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LITERARY.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

FROM SPIRIT "LUTE," TO HER PARENTS AND FRIENDS.

THROUGH TRYPHENA C. PARDEE.

ON soul-dedged wings of angel-pleasure,
Cleaving glory-luminated azure,
With joy-flower-garlands round me flung, how gladly do I come!

Glad that in the realms eternal,
Whispering through the groves supernal,
I hear each rising love-sigh breathed forth from friends at home.

Now I would lift death's veil of sadness,
And bless you with life's light of gladness,—
These garlands pick to pieces, and give to each a flower.
I would tell you of the joys immortal,
That bless me on this side the portal
Where death is lost, and life is sure for ever, ever more.

I would tell you how my doubting Spirit
Was made to know it could inherit
A heavenly life of peace, and rest, set free from every pain,
By being pressed with angel kisses,
And fondled with their soft caresses,
While yet your grief-wrung sobs and cries I could hear distinctly plain.

You'd like to know what I'm enjoying—
How heaven's bright moments I'm employing;—
In resting now from earthly woo, in recruiting from earth's storms;
But angels whisper, kindly saying,
"There's precious labor, richly paying,"
That will engage my life-gift powers for friends in earthly forms.

O, matchless bliss!—the charms of loving,
While with you now in Spirit moving,
Guided by the light of life that banishes all gloom;—
Most tenderly your brows o'er-sweeping,
My angel-hands will heal your weeping,
And strew along your lonely path fresh flowers of heavenly bloom.

ELLINGTON, N. Y.

NEVER attempt to form an opinion on a woman's weight by her sighs.

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.]

[CONCLUDED.]

What man or woman wishes to be a slave? Worship Fashion, and you are one! What person loves fickleness? Follow Fashion, and enjoy it to your heart's content! What person craves the esteem of shallow-minded folks? Yield to the requirements of Fashion, and you can have it! Who loves the approbation of unknown arbitrators of "style," better than health, comfort, convenience, true beauty, and the elegance and propriety of naturalness? Act as the majority of man-and-womankind act; ask no questions, but blindly follow where Fashion leads!

Do you wish to pass this life, all unheeding the great lessons it is designed to teach—content to wallow in the mire of selfishness, extravagance, frivolity, and dissipation? The way is open; Fashion will conduct!

Do you prefer to squander time given for useful employment in the cultivation of the soul, in the idle pursuit of selfish gratification? How easy! Only follow the fashion!

Do you prefer butterfly life, with its gaudiness, giddiness and fleeting show, to the solid, substantial, and enduring attainments of scholastic culture? Coat yourself with rainbow tints, and in all the pomp and ceremony of "gentility," strut your brief hour upon the stage of life, and pass off with soul stunted to the dimensions of the beautiful insect—with aspirations as high, and attainments as huge and diversified!

Do you feel like sneering at the simplicity and true beauty of Nature—preferring the bedizenments and affectations of artificiality? You are not alone; the whole world of Fashion are with you!

Do you prefer anything rather than genuine manhood and true womanhood? You are in the height of Fashion in so preferring!

Is this world to you but a place for the exhibition of gewgawry and the fantastic conceits of fashionable life? You have learned your lesson well, and can take your place among the élite.

Has life no meaning in your eyes beyond developement of vanity, self-conceit, shallow-mindedness, and hypocrisy? You are among the most "fashionable!"

Fashion strips Nature of her lovely garments; distorts her fair features into grimaces and smirks; coats her all over with fantasticalness and bijouterie; makes her hobble and wiggle and strut; powders her face with rouge and carmine and white; pinches her waist until her poor vitals shriek with torture; covers her head with unsightly disfigurements; restricts her arms from free movement; rolls her hair into heat-and-headache-producing balls; binds her fair limbs with ligatures tight, checking the flow of the ruddy life-currents thereby; cramps and squeezes her feet into shapeless and horrible deformity;—from head to foot unnaturally attired; with garments sweeping, and bedraggled ankles; encircled in iron bands of slavery; down-pressed in vital parts by weight of skirts; not a limb, organ, or member uncursed!

Well may angels weep and thoughtful mortals hide their heads in shame!

Bodies alone do not suffer by the cruel mandates of Fashion. She tyrannizes over the mind as despotically, and with a thousand-fold more potency of evil. When once she strikes her victim, there is no longer manhood or womanhood able to assert itself. Abject and submissive, the poor creatures of her despotism cover into a slavishness of mind worse than the degradation of African bondage.

The love of fashion is a deadly upas, which blights every aspiration of the soul, and stunts the growth of true character with a deadly potency. All other interests must yield to those of Fashion. All virtues are concentrated in the one word "Gentility!"

Innate love of humanity must step aside, if it conflicts with the pursuit of Fashion! Intellectual culture is of no consequence, as compared with the mighty importance of fashion-

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BANNER OF LIGHT

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SPIRITUALISM

THE SPIRITUAL WORLD

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wisdom! Morality is nothing without the conventionalities of *bontonism*! Religion is of no worth, unless attired *comme il faut*! The worship of God must be conducted by "genteel" clergymen, and participated in by "genteel" devotees! Everything whatever must be "genteel," or it is deemed unworthy of notice by the fashion-world-rulers! Everything must have stamped upon it in glowing letters—Style!

The very babes and the unborn must feel the weight of the heavy curse—it is unfashionable for mothers to bring forth, to nurse and care for, the children Deific law has given them! Dress and fashionable folly usurp the place of the maternal instinct—of motherly virtue and self-sacrificingness. The first lesson of the little boy or girl is one of folly and vanity. "My new dress," "My pretty hat," becomes early the *summum bonum*. The greatest care of the anxious, fashionable and "wise"—or otherwise—parent, is *not* to allow her child to act naturally, to play and romp freely in the open air, and thus expand and grow vigorous, healthy, and lovely; but, "Don't soil your dress!" The full-dressed, fashionably attired "lady" can not even permit the natural expression of the lovingness of innocent and confiding childhood, in the sweet fond kiss and earnest artless embrace;—the silken token of her slavishness to Fashion and frivolity might be crumpled! And the poor child is put away, with a soul starving for a mother's love.

These are sad facts. The cause of progress and reform can never succeed, in its fullness, until heavy blows are struck at the gigantic and almost omnipotent tyrant whose sway converts human beings into butterflies, dries up the juices of human affection, deadens the moral sensibilities, perverts the instinct of freedom, degrades the aspirations, weakens the intellect, and enfeebles the body. Fashion does all this!

And what is the duty of reformers? What is the duty of philanthropists? What the duty of Spiritualists, who occupy and are to occupy the front rank in the cause of universal harmony? What the duty of woman—and especially of those who have been blessed with Divine revealments from the Angel-World, of the glorious mission and destiny which awaits woman in the harmonious future—who have come out of the obscurity in which past customs had placed them, and are nobly laboring for the cause of Spiritual illumination?

We say unto you, shake off the shackles which have so long bound your sex! Stand in true dignity and freedom! Dare to be women, and be slaves no longer! Let not Fashion rule you, of all persons.

Dare to follow the instinct of naturalness in your dressing, and discard the abominations of Fashion. Assert your right to consult your own taste, your comfort, convenience, and health, and sense of fitness in all matters pertaining to dress, whether it lead you with Fashion or against it. Be bold and fearless advocates of freedom in dress; and advocate it not merely in words, but in the practical adoption of its principles in your every day "walk."

Be not ashamed to shorten your garments, if thereby you may lengthen your lives. Do

not hesitate to adopt or reject any article of clothing, if the requirements of convenience or comfort demand it.

Believe that you have the right, inherent in every soul, to so modify the customs or fashions as in your own case may seem proper.

The interests of woman require this; and as laborers in the cause of woman's elevation, you do not your whole duty, unless you exemplify in your own persons the superiority of common sense to the unthinking Fashion-following, which characterizes the masses (both male and female) of today. Realize the sublimity of woman's mission! Comprehend the glory of woman's destiny! Be dauntless, loving, and consistent, in all your actions and habits, mental and physical. Consistent you can not be, so long as you drag about in your itinerancy, or in your domestic life, the weight of Fashion's curse! We appeal, then, to you, as examples for the guidance of your sex, not to furnish your sisters with the darkness of the past, but in your own persons show that you take in fully the significance of the Spiritual revelation which is sweeping over the world, and seeking to elevate woman to her true dignity, as something more than a giddy butterfly of Fashion and folly.

The grandest mission of Spiritualism may be said to be the practical elevation of woman to the lofty standard of her diviner nature. A mighty work is to be done in this direction. The greatest hindrance to her regeneration is, however, her own apathy, and non-realization of her real present condition. A slave—she knows it not. Cursed beyond measure by the tyrant of Fashion, woman is apt to consider herself blessed by it instead. Until a deeper comprehension of her condition can be brought to her, and infused into the depth of her being, she will hardly rise in self defence and cast off the fetters which now bind her.

Awake! oh mothers! Arouse from the sleep of ages, and grapple with the realities of existence! Arise to a perception of the infinite possibilities of womanhood! Teach your children the lessons of life, and exemplify to them the beauties of lofty developement. Show them that life means something more than dressing, flirting, superficial accomplishments, and the worship and pursuit of pleasure, mammon, fame and power. Live wisely and lovely, gently and purely; yielding obeisance to God, virtue and humanity, but to Fashion, *never*, unless she leads in the direction of comfort, convenience and health. We shall then see a race of mothers greater than queens—truly worthy the admiration and love of good men and angels; and the salvation of the world will be secured. Awake, ye daughters, and seek to learn the meaning of life! Lift your aspirations towards the Infinite source of Wisdom, and be wise. Spurn the allurements of Fashion, and learn to walk humbly, simply, and lovingly. Be something more rational and truly beautiful, because natural, than you have ever been. You have it in your power to accomplish much, by womanful independence, for the salvation of your brothers. They need regeneration and liberation from lust and avarice, and mad am-

bition, as well as from Fashion's power. Entwine about their hearts the sweet tendrils of sisterly affection, and by your appreciation of the Divinity of life, stimulate them to higher aims and loftier ambitions. You have it in your power to bless the world beyond measure. Exercise it thus, and your destiny will be one of glory and happiness. How insignificant and despicable do the giddy pomp and silly affectations of fashionable life appear in the contrast! Be true, then, oh! ye mothers and daughters, sisters and affianced, to the higher instincts of nature. Rise above the contemptible frivolities of Fashion, and dare clothe yourself rationally. Think deeply, and act wisely, earnestly and bravely.

Then virtue o'er the soul will shed her ray
Of love, to beautify and bless the heart.
Then pride will no more curse the world with scorn.
Nor slander poison with her fatal dart.
Then men and women, strong and brave and true,
Will walk the earth with majesty and power;
And health and strength triumphant take the place
Of all those woes disease o'er man doth shower.
And Fashion with its rod of iron will away
No more the sons and daughters of the earth;
The sense of duty to one's self will check
Her rule despotic—there will thus have birth
The reign of individuality.
Each soul will thus become self-poised and firm,
Unheeding all the foolish calls of pride—
Content of Nature and her simple truths to learn.
The time must come when men shall learn to walk
With eye upturned, and ever-trusting hearts;
And woman bear the weight of shame no more—
Endowed with power to struggle 'gainst the art
Of folly. Long has woman been the tool
Of giddy Fashion, crushing with its spell
The finer, higher attributes of soul;
She now may rise, and dare the world to tell
How glorious, how sublime her destiny,
When she has shaken off the galling yoke
Which hitherto has bound her down in chains,
And made her life a mockery. Once broke,
The spell which holds her now will ne'er again
Regain its power. The lessons of the past
Will not be lost, and she will rise at last
In dignity and worth. A lofty name
In letters bright on Nature's scroll of fame
Will yet be hers, as side by side she stands
With man her brother, friend and mate. Her hands
Will then be free "to labor and to wait,"—
And life will open wide the "golden gate"
To everlasting joy and peace and love,
And wisdom, in the shining courts above.

RE-INCARNATION.

Editor Voice of Angels:

DEAR SIR,—By the agitation of thought, truth is found. Shall man wander for ever upon the border-land of the great ocean of truth? Does eternal progression really amount to anything, after all, admitting the theory that Re-incarnation has been going on from a beginningless eternity? If the soul-germ of man has existed from all eternity in the past—always progressing—what does that experience amount to, if man is still a stupid, erring creature, and unconscious of all his past acts in the uncounted billions of ages that have gone into oblivion? Is not memory the only link to immortality?

Respectfully,

J. W. GIBSON.

CULTURE of head and heart is greatly to be desired; we need both in life. But how easy it is to go into one extreme or the other.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

MESSAGE FULLY CORROBORATED.

LOWELL, LAKE CO., IND., JAN. 22, 1878.

FRIEND DENSMORE,—I received the paper you sent. Many thanks. It is so happyfying to receive messages from dear departed friends, and know that they are not dead, but more alive than ever. When I read the communication of Ella to her mother, in the VOICE OF ANGELS of Dec. 1st, through West Ingle, words fail to express my feelings at the time; for I fully recognize it as from my darling daughter. Words cannot express its value to a mother's sad and lonely heart; and to know that her child is happy and reconciled, beggars description in words. In the message she says: "It was for the best that I died when I did." A few days before she passed over the river of death, she said, "Mother, I don't want to die." For a long time I had been waiting to take the VOICE OF ANGELS, but thought I could not spare the money; but when I read that message, in a paper a dear friend sent me, I determined to send for it. Enclosed please find money for one year's subscription for VOICE OF ANGELS.

Respectfully,

MRS. ALMEDA CASTLE.

SUPERNAL ARTISTS.

CAN the supercilious scientists who sneer at spirit intelligence cover their eyes with an impenetrable bandage, go into a dark apartment, and return in a few hours with a freshly painted picture produced in the dark, and without the use of eyes?

Can they, with all their wisdom and skill, with the free use of eyes and daylight, and with a whole academy of painters of the highest rank, combining their skill together, do what the Spirit-painters do in Glasgow, Scotland, where, under the mediumship of Mr. Duguid, cards may be laid upon the table in the midst of the company, marked by tearing off a piece for their identification, and then—the gas being extinguished, and no painter being present, the Medium himself being tied—the Spirits produce a fresh oil-painting, of a beautiful or striking landscape, on one of the cards, in a space of from half a minute to five minutes between the extinguishment and re-lighting of the gas. On one occasion, in from five to six minutes, a card, three and a half by two and a half inches, was covered with six distinct pictures. In his early developement Mr. Duguid painted, in four hours, a picture of a waterfall. The Spirit who painted it, with the hand of the Medium, put on his monogram, "J. R.," and it proved to be a copy of the painting of a waterfall by Jacob Ruysdal, a German painter of more than two hundred and fifty years ago, who thus reproduced, by the hand of a Medium, his own *chef d'œuvre*.

What would these skeptical gentlemen do, if required to compete in art with a man who owes

all his power to Mediumship—W. Anderson, of Chicago?

As a single specimen of his wonderful powers, I would mention that the Hon. A. L. Williams, of Orooso, Mich., paid Mr. Anderson three thousand dollars for a portrait of his deceased daughter. Mr. Williams says, "I paid him three thousand dollars, with the understanding that I was not to pay anything unless I was fully satisfied with the picture when finished. Let it suffice that I have the picture hung in my parlor, and five times that sum would not induce me to part with it, without knowing I could have it replaced. My daughter had been dead five years, and was twenty years of age. Mr. A. knew no more of her than you do, and had no likeness or description of her, except her age and time of death. It is not only a beautiful picture, but a perfect likeness and full size."

In mercy to yourselves, gentlemen skeptics, do not parade your ignorance again before the world, by talking of the imbecility of the Spirit-World and its Mediums. Unless you can raise yourself to intellectual equality, you gain little by sneering at superiority. When you can rival its improvisations of music, poetry, eloquence and painting; when you can appreciate its lofty ethics, or comprehend the glimmering of the Divine Philosophy and science which are just beginning to dawn upon the world, and dazzle the owls of the University, you may speak with some degree of intelligence, and with the modesty of the neophyte, but until then, your wisest course will be reverential silence.—J. R. Buchanan, in *Banner of Light*.

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

THE INDEPENDENT VOICE.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

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

QUESTION:—You stated in a former communication that undeveloped spirits were created on earth. Would you be understood to mean that the spirit is created by the material—that the body manufactures or makes the spirit?

ANSWER:—Not created, but formed on earth. Were I to give the philosophy in regard to this subject, as I understand it, the people would not comprehend it.

QUESTION:—Do the spirits of animals become immortal as individual entities, or only become developed molecules of Spirit essence, which separate at the death of the animal, and are thus prepared to enter into new combinations—to be woven into, or incorporated in, the immortal Spirit entities of mankind.

ANSWER:—The spirits of animals retain their individuality the same as the spirits of human beings.

QUESTION:—What, then, is a Spirit?

ANSWER:—That is a "poser." Spirit, in one sense, is reasoning power—the judgment, the mind, the intellect and will.

QUESTION:—Do not particular types of brain manifest the characteristics of certain tribes of the animal kingdom, and does not this go to prove that that class of minds are made up from the Spirit essences of those types to which they correspond?

ANSWER:—No; it certainly does not. There are many people who partake of the animal nature, but it is not because they are the incarnation of a cat or dog.

QUESTION:—If this is not true, where does this correspondence come from?

ANSWER:—Because there is a chain between all things; some people are like rocks in their temperament, because they live in a rocky region. Other people partake of swamp nature, and so on. If the mother of a child is constantly with animals, for instance an ape, she will impart something of that animal's expression to her child's face.

QUESTION:—What, then, becomes of the spirit of an animal, which, in some of the departments of mind, has shown a development equal, if not superior, to man in that direction?

ANSWER:—They are immortal, just the same as man is. They will go to different spheres, the same as the children of earth do—the very highest as well as the lowest.

QUESTION:—Can a single development be lost in nature, or dropped out of the grand sum total of being?

ANSWER:—No; it cannot be.

QUESTION:—Do animals progress?

ANSWER:—They do.

QUESTION:—Do they ever possess reasoning power?

ANSWER:—Take the horse, dog, and other animals, and they do not take a step without due consideration.

QUESTION:—Where an individual lives his earth-life in an unmarried state, does it not affect him in the life hereafter, through not having ties and affections consequent on a happy married state, with issue?

ANSWER:—Decidedly so; all old bachelors had better marry at once.

QUESTION:—Why is it that spirits, anxious to communicate with friends on earth, do not do so through Mediums at a distance, and have the messages forwarded by mail? This question applies when it is impossible to communicate in any other way.

ANSWER:—In nine cases out of ten, when Mediums send a message that has been received at a circle, they will get some imprudent reply, and be requested not to send advertisements again. So Mediums have ceased to send communications, because they don't want to be insulted in return. Were we to throw the doors open to every spirit that could come, we would have no time to devote to our own personal circles. Why don't these people seek manifestations in their own home? Why don't they throw the doors open to their own friends, and develop Mediums in their own households, and not go many miles away for messages?

QUESTION:—Prof. Tyndall's presence at a circle, according to Mr. Varley, throws everything into confusion. Why is this so?

ANSWER:—This is because Prof. Tyndall is in a state of confusion himself.

QUESTION:—What is the most potent essence known to spirits, in influencing or controlling distant subjects?

ANSWER:—Electricity.

QUESTION:—What is the astral light, which the magicians talk so much about?

ANSWER:—It is magnetic emanation from spirit.

QUESTION:—In all cases does not the Spirit-eye see forms, and the Spirit-ear hear Spirit-voices?

ANSWER:—They do.

QUESTION:—What is it that enables one person to subdue a vicious horse at once, while another cannot control him at all?

ANSWER:—One is able to accomplish this by a peculiar magnetic emanation from the spirit, and by will power.

QUESTION:—Clairvoyants claim that they see spirits of murderers, for instance, who seem to have long tusks protruding from the mouth. Have you ever seen such a spirit?

ANSWER:—I have not. Sometimes spirits, in returning to earth, take on conditions that they were in when they left; for example, the form of some disgusting animal or thing, as a symbol of their character; and instead of seeing the spirit, you see a symbolic representation of its condition.

QUESTION:—Is it true that mortals are as much under Spirit control as the clay is under the control of the potter's hands, as the Bible has it?

ANSWER:—Yes, it is true.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

A BEAUTIFUL TEST OF SPIRIT PRESENCE.

THROUGH J. V. MANSFIELD.

I HAVE frequently publicly and privately said that Dr. Mansfield as a Test Medium of Spirit Presence was very superior; and the example I am about to give will confirm beyond any kind of doubt the truth of my repeated declaration.

I was some time ago with Dr. Mansfield, consulting some of my Spirit-Friends, when the thought struck me that I would confer with one who in early life was one of my nearest and dearest friends. I accordingly wrote a question of quite a private nature to my Spirit-Friend, Albert Fletcher, who has been in the Spirit-World for over thirty years, and folding it up in several folds, I placed it, sealed with mucilage, before the Medium, who immediately wrote as follows to me:—
"Heaven bless you, my dear old friend and school-mate! Years more than forty have elapsed since you and I would trudge away with our Latin books to the one-armed teacher, Alexander Kinmont. How much I have followed you about since!—and yet you wist not that your friend Albert was near you. And yet, with these many years of separation, it seems but a week ago since we talked about that matter of continuing the school together after Kinmont died.

ALBERT FLETCHER."

A great deal more was written in answer to my particular question, but being of an entirely private nature, I will not give it to the public; though it was of much concern and consequence to me individually.

Now, where was the great test? It is in what I have written of the answer, and particularly in those words in italics. More than forty years have elapsed since Albert Fletcher and I trudged together as school-mates and class-mates, with our Horace, Virgil, and Bacon's Novum Organum under our arms, in the busy streets of Cincinnati, to the school-house of the great classical teacher, Alexander Kinmont, who had but one arm, and that his left one—having been deprived of his right arm in early life in Scotland. And again, most important—our great teacher died in the year 1838, and I continued his school for a time after his death; and it was then that Albert Fletcher and I did talk, over and over again, "about that matter of continuing the school;" and we formed our plans;—I was to be the classical teacher, while Albert was to take charge of the mathematical and English department; and we already had all the pupils of the seminary on hand, and the plan would have been executed, had it not been for the opposition of Albert's father.

Now, these facts were never known in any sense to the Medium, and only known to Albert and myself! Who, then, in God's name, was there and then talking to me, *but my old and dear friend Albert? It was he, and could be no one else!—his Spirit!*

NEW YORK, Dec. 13, 1877.

[For "Voice of Angels."]

CORRESPONDENCE.

{ PHILADELPHIA, No. 1506 North 7th St.,
February 18th, 1878.

FRIEND DENSMORE,—When we consider the fact that nearly or quite one-fourth of the human race quit the earth-form under one year of age, may we not realize that the beautiful world beyond is peopled with innumerable bands or companies of little Spirits, although there is continual growth and progress?

These infantile Spirits have very little need to come back to earth, to facilitate their progress and add to their beatific conditions; yet they come, and therefore, in their sweet unselfishness, they ought to be encouraged in their visits. How grateful to the heart is it to hear salutations to nearest kindred, and greetings of love to all from infant lips!

The two gems of infant communion

published in the VOICE OF ANGELS of Feb. 15th are childlike in sentiment as well as in expression, but who will not accept and cherish them as tributes of deep and earnest affection?

I feel that I am under obligation to contribute the following for publication; inasmuch, strange as it may appear, the little cherub expressed a desire that it should be printed. (Had she heard of our Angel Messenger?)

In advance, allow me to say that I was asked by the spirit of Helen to bring paper and pencil with me at the next sitting, and she would furnish me the words of what she had been repeating in song, and it was as follows:

I am waiting, I am waiting,
For to welcome home;
I am here in spirit—I am very small;
But I come at my Saviour's call.
Waiting for grandmamma—waiting, waiting for her.

Grandpapa dear, we are coming by-and-bye,
To welcome all;
Tell mamma dear I am still here,
Living for all.

Tell papa I am not dead;
And I am home with mamma,
And papa, and my darling sister,

I am waiting, I am waiting,
To see my papa and mamma,
To get them to believe in Spirit-Life,
And tell them, with pleasure for me,
I am happy to come, although I am small;
For soon, very soon, they will come at my call,
To see that little Spirit-Form
Of their darling little Helen.

Oh, tell my grandmamma
That little Helen is hoping
That my little form will show
That there is life beyond.

She will see before a time
The little form of Helen
Coming to her grandmamma,
Asking darling grandmamma
To believe in Spirit-Life.

Just here, I said, "Grandmamma does not believe in Spirit-Life—believing in eternal rest, which she desires; and says she would not come back to earth in Spirit, for she had worked hard enough here."

In response to this, she said in continuation:

She will come to you, grandpapa;
And grandmamma and I will both come to you—
Will bring flowers raised in Spirit-Life,
For beauties there are greater than gold and diamonds here.

Grandmamma will help to work,
And will be a ministering Angel
In Spirit-Form, unto sick and sinners,
And to mortal friends.

LITTLE HELEN.

Where is the parent or grandparent who will not feel happy in the perusal of little Helen's affectionate communication, inspiring as I feel it to the emotions of my soul? And how much must your readers be delighted, that you have set apart a portion of your Angel Messenger for messages from those whom Jesus said, "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven, and forbid them not to come."

I can readily realize why the loving lit-

the Spirit expresses so much of sympathy and love for her grandma, in the fact that she is seriously infirm, and has for many years past suffered great bodily afflictions.

Little Helen has a Spirit-Guide and teacher, who gives me the name of Mary; and to show the law of *adaptability* that prevails in the "life beyond," Mary was transplanted to Spirit-Life an infant, and therefore, in her progressive experiences, she knows how to guide and instruct the infant Spirit. They say they both paid a visit to my residence. My response is, "Welcome, Spirits."

Yours, in Spiritual Brotherhood,

I. W.

NEW YORK CITY, March 1, 1878.

To the Editor of the Voice of Angels:

At a recent seance held in the presence of a rapping Medium, in this city, at which the writer was present, the following three terse aphorisms were rapped out by the alphabet: Whatever may be their merits or demerits, they certainly cannot be charged with being made up of mere platitudes, as is often alleged in regard to Spirit communications:

"The powers by which you examine are Curiosity and Memory. Their union is Reason; their perfection is Wisdom."

"Necessity (say the Greeks) compels the gods. Necessity rules all things. Power and regularity, these two qualities form its nature."

"What to believe and what to reject, these two questions necessarily constitute all wisdom. Good night."—THEODORE PARKER.

Yours, truly, T. R. HAZARD.

CHARDON, OHIO, Nov. 11th, 1877.

Mr. Denmore:—Dear Sir,—I received your postal card with much pleasure, and would return my most heartfelt thanks for the prospect of getting your valuable little paper. I hope to see the day when I can, instead of taking it as a gift, render you aid in its promulgation. You are kind enough to say that I may contribute something for its pages, and if it is accepted, print it; thanks for that, but I am fearful it will not; yet I will try.

In the past twelve or fourteen years I have been used as a Medium, and my experiences have been as varied as are the leaves of Autumn, and my controlments as varied; but more recently my guides or controllers have been changed. They will not permit promiscuous control. I am now used for preaching or lecturing. A day or two ago, some friends came in out of curiosity, and I was controlled to

preach a sermon. An elderly gentleman present, of more than common intellectual acquirements, and a church member, said he never in his life heard anything to equal it from any pulpit.

I suppose I have always been a Medium, for since I was seventeen years old I have had visions, and some very remarkable ones, and I will give you some of them from time to time, if this is accepted.

I am continually teaching that if we wish for a happy home hereafter, we must send up the material from our Earth-Lives here. Now for the proof. I once went into a friend's house, and she said to me, "Sit down, and see if Belle has not got a good word for me." So I sat down, and instantly I seemed to be in the Spirit-World, walking up a street, and presently I came to a house, or the frame of a house, standing the end to the street. There was a nice stone foundation, and all litter or debris was removed, and the lawn on which it stood was very green and clean. As I stood looking at it, I thought, how curious it looks to see the frame of a house in the Spirit-Land. And while I was wondering, I saw a row of plants or vines growing up all around it, the leaves of which looked very green and shiny, like wax. Those vines grew so fast that presently they were up to the sill, and then I could see them creep up and around the studding, and directly they were up to the eaves. And then I saw that branches came out from each other, and filled up the openings or interstices, until the frame was completely covered. I also saw that the roof, to the ridge, was covered in the same way. Now flowers came out very thick and beautiful. They were white, and had the appearance of white wax.

I then passed round to the front, and saw that there was no studding in the foreground; but the vines had covered the corner posts, and had run up to the peak and formed one vast arch. O, how beautiful it was! I then saw that it was most beautifully furnished and ornamented. I stood in wonder and amazement, and exclaimed: What does all this mean? Then a voice at my side said, "Man, by right of existence, has the foundation of his house laid in the Heavens; and it belongeth to him to cover, to furnish, to beautify and ornament it." I then turned to reply, and the Spirit passed out of sight. I then went round to the rear, and there saw, in the midst of the lawn, a fountain throwing up its sparkling spray. It was enclosed in a wall of red coral. Then a voice said to me: "Her name shall no longer be Cora, but Coral"—that being the lady's name that I called on.

And now, dear brother, I hope and believe that every effort we make, and every moment we spend, in sending this glorious Gospel of Spiritualism into the world, will be like good seed scattered on good ground. Watched by the angels, it will spring up and bear fruit, perhaps an hundred-fold.

Praying you may be prospered, and abundantly blessed,

I remain, yours for the truth.

MRS. J. A. CAMIBELL.

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

BY ALICE CARY,

THROUGH MRS. RUTH GODDUE WAGNER.

On, my glorified home!
No longer I roam,
A wanderer in darkness and gloom;
My Saviour hath opened the portals of light;
No darkness o'er shadows the tomb.

The beautiful home that on earth I adored,
With memories so tender and sweet,
I yielded for one
Earth could not afford—
For loved ones I longed so to meet.

My beautiful home! I am not lone;
From sorrow and sin I am free;
The harvest was gathered,
The seed had been sown,
And the angels were waiting for me.

My weariness o'er, I languish no more—
I am reaping the promised reward;
My once famished soul
Hath been feasted at last;
I am safe in the house of the Lord.
FORT SEBECA, Ohio.

EARTH'S BLESSINGS.

BY EVA EDGERTON.

SOMEWHERE, in the dim silent halls of the past,
Where memory lingers with sigh and tear,
I have read, that all of earth that could last,
The sweetest and dearest of all we have here,

Is moonlight, music, true love and flowers.
Ah! well, I believe it is even so;
What else can soothe sorrow's bitter hours,
Or straight to our hearts with healing go,

As the sheeny moonlight, golden and pure,
Like a ray of love from the great white throne?—
It seems to say, "Troubled heart, endure
With patience, you do not walk alone."

And music,—pulsating, throbbing and sweet,
O, who could sin with its spell on their soul.
Or refrain from treading, with reverent feet,
The path of right away, toward the goal

We all are nearing? And love,—Oh, heaven,
We thank thee, that, from your realms of bliss,
This sweetest thing of life thou hast given,—
Given unto a world like this!

And flowers,—too pure for idle fingers.—
That bloom where the angels' feet have pressed;—
Ay, how fondly memory lingers,
And knocks at each weary, troubled breast!

MAY LEWIS.

I'm May Lewis. I died with diphtheria about two years ago; I was eleven years old; I lived in Cambridge. I want my mother to go to a Medium; 'cause I want to come, and my uncle wants to come, too. She's heard of this thing, and we want her to believe it; so, if she'll go to some good Medium, we'll come to her.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

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BOSTON, MASS., MARCH 15, 1878.

EDITORIAL.

THE following letter was received by due course, but got mislaid, else we should have printed it before, with such remarks as it calls for, and we ask friend Follet to excuse the delay.

Editor Voice of Angels.

ROCKFORD, ILL., Dec. 24, 1877.

BRO. DENSMORE,—For many years of my life I was a believer in, (as was everybody else), and a follower of old creedal theology, as taught by the so-called Christian Church, and as such, I was taught to place unquestioning reliance in the teachings of God or angels, (as the case might be), as delivered to the Prophets, (or Mediums), such as Moses, and all of the reputed writings of the Old Testament, and more especially the reputed writings of the disciples and followers of Jesus Christ; not daring to question or doubt a single word or sentence of their writings, no matter how irrational or absurd they might be, for fear of losing caste as a faithful Christian; and for fear of exciting the terrible wrath of an ever watchful and avenging God. But since I broke the chains which bound me to that old and effete theology, and became a seeker after the truth, believing that it would set me free indeed, I claim the right to question the sayings of either man or angels—I will not say God, for He speaks only through nature, and nature's laws, for they are true, and cannot lie. I have read carefully every number of the *VOICE OF ANGELS*, from its first issue to the present number, and have been highly pleased with its efforts to encourage humanity to seek to lead better lives, that they might be better prepared to enter upon the next stage of existence. But I have admired most of all, its editorials, and the grand and noble utterances of its Spirit Editor, Mr. Pardee. But in the first of December number of this year, I find in the editorial, that to which I take exception. In that communication, in answer to a question from a lady in the Pine Tree State, as to whether all of us must pass through the same or similar conditions in earth-life, or is it not possible for us to escape some of these lower conditions? Now, I understand Mr. Pardee, in substance, in reply to that, to say we cannot escape any of them. Now, if that be so, then I would ask, What stimulus have we to seek a better life? If we have got to pass through just so much suffering and misery here, or Purgatory or Hell hereafter, in order to be fitted to pass on to the higher spheres in Spirit-Life, then what good is there in honesty, temperance and virtue? If Mr. Pardee only alludes to germinal inception and physical growth, then I, in a measure, agree with him. But even then, it is a question in my mind, whether a good deal of the

pain, suffering and disease of physical growth might not be avoided, by a proper understanding of physical laws, which should govern the conjugal and sexual relations; and also how to properly raise children, and guide and instruct them, until they become old enough to take care of and reason for themselves.

If people would use as much judgment and discretion in trying to advance the improvement of generations of humanity to come, as they do in trying to improve their horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, dogs, and chickens, or even in selecting their woods, and cultivating the flowers, fruits and produce of their gardens and fields, I think it would not be many generations, before humanity could pass through earth-life, and on into the Summer-Land, with vastly less trouble and suffering than they do now.

Dear Brother Densmore, I have only hinted at what I would like to say on this subject, and left it to the readers to think of, and elaborate on for themselves. Were I to write all I feel upon the subject, it would more than fill a whole number of our little paper. I am glad it is to be enlarged, so as to give those on both sides of the river of life, a chance to speak through its columns, in discussing the merits of our beautiful philosophy.

Fraternally yours,

F. F. FOLLET.

It seems somewhat strange, after telling us, in the first part of his letter, that he (Mr. Follett) had carefully read every issue of the *Voice of Angels*, from its commencement to the present time, and expressed himself highly pleased with our efforts to induce mankind to seek out and lead better lives, that he should, in the latter part of the same letter, question the practicability of the reasons given therein, to obtain those results. Yet it is so; for it will be seen that he indulges in adverse criticism of the very sentiments he so much admired at first. Although divested of an earthly covering, we are mortal still, and as liable to err in judgment as any other mortal, and ever anxious to be corrected, whenever our sayings clash with the reasoning powers of our friends and patrons, and feel highly honored by honest criticism, however adverse it may be.

After telling us of his religious experiences, and how fearful he was of questioning any of their teachings, he says: "Since I have broken the chains of old and effete theology, etc., I claim the right to question the sayings of either men or angels, (I will not say God, for he speaks only through nature and nature's laws, and they are true, and cannot lie.)" From the above, he evidently means that the lower kingdoms only are governed by nature's laws, thus leaving the inference that "men and angels" are governed and controlled by some other law. As he neglects to tell us what that other law is, we are left

in the dark as to his real meaning; and we ask him to "rise and explain," for we, and thousands of others, have had the doctrine burnt, as it were, into our very minds, from infancy: that everything in the vast domains of Deity, whether in the lower or higher kingdoms, was governed and controlled by natural laws; and, if we are mistaken, nothing would please us more than to be corrected. But, as he has it, the inevitable inference is, that those laws, as before hinted at, apply *only* to the lower kingdoms, leaving man, the crowning work of all his creations, to buffet the turbulent ocean of life, without chart, compass, or rudder, to prevent him from foundering upon the sunken rocks and quicksands hidden beneath its murky waves.

It is conceded, by most thinkers, that all manifestations of life, whether manifested in the minutest insect or tiniest plant, to the largest of the animal creatures or the monarch of the forest, (of course man is included in the general category,) derive their power, or life-principle, from one and the same source, viz., Deity; and as the human soul, the immortal part of man, is a scintillation from, and therefore a part of Deity himself, it is a little puzzling to know just how he makes the discrimination; that is, that God manifests himself in the lower kingdoms through natural law, and lying, sinful "men and angels," through some other. If it is true that the human soul—in other words, the *real* man—is part and parcel with Deity—as it must be, if it emanates from him—another ugly question arises, viz.: is he, or is he not, capable of manifesting himself through the house he lives in, (the physical body,) satisfactorily to himself? If so, can he do it, excepting through the operations of natural law? This would be so construed by the critic, if what we infer our friend means is correct. To sum up, if this is true, that is, if everything in all the kingdoms, man included, receives the life-principle from Deity, (which our friend will scarcely deny,) then, when he, or any one else, questions the doings of "men and angels," he is simply questioning the doings of Deity himself.

In his second paragraph, after telling us how much he admires the sentiments and truths promulgated in the *VOICE OF ANGELS*, especially in the editorial columns, he says: "In the 1st of December number of this year '77, I find in an editorial in that paper, that to which I take exceptions." For in the communication in answer to a question from a lady living in the Pine Tree State, where we said, among other things, that all must pass through

the same or similar experiences to reach a certain specific condition, whether in the physical growth of the body, or the expansive development and growth of the soul or spirit inhabiting that body—not one of which could by any possibility be avoided—and giving our reasons for the same;—he asks, "If that is so, what stimulus have we to seek a better life?" Our answer is, because the stimulus to grow in knowledge is inherent in his spiritual make-up—a part of his very nature—and he can no more prevent or drive it back, and cause a suspension of the soul's growth and expansion, than a child can prevent growing to maturity, if ever so dissatisfied with the troubles incident to childhood and boyhood. Hence, we repeat that, as every human being born out of the darkness of the physical womb, into the light of the outer world, has to pass through the same or similar experiences, in its growth to manhood and womanhood, so every soul born out of the womb of spiritual darkness into the light of higher conditions, is compelled to pass through precisely the same or similar experiences, in its growth to maturity. Hence, if it were possible to get rid of suffering and misery, incident to life on the mundane plane, and pass into the higher spheres, minus its experiences, how could charity (the highest of the virtues) and the higher sentiments of the unfolded spirit become developed? In other words, if there was no sin, no dishonesty, no intemperance, no unvirtuous people in the world, how would we know that their opposites, honesty, temperance and virtue existed?

That a good deal, if not all the disease, pain and physical suffering might be avoided by a proper understanding of physical laws, in producing healthy children, we perfectly agree with our friend; but as the suffering and misery he complains of are the only means by and through which higher and better conditions can be obtained, they are absolutely indispensable to the unfolding and development, not only of the immortal spirit of man, but the house (the physical body) it (the soul of man) lives in.

In conclusion, we will merely add that every one of the things to which our friend takes exceptions, even to the raising of healthy, well-developed children, through a proper understanding of the laws of life, has been repeatedly dwelt upon, one way and another, in these pages before; and how he could have read and digested them, as he says he did, and fully endorsing them in the first part of his letter, and

afterwards raise objections as to their practicability, is a problem hard to solve.

NOTICE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

A VERY few of the last *VOICE* (March 1st) were printed with the pages reversed. If any of our patrons received such, and will write to us, we will forward a perfect copy.

Pub. Voice of Angels

TO OUR PATRONS AND FRIENDS.

MOST if not all of the messages in our little paper I believe to be *reht texts* to those to whom addressed; and out of justice to your Spirit-Friends, and no less so to the cause of Spiritualism, you ought, when genuine, to acknowledge their truthfulness, through the *VOICE OF ANGELS*. I have no doubt but you would readily do so, if accustomed to writing for a paper. To such I will say, if you can corroborate messages received through *our* paper, write them out, giving the facts in the case. Do not hesitate for fear of making grammatical errors, as I will correct all such before they go to the printer. Hoping you will not hesitate to accede to the above requisition, I remain fraternally a co-worker with you.

D. C. DENSMORE,

Pub. Voice of Angels.

NEW YORK, March 1, 1878.

MR. EDITOR,—A Lady Medium with whom I am entirely unacquainted—never having heard of her, except by a recent letter—has sent me a slip from your paper containing what purports to be a message from my recently departed daughter, Frances Hazard. I have no reason to doubt its genuineness, as the language is such as I should expect from her, and all the statements true to the letter, with the exception of the name of "Robert," which I presume was meant to indicate my only son in earth-life, "Barclay," who was so named from "Robert Barclay"; which apparent mistake I look upon as rather corroborative of the truth of the message than otherwise.

Yours, truly, T. R. HAZARD.

CORROBORATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE,

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

DEAR BROTHER DENSMORE,—The six papers I received today, for which accept my warmest thanks. The statement respecting Josie Langmaid is correct, and the communication has produced quite a sensation in this place. I have heard from Josie before, at our Circles, but did not expect to hear from her through your, or rather *our*, glorious paper, the *VOICE OF ANGELS*. I was on the fatal spot but a few hours after the deed was done, look-

ing for those that were missing. I have sent papers to her father, whom I know quite well; and I hope it may do some good—cheer him onward and upward in this glorious religion. Enclosed please find the likeness of Josie and LaPage, who is sentenced to death on the 15th of this month. Josie was beloved by all the school, and belonged to a very respectable family. I hope we may hear from her again soon, and I shall be most happy to help her or him when I can. Thanking the kind friends on the other side for their unceasing efforts for our welfare, and yourself included, I remain yours for truth,

E. B. CRADDOCK,
CONCORD, N. H.

THROUGH SALT-LAKER.

JONATHAN MORTON, TO HIS WIFE.

MY DEAR WIFE EMMA,—It gives me great pleasure to have this chance of communication with you. As the Medium was not busy, I thought I would now take the chance to send my message of love to you and my dear children. My dear wife, I am well aware of the troubles you bear here, and I know the longing you have for some Spiritual comfort, to strengthen you in your journey through earth-life. Dear wife, think not that I have forgotten you. No! the ties of love are stronger now than when here upon the earth. We are all happy together. William is with me. He will send a letter of peace and joy to you soon. Dear wife, you know that when here upon the earth, my life was made happy by the sweet communion with our Spirit-Friends. It helped me to look forward to the change with joy, for I knew there were loved ones waiting to receive me in their happy homes.

I passed the river in peace. I was helped by kind and loving friends, who had been gone many years; but, dear wife, I had, as you know, received many loving messages from them. Now, dear wife, I want you to be as cheerful as possible. Remember, 'tis but a few years of trouble are given, and we meet again in the beautiful heaven, where sorrow and troubles we find no more.

Dear children, think of your father, not as dead, but as one among you. Though you cannot see me, yet remember I am with you; and it grieves me when I see you in trouble. Dear boys, be kind to your mother, do all you can for her, cheer her up; her health is not good, and you must do all you can for her, that when the time comes for her to pass the boundary,

you may not have anything to grieve for. Always make your mother your confidant; ask her advice in all things, and by so doing, you will make your mother and father happy, and also yourselves. May the good angels watch over and protect you all, is the wish of your father.

JONATHAN MORTON.

FIGS OR PIGS—FRUIT OR BRUTE? SHALL WE EAT FLESH?

[Intended to accompany the document bearing the above caption, published in the February numbers VOICE OF ANGELS, but received too late for insertion in the next issue.]

APPENDIX A.

A LIST OF FOODS DERIVED FROM THE PLANT KINGDOM.

CLASS 1.—FROM FLOWERING PLANTS.

- | | |
|--|---------------------------------------|
| 1. Seeds. | 5. Leaves, Leaf Stalks, Flow-
ers. |
| 2. Fleecy Fruits. | 6. Receptacles, Bracts. |
| 3. Roots, Subterranean Stems,
Tubers. | 7. Stems. |
| 4. Bulbs, Young Shoots. | 8. Sap. |

CLASS 2.—FROM FLOWERLESS PLANTS.

- | | |
|-------------|------------------------|
| 1. Ferns. | 3. Algae or Sea Weeds. |
| 2. Lichens. | 4. Fungi or Mushrooms. |

(CLASS 1.) SUB-CLASS 1.—SEEDS OR SEED-FRUIITS.

(a.) *Hardy.*

1. *Cereals or Grains.*—Wheat, Oats, Barley, Rye, Maize, [Corn], Rice, Millet, Sorghum, Durra.
2. *Legumes.*—Peas, Beans, Lentils, Cacao Beans, [Chocolate].
3. *Cupules.*—Chestnuts.

(b.) *Oily.*

Nuts.—Butternut, Black Walnut, Hickory-Nut, Hazel-Nut, Filbert, Beech-Nut, Pea-Nut, Almond, Pecan-Nut, Brazil or Castana-Nut, Cocoa Nut, Madra-Nut, Cashew-Nut, Pistachio-Nut, Sweet Acorn.

SUB-CLASS 2.—FLESHY FRUITS.

1. *Drupe.*—Peach, Nectarine, Apricot, Plum, Cherry, Olive, Date.
2. *Pomes.*—Apple, Pear, Quince, Acorn, Mellar.
3. *Berries.* (*Baccate or Ferried Fruits*)—Grape, Currant, Gooseberry, Huckleberry, Barberry, Buffalo-Berry, (Chequerberry), Cranberry, Elderberry.
4. *Strawberries.*—Orange, Lemon, Lime, Citron, Shaddock, Pomegranate.
5. *Solanace.*—Tomato, (Egg-Plant), Okra.
6. *Gourd, Pepo.*—Cucumber, Melon, Watermelon, Pumpkin, Squash.
7. *Cycores.*—Figs.
8. *Sarcoc.*—Mulberry, Pineapple.
9. *Straw.*—Strawberry, Raspberry, Blackberry, Blueberry, Huckleberry.
10. *Unclassified.*—Bread-Fruit, Guava, Durian, Mango, Leechi, Jajube, Shuvia, Avocador, Mangustan, Locust, or St. John's Bread, Cacao Pulp, Anchovy-Pear, Mango-Apple, Pawpaw, Plantain, Banana, etc.

SUB-CLASS 3.—EXCULENT ROOTS, SUBTERRANEAN STEMS, TUBERS.

1. *Roots.*—Turnip, Carrot, Parsnip, Beet, Radish, Skurret, Malanga, (Cuba).
2. *Subterranean Stems.*—Artichoke.
3. *Tubers.*—Potato, (white), Potato, (sweet), Yam.

SUB-CLASS 4.—BULBS, YOUNG SHOOTS.

Onions, Leeks, Chives, Shallots, Rosambole, (Denmark), Asparagus.

SUB-CLASS 5.—LEAVES, LEAF STALKS AND FLOWERS.

1. *Cooked.*—Cabbage, Spinach, Mustard, Dandelion, Cow-slip, Parsley, Beet Tops, Turnip-Tops, Sorrel, etc.
2. *Raw (Salads).*—Lettuce, Garden Cress, Water Cress, Celery or Smallage, Endive, Chicory, Succory, Cabbage.

SUB-CLASS 6.—RECEPTACLES, BRACTS.

Brussels Sprouts, etc.

SUB-CLASS 7.—STEMS.

Rhubarb, (Asparagus).

SUB-CLASS 8.—SAP.

Maple, Sugar Cane, Burghum.

APPENDIX B.

THE LESSON THE COCKROACH TAUGHT.

A COCKROACH crawled over a baker's shelf,
Waving his horns and looking for self;
The baker, upon his broad board below,
Was kneading and rolling about the dough.

The board received such terrible thumps,
As the baker's rolling-pin struck the lumps.

The shelf was shaken—the cockroach fell—
Ah, where?—the baker could not tell!

Into the oven, deep in dough,
Stern fate would have the cockroach go;—
Dead and buried—his fate unknown—
Perished the cockroach, all alone.

A napkin lay where a feast was spread,
In its midst a bit of dainty bread;
A lovely lady, with hands most fair,
Unravolled the napkin lying there.

Soups, fish and birds of many a kind,
A pig, with skewers its joints to bind—
A hare, with parsley stuck in his nose—
And antelope and pheasants; all laid in rows.

Huge limbs of pork, beef, mutton and veal,
Were carved by the flourish of sharp-edged steel;
The well-charged waiters were borne around
By valets, in coats with gold-lace bound.

Many a beggar might live on the steams
That dance in the hall on the wax-light beams;
But he must have a most delicate smell,
Who by the strange odor the dish could tell!

A terrible shriek stirred the steam and air,
That circled around the lady fair;
The guests all around the table arose—
Gaze toward her in dread surprise.

"Pray sit, my good lords," at length said she,
"And kindly, I pray, don't question me!"
And glad were they, when the fright was o'er,
To turn to the sumptuous feast once more.

In vain did the lady strive to eat
Delicate morsels of richest meat;
A dreadful sight met her constant view—
She had bitten the cockroach through and through!

Then to her, in the sternal from a bright tureen,
Was the "ghost" of the luckless cockroach seen;
While confusion in her ears did ring,
The spirit of the cockroach seemed to sing:—

"Lady, why gave you that terrible shriek?
Why rolled your eyes and paled your cheek?
If 'dread to bite a poor worm like me,
But eat sheep and swine most greedily?"

"Oh, delicate lady—oh, sensitive fair—
See the table strewn with carcasses there—
Mangled and torn, all dished from bone;—
Oh, leave such horrible feasts alone!"

"The waving corn and fruitful tree
Bear gracious nourishment for thee;
Live, fair one, as a lady should;
And being beautiful—be good!"

"Though lions, tigers, vultures, prey,
Be thou more merciful than they;
Thy health will last—thy life be long!"—
And thus the cockroach ceased his song.

[Surely, Nature, the "Bountiful Mother," has furnished us here a most extensive variety of innocent food, even without going beyond "Sub-Class 2," amply sufficient for the supply of all our proper wants—without descending to the "sacriligious taste of blood."—J. M. A.]

CALIFORNIA JACK.

I LIVED in California, and they used to call me California Jack. I passed away in 1863, at the age of thirty-five years, or thereabouts. I have a sister living in Massachusetts, and she will see this if you should publish it.

DAYLIGHT.

I HAVE come to see you once again. I want you to have circles, so that I can come to them.

DAYLIGHT.

A MAN may forget his business, his family, and all the sacred obligations of life; but he always remembers where he got that counterfeit bill.

PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

THROUGH C. E. WINANS.

CHARITY TUTTLE.

I AM Charity Tuttle; I would like to give a few words here, tonight; I used to claim a home in Canada; I was in the seventy-fifth year of my age at the time I departed this life; I passed away very suddenly; I don't know what my friends will think, when they see these few lines from their old friend Charity; and my dear grandchildren will, no doubt, be very glad to hear from their poor old grandmother, although she is gone from their sight. There is no death, children. The change that you call death—laying aside one condition and taking on another—is repeated in Spirit-Life. Children, in the silence of the midnight, while others sleep, I, in the spirit, come to thee, and the spots where I derived happiness, peace, and contentment of mind. Children, I want you to listen to your old grandmother; I want you to be taught the great and earnest truth that he or she has the balance of power in his or her own hands; that he or she is good enough, by nature, to put in practice good works, which is all that ever has, or ever will, secure future happiness. If the poor and ignorant ones, who have gathered from Sunday Schools the fables of God's wrath, of man's and woman's utter depravity, could only be taught the beautiful lessons of Christ, as he delivered them! "Be ye therefore perfect." Darlings, your poor old grandmother, if she must say it, was brought up in darkness, taught of hell and a punishment to the wicked children; but there is no hell; the children of earth punish themselves, and they make their own hell, by not doing that which is right. No antidote rescues the children from despair, but the Philosophy of Spiritualism, my children and friends.

My home up here is very brilliant; the sun shines, and the stars shine, and I know it is well with me; I am resurrected.

CHARITY TUTTLE.

JAMES CLARK.

WILL you please let a stranger speak here tonight? I have been in Spirit-Life a number of years; in fact, I left the lower plane when three years old; been in Spirit-Life about twenty-seven years. Many of my friends have entered this beautiful heaven. My mother and sister are firm believers in Spiritualism. My father and brothers wish me to come here and bring their love, so they can send it to my mother and sister, through the Window of Light. I—wishes me to

say that she is disappointed in not being able to come, to take charge of B——; but she still cherishes the hope that some day she will be permitted to give independent writing again, through B——; and I do wish the same. Darling sister A——, you must not talk about being old, for you must remember that it is your spirit within you which plays the part of will and feeling, outnumbering the years of the poor body by all eternity. I will assure you that you will not get old, as far as infirmity of flesh is concerned; until your days are ended, you will be active, and retain full possession of your faculties; your mind will be clear, your intellect bright, and your spirits good. Dear mother and sister—you are so good to me! you have never denied me a hearing. I should be ungrateful not to acknowledge this privilege. I know Spirits who are not happy, simply from disappointment at not being encouraged by their friends to manifest. When will the people generally and generously open their hearts to their friends, and let the golden flood of comfort radiate from both sides of life? I am often with C——, and the rest of the family. I will stop at this: If I am recognized, I will come again through the blessed little paper, called the *Voice of Angels*, the Window of Light.

Love to all. Good-night.

JAMES CLARK.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

MILES TEAGARDEN, IN SPIRIT-LIFE,

TO HIS SON, ALFRED M. TEAGARDEN, OF RICHTOWN, VA.

MY DEAR SON ALFRED,—You have not yet satisfied yourself as to the truth of Spirit-Life, and the return and communion of Spirits, and therefore will have many doubts in regard to this message from me. My dear boy, I do not blame you for doubting. The Teagardens do not naturally take to new theories, and you are too much like your father to take much on trust; but, my son, I want you to believe this letter came from your father, Miles Teagarden. I would not come to you, if I was trying to deceive you or any of my family.

I did not think I was dying at the last; neither did I really expect to go for years, as I would have made such preparations as would have saved you a great deal of trouble and bitterness of spirit. It is hard to die when a man is not certain of the hour, I know. You all thought I was going, but I could not realize it. I had a hope that the sickness, or whatever came upon me, would pass off; and so it did, and my soul went with it. I soon recov-

ered the use of my faculties, after I was free from my body, and found I had gained largely by the change. Alf, my son, do not let the thought enter your head, that I am dissatisfied with the manner in which you have settled up my worldly affairs. What better could you do? Let those who are not satisfied see this letter, and tell them all is well, and will be well. I can help you more than I could if I had remained with you. I know what your trials are, my boy, and what a thankless task you have had to perform. Tell all that I am still alive, and am watching over my dear family, even as I tried to do for them in life. My son, you come near to my soul. I behold in you the intellectual capacity and spiritual force necessary to carry you to a high place in the world, and when you get a clearer view of spiritual truth, you will understand how to use your power to control circumstances connected with your business life.

Let me come near you, my son. Do not, as many do, keep me at a distance, through family pride or unbelief. Prove all things, and when you find the right, keep it ever before you.

You will have it in your power to do much for your family in the future; and, my son, you may not, at all times, be fully appreciated by those you try to serve; I was not—no one is—but all will come right, and you will prosper, and be very happy, in your work. I would send a message to all, if I was strong enough to hold the Medium. I will close this message, giving my love and blessing to all my dear ones, and a kindly remembrance to neighbors and friends. I am still alive—still your affectionate father.

MILES TEAGARDEN.

J. S. TILLINGHAST, OF NEW BEDFORD.

I would like to send a message through this Medium. I was known as Father Tillinghast of New Bedford. It is several years since I passed on; and when one has outlived the three-score years and ten allotted to man, the body grows weak and feeble, and unable to properly perform its functions. I held on to the performance of certain duties, that had for years been a part of my business life, long after I should have dropped the burden upon younger shoulders than mine. Consequently my record was not as accurate as it should have been. I am speaking of business now, Mr. Scribe, not of any spiritual record. But it was not any intentional wrong done either to myself or any one else. I want to say also in connection with this, that my spirit passing out of the body was purely natural, only the good

Father had a hand in it. The old body was weak, and could not last any longer.

I have a son who I would like to know that this thing is true; that Spirit-Life and Spirit return are realities; that the world is beautiful to the soul who strives to do its duty; and although it may be clouded for a time, because of the mistakes we have made, yet God's beautiful sunlight shines for all, there as well as here; and joy cometh in time to every one. I feel that I love all humanity, and I would have the world know of this blessed truth.

I have found my loved ones, and thank God to be reunited to them. There are dear ones in the form, those who are very near to me, to whom I would send love and blessing; dear young souls who are growing up in the grace of God. Heaven bless them all! I would say, I am with thee; we are with thee often, those loved ones thee calls dead, linger still with thee to bless and comfort. Remember us to the dear friends; they do not believe, but in the quiet calm of their peculiar sanctuary, angels often tread, bringing the peace of good will to their souls.

There are those in New Bedford, Mr. Scribe, as well as in Springfield and other places, whom I have hopes my letter will reach. I do not call any names, as they do not believe in this, and they would like to avoid publicity; but I expect to call their attention to Spiritual matters, and insert this as an opening wedge. I thank thee kindly; please put me down on thy books as J. S. Tillinghast.

MRS. ABIGAIL GARDNER, LATE OF BOSTON.

I WOULD like to send a communication, but I find that, in coming in contact with strangers, I regain my old feebleness and am very weak, but I will try to give what I wish.

My name is Mrs. Abigail Gardner; I passed away from Boston last Fall—it is but a few months, and yet long enough for me to realize the blessing of existence outside of the material body. I have had time to experience the sweet relief from pain and suffering, and from that anxious, wearing feeling that I am of no use to any one. All is glorious, more so than I ever could have understood, and in spite of my weakness, I return in an exultant mood tonight. It is true I wish many things in my life could have been different. I wish I could have seen with different eyes at times, but conditions were such that it was best as it was, and I do not know but that we are all richer in spirit for our experience. I did not think I should return, seeking to make myself known through

strangers; indeed, did not know that I should make the effort to come; but I feel so different from what I expected, that it is a joy to come. I want to send love and blessings to Henry; I want to send the same to George and his dear ones; I want to thank all for their unremitting care and tenderness—to say, all is for the best, and I am truly satisfied. There is one pure, good soul, whom I wish to bless; I have been able to see her fidelity and truth as I could not here—clearer and better; angels have her in their keeping; all is well.

I have met many dear ones—so many! have rested in a mother's love, and grown stronger and better and wiser under their teachings. There are many whom I would like to send messages to, but they must take the will for the deed. I passed a long, long earth-life, and was glad to go.

THROUGH THE SPIRIT OF MRS. J. T. BURTON,
LATE OF NEW YORK CITY.

COUSIN MAY.—I am in a world of Spirits, that is, of souls of men who once were sensate matter, inhabiting your planet. They have body, they have mind, they have inclination, emotion, passion, and volition. They have psychological power over earth-men and women, and can influence to action, either to elevate, or debase. If the mind of the man is high-toned, corrupt thoughts have no entertainment, for pure Spirits enter in, and dwell there—usurping evil. Genius is led, talent directed, and effort concluded by Spirit-Mind over *anima in corpora*. I enter you, and impel you to resist some appetites; I control Cousin Jude to tell you: I have not power to teach her higher morals, or a better code, for she is above me; but I have sufficient power to put myself in rapport with her, so that she can convey my mind to you. In this thing of controlling, there are some Spirits who have a better gift of entering into the school of peculiar minds, than others; and Mediums are sometimes swayed by opposing forces, at the same time. I am in search of Brother Yelverton; when I find him, I will bring him to you. Cousin Ben is in the Circle, directly over your orbit; and I am sometimes associated with him in the ship business; we go to the sea together, and bring Spirits through their drowning bodies to the light. I went last Wednesday to a vessel that sunk near the coast of Guinea, and we severed the shreds, and cleaned the Spirits from fifty-five of shells, or their earth-bodies. These were so much astonished to find themselves all at once in the Spiritual, or combined condition, it was quite curious to

witness their first great awkwardness. One fellow, who was a diamond broker from London, clutched hold of my head, and said, "Save my diamonds, they are worth double sterling in the market!" He could not realize all at once where he was, until he felt his lightness of gait; for, poor fellow, his old body had been deformed and crippled, and his new one was trim and taut, and as light as the down from the tip of a butterfly's wing.

I never want you to get out of sorts with your condition. Everything that is happening today, will be adjusted in the immutable law of natural consequence, or result; and what seems wrong in the beginning, will be right in the end. I don't know anything about Uncle Ben. Cousin Horace Buckner and Brother Yelverton are together. We don't call each other by those names of relationship here, but I do so now, that you may understand me.

HORACE.

PLEASE let me speak; I am waiting, mother. It is I, Floy. I wish to tell father so much, how constantly I stay with him, and take care of him. I love him, and want him to understand there is no death. What the body seems to suffer in the act of dissolution, is the slipping off the rind from a nut which is ripe, and can no longer hold it. I want him to know that according to his knowledge, and just execution of his conscientious belief of what is right or wrong, he will be well and happy, or unwell and unhappy here.

Mother, I have seen what we call lost Spirits, but they cannot see us. They wander in a sort of semi-darkness, not according to your ideas of light, but an atmosphere that corresponds with their mental and moral enlightenment. It is what Catholics call purgatory. Catholics are right in many things. Jesus Christ is the principle of perfection in moral and divine things. We are taught to emulate Him; He is the Supreme Pattern, and we love him with ineffable earnestness, as children love their father. We love Mary, the mother, also, and we have pictures of her.

Mother, I am now able to get in the immediate range of your orbit, and am not subjected to any particular restrictions as to my movements. I see both of my grandmothers, and have beautiful conditions. Your first boy is firm in the history of orbits, and believes in the theory of populous worlds beside our own—Jupiter for one, and Mars for another. He made a trip so near to Venus that he could describe her latitudes.

I am well and pretty, and have beauti-

ful flowers, which grow according to my interior growth. If I perfect myself in a virtue, an idea, or a beautiful design, my flowers correspond, and are representatives of my attainments. This is what some spirits once told you about the correspondences of color; they said that your color was pale yellow, and another's red. Those colors are signs of the quality of the soul.

As to father, I will keep close to him. Don't be afraid that I will forget; it would be against the reasonable manner of the rules I go by.

FLORENCE MAY BURTON.

THROUGH WEST INGLE.

TO MARY, FROM HER MOTHER IN SPIRIT-LIFE.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER MARY,—You ask if I cannot come to you, in answer to your efforts to hear from me. My dear child, you cannot know how I have tried to break through conditions surrounding you, and manifest to you by communion, when I have seen you sad, and in trouble. Your sister did make herself almost visible to you; and we shall both be near you very soon: you will get the longed-for test. You ask if Harriet can see clearer now. There is nothing in spirit-life that can dim the spirit-sight. Harriet sees clearly now; she is no longer blind to the beauty of God's glorious handiwork. There is power enough in this lovely spirit-world to heal the broken-hearted, free the captive, and give sight to the blind. Spirit bands are now being formed, to operate throughout the earth. They will labor for the improvement and progress of humanity. Thrones will be shaken, and kings will come down from their high estates, and blood-stained altars will be overthrown; for they who form the spirit-forces are to fulfill the ancient prophecy. "The spirit of the *living, loving* God is to be poured out upon all flesh." You, my dear child, are preparing for the work. Never, in the annals of the world, has it witnessed a time like the present: the very air is filled with sounds of reformation and revolution.

I wish you to consider these things, and be prepared for your duty when it is laid before you.

You have suffered, my dear Mary, and yet you have never lost your courage, and sweet, womanly feeling. The future will restore some of your many losses. Harriet is happy; she found heaven a different place than she once thought it to be, and those she loved were first to greet her when she opened her eyes in spirit-life. A friend of yours is here, and wants to talk with you. Mrs. Buckingham will

communicate with you as soon as she can. She desires to talk with her own family first. Why is it that our dear ones will not help us to come to them? They keep us away with their doubts and fears. My dear child—seek to help me to come to you, by making harmonious conditions. Tell them all that mother has at last been able to speak. Your father will hear, and all will know the truth. Does the time seem long, my child, since I left you? I have been near you always, Mary, and will help you.

MOTHER.

EMMA GROKET.

TO HER FATHER, DAYTON, OHIO.

MR. PARDEE says I may now communicate with my friends, through the VOICE OF ANGELS. My dear father is John Groket; and he is looking for a communication from me, ere he can feel fully satisfied that there is truth in the Spiritual theory.

Father, dear, don't you know, in your heart, that I am near you? I have never been far from you, since I passed out of the form. The ties of love hold me near you and the dear ones who mourn so bitterly for me. Mother feels that I can indeed return. She is looking for a time when I may, in spirit, join the family group and make myself visible to you all. I have learned, in a measure, the true philosophy of life since I came to the Summer-Land, and I would like to impart a portion of the knowledge I possess to my dear ones in earth-life. You think, dear father, that it was hard for me to go from the bright earth, when everything was lovely—when I had so many golden ties to bind me to those who are grieving over my loss. But, my dear father, you will soon know *why* I was taken, and others, with less attractions, and, I may add, less intellectual promise, were left in the world. God's ways are often mysterious, my father, yet they are always just. There is a spiritual, as well as a material philosophy, and God is the foundation of all, and the human family must ever conform to His laws of life. You wonder why the best and fairest ones of earth are taken first. It is necessary to take the nearest and dearest, in order to establish magnetic currents strong enough for the spirits to go and come on missions of love. If your hearts, my dear friends, were not constantly longing for me, I could not come so near to you as I now do. Mother's spirit is sad; she is often discouraged, and I cannot cheer her on account of her grief. By-and-bye, I shall be able to speak to you all. Grandmother is trying to communicate, and she can tell more of the heavenly

mysteries than I can. I have found all of our loved friends here—oh! so many of them! All wish to speak to you and their friends on earth. Oh! my dear, dear friends, do not think I am dead—I am *alive* to all that makes real life and beauty. I love you all, and bless you all, and, if possible, will speak to you all. God bless you all! God bless you, father! you will prosper from this date. Be cheerful and loving, and you will soon hear again from your beloved daughter,

EMMA GROKET.

P. A. EMERY,

117 WEST HURON ST., Chicago.

I HAVE been holding communication with a group of spirits, who seem bound to you by ties of magnetic love and sympathy. Foremost stands a middle-aged, sweet-faced woman. She must have been a noble woman, one who performed all the duties of life justly, kindly, and motherly. By her side is the companion of her earth-life, as one bound to her by ties of love and kinship. With them are two little children. I say little—meaning young and fresh, with beauty untarnished by memories of the struggles of earth-life. I think a boy and girl belonging to you are in the spirit-world. The girl possesses a fine face, broad, expansive brow, denoting rich intellectual gifts. If she died in infancy or early childhood, she has developed rapidly, for she is able to converse pleasantly, and displays a wonderful knowledge of the beauties and philosophies of spirit-life.

Your other friends, numbering many, are gathering round you at this time, and over your home I see a new moon, denoting a change of thought, and a prosperous and happy future. There are those who can give you a clearer view of your friends and children.

I require either a picture or lock of hair, or something spirit friends have known and loved, in order to obtain a clear and correct account of spiritual condition. Spirit children are always beautiful, too, and through my love for the little ones of the earth, I am constantly surrounded by child spirits.

Your own spiritual development is one of the most remarkable phases, embracing the knowledge and philosophy of dreams. Carrying the power still further, you may gain the still higher power, which was so dear to the soul of Swedenborg and many others who have caught beautiful views of the Great Hereafter.

There will come a time when the developments in psychological discovery in the

higher branches and departments of magnetism and clairvoyance, will give all mediumistic people the clearer view of God's mysterious ways. Owing to materialism, no Medium's power or authority is infallible. If they are true to their revelations, they will utter truths as they are given, and thus show to the world the interior workings of spirit power—describing what they see, recognizing only those phenomena which in infallibility, facts and qualities, belong to the Divine Mind.

INCREASING EVIDENCE OF SPIRIT RETURN.

AT DR. GORDON'S SEANCES, 1017 FAIRMOUNT AVE., PHILADELPHIA.

FRIEND DENSMORE,—Once more I ask for space in your truth-toning sheet, to assure the public that there has been no "expose" of deception of any kind connected with Dr. Gordon's seances; only a gross outrage upon him and the family with whom he resides, and a continued determination on the part of the *Philadelphia Times* to deceive the public by its malignant slanders against every species of evidence pertaining to Spirit return. None of our leading and reliable city papers repeat its sensational misrepresentations; but those of distant cities, who ignorantly accept it as a representative of the sentiments and tastes of Philadelphians, appear to be over-eager to echo them as unquestionable truths. Having investigated the materializing phase of Spirit return for about two years, during which time I have attended hundreds of seances, for the especial purpose of testing their truthfulness; and, having had every facility to do so allowed me by Dr. Gordon and the Blisses, I venture my testimony against that of the *Times*, whose reporters never investigate, their only aim being to get up a sensational article, with the least attempt at examination possible.

The Gordon Seances have greatly improved since the late outrage and its false reports. I was present at one on the 11th inst., and was allowed every privilege to provide against all conceivable possibilities of deception.

The simple black curtains were tacked on the edge of the door leading from the hall, and on the wall of the room, about six feet from the door; under which I placed papers so pencil-marked, that not a scrap of anything could be introduced without detection, and not a scrap of anything was behind the curtains, or within reach of them from the outside, except the closely-tacked carpet on the floor: and

nothing save his common clothing was on the Medium. Then, after excluding the direct sunlight, though leaving the room sufficiently light to see distinctly, our self-constituted test committee of four took their seats in front of the curtain, and the Medium took his seat behind it.

Under these fraud-proof conditions, there appeared seven distinct and different human forms, all of which were dressed entirely different from the Medium; and no one bore the least resemblance—other than that of common humanity—to him, in complexion or features, except one, claiming to be his mother; and she called our especial attention to her mouth, showing us unmistakably that she was minus teeth and a moustache.

Four of these forms talked with us several minutes, one in a loud, distinct voice, giving us instructions how to overcome the present persecutions against the ministry and teachings of the Spirit-World, and assuring us of triumph in a near future. Two of them shook hands with us. One, dressed in white, stood at the open curtain in full sight, gave her Indian name distinctly, and said it was her first appearance. Then, after asking us to notice her moccasins particularly, she retired, and was succeeded by a woman dressed in black, with a white shawl. This one, who has often appeared, and whom I recognized as an old friend, came out to me and shook hands as usual. When I remarked that her black hair looked perfectly natural, she took out her comb and let down the coil, and held it up for us all to see, not three feet from us. Then she wound the coil about her head, and put in her comb, as natural as when living.

Among the number present was Mrs. Couant, the whilom Medium of the *Banner of Light*. The Medium gave her name before she appeared. I readily recognized her features, and black hair and eyes. She drew my attention to a most beautiful white rose in the front of her head-dress. Another woman, wearing an enormous, old-fashioned gypsy bonnet, appeared, and was fully identified, bonnet and face, by a woman who knew her when they both wore such bonnets.

Now, although we can have no clear idea of how these manifestations are effected, yet if our senses are to be relied upon in daily occurrences, we cannot ignore their equal temporary reality.

No, no, friend Densmore; although your paper may stand alone as a mouth-piece for Phila-Materializations, yet I assure you there are those here that dare to

speak the truth, despite all the power of unjust representations at present arrayed against them. Mrs. Bliss, too, is still having wonderful materializations at 403 Vine street. Not only did the same forms appear there, and shake hands and talk with us the same evenings that Miss Sneider, who assumed to be an accomplice of the Blisses, was showing how she impersonated them, at Concert Hall; but since her most horrid death, the Spirit-Form of Miss Sneider has appeared, and was fully recognized, at Mrs. Bliss' seances.

As in my last article, I volunteer to refer any one to other citizens of Philadelphia, who will write to my address, inclosing a postage stamp.

But to the question, "Who are the greatest enemies of the phenomena connected with Spirit intercourse," I am not prepared to decide beyond my own experience. As far as that goes, I regard professed Spiritualists as the greatest hindrance to a public recognition of the beautiful teachings from the Angel-World, just as I regard professed Christians as the greatest hindrance to a public recognition of the "plan of salvation" taught by Jesus, viz: "The building up of a kingdom of heaven within individuals, through their own personal righteousness." And it is because our Angel-Friends teach the same self-evident "plan," that their ministrations are scorned, as were those of Jesus. And this plan, than which there can be no other, will as assuredly uproot every system of worship and plan of salvation by faith in their efficacy, all of which are purely idolatrous, as that the darkness of night flees before the light of day.

J. S.

549 North Sixth St., Phila., Pa.

ODE.

THE BIRTHDAY OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

[The following poem was written in 1795, nearly five years before the death of Washington, by Nancy Deane, a young lady of seventeen. Its reproduction after eighty-three years is as interesting as it is timely.]

Let every muse attune the lay,
And hail with ecstasy the day
Which gave our hero birth.
Let every freeman shout and sing,
Their gratulations joyful bring,
And cause the arch above to ring
With endless mirth.

With drums and trumpets read the air;
On Fame's triumphant wing declare
His matchless deeds;
Whose name eternally shall rise,
And listening worlds his merit prize;
His glory shines beyond the skies—
From heaven proceeds.

Columbia's first and favorite son
Has ancient heroes all outdone,
His country saved;
Proud Britain's sons he did subdue,
Like Cincinnatus then withdrew,
Content like him to take the plough
In Vernon's shade.

The hero, patriot, warrior, sage,
Shall be extolled in every age,
While planets roll;
The distant nations shall admire,
And catch the spark from freedom's fire,
That sacred altar shall inspire
From pole to pole.

And when kind Heaven shall judge it fit
That be this grateful land shall quit,
For realms above;
May freedom's martyrs watch his clay,
While guardian angels shall convey
His soul to climes of endless day,
To sing redeeming love.

THE VOICE OF TRUTH.
PROSPECTUS.

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

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

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