



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

BOSTON, MARCH 1, 1878.

{ \$1.65 PER ANNUM } NO. 5  
IN ADVANCE.

**VOICE OF ANGELS.**  
Enlarged from 8 to 12 pages, will be issued from its office of publication, No. 5 Dwight Street, Boston, Mass., the 1st and 15th of each month.  
SPIRIT L. JUDD PARDEE, Editor-in-Chief.  
" D. K. MINER, Business Manager.  
D. C. DENSMORE, Amanuensis and Publisher.  
Price yearly, . . . . . \$1.65 in advance.  
Six months, . . . . . .83 "  
Three months, . . . . . .42 "  
Single copies, . . . . . .08  
The above rates include postage. Specimen copies sent free on application at this office.  
All letters and communications (to receive attention) must be directed (postpaid) to D. C. DENSMORE, Publisher.

LITERARY.  
[For the "Voice of Angels."]  
**THE SNOW-BIRDS.**  
THROUGH TRYPHENA C. PARDEE.  
O, BEAUTIFUL birds!—the snow-birds are here!—  
The war of the Storm-King excites not a fear,—  
They seek not to roam 'mid summer-clad bloom,  
But o'er the bleak bosom of deepest snow-gloom  
Fly the sweet little beautiful birds.  
Their little white breasts, so spotless and pure,  
The cold winter's plinchings must bravely endure ;  
And chippings o'er seeds, from frozen dry weeds,  
Are richer than carols o'er plenty's fresh meads;—  
O, the sweet little beautiful birds!  
At the first chilly breeze the summer-birds flew,—  
The dull autumn murmurs sent sky-pirates too;  
No envy or scare besadow the air,—  
Such freedom-gemmed jewels no royal kings wear  
As the sweet little beautiful birds.  
Think, desolate soul, in sorrow's sad hour,  
When life's heavy snows crush the heart with their power,  
When prospects are dark, and sympathy rare,  
Kind angels of love, in our keenest despair,  
Come like sweet little beautiful birds.  
ELLINGTON, N. Y.

**DRESS REFORM, VIEWED IN ITS HIGHER ASPECTS.**  
A COMPANION MESSAGE TO THAT ON HEALTH,  
PUBLISHED IN JANUARY NOS. "VOICE OF ANGELS."  
THROUGH THE HAND OF J. M. A.  
[GIVEN AT NEW HAVEN, CT., JUNE, 1863.]

PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS.—It is not our purpose to bring before your minds in detail the inexhaustible evidences which exist of a most lamentable lack of appreciation of the fundamental principles of good taste in respect to Dress. The details of such matters as dress,

diet, exercise, bathing, sleep, ventilation, labor, recreation, and all else pertaining to physical Hygiene, are left for those more especially interested in them. We have to do with general principles—leaving items of external detail for those more in unity with the external.  
It has even been questioned by some, whether as immortal spirits, occupied with "weightier matters," we can with propriety "descend" to the everyday concerns and conditions of social and domestic life. It has been thought by many mortals that spirits have only to do with strictly "spiritual" things: that the details of materiality can not even be comprehended from the spirit stand-point. It has been urged that as workers in the great field of spiritual regeneration, we have little or nothing to do with the physical. It is even supposed that there is a sort of "impassable gulf" between spirit and matter; that they are entirely separate and distinct—each independent of and unaffected by the other; and that therefore, as spiritual reformers, we have nothing to do with the physical habits of the world we are seeking to regenerate.  
There is truth, and yet a great degree of falsity in such a conception. It is true that as immortal beings, divested of the habiliments of mortality, we are able to appreciate more fully the immense superiority of the spirit to the body. We can approximate to an intelligent understanding of the God-principle, as it exists in every soul, and realize to some degree the difference between it and the external conditions surrounding it. We can even probe the human soul deeply enough to see that the incongruities and inharmonies through which it has to act are but of little consequence as compared with the soul itself; and reasoning from this conception, it may almost be concluded that the inner is the only portion of man really worthy of serious and careful attention; and thus concluding, we may for a moment incline to ignore the interests of the body, and work directly and only upon and for the soul.  
It is true that the permanent conditions of existence are of vastly greater importance than are those things which are transient and fleeting in their nature. Those things which are to

endure (perchance forever) justly merit greater attention than those which are momentary. And thus we may well consider the interests of the soul as of a thousand times greater moment than anything pertaining to the body can possibly be. But in all our investigations, operations and conclusions, it must not be forgotten how intimately associated and indissolubly connected, during mortal life, are the mind and body—the mental and the physical. There is no separation of them possible. Whatever affects the one also affects the other. They are mutually dependent, and can no more be divorced than Virtue and Happiness. The loves of the soul act and react upon the attractions of the body, and *vice versa*.  
Disordered mentality strikes at the root of health, and disturbance of physical function correspondingly affects the manifestations of mind.  
There is no evading this law of mutuality. It is fixed and unvarying. The soul, while in its connection with the body, is and must be deeply attracted to it, in active relations, and greatly affected by its special conditions. Harmony or discord thus affect both—with a mutuality and intimacy hardly realized, as yet, even by the most internal perception. Dyspeptic minds are associated with dyspeptic stomachs; sudden revulsions of thought or feeling produce sudden revulsions of blood. Apoplexy is not an accidental circumstance, having no relations to mentality. It is the deadening of mental processes, through the surchargement of the physical tissues. The bloated and corrupt body of the debauchee takes on its corruption as much through the foulness of mental debasement, as from the direct intermingling of bodily conditions. The vacant stare of the mindless onanist is a sad illustration of the interchangeability and inter-dependence of bodily and mental conditions. The time has gone by when men could violate with expected impunity the law of chastity and virtue; but even yet it is not comprehended how closely associated are high aspirations for virtue and purity and highly beautiful conditions of physical purity.  
Everything which tends to give purity and harmony, health and strength to the body, acts



equally surely in the direction of the mind. It must be so; for the vast network of nerves ramifying the whole structure of man is but the servant of the mind, carrying messages to the body from the brain sensorium—seat of the soul—and bringing back reports. If the nerves in their transmission of thought are forced to work against obstructions, through physical derangement, the potency of their effort is diminished, and they must return with a portion of their task unaccomplished. No process of vitality can go forward without the aid and direction of the mind, acting through the nerves. If the powers of the mind be unduly taxed, in attempting to remove, through the involuntary or voluntary nerves, hostile invaders, or false conditions of the physical, the purity and strength, harmony and sublimity, grace and fervency of those mental operations, relating not to the physical, are necessarily impaired. The body thus *unbalances* the mind. The powers thereof are diverted from their true channels, and made to partake of the inharmony through and upon which they are forced to act. Thus the regularity and symmetry of thought are disturbed, and deformity of manifestation is produced.

Again, if the purity and harmony of the physical be impaired (as they necessarily must) by diversion of the involuntary powers of the mind from their true function in the body, on account of undue excitement of one or more faculties, or inharmonious development, (which involves a *tendency* toward excitement);—if, in other words, too much vitality of mind is expended in the gratification of the demands of the inharmony of the mind, *too little nervous power reaches the needy body*—and weakness and inharmony straightway pertain to both departments of the being. Thus another illustration is furnished of the *mutual* dependence, for health and harmony, of the mind and body. It is not to be forgotten, therefore, by spirits or mortals who are seeking to do good, that the truest way to effect their end is not to despise to consider the physical, but to view man in his compositeness—made up as he is of material and spiritual. It is true wisdom to consider every department of man's nature—not neglecting the external, physical relations, because of their transiency. In the light of eternity, the natural body is indeed of but slight importance; but as mortal beings, still allied to the physical, and so greatly dependent upon physical harmony for mental well-being, it certainly becomes those in the flesh to study well their mortal part, that thereby the rewards of health may be theirs, and the mind be not hindered in its reachings out after Wisdom and Harmony and Love eternal. And it becomes us, as spirit co-workers for the good of mortals, to take into consideration everything which pertains to the well-being of the soul; whether it be habits of thought or habits of action, conditions of mind or conditions of body affecting mind; whether it be food or drink, air or exercise, emotional influences or social arrangements, religious institutions or educational; whether esthetics or ethics, science or fashion, dress or manners, or anything else which can be shown to have a di-

rect or indirect influence upon the growth of the soul. Thus *no* subject is interdicted; for *all* things in human life and human experience bear, directly or indirectly, upon the inner life—the immortal part—and are thus not unimportant nor unworthy of consideration or treatment from the spiritual stand-point.

With such views we approach the subject of DRESS REFORM. Realizing, as we do, the importance of correct views upon so universal a subject of practical thought as the covering of the human body, we cannot refrain from presenting in a few earnest words some of the results of our observations and investigations. It is well that the world should know and realize that its interests are watched over from many a different point of view—that its every act and thought is scrutinized and “weighed in the balances” of Angelic Wisdom.

We shall endeavor to make ourself plainly understood, and as thoroughly comprehended as possible, without descending to minor points; never losing sight of general principles.

Whence the *necessity* of such a procedure as the investigation of the subject of Dress? What is there in the dressing of the human body to merit the consideration of the philanthropist or statesman of Spirit-Life? What to deserve the attention of *any*, with a view to the discovery of laws and general principles? Does the subject of clothing possess that importance which would seem to be attached to it when we speak of Dress Reform? Reform, in the technical sense, is a comprehensive word; and to be applied to *dress* it must either be narrowed down in its signification to a very paltry idea, or else the subject of clothing must be elevated in dignity very far above its present level.

Who ever heard of the giddy followers of fashion, though displaying so much practical interest in the subject of dress, attempting to apply natural principles, or to recognize anything like natural laws [also divine laws] in the construction of their clothing? Natural law, and the inherent fitness of things, are utterly ignored. The virtues of the toilet are not the virtues of Nature, but conformings to artificial and unnatural standards, set up by the caprice of fashion.

In her tyranny, fashion is more fickle than the varying winds. Nature in her demands is ever the same.

No violation of natural law today will become anything else but violation tomorrow; and no obedience today will become disobedience tomorrow. Yesterday, today and forever the same, her mandates are simple, unvarying and just.

Fickleness is ever tyrannous, real stability tolerant.

Fashion may today be a tolerably near approach to naturalness, tomorrow as far removed as light from darkness. Nature fixes her boundaries and standards; and thus they remain, through storm and sunshine.

Fashion perverts the natural instincts of the human soul, and renders its devotees the veriest slaves. Nature allows the freest expansion, in harmony and all gentleness.

Fashion pleads for degradation. Nature produces elevation. Fashion bigotizes; Nature liberalizes. Fashion cripples and distorts; Nature expands and beautifies.

With a power all-crushing, fashion belittles the human soul. Nature glorifies and strengthens, with a potent gentleness of persuasion.

Fashion gormandizes with insatiable maw—devouring alike the gross and the pure, the coarse and the fine, the ugly and the beautiful. Nature is ever temperate—adapting supply to needs with a perfect regularity and propriety.

Fashion is deaf to the calls of suffering humanity—preferring inglorious ease and selfish gratification to the ministration of the “soothing balm.” Nature is ever kind and loving, earnestly philanthropic—“abounding in good works.”

Who will be free? Let him follow Nature. Who will be wise and loving? Let him follow Nature. Who will be pure and gentle, meek and lowly? Let him follow Nature. Who will be beautiful, healthful, noble, powerful, harmonious? Let him follow Nature.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 12, 1878.

D. C. DENSMORE,—Dear Brother, please find room in your interesting journal to say that the Holmeses have been here since December 8th, 1877, holding nightly circles, of intensely interesting character, to select audiences from our best society.

They came here to give a series of seven seances at the residence of Col. J. C. Smith, 1012 14th street, under the auspices of Gen. F. J. Lippitt, since which time they have been located at the private house of Mr. K. Meyenberg, 707 First street, N. W., a well-known silk merchant of this city. Cabinet officers, judges, members of Congress, army officers, and numerous members of the departments are to be found in attendance at the circles. The manifestations are splendid, especially the materializations, which are of a high order and exceedingly clear, life-like and positive.

The Mediums sit under absolute test conditions, Mr. Holmes allowing any one to construct a case wherein to confine him during the time of the phenomena taking place.

Much interest has been awakened here among our best people, who are giving attention to the astonishing demonstrations produced through these Mediums.

The Holmeses are people who conduct their seances in a creditable manner, taking no fee from any one until after the seances are over, and then not from any one who may feel dissatisfied. They also deport themselves in a way to command the respect and confidence of our people.



Mr. Holmes neither uses tobacco or liquor of any kind; he is also choice of the company he associates with.

They are doing a noble work here, and should be sustained by our papers.

Yours Fraternally,

W. W. L.

[For "Voice of Angels."]

[Answer to request by T. Sprague, who had lost a wife and two children by death.]

A whisper arises upon the cold air,—  
'Tis a thought and a wish after me;  
And the voice of fond love shall tenderly hear  
A heavenly answer to thee.

How strangely the tokens of life pass away,  
But remembrance of love is most dear,  
And the mansions of bliss bear witness today,  
Of feelings expressed by a tear.

And now immortality's song-harp I touch,  
With its thousand, ten thousand tuned strings;  
But how feeble the strain that tells you how much,  
And truly, my soul to you clings.

Our dear little prattlers are singing just now  
Of the time in "the sweet by and by,"—  
When the veil shall be rent that shadows the brow,  
And hides our sweet home in the sky.

The light of the soul on the wings of the day  
Is now gleaming on every hand,  
And the night of pale death's dark gloom breaks away,  
Revealing life's beautiful land.

Believe we are with you, by day and by night,  
With our hearts full of love for you all,  
And affection's strong chain, so charmingly bright,  
Falls never,—though heaven may fail.

YOUR WIFE, BY TRYPHENA C. PARDEE.

ELLINGTON, Jan. 30, 1878.

[From the Providence Journal of February 4, 1878.]

## RE-MATERIALIZATION OF THE SOUL.

To the Editor of the Journal:

Of all the discoveries or inventions, whether of men or the "spirits," that have transpired in the nineteenth century, that of the physical materialization of departed souls, so as to make themselves tangible to physical senses, is perhaps the most remarkable. For some years past, I have been repeatedly told by my spirit wife, that before my coming to join her and our children in the unseen world, she and they would be able to clothe their soul forms so perfectly with the habiliments of earth, that they would return and remain with me in our old home for hours together, and be as tangible to my senses as they were in Earth-Life. Since I was first told this, what is called "Spirit Materialization" has had its commencement, and in many scores of instances my Spirit friends have, under favorable conditions, shown themselves to me in their full forms, sometimes as more shadows, and at others with wonderful distinctness, so that I could recognize their individuality beyond a doubt.

I think that the most remarkable instance of this kind that I ever witnessed, occurred a short time since in the city of Boston, in the presence of a lady Medium of a highly sensitive organization, who, on that account, taken in connection with the unrelenting war that is now being so fiercely waged by many of the conductors of the secular and religious press, against the "Mediums," (whether true or false), that are used by the angels for their beneficent

purposes, prefers that her name should not be revealed to the public.

I called recently one evening on this lady and her husband, merely to pay a social visit. They were not citizens, and had but a day or two before taken the apartments in which they were located in a public building, by the week. Partly in jest, I proposed that the husband and myself should sit outside, whilst the lady sat within a little closet that opened into the room, and see what would be the result. My request was finally acceded to. A shawl was tacked above and drawn across the open doorway of the closet, and the medium took her seat inside, whilst I sat immediately in front, within two feet of the curtain. The moon was shining through the large windows, shielded by gauze-like curtains, directly into the room, so as to render, with a little gas-light, everything in it quite distinct.

As this was not the seance I have referred to as being so remarkable, I will not now dwell, but simply say that the form of my wife was first presented, looking almost as natural as when in Earth-Life. She opened the curtain several times, and whilst she held the fold back with her left hand, she patted and fondled my hands and head with the other, and finally stooped over and put her arms around my neck and kissed me, her dark, luxuriant hair hanging down in long ringlets beside her cheeks, just as she wore it in early womanhood. My wife remained with me several minutes, and when she retired, my recently-departed daughter, Gertrude, opened the curtain and saluted me tenderly. Her hair, complexion, form and height corresponded with hers on earth, though her features were not so distinct and fully materialized as those of her mother. Before leaving, she put her arm about my neck and kissed me.

When Gertrude retired, her sister Fanny who passed away last February, came next, with all her distinctive attributes of hair, complexion, contour of face, height, person, etc., with surprising exactitude. She also patted me on the head, and fondled my face and hands, but did not acquire sufficient power to kiss me. When Fanny left, her sister Anna appeared, unlike all the others, with dark hair and clear brunette complexion, corresponding with her Earth-Form and accompaniment. She, too, fondled my face, hair, and hands, but did not kiss me. When Anna retired, her sister Mary came next, who passed away in New York, some thirty-five years ago, aged two years and three months. Mary was taller than either of her sisters. Her hair and complexion were both light, corresponding with their earth characteristics. She was remarkably erect and graceful in figure, and had a most seraphic expression of countenance. She did not either kiss or touch me, as the others had done.

During the time my wife and daughters were visible, I repeatedly observed the Medium in her seat. Her garments were dark. Shortly before the close of the seance, two male spirits presented themselves, dressed in dark clothes, (the others had all appeared in the purest white,) who purported to be, the one a friend

and the other a family connection of mine, as I have no doubt they were, although their features were not sufficiently distinct enough for my recognition. This seance proved so satisfactory, that I arranged to come to the same place on the next evening but one, and repeat the experiment, knowing from long experience that spirit manifestations of all kinds occur more readily in apartments that have become magnetized, (so to speak), by a continued presence of the Medium, through whose occult powers they proceed. On this evening, instead of sitting close to the curtain, the lady's husband and myself sat some four feet away. We had not been seated five minutes, before my wife walked out of the closet in full form, clothed in a beautiful white robe, that entirely enveloped her feet and trailed on the floor. As on the previous evening, I took her hand in mine, and found it, as is often the case with materialized hands, to be of a velvet-like feeling and very cold. This I remarked to the spirit, and asked her if she could not make her hand as natural and warm as when in Earth-Life. After retiring within the folds of the curtain several different times, to obtain materializing power (as the spirit alleged) from the person of the Medium, and again reappearing, she at length rapped out by the alphabet these words: "sit sideways," the magnetism of our eyes when meeting hers being prejudicial, almost candid investigators of the phenomena soon learn by experience, to be a general rule. After we had changed our positions to correspond with this request, it was again rapped out, "do not touch me." Hitherto, as my wife reached out her hand to me, I had generally taken it in mine. This I now forbore to do, and was amply repaid for my forbearance.

The conditions seemed to be now almost perfect, and there was not a ripple of doubt or suspicion in the minds of any present, to disturb the harmony.

Those not acquainted with the wonderful phenomena of Spirit Materialization, can have but little conception of the extreme nicety and delicacy of the conditions, through which alone it can be successfully conducted. The steady gaze of a doubting or over critical eye, upon a partly materialized spirit, may render all its efforts to fully materialize abortive; whilst a vindictive, malignant thought, cast by some vicious or ignorant individual present in the circle towards the helpless entranced Medium, may prove as fatal to the manifestations, as would the kick of an infuriated jackass to the procedure of the nicest chemical experiment, if the blow of the brute was directed to the shattering, in a thousand pieces, the nicely arranged apparatus, or planted fully in the face of the operator, at the moment he was about to exhibit the wonders of his art. There were none of these depressing or malign influences present on this occasion, and my wife was able to draw sufficiently upon the vital elements of the Medium, to present herself almost exactly as she appeared when in Earth-Life. She came out of the closet during the evening no less than twenty-three different times, and moved about with almost the same ease she was accustomed



to when in her earth home, passing to and fro in front and behind our seats so naturally, that a stranger to the phenomena could not have suspected her to be other than of mortal mould.

I was suffering at the time from the effects of a severe cold, on which account my wife manifested much solicitude, and repeatedly manipulated my head and chest with her hands, retiring ever and anon into the dark closet to recuperate her powers, and gather the necessary heating elements to impart to me. More than once she threw her arms around my neck, and tenderly embracing me, pressed her lips to mine in a succession of kisses; her long, dark hair hanging down the sides of her face in luxuriant curls, exactly as she used to wear it in early womanhood. From the very first, her lips and face had been of a natural temperature, whilst her hands, as before stated, being probably less fully materialized, were at first unnatural in their texture, and very cold. As the evening progressed, both of these peculiarities gradually subsided, so that for an hour or so before the close of the seance, her hands and fingers assumed, both to the eye and touch, a delicate appearance, whilst their temperature became of the natural warmth. The feeling imparted by their long manipulation of my hair, face and chest, was soothing and delightful, and very perceptibly diminished the disagreeable sensations caused by my malady.

Once, (and once only, until the close), during the evening, my wife's earth form was dematerialized for a short time. Whilst she held the curtain apart in one hand, her whole form was distinctly to be seen standing just within. It gradually sank downward, as if passing through the floor, until it disappeared, and the curtain closed for a short time, when it was again opened, and my wife walked out and came to me as before. On one other occasion my wife remained passive within the closet, whilst a female Indian spirit, (a familiar of the Medium), manifested. The Indian walked out in great strength, clothed in a picturesque costume of several colors. I asked her to let me look at her moccasin, when she lifted up one foot for me to examine it. The moccasin looked and felt like cloth, and I asked the spirit to make one for the occasion, of hair or such material as the Indians generally wore. She closed the curtain for a few moments, and again came out, and presented her foot, which was then covered only with a stocking, but as she manipulated it with her hand, it became gradually encased in a moccasin, made apparently of a material resembling both feathers and hair. The lady Medium remained entranced within the closet about two hours and a half, two-thirds of which time, at least, my wife was fully materialized, and to be plainly seen by both myself and the gentleman who sat beside me.

At the close of the seance, the Medium's spiritual guide told me that the reason why my wife had occupied nearly the whole evening, was in consequence of the solicitude she felt on account of my indisposition, regretting that she had not the power to minister to my wants now, so fully as she used to when in earth-life.

Upon the whole, this "spirit seance" was, of all the hundreds I have been present at, the most entirely satisfactory of all. Nor can I, after witnessing what I there did, doubt but that our friends in the spheres above will soon perfect the science of materialization, to the degree that will admit of their returning to earth, (as promised), under the proper conditions, (which must be awarded to them by their earth friends in order to insure success), and remain for hours together with congenial minds, as palpably and as really as they ever walked the earth in their society, before their departure from mortal life.

My wife seemed in every respect as real and life-like as I ever saw her on earth. To so fully materialize, she had, probably with the consent and assistance of the Spirit Guardians of the Medium, abstracted a full half or more of the elements of her life, and had the materialized spirit, when thus clothed upon, been recklessly seized upon by some ignorant man, with but little development of aught but the most brutal instincts, and resolutely held in his grasp, the Medium would, from necessity, have been found dead in her chair, or with frenzied shrieks, striving to escape from his embrace, half dead with fright, and suffused in her own blood, (by force of Spirit Law not understood by mortals).

THOMAS R. HAZARD.

Vancluse, R. I., Jan, 25, 1878.

#### BIBLE MEDIUMS.

BY SUSAN B. FALES.

PEOPLE who are willing to take all that is told them, without self-investigation, ought not to find fault or grumble, if they are sometimes deceived. Too much faith is as bad for intelligent people, as too little. There should be a dividing line drawn, and let reason and common sense engineer the matter for all parties.

A man with an average amount of common sense, knows when a statement is overdrawn; and when he has listened as long as his reasoning faculties can vouch for, he had far better walk off and leave the speaker, than remain, and sanction by his presence the efforts of one who appears to him to be a hypocrite and deceiver. All men do not hear alike, neither do they understand alike: what is truth to one may seem to be a lie to another. And this is one reason why those who investigate Spiritualism complain so bitterly of frauds and deceptions. One man receives such good, substantial testimony, that he is really satisfied. Another finds nothing in the whole matter but a mass of nonsensical trash, originating in the minds of fools and lunatics.

There are other classes of people who refuse to believe in spiritual communion, because they can not find anything like it in the Bible. Not find Spiritualism in the Bible? How do they read that

book, and not stumble over the most positive testimony in favor of angel, or spirit-ministration, is a puzzle to me. They must indeed be wilfully blinded not to see and recognize it. I was reading last night certain chapters in the Old Testament, which records the faith and nobility of character displayed by the Patriarch Abram, in his dealings with his fellow men; also his faith in Spiritualism. It was written of Abram, that he had great faith in Divine promises, which were revealed to him in different ways. Sometimes they failed in regard to the time of their fulfillment, just as ours do at the present day; but the promises given to Abram were repeatedly renewed, and often under the most striking circumstances. One of them I will mention. One night, as he lay in his tent gazing up into the cloudless heavens, he became clairvoyant, and heard a celestial voice commanding him to count the stars of the firmament, for as the stars in the heavens were in numbers, so should his descendants become. That was a promise hard for a sensible man to believe. He was an old man, and as the good book declares, was also childless, and his wife Sarah had given up all hope of children, for she was aged, like her husband. So the promise given to Abram sounded to his reasoning faculties something like promises made to us through spiritual sources—rather far removed from their fulfillment. Abram differed from us in this respect, he *believed*, and he yielded up his soul to perfect trust and reliance on his Almighty Benefactor. And he then made a covenant with God, in a manner common at that time, which was in the primitive form of a federal compact, binding on the part of Abram. A sacrifice was offered. A lamb, a goat, and a heifer, each three years old, a turtle-dove and a white pigeon, were the victims to be offered as a sacrifice, sealing the holy covenant with God, in whom the old man had perfect faith and trust. He divided them equally. One half he gave to the Lord, trusting that his offering would be acceptable to the Supreme Father, and bring him a reward. Then Abram built an altar and laid his offerings upon it, and kindled a sacred fire beneath the altar, and sat down to watch that nothing occurred to disturb the conditions and prevent the manifestation he desired. He was patient and steadfast in his faith. He did not doubt the coming of God's messengers. Possibly he thought God would come himself. As the sun declined, a deep sleep fell upon Abram, and more



than a common darkness spread around the altar of sacrifice, and from the clouds came a deep-toned voice, announcing the fate of the patriarch's yet unborn posterity, which God had previously promised him, viz., countless numbers of sons and daughters; and yet he was not satisfied with the promises given him. The idea of being a father to a great number of children pleased him, and he desired to know what would be their fate. And so he offered the sacrifice referred to, and sat quietly waiting for a spiritual communication from the Supreme Ruler of the universe.

As the sun declined, as before stated, dark clouds gathered round the altar, and from out the clouds came a deep-toned voice, announcing the fate of the patriarch's children, viz., "Four centuries of bondage and servitude in a foreign land," for those yet unborn children of Abram and Sarah. And after that, "freedom, and a return to their rightful heritage," which was to be vast territories lying between the river Euphrates and the Dead Sea.

When this prophecy was uttered, Abram might have been justified had he manifested some doubt, but he did not. He waited patiently for further developments, keeping the conditions unbroken. The sun went down, and Abram still listened with intense interest. At last a cloud of smoke, like that of a furnace, and a flashing fire like that of a lamp, passed between the several victims, by which Abram knew that the covenant between his God and himself was solemnly ratified.

Time passed on, and no children came to the tent of the patriarch. The promise of God was still unfulfilled, but his faith remained unshaken. He did not doubt, but his wife did, and laughed at her husband when he mentioned the subject. Fourteen years after the promise was given, when Abram was one hundred years old, and Sarah ninety, the Divine voice was heard again; this time Sarah heard it also, and it announced the surprising intelligence that she was about to bear a son, and Abram was told to change his own name from Abram to *Abraham*, the name meaning, "father of a multitude," as the descendants of himself and Sarah were to be a great and numerous people. I wonder how many Spiritualists of our day would believe a prophecy given under such doubtful circumstances? Abram must have been a powerful Medium, for he was continually receiving tests and communications from God, or the Spirit-World. About that time, when he was encamped near Hebron, the angels did

materialize before him. Let some of the Bible-readers, who can not find any Spiritualism in the Scriptures, just turn to the history of Abram and the angels. They ate and drank with him.

One day as Abram sat in the door of his tent, thinking of his possessions, and possibly of the promises given him, strangers mysteriously appeared before him. With true Arabian hospitality he received and entertained them. The chief of the three angels renewed the promise of a son, to be born to him and Sarah. This was before the prophecy was given to Abram. Sarah thought the strangers were making sport of her, and received the prophecy with laughter, as she had done before. She was an old lady of nearly ninety, and had reason and common sense enough to offer testimony against their promises, and she became more and more indignant at their foolish assertions.

But their prophecies were fulfilled, and Abram and Sarah, as old as they were, did really become parents to a mighty nation. The Old Testament is filled with facts proving spiritual power and mediumship. We, of this enlightened age, ought not to get discouraged, or lose our faith, if promises made are not immediately fulfilled. If one could have the faith and patience of Sarah, who gave birth to a son in her old age, fourteen years after the promise was made!

Abram's faith gave him a crucial test, when the Divine Voice was heard commanding him to cut off the life of his son—that life on which all the splendid promises of the Almighty seemed to depend. He obeyed, and set forth with his bright-eyed, handsome boy, to offer up the fatal sacrifice on Mount Moriah.

He could not see why the Lord demanded of him such a heavy sacrifice, yet he did not hesitate; Isaac, miraculously bestowed, could be as miraculously restored. It was not for him to disobey his Divine Master. His faith was rewarded, and prosperity followed him. His children became kings and rulers.

This is only one case out of hundreds that might be mentioned, for all through the Old Testament, and, in fact, the whole Bible, is filled with evidences of spiritual powers manifested in different ways. The "burning bush," and "pillar of fire," and the "clouds of light," are symbols of Divine intelligence. Our Mediums are constantly seeing them, and when they seek to give you interpretations of those holy symbols, you receive promises which may not come to fruition in a day, weeks, or

months, and may go by altogether unfulfilled.

There is no class of people who suffer more than Mediums, and it is with them as with every other class of sufferers: the innocent must suffer for the guilty; the true for the false. Only the bold and daring are capable of frauds, and only the courageous can do the work required by them. I have seen, in the two short years of my mediumship, enough to sicken any one who professes to live under the control of honesty. I find this to be true: all the passions, feelings, and most of the instincts of the lower animals, are heightened, spiritualized, and intensified. And those faculties and feelings seem, when we find them in their less perverted and more natural state, to recognize the existence of a "higher life;" and two-thirds of the human family are constantly endeavoring to throw off their unnatural corruption and depravity, and are seeking to assimilate themselves to their ideal type of natural perfection.

All the spiritual elements in the nature of man must receive, in time, full and perfect developement in spirit; and this developement must come from a source superior to themselves: in other words, a force stronger than the human.

It is not the supremacy of intellect alone, that gives man this power over all the other forms of animal creation, but through a spiritual law, as yet very imperfectly understood but by a very few, if any. The restless, far-reaching instinct of the soul, aspiring towards its ideal, is our best and highest proof of the existence of, and best demonstration of the nature of, that unknown world, to which we are all hastening, and from which we are daily receiving glorious tidings of the immortality of those who have gone before us.

God has created man in His own image, we are told; but mankind is constantly trying to invert the process by making God in the image of man, crippled in form and functions.

#### TO IDA.

THROUGH MRS. A. ANDREWS.

BEAUTIFUL child of the angel's band,  
Sweet helper on earth, for the summer-land,  
Tendrils are clasped vine-like around thee,  
The loving embrace of those who are free.

IF IT is fortunate to be of noble ancestry, it is not less so to be such as that people do not care to be informed whether you are noble or ignoble.—*Brugere*.

IT IS, indeed, a blessing, when the virtues of noble races are hereditary, and do derive themselves from the imitation of virtuous ancestors. *Nabb*.



## VOICE OF ANGELS.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION.

NO. 5 DWIGHT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

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

" D. K. MINER, Business Manager

D. C. DENSMORE, Amanuensis and Publisher.

BOSTON, MASS., MARCH 1, 1878.

## EDITORIAL.

## THE USES OF SUFFERING.

DEAR AMANUENSIS, — Many months since, we received a letter from an old and esteemed friend, asking us certain questions relative to the trials, disappointments and severe vicissitudes incident to life on the mundane plane. After referring to some of his trials and vicissitudes, which were indeed of an exceedingly discouraging nature, and hard to reconcile to his ideas of justice, he asks, "Is there never to be any let up to them? Am I doomed to constantly battle with these elements single-handed and alone, to the end of the chapter of life? Is there no way to avoid them? If there is not, why, in the name of all that's sacred, are not other people afflicted and tormented as I am and have been from childhood?—I, who never harbored or gave expression to a single thought or act not in harmony with a clear conscience. If there is anything I can do to somewhat palliate my sufferings, and make them more tolerable, I would be willing to make any sacrifice in my power—not so much on my own account, but for those I love more than life itself."

In response to our friend's heart-appeal, we can only reiterate what we have said and written many times before, namely, that all things and conditions, on all planes of existence, were created by our Divine Master—whom our friend believes to be all love and wisdom—and must be for a special purpose, and for a special means to an end—and that purpose and end, the developement of the human soul; without which the soul could no more fit itself to occupy higher conditions, than the earth could fit itself for the occupancy of the vegetable and animal kingdoms, without earthquakes and upheavings, by and through which it became possible for animal life to exist upon its surface.

Our friend asks, "What good can there possibly be in such sad conditions? Wouldn't mankind, if happy and contented, be more in harmony with one another, thus obviating the necessity of devastating wars and bloodshed?"

In answer to this, we ask, If God had not made noxious smelling weeds, would we love the flowers so dearly? If there were no storms, how could we appreciate the sunshine? And so, if we had no

sorrow, how could we prize our joys? If the bitter did not exist, could we recognize the sweet? In fact, if there was no evil in the world, acts of love and kindness would have had no existence; because there would be nothing to compare it with, whereby to show the difference in the two conditions. And if not; that is, if there were no lower condition, or hell, how should we know what was meant by heaven, when speaking of the harmonies of the Summer-Land?

From the above, it will be seen that *all* conditions are actually and positively necessary for unfolding and rounding out in beautiful proportions the human soul, whereby it can manifest all its possibilities without let or hindrance.

If our troubled friend could realize these facts, that is to say, if he could realize that every vicissitude of life, as disagreeable as it might seem, when experiencing it, was a blessing in disguise, he would take advantage of the knowledge; and although he might writhe and cringe under their manifestations, his knowledge would reconcile them as tokens of Divine favor; and amid all his sufferings, his soul would sing gladsome pœans of song and praise. Then, and not till then, can he realize that all of these deplorable conditions, as he calls them, are but stepping-stones to higher ones; and only through them can one rise out of the lower grades of mentality. Then, and not till then, can he fully appreciate the uses of suffering.

From the above, our friend will see our answer to the question, "Is there anything I can do to palliate my sufferings?" is, that he is wholly and totally in want of a knowledge of the principles underlying the immutable, unchangeable laws of life. Make yourself acquainted with them, Friend Thomas, and our word for it, all your troubles will melt away like the dew before the morning sun.

Another friend asks: "How is it, friend Pardee, there are so many discrepancies by different spirits, when describing scenes in the Spirit-World?—some saying they have horses and carriages, lakes, oceans and rivers, with ships and steamers sailing upon their surface; while others say there are no such things? Can you reconcile these different stories?" *Answer.*—

In some of the localities of the World of Causes, there are all the possible varieties of natural scenery, as seen on earth, only on a grander and more spacious scale—but not in all places. In some parts of the Summer-Land, there are rivers, oceans, lakes, streamlets, forests of dense woods, flowers of all descriptions and of every

possible tint and hue—mountains and valleys covered with living green; while in other parts, nothing is seen but vast, dry, arid deserts and plains of scorching sand, not dissimilar to the Desert of Sahara. These different scenes are distributed over the unbounded extent of the Land of Causes. Hence, if a communicating Spirit should be compelled, from a lack of spiritual growth, to take up his residence where none of these things are seen, knowing nothing of any other place, where they did exist, he would naturally deny their existence; and although it might differ from any other description, except from those from the same locality, yet it would be true. If, for instance, a Spirit should happen to visit Canada only in the Winter months, he would tell you there was nothing to be seen but snow and ice, and everybody muffled up and on the point of freezing; while another, visiting the same locality in mid-summer, would tell diametrically the opposite story. He would tell you there were great lakes, rivers and canals, with boats and vessels gliding over their surface. If asked about ice and snow, he would tell you there was nothing of the kind. Thus you can see how it is so many conflicting stories get afloat about scenes on our side of life—every one of which may be true in themselves, and yet differ from every other description as given by other Spirits.

A NEW BOOK BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, Entitled, "VIEWS OF OUR HEAVENLY HOME."

Through the courtesy of Colby & Rich, we have just received the above work, which we have perused with a good deal of interest and profit, and cheerfully recommend its perusal to all who may desire a bird's-eye view of the place to which we are all tending. Although the main part of the work has been published in the *Banner of Light*, yet there is a great amount of other interesting and instructive matter. It is printed on fine paper, in large clear type, and well bound. Its price comes within the reach of all—cloth binding 75 cents, postage 5 cents; paper, 50 cents, postage 3 cents. For sale by the publishers, COLBY & RICH, 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

LIFE is like a theatre—during the play we take higher and lower seats, but when it is over we mingle in one common stream, and go home.

ALL that is in motion refers to a mover, and it would be but an infinite adjournment of causes were there not a great Immoveable Mover. *Aristotle.*



# VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE, THROUGH "WEST INGLE."

WALPOLE, N. H., Feb. 18, 1878.

DEAR FATHER DENSMORE,—When I received the VOICE OF ANGELS for January 15, words cannot express to you my feelings of joy, when I saw in it a message from my angel daughter, Jennie Ross, directed to her grandmother, Mrs. Ann A. Hutchinson, East Haverhill, N. H. I did not know at the time I read the message, that she had sent for a communication; but she says she wrote you her name, age, and place of death.

The message contains many good tests; as neither I, nor any of our acquaintances, even, have ever seen or spoken to any one connected with the VOICE OF ANGELS. It is a true and beautiful message.

I pray Mr. Purdee to accept the gratitude of many grateful hearts, for this one message; and "West Ingle," may the angels ever protect this beautifully gifted one.

Please send to my address some extra numbers of January 15, as I wish to send them to friends, for which you will find money enclosed.

Very truly yours,

LIZZIE N. ROSS.

## PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

THROUGH PLIMINGTON DAGGETT, AT JEWETT'S FREE HALL.

MARY ARNOLD.

AFTER three loud knocks on the table, the Medium says,—“Here they come! I see a lady dressed in white—her name—Mary Arnold—apparently descending with outstretched arms. In her right hand she holds a bouquet of marygold flowers, bright and beautiful. In her left hand she holds materials for writing—a book, pen, ink. The book she is now holding, while the other things lie on the book, which is now closed. I see a large audience of people in the distance, that seem to be looking and waiting as she descends towards us. They seem to occupy a large gallery—so many I cannot describe them—all looking with intense desire. Now she is standing north, her face turned directly toward us in this room. She takes a seat and says:—‘I have a message to impart. Take courage. Your friends,’ she says, ‘who have passed over on the other side, are anxious to communicate to you; and for that purpose I have come in their behalf. These trials and perplexities of everyday life are of short duration, and you do not know what you need. There is only a veil between earth conditions and Spirit elements;—and how

little you know, how little you realize the difference between the two conditions! Hereby you could hardly tell, in your own Spirit existence, whether you was a Spirit, or whether it was your earth form, were it not for your surroundings. For there your liberties are greater than here: still you are held in a certain condition of element, I might call it, and you cannot go beyond that, till you are led, as it were, by others. For earth-children, when they pass to the Spirit-World, to a greater or less degree, are bound by attractions to this earth-plane. The stronger the attractions are to earth, the more difficult it is for them to penetrate beyond a certain limit.

“And now we would say to earth-children, Do not seek for Spirit existence, for it will surely come at the appointed time. Spirit existence is preferable by far to your earth-life and surroundings; especially to those who try to do the best they can under surrounding circumstances and influences. For it is the conditions which you are placed in on earth, that makes a man's happiness. With some it makes, while with others it mars their happiness, according to their Spirit surroundings; which is not so in the Spirit-World, except to those who are judged by their works in the form. Your associations in the form may be such that you cannot, in one sense, rid yourself of them; while in the Spirit-World, light attracts light, and you seek your own attractions, which are those that render unto you the most happiness.

“The field and degree of happiness in the Spirit-World varies, and is adapted to the wants of those who have passed on to Spirit-Life. For that which would be happiness to one, would not be happiness to another, and thus you may be able to judge of the elements there. You should be very watchful of your time here, and how to spend it; for you carry these conditions with you into the Spirit-World. It is a very important question to the human race, how they spend their time; for all of these habits acquired here, are taken with you to the Spirit-world. The Spirit has intense suffering that takes on those desires for intoxicating beverages. By the law of attraction he is driven back to earth, to some den of vice, to satisfy that spirit. This is but a simple illustration of the form it takes upon the human race. All of their follies cling to them which they fondly cherished while in the flesh.

“Only think for one moment how they go in throngs from the Spirit-World to the

earth-plane, to satisfy appetites contracted here! And is that a hell for them? It is all the heaven they are asking for, in one sense. And who is it that goes to an imaginary heaven, while retaining all the earth conditions? I will give you an illustration, and I mean in this to take in those who have partaken of the follies and degradations of earth. For instance, we will, to illustrate, take either the man or woman who are considered pious people. One is a smoker, and the other chews and drinks. The drinks are on the sly—especially with some old friends or associates here on the earth. Well, they have passed to the Spirit-World, and permitted to see the beauties which surround them,—the nice place, where they meet many friends who passed on before, that stand on a higher plane, and begin to enjoy their new situation. But soon these acquired habits and appetites return at stated intervals. They find none chewing or smoking, and what can they do without it? They are not happy, and sneak off by themselves to seek those acquired conditions while in the form. This is a plague, a curse, a torment to them, many of whom are thus suffering, and cannot outgrow it for a long period of time. And that is one reason why I come here to-night, to illustrate those points to you, which you are freer from than the great majority of the human race. And this, we say, will be your reward; for your joy will be correspondingly great on that account in the near future.

“We say to all, strive to live for the Spirit-World. By so doing, you fit and prepare yourselves while here in the body, for a happy existence in the future.”

“This Lady Spirit now shuts the book, and says, ‘I yearn to return to my home.’ She then winds a wreath of gold lace around the forehead of Mrs. Daggett, above the eyes, with a star in the centre of the wreath, in front. Then shakes hands with you, Mr. D., putting her right on your shoulder, holding on to your left, and says, ‘Go on, and do the best you can, and you will surely win.’ Then breaks away, receding with hosts of other angels, all dressed in white, bowing compliments; and now I see them off in the distance, all clapping their hands, and receding out of sight.”

[Mary Arnold died in Chicago about 1860, of palpitation of the heart; and previous to this event, she solemnly promised to return, if possible, and greet the writer of this message, who has re-



ceived a test of her presence once before.

SOLOMON W. JEWETT, Scribe.]

SUPPLEMENT HOME, VI., Sept. 20, 1877.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

RAGGED DICK.

I'm Ragged Dick. (Ah, where did you live?) Nowheres. I hung out in Bos'on. I was kicked out of life about five years ago, and I don't seem to know nothing yet. (Are you willing to learn?) S'pose so. I can shine yer boots tip top if yer want. I can read a little, too. I didn't know much, anyway. (Well, where did you live?) Nowheres. I hung round the wharves. Once in awhile I'd stay in some station house, and summer nights I used to lie on the old Common. (Who are your parents?) Never had any, as I know on. I grow'd up like the weeds. (Did you take care of your money?) Well, I used to like to go to the play once in awhile; but I've been away five years and don't know nothing, and I don't see what I was ever for.

(Who brought you here?) An old cove. Oh, that ain't polite. An old gent with white hair and gold-bowed specs. I say, boss, did yer ever notice that these old coves—oh, gents—that go preaching to poor folks, allers have white hair and gold-bowed specs? (Well, Dick, you was brought here to get better.) Can I be good, like other folks? (Yes, why not?) And here the chairman of the circle talked a few moments to the Spirit, giving him good advice and showing him how to rise higher and grow better, by striving to overcome whatever wild inclinations he possessed, and desire to gain knowledge, and to help others who were worse than himself, telling him there were plenty of good Spirits who would assist him in his work. (And now, Dick, as there is no one you can claim, I suppose there is no use in sending to any one?) No, sir; there's no one but Tom, and he wouldn't hear of it. He's one I used to hang out with. He's another shiner. Well, I feel better already, and I'm much 'bliged. Good bye.

In conclusion, I would say, this Spirit seemed to be about sixteen years old, stout built, with a very red, coarse face and hands, prominent mouth and chin, and what appeared to be a large wart by the side of his nose.

M. T. S.

FRANCES HAZARD.

I FEEL as though perhaps I am an intruder, as there are other ways through which I could return, and there are many here who wish to come; but I was intro-

duced here by Mrs. Conant, and I met her through my dear mother.

I would like to send a few words to my father, if you are willing. (Perfectly willing.) I am Frances Hazard, who passed away with consumption not a great many months ago, as we reckon time.

How glorious is this arisen state, dear father. Tongue is almost powerless to convey to you an adequate conception of the blissful sense of freedom of power and possibility that comes over the disfranchised Spirit, when released from its poor, frail, disease-worn tenement of clay. How often have you talked with me, father, concerning this thing; and also many other matters connected with the Spirit. I could not gather it all in as you did, but what I could receive brought me peace indeed. I never could have realized it as it is; my feeble body could not give expression to the Spirit, but tonight it stands before me as real and vivid as one of God's beautiful landscapes, beautifying and flooding my soul with joy ineffable. And so I come here among strangers to tell you this, to bring you the love and blessings of my darling mother and beautiful sister, and to bear you my heart's deep affections.

All clouds, all misunderstandings, and sorrows are swept away, father; all is bright now, all is explained; doubt has fled and knowledge has come to my waiting soul. I did not think, when I left you, that ere many months had fled, another dear one would have joined our numbers. I did not believe that "Gertie," the sympathetic, the richly toned poetic Spirit, would burst her prison bars and mount upward, but hers was all too sensitive and tender a soul to be held down, and she was forced to rise. We did not greet her with a shadow of reproach; the wreath of thornless roses was for her. She has joined the helping band of Spirits, whose pleasures it is to redeem and assuage the woes of others; she has fairly entered upon her life-work, and is content. I would like to send love, deep, rich, thrilling love, from the hand of loved ones over here, to the dear one who remains. May her life only receive those shadows that are needed to purify and bless. Peace is indeed with her, and peace is with you, father, when in her presence.

We would like to be remembered with love to Robert and to all the dear ones who nursed me so tenderly. Oh, father, remember each friend as I do, with love. You will receive a communication ere long from your noble father. He is in-

terested in a good work also. Dear grandparents are with me, and send their greeting. Grandfather Minturn blesses you and says "all is well." Father, follow the impression you will receive after perusing this; it will be of great value to your Spirit; you will do good. The Spirits promise to do more for you than ever, soon. Your harvest-time on earth is your best.

Mary says, "love and blessing." Please forward to Thomas R. Hazard, Vaucluse, R. I.

JOSIE LANGMAID.

\* GOOD EVENING.—I am very glad to be able to come here tonight; I think it will do me good. I am feeling very uneasy; you see it is nearly time for the execution of my murderer; it will be in a few weeks, and he keeps thinking of it and of me, and it attracts me to him. It makes me feel unpleasant; he thinks I haunt him, but I don't want to, it's himself that draws me. I haven't any bad feelings towards him; he sent me to a beautiful home, and I am well provided for; but it was terribly hard on my poor, darling old father, and it about killed my brother, and of course that man feels the penalty.

I want to have my message published, because there is a gentleman in Concord, N. H., who I want to send it to my folks. I want them to know I am happy to a certain extent, that I have advantages for educating myself far better than I should, had I continued at the academy there. I've a dear mother and brother and many others with me, and I want the dear ones to know all is for the best; God is good, and He will explain all some time. I want to send my love, oh, my earnest love, to them. If I had known that I was so soon to pass out from their sight, how I would have caressed my darling father. I never loved him so much as I do now, and he knows it.

I want to send my love to my step-mother; she is good and I thank her.

I do not know as they will realize I can come back, but if they will only feel that I am sometimes at home, that I am happy, and will accept my love as when I was here, and will grow peaceful and at rest, I shall be contented.

I would like to send love to some of the girls at Hinsdale. I want every one to know that I am not dead, but am still alive.

I shall be glad when the middle of March is over; I think I shall feel better then.

They tell me I will have to help Mr. La Page; I am willing to if I can. He



seems very ignorant, and is inclined secretly to be superstitious, but if I can assist him I will.

Please say it is Josie Langmaid, of New Hampshire, who was murdered on her way to school, two years ago last fall.

ALICE CARY.

I FEEL rather timid about intruding myself among strangers, and yet in spirit we are not unacquainted. [You are welcome.] It is seven years since I passed out of the body, and yet, to me in Spirit-Life, it seems but as so many days.

I would like to send a word of greeting to my friend at Amesbury, I do not care to give his name to the public, but I am told it will be sent to him direct.

We have come from the beautiful home of the soul to bring to the poet spirit our guerdon of love and sympathy, our measure of appreciation and commendation. It is not too late to bring our recognition of the shining mile-stone he has so recently passed, and we come tonight, two song-birds winging our way from the land of song, to drop our burden of love at his feet, and to crown his silvery head with immortal blessings. We do not come tonight, my friend, as we came in the long ago from the far West, weary and lonely, uncertain whether to venture to knock at your door or not, not knowing of the reception we might meet, two weary birds who folded their pinions beneath thine own roof-tree, and from thy great white soul gathered that holy peace and rest that kindled anew the flame of inspiration in our souls, the afterglow of which served to illumine our whole existence.

Not weary and sad as then, but jubilant and glad and free do we come, sure of the welcome, sure of the loving regard of that heart which belonged to us because of our spirit kinship and which was always freely given.

I do not come to drop the chaplet of roses, nor the laurel wreath of fame upon that honored brow; that has been done by other loyal, appreciative souls, but we come to lay before thee the wealth of blossoms, and the rich perfume of two hearts overflowing with love and sympathy, and which is immortalized from its life beyond the tomb.

Oh, the years have flown from thy life away  
And taken the friends of youth;  
But love and friendship can ne'er decay,  
Their souls are imbued with truth;  
Thy silken locks are whitening fast,  
For the harvest of the soul,  
But thy noble spirit shall stem each blast  
Till it reaches the heavenly goal.

Often at twilight, when my friend sits in deep meditation, wrapped in the sweet magnetic memories of the past, reveling

amid associations of departed days, and the heavenly fire of inspiration descends upon his spirit, he fancies he can almost feel the presence of the 'sainted dead, and touch in spirit the folds of their white garments; then it is that his soul is filled with a holy peace and calm, that none but the intuitive, poetic spirit can realize—a calm that proceeds from no material cause.

Ah, then indeed are the spirits of the dead with him, bringing him comfort and repose, causing his life to glide along like a beautiful river, whose swift undercurrent is far removed from mortal sight.

Ah, my friend, accept the love and gratitude, the earnest inspirations and holiest blessings of the heart of Alice Cary.

Not on polished, senseless marble  
Would we stamp thy deeds of love,  
For each noble word and action  
Is recorded up above.  
Traced in lines of flaming fire  
On the souls of those who wait,  
Patiently to greet thy coming,  
At the massive golden gate.

RICHARD VARLEY, ALIAS "REDDY, THE BLACKSMITH."

PLEASE put down my name; I've got a name. (What is it?) Richard Varley; they called me Reddy, the blacksmith. I'm going to have my message put in the paper, 'cause I think it will reach some of my chums. I want them to know, (and especially Jim,) that it's all folly going on as we used to do, and as they are doing now; there's a day of reckoning coming, boss. I found that out, and I've been pretty miserable, and dirty, and brawny; I tell you, I should be yet; but some spirits, who were better than I was—one in particular, a reformed man at that, Razor, they used to call him here, because he was a sharp un'—took me in hand, and, by much coaxing, and no driving—for I would be as stubborn as a mule when driven—they've brought me round to see how I wasted the years of my life, and I'm going now to roll up my sleeves and go to work in earnest, not by fisting it, but by trying to get better myself, and to try to make others better.

And I want the boys to think of these things, and see if they can't do better. Some of them will laugh, and some may sneer and say, "Oh ho! Reddy setting up for a preacher!" but I tell you what it is: you'll all wish yourselves preachers, or something else, some day, if you don't mind. I won't give your names, though I don't s'pose you'd care much if I did, though none of you are quite as reckless as I was.

Well, I want you to know that I've met with a good reception from these spirit-believing people; they didn't tell me that

I belonged in hell, and ought to stay there, as some of the Christians would, but they bid me welcome, and done me good.

I went out from New York about two years ago; I went out pretty hard—it was rough; I don't like to think of it, but I bear no grudge; I could always give and take.

I don't s'pose the boys will answer this; but if any gentleman has a mind to hunt up the truth of what I say and let the paper know, I should feel obliged, as it would be a kind of indorser.

THROUGH C. E. WINANS.

GORGA GRIFFITH.

I AM Gorga Griffith. Sir, I died with scarlet fever. I am dead, mister. [The chairman—You don't seem to be.] Yes, I am. I died; and my ma cried terribly. Aunt Ann cried; and they all did. When I got to God I got alive again. Oh, yes. I did. God took me where it was shining bright and beautiful; and I got alive again then right away. This is what I want my ma to know. If you was a little boy and had a ma, wouldn't you want to let her know where you was? Certainly, I did die. I died awful hard, too. I was awful sick; but I got alive again as soon as I got to God. That's what I want my ma to know. I have seen lots of little children in heaven. Oh, there's so many of 'em; and they're all so happy; and they don't get sick; and I don't think they die. I don't hear anything about it. I don't think they ever get whipped; I don't hear any of 'em say so. I expect they have all they want. I want to tell ma that I expect it's an awful good place; but I wish ma was here, and Aunt Ann, too. Good bye, sir.

PHEBE M. WILSON.

I AM Phebe M. Wilson. I come from Butler Co., Ohio. I was was fifty-seven years old when the summons came to lay down mortality and take on immortality—which I did without fear, for I was a devout and exemplary follower of Jesus. I have found no shadow there, nor have I found death. Oh, my! when I entered Spirit-Life, and was told that language could be used between the seen and the unseen! I have become an investigator. I come hither to bear testimony of my release from suffering, and that I have found freedom. I mean freedom from death and the grave. This is only one type which I have learned. But there are many before me, and as far as power is mine, I will investigate them. You say you would like to know my maiden name. It was Phebe Cutler. I was a daughter of Rev. Benja-



min Cutler. My father was an early emigrant and pioneer Methodist preacher in this part of the West. My visit here is to gain strength; to rouse in the consciousness of my friends a hope in the possibility of my present life and return to this world, by communicating in this way; and, having roused them to something of a belief, I hope to be able to open direct and positive communication with them, for their good and my own; and should they, on seeing or hearing of my return, think it worth while to visit some place where I can come, speaking as I do here, I shall be glad to give them light, and shall be glad to receive light from others. Good day.

SARAH W. HAIGH.

GOOD DAY, SIR. I am Sarah W. Haigh. I used to claim a home at Battle-ground, Ind. I passed away from the lower plane five years and a half ago. I come back here to let people know that I still live. I do not expect to give anybody wisdom by coming back. I am deriving much useful information from the experience of others, who have been longer in Spirit-Life than myself. I am hopeful of a great harvest of happiness after I have worked out the law of equity which I slighted as a woman. Brother Stallard, I have met William and my dear children in Spirit-Life. There is no hell, that I have been taught about. I found all the loved ones waiting for me in that bright Summer-Land. I have children in earth-life. Stallard, tell my darling children that their mother is not dead nor asleep, but alive and well, and able, the larger part of the time, to be with them. I would say to Mary that all is well. My home up here is very brilliant. The sun shines, and the stars shine, and I know it is well with me. Good by.

S. W. H.

W. M. S. N.

MY DEAR WIFE,—I come to you whenever your wish is wafted upwards to me. I linger by your side. I fill all space about you with the sweets of my love, and I cannot tell you more than I have already, that is, that I am yours for time and for eternity, and that heaven is not bright enough for me without you. If everybody in your world would look upon and consider the members of their household as being subject to instant dissolution, they would never say a cross word, or offer an unkind insinuation or reproach to each other. They would lavish affection, and vie with one another in conferring benefits. I wish that all would take this view of things, and act towards the living as they desire to do towards those who have

passed away, if they could bring them back from the Spirit-Land. I mean, that the true manner of living to prevent future remorse, is to act in the present moment with justice, consideration and loving kindness. I went down amongst a family at Niagara Falls. They were from the South, greatly gifted with personal beauty and fine intellect, amiable in will, but most discordant and inharmonious in practical domestic associations. They were jealous of outward opinions, and devoted in heart to one another; but through want of equilibrium of temperament, quarrelled, and made themselves generally disagreeable to each other. The father passed out, and one of the girls. Then the whole family lamented their discordant, unhappy lives. But they have not learned, through this affliction, to be tolerant of one another's feelings. It is wisest, always, to take good care of those whom one professes to love, while they have the opportunity. And now, if they who are most interested in my coming back, have any fault to find with what I have given here, let them find it; I don't care. I was in the habit of speaking the truth and what I thought was right, when I was here, and I haven't grown a coward since then, not by a good deal. Now to W. and J., if you will turn your attention to the better part of Spiritualism, you will get something worth having. You profess to believe in Spiritualism, but you don't quite get your mind to follow out what your Spirit friend teaches; but by doing right, all will be well. But if you turn to Spiritualism for the loaves and fishes you hope to get out of it, it will wreck you, just as sure as you live. I would say to L., "do unto others as you wish to be done by." I go, hoping that my words may not be taken amiss.

W. M. S. N.

THROUGH E. R., SALT LAKE CITY.

AMASA LYMAN.

DEAR FRIENDS,—I have many times thought how I should like to send a few words to my friends through your most valuable paper—VOICE OF THE ANGELS. I thought I could now see a chance to do so. My name is Amasa Lyman, one of the late Mormon leaders; but for years before my death I had been engaged in freedom-seeking, and embracing truth wherever I could find it; and finding it in Spiritualism, I embraced it, and many have been the happy hours I have enjoyed in communion with departed friends. Immortality had become a happy knowledge before my departure; and since I have been numbered with the so-called

dead, I have been doing all that lies in my power to help others.

I wish to say to my family, seek. Do not let trifles hinder you from getting communications from us. All of my own family can spare one hour to set around a table in a circle, and I will come. I wish to encourage my daughter in her Mediumship. Continue to seek, and you shall become a great instrument in this great and noble work. Think of the many happy homes that have been made, and are being made, through the opening up of communications from this life to yours.

Dear sir, as I am engaged in the cause of truth, I hope you will publish this, my message, and I will assist you all I can.

From a sincere friend,

AMASA LYMAN.

SALT LAKE CITY.

JANE HOWARD.

COMMUNICATION FROM THE SPIRIT OF JANE HOWARD.  
BRISTOL, ENGLAND, MARCH 2, 1877.

KIND SIR,—Having been informed that this house and Medium are free to all Spirits that wish to come, I thought I would like to come. I am a stranger to you, never having spoken to or through a Medium; but my Spirit-friends told me to come. They said it would do me good and help me to progress. Dear sir, you cannot tell the joy it gave me. I had not been here long, when to my great joy I beheld my mother and sister, that died some years before. I did not know what good it would do me to come here, but now I thank God, and my angel mother and sister. I know (and you may count me on among you in this great cause of truth) I have learnt more tonight by coming here, than I did with all my schooling on earth; for never was I taught that I should have to return to earth after leaving my mortal body; for in fact, I knew nothing of a life beyond this. My mother tells me I must come here often, and by so doing we shall help each other progress. My power is gone. I can say no more now, but as I progress I will come again. May the angels bless you all.

JANE HOWARD.

JANE, A NEGRO WOMAN.

GOOD EVENING, SIR,—I spose you will hab no objections to me, a poor old nigger woman, coming. I hab heard so much bout you, I thought I would come and see. Well, now, brudder, dis is a very great work you is engaged in. Think what a grand thing for me, a poor old nigger woman, to come and talk to friends on de earf. I feel, dear brudder and sister, my heart brim full of joy and tanks to you for dis priviledge of coming here



tonight. Now, brudder, I got a son somewhere on de earf. I don't know where he is. He be very wild when I died, and I can't find out where he is. The Spirits told me that this lady Medium could tell me where he is, so I come, and am bery tankful for dis priviledge. I will come again. May de good angels bless and pectect you from harm, is de humble prayer of old niggar Jane, of New York.

[In answer to question as to her age, said,—I was 79 years old. Yes, dat is, I died there—don't jest tink of de place where I was born.]

THROUGH MRS. J. T. BURTON,  
NEW YORK CITY.

I. P.

GOOD EVENING, Friend Densmore. Excuse the familiarity, on the ground that everybody on this side the river give you that suggestive cognomen. I have been patiently waiting many weeks for this privilege, and, now that I have it, I will try and be as brief as possible, in order to give others, equally anxious to manifest, an opportunity. It isn't so much that I wish to communicate with the world, telling a long story about myself, as it is to rid myself of something, I hardly know what, that keeps me tethered to one locality, which, to say the least, is not very desirable, although, from what I learn, I could not grace any other place half as well in my gross condition. The fact is, I was awfully disappointed, when I "shook off the mortal coil," to find myself compelled to associate with the lowest degraded wretches that ever disgraced the name of man. What I had done or not done, to merit the greeting I had on landing on this side of the grave, the Lord only knows; and the worst part of it is, I couldn't get away from them. The talk about freedom to roam at pleasure in this world, anywhere you please, is all bosh and nonsense. I know enough to know that such talk is as false as hell. When one can get away from his thoughts, in other words, himself, he may say so, but not before; for, go where you will, you carry the influences and atmosphere belonging to yourself, just as the earth does. Wherever in space the earth journeys, there will be found the atmosphere belonging to itself, and no other planet. Just so with a human (for people are as much human here as before they left the body): where he goes, he carries his own conditions with him, and can no more get rid of them, than the earth of its atmosphere and surrounding conditions. I know well enough where the trouble is, but am unwilling to own it, even to myself, thinking that, if I try to drive my thoughts from

me, I shall rid myself of them altogether; and sometimes, when I think I am clear of them, old Mrs. Memory flaunts her unrolled scroll before my troubled vision, and bids me read. O Memory, thou avenging demon, avaunt! I'll have nothing to do with thee. But, in spite of all efforts to elude her vigilance, there she is, like Banquo's ghost, "won't down at my bidding." Oh! if people of earth only knew how much they could do to have a clean record on landing here, not one soul in Christendom but would avail itself of privileges that would make its "title clear," when disrobed of its earthly covering.

Now that I am speaking of memory, allow me to say to those careless about their future, that not only are the larger errors recorded on the escutcheon of your souls, but every little thought, whether expressed or not, is written, as it were, in letters of living fire. Attend to it, stranger friends, and never allow a thought, that you would not wish everybody to know, a lodgement in your hearts a single moment, if you would avoid the terrible fate of your friend and brother.

[NOTE.—I asked him to give his full name, and where he lived, to which he said, No matter about that. I don't wish my name bandied from one to another; for my story would not be credited, as I belonged to an aristocratic family, and was considered unexceptionably pious. Good-night.—PUBLISHER "VOICE OF ANGELS."]

THROUGH WEST INGLE.

TO OSCAR ALLEN, OF COOPERSVILLE, MICH.,  
FROM HIS DAUGHTER, MARTHA A. ALLEN, IN SPIRIT-LIFE.

DEAR FATHER,—I have heard the cry of your lonely heart, and have come back to comfort you. Henry and my dear sister Mary are near me, while I communicate this message to the Medium, that she may, through the kindness of the Publisher of the VOICE OF ANGELS, send it to you, and our dear friends, who are watching for some sign that we still live. The Spirit-World has a balm for all wounds, and life is the developing process through which spirits are made pure and strong for the higher and more useful work in Spirit-Life. If you were here with us—you and mother would receive a renewal of youth and happiness—that calm, quiet peace, which your hearts knew before the trials of the world killed the tender blossoms of sweet affections.

I would like to tell you all about the ancient philosophers, and what they say concerning the religious movements of the present day. Some of them look on in amazement, and listen with disgust at the nonsense laid to their charge. Why, father, you ought to know something about it; you read and reason so much upon the follies of creeds and theories. Truth is truth, dear father, and now we have found

the way open, we will all come to you. Mary wants you to tell her husband—O. Wooding—that she still lives, and will communicate to him as soon as she can do so. Henry will send you a message, in the next paper. He is progressing rapidly, and will do a great deal for the Spiritual cause. Do not let your heart grow weary—do not become discouraged. Let light, love and harmony overshadow you all in the earth-home. We will be with you, to comfort and cheer you. If possible, we will find means to better your earthly conditions. My constant prayer used to be, "God bless my parents, and give them peace and comfort in their old age!" Was my prayer answered? I know it surely will be. God is good, and the angels are willing ministers, doing cheerfully the Father's will.

Keep up a cheerful heart, my dear father, and all will be well.

Your affectionate daughter,  
MARTHA A. ALLEN.

CHARLES ALLEN, IN SPIRIT-LIFE,  
TO HIS WIFE CLARA, OF NORTH SCITUATE, MASS.

MY DEAR AND PATIENT WIFE,—After a long time I have at last reached you in the way of communicating by message, through a Medium.

What can I say to you, my dear Clara, to comfort and cheer you? I did not leave you to bear life's heavy burdens alone. I have been near, and so have your other Spirit-friends. If you think it best to change your conditions, I will soon point out the way. I must first see that the path is clear, and that it leads to peace and prosperity. Do the best you can, my dear wife.

My dear wife, I have found the rest my soul so long sighed for. No more pain and toil, no more suffering; all is peace and happiness. You may say to yourself, "How can Charlie be happy if he knows my conditions, and the perplexities that I must contend with daily?" My dear wife, I do know all your trials. I realized what your crosses would be before I left you. I did all I could. Now I see how suffering purifies and strengthens the spirit; and I also know the glorious end of human misery. You will see bright and prosperous days upon the earth. I will help you all I can through all present darkness and gloom. The change you contemplate will be well, and the sooner it is made the better. I only hope I shall be able to give you, through others, the material aid you need.

I give you all my love and blessings. I will not leave you alone in your sorrow, without the aid of all who love you in Spirit-Life. Remember that passage



which reads, "A Father to the fatherless, and the Judge of the widow, is God in His holy habitation." Trust Him still. He will send rest to help you in all times of need. I am still your affectionate husband.

CHARLES ALLEN.

WILLIAM ROWLEY,

TO HIS DAUGHTER, ADELINE B. CAME, OF CAMBRIDGE-  
PORT, MASS.

MY DAUGHTER,—I am glad to come to you and let you know that I am not dead to the world, though I passed away before I had power to make a sign by which coming ages will remember that I lived and suffered. My life was one of blighted hopes and aspirations. I have no power even now to express all I feel, when I see you suffering as I did, and with but little more of pleasure and profit to yourself. When one is weighed down with physical suffering, there is but little on earth to be enjoyed.

I was always mediumistic. You remember the sign of death which was always given me before death in the family. I have since found out why it was done; and the shadow of a white bird, with the sound of fluttering wings, will give you the timely warning of death in your family, or in the families of any of the connection. The white shadow will graduate in size, according to the degree of harmony and relationship. So you need not fear.

Now, my child, I want you to go into the country as early as May, and make it a business to recover your wasted vital forces. Let nothing prevent you from going, for it is necessary—more so than you can imagine. There is no use in a person sitting down and waiting for events to shape themselves. Spread forth your hands and aid your spirit-friends to control the circumstances surrounding you.

Your days of usefulness are not over. Do not for a moment doubt that your health may be restored, if you place yourself in a position to receive magnetic help. You must sit barefooted in the hot sand for an hour daily. Continue this treatment through the months of June, July, and August, and take no medicine but bitters made of wild-cherry bark, dandelion roots and red-clover blossoms, steeped in water; add brandy enough to prevent fermentation. You will surely find yourself a new woman in the Fall, and after that you will know how to take care of yourself. I will communicate again. Charley, Walter and Abial, Amanda's children, Elmer, and the youngest Charley, who died in Lowell so long ago, are with me. Charley is one of the very bright spirits, possessing a noble, poetical

nature. He is constantly with Susan. He is one of her best and most powerful controllers. Leander is now one of the family controllers, and you will all know when he is near. Let peace and harmony reign among my children.

FATHER.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

### THE SPIRIT OF PRAYER.

BY SUSAN H. FALES.

SECK away—speed away on thy heavenward flight,  
Thou beautiful Spirit of Prayer!  
O'er the dark blue sea—through the silent night,  
On and up through the ambient air;  
And fold not thy snowy white pinions to rest  
Mid the leaves of Life's evergreen Tree,  
Till you seek out Our Father, and lay on his breast  
This message of sorrow from me.

Oh, tell him my heart has been shorn of all joy—  
My proud soul is burdened with woe;  
For the child of my love—my only boy—  
Lies buried 'neath the wintry snow.  
I would gladly have given him back to his God,  
Had he died with the noble and brave;  
But my darling, who lies 'neath the wintry sod,  
Went down to a drunkard's grave.

It seems but a day since he knelt by my side,  
With his small hands folded in prayer;  
Oh, in childhood he was my pleasure and pride—  
In manhood, my grief, my despair.  
I can cheerfully bear all the burdens of life,  
I can follow our Master to Calvary's Hill,  
If after the burdens, the crosses and the strife,  
I may find my boy, and love him still.

Then speed thou away on thy silvery wings,  
Thou beautiful Spirit of Prayer!  
Oh, hasten, bright bird—when the angels sing,  
Bring me answer if Willie is there.  
His voice was as clear as the mocking-bird's song,  
Soft and sweet in its musical time;  
Free from the earth, its temptations and wrong,  
Shall I hear it again by the Father's Throne?

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

### HEAVENLY VISITANTS.

BY M. THERESA SHELLHAMER.

IN THIS twilight, in the twilight,  
Misty shadows softly creep;  
All the world is dim and silent,  
As if hushed in dreamless sleep;  
At this solemn, sacred hour  
Come the forms I used to know,  
Radiant in their shining raiment,  
Purer than the spotless snow.

In this solemn, sacred hour,  
What to me is worldly strife?—  
When such messengers are bringing  
Tidings of immortal life.  
I can sense their sainted presence,  
And my spirit bows in awe,  
Like the soul of the Apostle,  
When the gates of heaven he saw.

In the twilight, in the twilight,  
Comes the step of noiseless feet,  
And the air but faintly echoes  
Angel-voices, low and sweet;  
And I feel as one uplifted  
From the lowly, common clod,  
Nearer to the light eternal,  
One step nearer Heaven and God.

Dear, sweet friends, I bid you welcome,  
Welcome in your heavenly guise,  
All that's sacred, pure and holy,  
Round about your presence lies:  
Unto each my soul gives greeting,  
To a friend long tried and true,  
While each impulse of my being  
Leaps with quickened life anew.

There are those I knew in mortal,  
Ere they gained the heavenly birth;  
Others I have met in spirit,  
Who I knew not on the earth;  
And I greet them all with gladness—  
All are welcome to my soul;  
For they point me onward, upward,  
To life's grand, infinite goal.

Thou whose voice gives life and being  
To all Spirits, bond and free,  
All our purest, deepest homage  
We would offer up to thee:  
For the gifts of soul-communion,  
That all other gifts transcend,  
For the blessings of existence,  
That can never have an end.

We would bless thee, oh, our Father,  
That thy gates are open wide;  
That thy angels do not tarry  
Over on the golden side;  
But at sweet and precious seasons  
They return our love to claim;  
For these blessings, oh, our Father,  
We would bless thy heavenly name.

GREAT men and great institutions may be beyond the most of us, but great actions are for us all.

It is only the fool who is pleased with himself; no wise man is good enough for his own satisfaction.

### OUR CLUB RATES.

Any one who will procure six new subscribers, to be sent to one address, may forward their names and address, with money for five, keeping back the price of one (\$1.65) for commission.

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.

DR. C. BLEKLER,

The Great Celebrated

## Magnetic Healer

Of all Diseases of the Human Family,

NO. 37 KENDALL STREET.

MISS JENNIE RHIND,

Symbolic, Prophetic and Typical Medium,  
INSPIRED BY JESUS OF NAZARETH.

Will, in a few weeks, begin her tour westward, on the route to the Pacific, and will receive and answer calls to Lectures, and hold meetings, speaking in a typical language, throwing light upon the Old and New Testaments, unbinding error from truth and binding the new and old together.

Address

5 Dwight St., Boston, Mass.

### ASTROLOGER.

IS successful in reading the planets connected with every event of life. Charts of Destiny for two years, and advice in Business, Marriage etc., \$1.00; Full Life, \$2.00; six questions on any matter, 50 cents; Reading of Character from lock of hair, 50 cents. Enclose fee, with correct age, or time of birth; if known, whether born night or day; if single, and sex. All business by letter, strictly confidential. Address, PROF. J. FAIRBANKS, No. 7 Suffolk Place, Boston, Mass.

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

Established in 1863, it has overcome all opposition, and has attained a standing and circulation unprecedented in the history of liberal publications. The most profound and brilliant writers and deepest thinkers in the Spiritualistic ranks write for the JOURNAL. Through able correspondents it has facilities unequalled for gathering all news of interest to the cause, and careful, reliable reports of phenomena.

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

JNO. C. BUNDY, Editor,  
MERCHANTS' BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

C. E. WINANS,

Test Clairvoyant and Business Medium.

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