, be far better off if they stood in the red man's place.

There is no race of people on earth more susceptible to Spirit influence than the Injun. He believes it; he looks at this intelligence and power as coming from the Great Ruling Spirit; and when your government sends men, endowed with this power and wisdom from the other world, to consult with the red man, then will come peace and harmony.

Injun he know something, as well as white man; he know what is right. Now Indian done talk.

Question.—How is it you talk, through this Medium, sometimes good, and sometimes bad English? Answer.—When I begin, I talk like Indian, so you may know it was an Indian; I can talk all same

as white man now. *Question.*—Where was White Cloud's home? *Answer.*—I go to the Spirit-world long time ago, before white man come here. Red man live all round this country, in the valley and in the mountain. One more word. I am the sentinel, appointed to watch over a certain section of these domains. I have said enough; my business to you is known no further.

WHITE CLOUD.
S. W. JEWETT, *Scribe.*
SHEPHERD HOME, VT.

PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.
THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

LESTER DAY TO MARY.

THEY called me Lester Day. I would like to send a word to Mary, who is always glad to hear from me. I want to say that I feel glorified to think that Spirit-Life is all that I expected, only more so. I was a Spiritualist from the top of my head to my toe-nails. I felt it within me, and in spite of the trouble I experienced, I rejoice that I done as I did when here. My friends will understand. You need not trouble yourself about my identity, there are hundreds who know of me.

I felt pretty badly before I left the body, pecuniarily and physically. My limbs felt weak and well nigh powerless, and I feel it considerable tonight; but I had good friends—angels were with me, and I received many testimonials of their care and sympathy, from friends they raised up for me. I had a good many friends, those whom I have never met, but who knew of, and assisted me; and I want to send my thanks and blessing to each one. They will get their reward.

I don't come back this way much, only to my wife, and she knows I am with her. You see, sir, I am striving to go forward—onward in the new life, and that keeps me from coming and giving communications to others; but I thought I would like to come and send a message to my friends, one in particular. I say to her, do not be afraid; what you have done is all for the best. Higher Spirits are directing you; and although you sometimes feel that your hands are folded, and you are not doing all you could wish, yet cheer up, for you will soon find an opening for all you wish. You will soon hear from us in a more private and more direct way than this. I come that you may feel that we are watching over you.

I want to learn all I can. There is so much to learn that it seems as though we know nothing; but life is a reality, and I am truly thankful. I would say that that

money I spent years ago in behalf of a despised people, against the most influential ones of my place, was the best investment I ever made, and I am reaping the interest of it today. I did not look for a reward, but I found it in the hearts of many here, and in the Spirit-World. I should be happy to share it with any who are in need. I am a stranger here, but trust I shall meet those I knew before long. I have been gone somewhere about three years. I have no need to keep account of time now. No more wakeful nights or painful days, either for myself or faithful partner.

LESTER DAY, of Buffalo, N. Y.

HARRIET JACKMAN RAMSDELL.

TO HER HUSBAND FRANK.

My name was Harriet Ramsdell; that is, I had another name, but that is the one I want to give. You see I had two husbands, but I want to send my message to my first husband. I was a Medium, but I was not in a condition favorable for development.

I have been very unhappy since I have passed to Spirit-Life, and that is over two years ago. I see now how I placed myself in conditions unfavorable to the growth of my Spirit. I regret that I left you, Frank. Am sorry that I did not remain with you, and by acting a wifely part, striven to do my duty towards you, and to have made you happier. I feel that by doing as I did, I have been the means of pushing you forward upon the downward road.

I am very uneasy. I cannot rest, knowing as I do, all that has been. Oh, how I wish I had done different! I was told that if I came to one of these places, and spoke in this manner, I would get better in mind. I confess I did not think a great deal of this thing when I was here. I thought it a good way to get money, and if people were silly enough to be gulled, why I didn't blame the Mediums. But I see my mistake now, for it is a holy gift, too sacred to be perverted to base usage; and I believe that if any one tries to teach that in the name of Spiritualism which they know to be false, whether they are Mediums or not, they will surely come to grief.

I did not call myself a Spiritualist, but I was before the public as one who tells the past, present and future. All of my mother's family are Mediums, but they have never had conditions favorable for their development.

But I must confess, Frank, that I know I did very wrong, and must and will try to make amends all that I can. And you,

for your own sake, your future welfare and peace of mind, do, I beg of you—I, who was used to beg of nobody—strive to become good and temperate. The good Spirits will assist you, if you but try. Forgive me, if you can. When I feel you have become better, I will forgive myself.

I would like to send my love to Ella. The little one is here, but I have it not as yet. They tell me I have not become pure enough to take charge of the innocent children. It is a cross, but I have to bear it.

HARRIET JACKMAN RAMSDELL.

DAISY NEWMARCH.

My name is Daisy, [you've got a pretty name.] Well, they didn't mean to name me that, but they commenced to call me Daisy, and so they always did.

I've come a long ways from here. I want to send a message to my mamma; mamma's name is Maggie, and papa's is John. I came all the way from California. I've been gone seven years, and was most eight years old. I don't know what I died with, but I pined all away,

Mamma's crying yet, and I don't want her to, and so a kind lady brought me here, and told me perhaps if I'd send a message to mamma, and tell her I was with her, and had a real nice home in Spirit-Life, that she might get it and feel better. I've got a red and white ball, like I used to have. The lady says perhaps mamma won't answer the letter, because she goes to church; but I don't want her to cry, because when I come to her it makes me feel bad. I had blue eyes and yellow hair; that's why they called me Daisy. Do you like little girls? [Yes.] Well, Good-bye, perhaps I will come again.

THROUGH A MEDIUM AT SALT LAKE CITY.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

KIND AND DEAR FRIENDS,—It is with pleasure and yet with remorse that I come here this evening. It is a pleasure to have the privilege to come, but it is with remorse and anguish that I look back upon the things that I did when here upon the earth. I can see clearly now that in many things I did a great wrong, which I now have to pay a very heavy fine for. I would to God that my course had been better; but riches were the desire of my heart, and now I have to pay dearly for it. I have now to become as a child, and ask help and forgiveness of those who have looked upon me as a god. But, friends, the people to a great extent made me what I was. I only had to snap my finger to be obeyed in anything, no mat-

ter what. But now I see that if the people had used their own judgment and wisdom, things would be different with me now.

Now, dear friends, be charitable to me for the past, and my future shall be benefited thereby. I am very thankful for this privilege. I am very tired now. I will, with your permission, write my experience in Spirit-life, as soon as I am strong enough to do so.

Now may the good angels protect you from harm, is my prayer. God bless you all!

BRIHAM YOUNG.

THROUGH C. E. WINANS.

H. TILTON.

GOOD-DAY, SIR,—I want to send a message to my father; he's in Warrent Co., O. His name is James H. Tilton, Esq. I have come back, but not in the way I expected to. My dear wife, I knew a long time before I died that I could not remain long with you; but I was not afraid to pass through the valley and shadow of death. Carrie, my dear, I am not dead; but I am alive in a world just as real as the one you live in. I am happy and well off where I am. I found that heaven was one I made myself; that is the heaven I found. And, my dear wife, you must live so, and so must my two little boys, that when you come here you can enter this Summer-Land, and find a good heaven.

When some of the potentates of the pulpit, who preach of heaven and hell, and guardian angels, have the key to their inner surroundings suddenly turn in the material lock, opening wide the door, revealing their spiritual rottenness, they will shrink back horrified to find their heaven consists of nothing but selfishness, guardian angels and demons.

My dear wife, you know I belonged to the Methodist Episcopal Church; I tried to live a sincere Christian life. I am told that I am talking through a Medium. If I am, I'm truly glad that there is a way for us to come back. If I were back in the body, I would pay my attention to Spiritualism; and while I might show the physical phenomena, I would also attempt to illustrate the psychometric. I long to have the world unbound and free from the dogmatism of creeds. Yet these things, dear wife, are necessary; that is, that a certain amount of humbug be mixed with some fact, to show the difference; for the human mind is attracted by glitter, held by persuasion, and only saved from idiocy by reason. This will seem to you a paradox, but it is logical. I say it advisedly. I advocate that which I think is right.

My efforts at this show that the will is not lost, but keeps company with the true Spirit-inspiration.

When Jesus taught the people, they obeyed his instructions—mechanically in many instances—and realized wonders, which have ever since been called miracles. If Mediums of to-day tell one, through the power of a spirit, what to do to obtain the proper conditions for mediumship, attention is seldom paid to the advice; and hence so few good unfolded Mediums. If I were a preacher belonging to an orthodox school, I should skip the prologue and get at the finale quickly; as it is, I shall try to tickle the ear of at least one hell-fire instructor, until he be made to think that he himself is one of the black sheep, inevitably predestined to that delectable spot.

My dear wife, I am favorable to Spiritualists, although I do not quite understand it myself; yet I think if I can come through Mediums, I will be converted after a little. I am no longer a stickler for fashion, conforming in detail to popular customs, and am not ambitious to sit in high places; but am satisfied to work out the great law of my nature, and to benefit all I can through my own merit of virtue, or intellect, or whatever attribute belongs to me.

Send message to Mrs. Carrie Tilton, Pleasant Hill, Mo. Good day.

I am yours, always and forever the same.

SILAS H. TILTON.

QUESTIONS FROM A FRIEND.

ARE there such spirits as are called elementaries?

CONTROLLING SPIRIT,—From our standpoint, as we see life and its relations, we do not understand that there are elementaries, spirits, as many suppose; yet we know there are spirits of beings that lived thousands of years ago, that have never advanced; but seem to partake of that peculiar time and place in which they lived. They are not like the mortals of to-day; but they have their work to do: it may be to watch over some big stone, or some mountain, or to enter some particular abode, or to go forth into the depths of the forest. This is our opinion, based on our experience in the Spirit-Life. We do not pretend to be infallible; you are to receive it simply as our idea. We do not recognize the peculiar elementary spirit, that so many do; we can account for all the manifestations, for all the phases of force that are seen, on entirely different principles. We would say to every inquirer, learn all you can; if you know of a spirit which seems to you to be an "elementary," study it well, and

then give the world the benefit of your thought. As Spiritualists, as progressionists, it becomes you to look carefully into every subject that comes up. Never be afraid; if Spirit-communication can be overthrown by a theory like this, or the Spirit-World be obliterated by a trick of the pen, calling forth something which we name elementaries, then let us retire. We know that we come here not as "elementaries," but as real men and women, we come to do our work; and we trust that we shall continue to do it to the best of our knowledge. Get all the knowledge you can, and then you will be able to cope with the Spirit-World, and gain the highest amount of intelligence and instruction. Good day. Your friend,

FANNIE ROY, *Controlling Spirit*.

GEORGE BRINDLY.

GOOD EVENING, friends. Will you say for me, sir, that George Brindly of Harts-ville would be glad to communicate with his friends there; that I am safe and happy in the Spirit-Land, and would be glad to communicate with those who remain here, and will ever do all in my power to shed happiness upon all with whom I may come in contact, in trying to do good. I had no opportunity of doing much here; I had been afflicted with pulmonary disease for quite a while. I was not thought to be in any immediate danger; but the hemorrhage of the lungs set in, and I soon passed away. But I find plenty of chances where I am, and I shall occupy them all, and live fast, and, I hope, live well. Good evening, sir. Send message to Mr. W. Brindly.

THROUGH MRS. J. T. BURTON,

NEW YORK CITY.

[STRANGE things which are impressed upon my brain, and written rapidly through my hand, without my recognition of what it is that impresses me.—J. T. B.]

CHANNING.

ONCE in my earth-life, I wandered far from the busy city, to a beautiful grove, on a high eminence. The day was languishingly lovely, and the scenery around fine and poetical. To the east a silvery river grandly carried its floods to be offered to the ocean. To the west high hills arose, covered with verdure. To the north cultivated plains were stretched. To the south the town with its glittering cupolas. Beneath my feet sprang the new grass, and the earth quivered to the warm caressing of the young summer. Above shone the unfettered sunshine, over the blue sky. Around the summoning voices, and sweet essences, from birds and spring flowers, made the air vocal and refreshing, and I was lulled to serenity. I sat me down

upon a fragment of flat rock, and my thoughts turned upon the honor of my own achievements, and I was proud. As I felt the glitter of self-consequence grow into my mind, there appeared to come over me a mist, which veiled my normal sense, and opened to the portals of soul a second sight. I saw before me a door on which was written in gold, this, "Son, receive thy sight." I entered, and two children were inside an empty vestibule. One child held red flowers, one white; over their heads a cluster of stars stood, and in each were seven centre-pieces. I was astonished at what I beheld, and asked the children to tell me what it meant; they had not time to answer before a woman, fairer than the morn, came and said, "Friend, the seven stars are the seven attributes which constitute the fundamental basis of virtue. The first is gentleness, the second patience, the third meekness, the fourth love, the fifth gratitude, the sixth generosity, and the seventh is silence. If humanity can be stripped of self-idolatry, and on the nude transcript these attributes be written, then will those chosen for guides be better qualified to teach, and those taught be apter to attain to perfect rule." I bowed my head in silent acquiescence, and she put over my eyes a bandage, and said, "Thine eyes are yet too weak to bear the full light; thy mind not sturdy enough to have it graven with new and strong letters. Iron may not be molten into joints of wood, nor golden rules be printed on unburnt clay. Wait till wax is melted for impression; wait till the young apples of wisdom are grown to blush in the ripening; *then* it will be well for thee,"—and gave me to drink, and let me out to a broad court, where men were of all minds, and women.

The bandage fell and left my eyes unfettered. I thought that other men were larger than I had known them, and that I was smaller: that woman was stronger; and I defined more clearly every phase of human feeling, and more divinely felt the principles of life—beautiful, eternal life. I saw my soul naked, and I clasped a seven-centre star and pinned it to myself. Again the grove, the sky, the earth, the broad, wide world and I, existed.

I live a new creation now, but never breathe, or dream, or feel, without myself being filled with keen desire to teach, to tell, to waken man, to learn him of the *reason* that his soul shall live for ever on.

SIDNEY SMITH.

SHOULD the sea give up the dead, and the grave disgorge the cerements of ages;

should each wasted atom be set to pulse, they would not have language to paint the celestial realm, nor to describe the lineaments of the zone I now inhabit; its magnificence, its types, are set in beauty only understood by the Spirit-forms who reach it. I had lain in the old body, racked with pain, until I longed to cast it off, and be free; until within one minute that the life-pulse ceased to beat, I made great efforts and struggled hard to get out. After I was freed, I stretched myself with a buoyancy new, and felt the tender muscles grow taut and strong, as I plied them. My eyes took wider range: my tongue seemed set on sleek hinges: I was joyful, and my laugh caught sound like music-bells. I saw my friends weeping and lamenting, and some were fastening the grave-clothes on my nude shell; and I saw once a pin enter the flesh, half its length, as a waistband was being pinned; I shivered, for I had a fondness for my old body. I went near to those bereaved, and shouted in their ears, but they heard me not; an impenetrable barrier seemed to have been raised between us, shutting their sight and hearing, not mine. I swept back and forth the range of the house, hovering mostly over Morturer, and longed to tell them of my good exchange. I made no matter of bolts, bars, or solid walls; but as I scanned circumference, I swept diameter, and made my entrance after the second morning. My form was strong, elastic, light, complete; and the company of spirits who were with me, edged me towards a stream, which seemed like a rush of wind, saying, one to another, "take hold of him;" then I was cold, cold, and heard a noise in my head; but I was soon lifted high and dry, up, up, on an inclined plane; here everything had a look like pearl; I was placed in a crystal niche, and one who looked majestic clothed me in a garment which had no seam; and as it was fitted close to my new limbs, sweet sensations came into the pores of my skin. A woman like lily leaves came and kissed me; I felt like wine had been diffused into me, for I was glad. One came forward then, who said, "Friend, behold thy eternal fitness of like, and true like, and adopt her; she is by interior law yours;" and I said, "Picture of my heart, I know thee, and am glad." We went to a distant height, and she showed me avenues of truth, and fields of pure feeling, and the way that led to the divine road. Then we went to a place which was our home. This was a grace, a beatitude, a social section, an infinite link to the divine, and I was happy.

I roam when I choose; I am not appointed in any orbit. When I will, I draw streams of electro-magnetic combined chords, whose psychological currents run in affiliative lines, and strike a battery on vertebræ, and affect cerebral tenures. I have control of Media now, and support her with myself.

Ques. Who is Sidney Smith? *Ans.* Sir Sidney Smith.

DUNCAN GRIFFITHS.

DEAR PARENTS: *Dear Ma*,—It was a long time before you could give me up. That which you call death "is a kind servant, who unlocks with noiseless hand life's flower-encircled door, to show us those we love." And here we return to you and pa, with love and sweet tidings from our Spirit-home. Your faith, dear pa and ma, is making strong the ties that bind us to the Angel-World. The many other loved ones in the sweet Summer-Land are anxious to give some words of love to their many friends in the earth-form. I am so glad that you are believers in the ability of spirits to communicate with the inhabitants of earth, that I can't express my feelings. Now, pa, I must tell you that men are beginning to be looked upon by the public for their worth, and what they do towards elevating humanity, rather than by what they claim to believe. All that is required of earth-children is to do right. I am not a little boy now, as I was when I left you. I don't look much like that Spirit-drawing of myself; I have grown to be a man in size. Mattie is here, and will sometime try to give a message. I will go now.

THROUGH WEST INGLE.

TO N. P. DICKERSON, DALTON, MASS.

FROM HIS DAUGHTER JULIA.

MY EVER DEAR FATHER.—After a long, long time, I have found the power to communicate with you. Did you think eternal silence had fallen upon us, that we failed to hear your cry and dear mother's prayer. She did not much expect me to come back; you knew I would keep my promise, if it was possible to do so; I have tried many times to speak when I have seen you alone and sad-hearted. I could find no Medium to speak for me. I went to Mr. Pardee, and told him what I wanted. Mary and Al-line Babcock were with me, and Grandfather Dickerson also kept us company. We took Mr. Pardee by storm. I told him what I wanted, and he sent David Densmore, Tunie's brother, to show me how to control "West Ingle," and through her I am at last able to speak to you and my dear, dear friends in Dalton. Mary would like to send her message today, but the

Medium says we must send one at a time, and it will be more satisfactory to you all.

Oh, my dear father, shall I tell you how I found the Spirit-World? I could not tell you, when dying, what I saw. When the gates of eternal life were opened, and I caught a gleam of the Fair City, as we used to call the Spirit-world, I could not speak. My tongue was silent. My soul bowed in awe before the great light which seemed to encircle my heart. I knew it was the light of eternity breaking over my tired soul. I felt within me an exultant sensation, like a thrill of great, yet restful joy. Pain had ceased; sorrow was no more. The dread of parting with my dear friends was ended. Peace and rest seemed permeating every avenue of my being. "Bless God," was the cry of my soul. "I am no longer dreaming. This is the true life. This is a glorious reality." I heard angel voices, and some of them I recognized as friends and neighbors whom I loved. I knew they were coming near me, and with a glad cry I recognized my own beloved friends. O, father, there is no sensation of joy so great and soul-thrilling that one feels after death has finished his work, as to find there is no parting from loved ones; and yet there is freedom from pain and earthly trouble.

I have thought over what I desired to say to you, my dear father. I have thought of messages of love to all my dear friends. How dear, you know and understand, for you know my nature and capacity for loving.

I could not utter, if I would, one half I feel. Dear father, language fails in expression, when I seek to convey to you my pent-up feeling. When you understand soul-reading, you will know what your daughter Julia feels for her earthly friends. Dearest of all are my beloved parents, and dear home relations.

Dear friends, one and all, I will speak to you as one. Seek to know more of God and His mysterious laws. When men fully understand their relation to the world of matter and mind around them, they will know where to find God's holy habitation. They will, by the gradual unfolding of knowledge, understand human nature, physical and mental, and will more clearly perceive the social relations and dependencies of the human family; and they will also discover that men are of one family, held together by the holy bond of Infinity, and being thus related, they are alike in instincts, passions and all their intellectual powers, and should live and work together harmoniously. Men should more thoroughly understand

that God is Originator and Controller of all human movements. He directs all improvements and expansions, and determines the progress and end of human existence. Therefore, let no one judge another, or prescribe mental and physical discipline for other minds than their own. What is food for one might prove poison to another. As the leaves of the forest differ in shape and quality, so do men differ in their mental and spiritual faculties. God gives to each soul an inner consciousness, by which the soul may guide and direct its course to its eternal destination; and reason teaches the most ignorant that doing right and living right tends to peace and harmony; for when a man commences his course of practical life by purifying and regulating his habits and principles by reason and conscience, he is in a fair way to attain the highest sphere of earthly happiness, and has a sure promise of peace in the Spirit-World.

You will think, dear father, that I am preaching. You know I was a Medium, undeveloped, it is true, but I possessed the power, and now I understand how to use it. I desire to give you my history since I entered Spirit-Life. West Ingle will write it out just as I give it to her, and all my friends will know how beautiful it is to die; and some of my old companions will no longer fear the change.

Mary will send a message soon. She is growing beautiful, in the beauty of the spirit, and all our friends here will gladly testify to this fact—to die is to gain. Earth is fair, but the Summer-Land is heaven indeed.

JULIA.

MESSAGE GIVEN VERBALLY TO A. T. W.

FROM HIS SPIRIT WIFE.

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. E. M. TEED.

[At Chicago, Ill., March 21st, 1873.]

DARLING HUSBAND, draw I near thee
From a world that's free from pain;
And my children too are with me.

Oh, how cheering for to know
That we, your loved ones, can draw near you—
Can communicate words of love
From a land that's bright and fair—
From our home above!

Though the veil is drawn between us,
And my face you cannot see;
Dearest husband, daily, hourly,
We are nestling close to thee;—
And when sorrows deep oppress thee,
And the storms of life are hard,
All thy sorrows I share with thee—
Thanks, from thee I'm not debarred!

Others, too, are here to greet thee—
Sisters, brothers by thee stand;—
Father, mother, wife and children,
From this blissful Spirit-Land.
All our sufferings now are ended—
Not a care but just for thee;—
When your stormy life is ended,
And you cross the troubled sea—

We have here a home awaiting,
Darling husband, thus for thee;
And when all on earth seems dreary,
Think of us—we'll bring you cheer;

Know your darling wife, Rebecca,
And our infants, too, are near;
We will help you on and upward
To a home that's free from care.

Bear up bravely with your burdens—
Life's dark cloud will pass away;
And we'll meet in bands of angels,
Where all cares and sorrows fade!
Oft I think of cares below,
Which are to help us on the way
To a bright and blissful future,
Far beyond the troubled sea.

Now, remember I am with you;
Though you drink a bitter cup—
When to you it is so bitter,
We will try to tip it up;
We will try, my dear, to shield you
From all sorrow and all care,
And when bliss does thus surround you—
Still remember I am there!

REBECCA.

THROUGH MRS. A. ANDREWS.

THEY come, and through this loving hand,
Would bring you hope with a magic wand;
And prove to you it is a labor of love,
Coming only from the power above.

The shadowy vale called "Death," you'll not fear;
For knowledge you have of the angel-world here:
The light of truth to you has been shown
By him who hath trodden the wine-press alone.

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