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NO. 7

VOICE OF ANGELS.

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

D. K. MINER, Business Manager.

D. C. DENSMORE, Amatoensis and Publisher.

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LITERARY.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

I DREAMED I WAS A STAR.

THROUGH TRYPHENA C. PARDEE.

I DREAMED the earth was dreary, sad, and very cold,
And my lonely, longing soul desired cheer;
When suddenly my life looked like a speck of gold,
And soared into Immensity's dark sphere—

A little twinkling star;—
Oh, I blessed the powers of Life,
To see myself a star!

Before me spread Eternity's white dazzling throne,
And the smiling face of God was "Perfect Love";
And sparkling lights, that flashed forever from his crown,
Were Life-Stars in Immortal Realms above.

A little twinkling star;—
Oh, I blessed the powers of Life,
To be a little star!

Oh, Star-Home charms!—so warming, blest, and very kind,
Saying—"Welcome, Sister-Star—our softest rays
With thine shall wing the dark, some gloomy one to find,
Who'll feel our kindling beams with thankful praise."

A little twinkling star;—
Oh, I blessed the powers of Life,
That called me "Sister-Star"!

ELLINGTON, N. Y.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

LITTLE ONIE'S NEW HOME.

THROUGH TRYPHENA C. PARDEE.

WE'LL lightly touch the strings of sorrow,
Now tuned to plaintive music's spell;
And bid the echoes for tomorrow
Again the consolation tell.

We'll breathe to thee, dear mourner, sighing,
Of Angel-Life on Heaven's bright shore;
Where, free from pain and fears of dying,
Thy loved one lives forevermore.

We'll sing to thee of rest in glory.
Where weary ones are free from care,—
Where songs are full of love's glad story,—
And oh, how happy she is there!

A rainbow tint, in dew-drops shining.
Reflex: the glories never told.
So Onie's smiles, to earth inclining,
Would fain her rapturous joys unfold.

LIFE AND ITS LESSONS.

A SPIRIT MESSAGE.

THROUGH THE HAND OF J. M. A.

[GIVEN AT NEW HAVEN, CT., MAY, 1863.]

It is with great respect for that which is noble and worthy, for the Good, the True and the Beautiful, that we commence our task of elucidating some of the fundamental principles underlying Life. We desire to show that life has for its aim, in the nature of things, fundamentally, the grandest of all results possible to be conceived of—the entire harmony of all things, animate and inanimate.

Life has been a scene of contention thus far—contention among all things, in the world of spirit as connected with matter, and in the world of matter as connected with spirit. (We speak now of that which is comprehensible to finite capacity—of the earth and its surroundings more especially—not of the entire realm of Infinity, which we may suppose to be as a whole at peace with itself.) As to outward demonstrations of the Divine Intelligence, in the visible movements of the machinery of the great Cosmos of life earthly, there is apparently a very great abnegation of the great principle of harmony. Who can say whether his brother loves, or dislikes, more, the soldier element of discord, or the artist element of concord, except by the veritable manifestation of the one or the other, in daily walk and conversation? Judging from these evidences—from this criterion—there is but little to satisfy the divine yearnings for peace and love, which pulsate in the human heart.

In the aspect of use, the love principle is, as it were, but a stranger to humanity. It has not that free scope for action, that ease of manifestation, which it must have, ere the human race can achieve its lofty and sublime destiny.

Cramped and crippled by the conventionalities and the barbarities of life, the germ of love, true and free, pure and abiding, warm and steadfast, has not yet emerged and burst

forth in budding beauty, but holds itself back, 'mid the discords of life, scarcely alive. Warmed and nurtured by true usages, by pure self-dealing and social fraternity, it would become the grand mainspring of all human actions.

Oh! how different from the actual is this presentation of the possible and the true! How different from the beauty of sweet lovingness and confiding gentleness, is the aggressive harshness of human society! Evidences and illustrations of the incongruity of human institutions, the perplexity of human experience, and the miserability of human life in general, are to be found on every hand. There is enough for "reformers" to do, in the one field of the affections, to occupy their energies a very long time. There is enough for philanthropists to accomplish, without entering the reverential or religious department of human nature. The social nature is at variance, more distinctly, even, than the religious, with the true principle and idea of human unfoldment. That is to say, the habits of life are even more gross and impure, more perverted from the true expression of naturalness, in the affectional realm, than in the moral or religious. Cramped on every side by false standards of action, the love principle is warped and one-sided, deformed and withered. Seldom, oh, how seldom! do we discover a soul true and beautiful in all its proportions; unperverted by false education, sweet and gentle in every aspect of life, loving and true to itself, to humanity and to God.

The warful elements of fanaticism and illiberality rage ceaseless battle against the divinity of the human soul. There is scarcely a custom of human society founded on the love principle, in its true expansion of liberality and charity—scarcely a government (whether of the school, the church, or the state), which is not founded upon false bases. The reigning idea is not fraternity, justice, progress. Dogmatism (blind obedience to, and aggressive assertion of past thoughts hardened into customs) has usurped the place of liberalism (complete willingness to be led by the true and the pure principles of life, whether they have been outwrought into customs or not). Thus we have been surrounded by the perversions and antag-

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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 he 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 Harmonial 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. Hawks.

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ANNIE C. TORREY HAWKS,

Editors,

344 Jefferson Street Extended, Memphis, Tenn.

All papers friendly to this enterprise will please insert this prospectus, and send us marked copy and oblige.

[From the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*.]

DR. C. BLEKLER.

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. Conant, 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

speaking 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 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 1786, 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 rend 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 day,
While guardian angels shall convey
His soul to climes of endless day,
To sing redeeming love.

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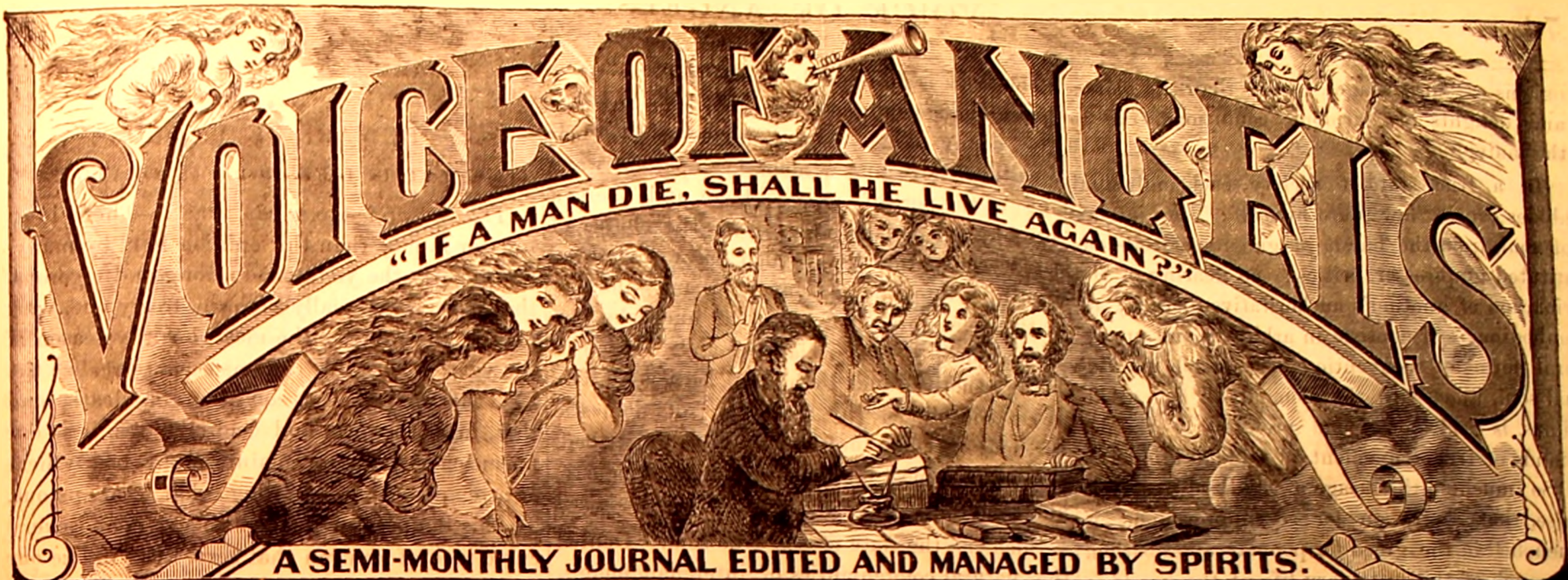
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onisms of false usages, rather than the glories and delights of harmonic conditions, true to the individual.

In a true state of society, each individual abides ever a "law unto himself;" no jarring of soul, from the harsh judgments of self-constituted umpires or critics; no fearing of the violation of another's authoritative dictum; no embodiment of egotism in arbitrary and unnatural forms of conventionality. Each individual soul, filled with the elements of love at all times, is ready to respond promptly to the demands of true refinement, of rational etiquette.

So much of the usage of civilized society is false, that aspiration for self-improvement is quenched in the greed for popular approbation. So much of the customary life of the world is merely "custom"-ary, (not inclusive of wisdom and the spontaneous propriety of nature), that there is but little comfort for a true soul in the drawing-rooms of fashion, or the halls of the *litterati*. Who can be free in the utterance of brave sentiments of progressiveness, in the gatherings of the *elite*? Who can censure extravagance and recklessness in high places, without suffering social neglect? What topic of philanthropy can be broached in the "higher circles," so called, with any reasonable prospect of eliciting attention and interest, on the part of the rich and favored, in behalf of the poor and oppressed sons and daughters of civilization? Schemes for the practical benefit of the less favored classes are not to be broached in general conversation. Self-aggrandizement seems at present to be the ruling motive of human action, in a majority of cases, rather than the general good. Christian churches are filled with the spirit of sectarian proselytism, rather than the beautiful elements of universal love.

Eventually there must be a very different system of civilization than the present. The attributes of the soul will have the utmost freedom of expansion in all the avenues of life. The yearnings of the affections for social culture and warm appreciation, in the intimate relations of every-day life, will be satisfied—not, as now, the crampings of a crude social code, restraining the freedom of friendly intercourse which should exist, according to true purity and naturalness.

Life must be sweet—oh, how sweet! when man has come into the beautiful condition of harmony—harmonious with himself and at harmony with his brother; natural in every outward expression; free in the utterance of every soul thought; pure in the outgoings of every emotion; loving in every condition of external life; over-reaching in no sphere of social dealing; just in his relations; high-minded in his views; gentle in his manners; strong in his aspirations for purity and culture; in his straightforwardness and uprightness, majestic; in his liberality and progressiveness, true; in his oneness and directness of purpose, consistent; in his loftiness and internality of perception, God-like and intuitive.

How much the world must change, ere such beautiful conditions prevail! Here and there a

noble bark is discernable on the great ocean of human existence, richly laden with the gems of the sunny clime, where angels, with their wealth of love and wisdom, keep patient waiting at the port of peace. Here and there a bright soul breaks away from the chains of rigid conventionality, which have ground so gratingly into the growing soul, and finds its native elements of freedom, all unchecked by the absurdities of social tyranny. Such a being usually stands by himself, however. The sweet consolings, the fervid joy of domestic life, may be his; but socially he is proscribed, politically, almost disfranchised, and religiously, anathematized.

Such is the fate of the true soul. Denied the natural congenialities of interchange, in thought and feeling and purpose, he is in "society" a blank, an oddity, a lunatic, a heretic, a disorganizer, a fanatic, a humbug. Anything, everything, but the truth, is spoken of him. Malice, with its thousand tongues, spits venom at him; scandal falsifies every action, and embitters every sweet experience, by the disenchanting reflections of persecution.

To change all this, oh, how much must be done! The field is large and the laborers few. Let each one, who feels welling up within his soul great drops of love, overflowing the being with aspirations for the uplifting of humanity, and the alleviation of suffering—let each one, who loves his fellow-men with a deep and abiding, impartial and far-reaching affection, not cramped by petty distinctions of color, race, clime, sex, or sect—let each one, who believes in that species of Godliness, which exhibits itself in practical efforts for the removal of sin and suffering, darkness and error; let him who believes that God (good) resides in all things, and outwardly manifests itself according to the conditions of external life—that virtue is in all things, but cannot manifest itself, except through conditions of harmony more or less complete; that the love principle ought to guide and govern men and manners, rather than selfishness;—let all such be as active as they may in good works of practical amelioration; let them spend their lives, their fortunes and their energies in the advancement of needed reforms; let them die and pass onward to the spheres above; let them labor in the cause of regeneration there, acting upon the embodied souls as powerfully as they may be able; let heaven and earth be joined, with the sweet embrace of nature, and noble souls in the body act conjointly with progressed souls in the spheres; let all this be; let heaven and earth co-operate in sacred harmony for a thousand years;—there will be still work to do. Harmony throughout all minds, and extending to all things, is to be obtained; and the goal is so far removed from us of the present, that we may even almost question the possibility of attaining it.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

We are as vain as if we were in full possession of our original perfection; and our being vain is a certain proof that we are not.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

BEWARE OF A COLD.

"HEAT IS LIFE, COLD IS DEATH."

The *Scientific American* says:—"There is no greater fallacy than the opinion held by many, particularly the young and strong and vigorous, that winter, especially a sharp, frosty one, with plenty of snow, is the most healthy season of the year. Very few persons seem to realize the fact that cold is the condition of death, and that, in both warm and cold climates, it is our unconscious effort to maintain our bodily heat at a temperature of 98 deg., that wears us out. To this temperature, called "blood heat," every cubic inch of oxygen that serves to vitalize our blood, must be raised by our own bodily heat, or life ceases. Since, in cold weather, the maintenance of a sufficiently elevated bodily temperature becomes, very often, a difficulty too great for our strength, the advent of a severe winter is really more to be dreaded than the visitation of a pestilence.

The saying, "Heat is life, cold is death," has a striking illustration and confirmation in the reports now regularly submitted by Dr. Russell to the Glasgow Sanitary Committee. The death rate rises and falls with the regularity of the thermometer. So many degrees less heat, so many more deaths, and *vice versa*. In a recent fortnightly report, Dr. Russell says, "The death rate in the first week of the fortnight was twenty-one, and in the second week twenty-five. The mean temperature in the former week was 40.8 deg. Fahrenheit, in the latter 39.5." He attributes the low rate of the first week to the high mean temperature of the preceding fortnight, which was 47.3 deg., and adds, "This is a good illustration of a law which we frequently observe in these reports of temperatures and death rates—that a week of low temperature produces a rise in mortality the week following."

In our climate, it would probably be difficult to find a more frequent cause of serious ailments, than taking cold. Whatever weak place we have, whatever constitutional disorder we are subject to, cold will surely discover. We take cold because our vitality is too low to ward off the effects of the reduced temperature around us. As a matter of the first importance, then, to resist cold, and the various derangements of the system consequent, it is necessary, by proper nutrition, to maintain our natural animal heat; second, to retain this heat by a sufficient quantity of clothing; third, to regulate with care the temperature of the air we breathe. Contrary to the opinion current among lovers of cold weather, a fire in a bedroom in the winter is cheaper and better than a doctor's bill; for, owing to our inactive condition during sleep, the circulation of the vitalizing blood is both slow and imperfect, and hence the danger of taking cold by breathing cold air, is greatly increased. A cold is the beginning of everything that is bad. If any one, conscious of having caught one, feels cold chills creeping up the back, let him apply a mustard plaster to the bottom of the spine

and the lower part of the back, at once, and by so doing, he may avert a dangerous illness before it is too late, and medical advice can be procured. It should never be forgotten that "heat is life, cold is death."

CHILBLAINS.—It is singular that, in an affection of so common occurrence, and often so tormenting, but few people know that the cheapest and most effectual remedy is before their eyes every day. It is fire. Although it may seem a paradox to allay inflammation with fire, yet it must be remembered that the form of it is of a peculiar character, and does not yield to common antiphlogistic treatment. Hold the parts affected as close to an open fire as you can bear—so close that it will produce in them, owing to their morbidly sensitive condition, the sensation of burning; continue this for from ten to twenty minutes. That will give relief to the intolerable tingling and itching at once, for that day. If they return, as they probably will in a milder form the next day, repeat the treatment—they will disappear in the course of three or four days. They are generally produced when the parts are suddenly exposed to cold air, in a moist or perspiring condition. Put on dry socks before going out into the cold.

BLEEDING AT THE NOSE.—A correspondent of the *Scientific American* says, "The best remedy for bleeding at the nose, as given by Dr. Gleason, in one of his lectures, is in the vigorous motion of the jaws, as if in the act of mastication. In the case of a child, a wad of paper should be placed in its mouth, and the child instructed to chew it hard. It is the motion of the jaws that stops the flow of the blood. This remedy is so very simple that many will feel inclined to laugh at it, but it has never been known to fail in a single instance, even in severe cases."

(For the Voice of Angels.)

THE INNER-SELF.

With the permission of the editor and publisher of the *VOICE OF ANGELS*, I propose to give its readers a few novel ideas in reference to our inner and outer-selves. By contrasting the characteristics of each condition, we can make it more plain and practical.

When the outer-self is the most active and positive, it manifests itself in its desires and aspirations for all things that tend only to gratify its physical and material nature. It lives in the sphere of effects—the phenomenal phases of life.

If the inner-self holds the reins of government, and says to its counterpart, the outer-self, "thus far shalt thou go and no farther," you can see in that individual a prophecy of what is to be in the good time coming. In other words, when the inner-self is strong and active, it lives more in the sphere of causes and princi-

ples, than effects; and is always more inclined to study the philosophy of life than its more phenomenal part.

The outer-self is then controlled and governed by the internal conscience and the consciousness of what is right.

We have two objects in presenting these brief suggestive thoughts.

First, to induce men and women to investigate and study the nature and influence of their inner-selves; to show them how one affects the other, and thereby get a better understanding of themselves, and their relations to each other.

Second, all persons that have any desire to join an association or community, should study well this part of their nature. It seems to me that to make a successful and harmonious community, each member should become a "law unto himself;" and this can only be done by said inner-self being master of the situation.

W. L. WEST.

STONE'S PRAIRIE, Wisconsin.

(For the Voice of Angels.)

The following communication was given through my hand. I have but recently become a writing Medium. Mr. Campbell is my controller. He seemed to be over-joyed at finding a Medium he could write through, and has urged me to take his communications often, and send them to you. I send you what he says. I am glad to have so honorable a character for my controller. He urged me earnestly to take down a long article to be addressed to the Campbellites, which I refused to do, and received a chiding for not doing it. He gave me a test of seeing me on an important occasion in my eventful life.

A. C. WILLIAMS.

GRANVILLE, Iowa.

ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.

WELL, my dear amanuensis, I will try and tell you about my Spirit-Home in the starry space. I have a most beautiful one for myself and family, who are most all with me. You have no idea of the calm and happy communings we have over here. Such was my experience on entering Spirit-Life. Shall there be no way of calling to our friends, but through this channel? [Probably there will be sometime.] Well, I hope so, for our convenience, if nothing else.

This is new business to me; I have not been acquainted with this mode of communication very long, as my amanuensis was not acquainted with this but a short time ago. Shall we be compelled to do our work over? [In a measure.] Sure,

then, there are those that are trying to do so.

You can say for me, through the *VOICE OF ANGELS*, that I am more than gratified for this privilege. Save yourself, Mr. Densmore, for future work. You are working too hard. I often see you in distress. Please cheer up and try to be comforted; for you will be victorious in your present work. Will there be no more commands for truth through you, before you pass to our shore? [Yes, there will be much accomplished yet.] Some time I will tell you of my present home in the Summer-Land, of which I am an inhabitant, beholding starry glories most commanding and sublime. Oh! happy mortals, that do their work right. There is a crown for every trial, and a song of praise for every one. Behold, the day cometh when all eyes shall see him as he is, the beautiful Tree of Life!

ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.

ADELINE BROOKS, TO HER HUSBAND,

IN ANSWER TO SEALED LETTER, THROUGH J. V. MANSFIELD.

MY DEAR HUSBAND ORSON,—Your loving note of Nov. 23, 1877, is before me, for which my soul blesses you, not only for this, my dear Orson, but for the choice place you have allowed me in your truthful heart since my leave of you. I have followed you up and down the earth, often going between you and harm's way, since my arrival here; and so have your father and mother. I often meet them. They are the same good people as characterized their lives on earth. My parents I meet as often. Not long since we had what you would call a family gathering here. Antoinette was the life of the circle; but of that more anon.

You know, dear one, what I suffered from painful disease, although I never (on earth) agreed with Dr. B. as to the cause of it, or what he claimed for it; yet on coming here, I found he was right. It was a cancer of peculiar type; some physicians said it was caused by a blow from some source while I was young, and others said it was hereditary; but all agreed to its being a cancer.

I am delighted to have our dear Lizzie with me. You know how dearly we loved on earth; well, it is not less so here. We are building you a bower between ours here, that when you come here we can have you in our midst.

To tell you all about Spirit-Life, and our beautiful surroundings, would require one full month, as you measure time. What Phæbe Elizabeth has told you is but

an inkling of that which now surrounds us, or that which awaits you when you come to be with us. Could you but have one look into our home, you would say, "Enough, enough, let me die and go to be with those of my dear ones now in Summer-Land." Do not be anxious, my dear Orson, to come over the River of Mortal Life; but, as Phæbe has said, live, live until the Good Father calls you up higher; it is but a day longer at best, when compared with that time we shall dwell together when we clasp hands here.

Do let your parents, and brothers and sisters talk with you, they so desire to do so.

You would know if you shall meet me in this world of Spirit. O, my dear Orson, if I did not know it would be thus, I would pray for annihilation; yes, Orson, meet to part no more. Blessed thought, blessed consideration!

Say to Mrs. Sturgis that Hattie darling is the pet of all who know her. From your loving wife,

ADELINE.

Dec. 7, 1877.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PHILADELPHIA, NO. 1506 NORTH SEVENTH ST.

FRIEND DENSMORE,—I have been attending a select Spiritual Circle for about three months, two nights in the week, and have already furnished the "VOICE" with communications from the infantile Spirits that so beautifully and lovingly greet us almost nightly.

The principal object of the seances is to develop the highest phase or demonstration of materialization. The Medium (a female) is a Roman Catholic, and takes her position, for the greater portion of each evening, in an improvised cabinet in one corner of the room. I mention the fact of her religious belief, or conviction, for a purpose which will be seen by you and your readers in the several relations of this article.

Then, first of all, in the direction of the circumstance of the Medium being a Roman Catholic, is the fact that the larger portion of the presentations seen clairvoyantly, and heard clairvoyantly by the Medium, and by a young man (a Hebrew), who has a most extraordinary vision of the "inner sight," are Catholic priests and lay members of that religious denomination. They have uniformly manifested the kindest feeling towards our purpose, and have given us encouragement to hope for the desired result.

Thus far there has been only slight demonstration of thorough materialization, but we are full of faith, nevertheless.

Among our visitors have been a number of celebrities in the past ages; men of the Church, philosophers, scientists, and others of renown of more recent remembrance.

Their appearance and demeanor in every instance exhibited intellectuality and benignity. Without giving them in the order as they came, let me state that Galileo presented himself in the costume and habit of the times in which he lived, and uttered his significant declaration—"The world moves," and seemed pleased that we recognized it as a fundamental truth in natural philosophy. Friar Bacon, Baron Von Humboldt, Baron Liebig, Benjamin Franklin, Professor Agassiz, Count Antonelli, Father Rosencrantz, Bishop Nieuman, put in appearances, some of them two and three different times, while there were others whose names were not given.

We were instructed by one, "TO SEE AND HEAR, BUT BE SILENT." At one seance, the Clairvoyant saw a priest, robed in white, carrying a cross and Bible, and displaying as a motto, upon a shield, the word "Excelsior." Then followed a priest, in red or scarlet robes, with a cross, who presented upon a tablet, or scroll, the words: "*In hoc signo vinces*;" and following immediately, there was seen by the Clairvoyant, a room which looked somewhat like a library, and bore evidence of being used as a chemical laboratory. At a table were two men, reading books, or papers, in apparently deep study, who, from description, answered to Baron Liebig and Dr. Franklin, who had been seen before by the Medium, and had given their names. The motto displayed in this scene was, "ELECTRICITY AND MAGNETISM ARE THE FINGER OF GOD."

At the last sitting, the Clairvoyant saw a priest, in the robes of his Order, who said, in substance, that "Religious and creeds would have to yield to this Glorious Truth, which had not come specially to the wise and great, but was given to the poor, and those who might be reckoned among the common people of earth." He gave his name, and, strange as it may appear, it was that of a distinguished pastor, now of this city, and dignitary of the Roman Church.

Now, Mr. Editor, let me ask if there is not a significance in each of these presentations, and that, like thousands of others that come to mortals, are they not intended for lessons of instruction?

I would like your wise and happy editor to elucidate these testimonials of intelligence, coming, as they have, from "the

beyond." Is there not a strong test of the truth of our Glorious Philosophy, in the fact that the Roman Catholic affinity is exhibited strongly in these visits, where the Medium is a Catholic, and the surroundings are emblematic, or symbolic, of that faith?

J. W.

P. S.—I might have mentioned that these agreeable visits and instructive presentations are in significant contrast with the well-attested visitations of other Spirits of Catholic proclivities and influences, who have controverted the Spiritual Philosophy and religion in words of most decided repugnance, and, indeed, in acts of violence upon Mediums in several cases.

REMARKABLE SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS AT HOME.

SIR,—A few months ago, at the time of the prosecution of Drs. Slade and Monck, I was rather puzzled at the notion that men of intelligence and education, also of gentle birth, could so lower themselves in the eyes of mankind, as to try and make a living by the degrading trade of personating the spirits of the departed. I was so much stricken by the horrible nature of such an idea, that, before condemning my fellow-men, I determined to investigate the matter for myself, in the bosom of my own family. Having attended, from curiosity and otherwise, seances before, and also being inquisitively minded, I asked myself, if spirits could communicate with Dr. Slade and others, why not with me? I therefore resolved to sit one evening every week.

As a recapitulation of what took place at each sitting would be too much for one or a dozen letters, I will simply relate in order what occurred at two. The first Sunday, Feb. 11, 8 P. M., sitters, myself, wife, son (eight years old), and daughter (ten years old), all sitting in full light. After a few table movements, a communication came from the controlling power, to the effect that said power or force was my father. I accordingly proceeded to test said force, by asking mental questions as to identity. My questions being correctly answered, I asked the intelligence if it could give any physical proof of its being a power acting outside the sitters, other than it had already done? Answer:—"Yes." Question:—"Shall we sing?" Answer:—"No." Nevertheless, the little boy commenced singing one of Sankey's hymns—"Hold the Fort." At this time, and during the whole sitting, the palms of the sitters' hands were lying flat on the table. When the boy uttered the words, "Wave the answer back to heaven," a handkerchief, which was in the little girl's bosom, was raised up gracefully to the ceiling, there kept waving, keeping time to the singing, and, when the verse was ended, as gracefully descended to the floor. After a few moments more questioning and answering, I happened to remark, "It is time the children went to bed." Presently the little girl, whose boots were off her feet, which were resting on

the rounds of her chair, while her hands were on the table, exclaimed, "Oh, father, he is untying my garters! he is pulling off my stockings!" I said, "Nonsense." She answered, "I declare he is, and I believe he is tying my feet together; get the lamp and see!" I accordingly held the lamp under the table, and there, sure enough, her right stocking was pulled down as far as her ankle, and both her feet were firmly tied together. We were rather alarmed, as her legs were very cold and rigid. I asked my wife to untie her. She answered, "No; if your father tied them, let him untie them; it will be a good test." I then replaced the lamp on the table, and in a few moments both stockings were thrown into the middle of the floor. Ten o'clock having struck, we bade our invisibles good night, and they having responded, we closed our third sitting.

About three weeks afterwards, I and my wife visited a private circle. Mr. Lawrence was among the sitters, and my wife and myself, not having much faith at the time in Mr. Lawrence, we watched him narrowly. Some raps came on the table. Questions being put, the controlling power, who gave the rather pleasing name of "Sunshine," expressed a wish to communicate with my wife, but we, being rather skeptical, asked Sunshine would she visit our own family circle. *Answer*:—"Yes." On the following Friday, at eight o'clock, P. M., we, (including wife, son, daughter, and myself), sat. After a quarter of an hour's sitting, a cold wind passed through the parlor, causing us to feel icy cold; so cold was it that twice I had to go to the fire and warm myself. Then a general warmth commenced, and suddenly a shower of raps descended on the centre of the table, as if made with the knuckles of a fist, and then I believe we all thought for the first time of the promise made, as our thoughts were previously on the handkerchief affair. I asked the controlling power to give its name, and it distinctly spelt out "Sunshine." I called the alphabet, and at every letter composing the name that I came to, there was a distinct rap in the centre of the table, as if from the knuckles of a closed fist. The palms of all our hands were resting flat on the table, and in full light. After a good deal more rapping and questioning, we closed our seance at ten P. M.

It was to me one of the most pleasant, instructive, and profitable evenings that I ever spent. I have simply penned what took place, as a lover of truth. I have selected two only, out of the many weekly seances I have held in my own house, in full light, with my own family, who, to my knowledge, have not been educated to conjuring, and as far as I am concerned, I care nothing as to the truth or untruth of Spiritualism, or any other ism. During these sittings I have had some remarkable manifestations, which time and space will not allow me to transmit to you, but to me the most remarkable fact is that, for the last two months, the character of the phenomena has entirely changed. I no longer get any physical ones; they are now varied; sometimes one thing; then another. This proves to me that our minds have no control over the phenomena. If you

think the above worth publishing, in order that it may induce others to investigate the matter, as I have done, in their own families, in the light of day, do so, as I am not ashamed of the truth, no matter in what form it is presented.—*James Cain; in Medium and Daybreak.*

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

"ME WASOE."—THE RED-MAN'S TALE.

THROUGH C. E. WINANS.

SOME crimes and much folly
May fall to the red-man's lot;
The red-man have sin,—
But pray where is the one who has not?—
And that's many a big pale-face
Who would have less to repent,
If his wigwam was as pure as the Indian's simple tent.

Much pale-face fight for gold,
Some for fame, and the last is a name;
We much fight for our hunting-grounds,
Where our papposes and squaws live;
And at the stroke of our tomahawk we love to see flow
The blood of our victims, the life of our foes.

We fight for our lands,
That the pale-face is taking;
We only shed blood when our lives are in danger;
We come as the lightning comes from above,
O'er the race of the pale-faces we loathe.
To the battle we love.

Our fire in the valley, and our tent near a tree,
Dancing by moonlight, how merry are we!
We can give the war-whoop, and shout as loud as we
please.
Until it will come soaring back on the breeze.

Paint ye for beauty?—oh, where would you seek
Such bloom as is found on the Indian's dark cheek?
Our limbs, that go bounding in freedom and health,
Are worth all your pale-faces' coffers of wealth.

That's none to boss over us,—
We rest or we roam,—
Until the pale-face entered and took away our home;
Oh, why does the white man follow our path,
Like a blood-hound on a wolf-track?

Does the pale-face covet the bow on our backs?—
Does the flush on our dark cheeks waken his wrath?—
The Great Spirit above thought fit to give the pale-face
corn and wine and lands;
You have golden fields, where you may live.
Then back—go back from the red-man's track!

The white-man has houses, rivers and golden fields;—
Then why should you come to our hunting-grounds and
streams,
Where none but the red-skin dares to hunt and swim?

The bird hath its place of rest,
The white-man where to dwell;
And the Spirit that gave thee a home to dwell,
Made us a home as well.
Then go back, go back from the red-man's track;
For the sons of the wood never plunge in the flood
That the white-man calls his own.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

POEM.

[The following poem was written in a strong, legible handwriting, by H. KELLOGG, of Ann Arbor, Mich., who is totally blind, and who says:—"I have been blind for fourteen years; but this is my own handwriting, guided by some power unknown and unseen by me, but as sensibly felt as the gentle breezes from the ocean of love." To be sung at the opening of circles.]

ALL hail! ye bright messengers, from glory descending;
Oh, call at our seances, as you are passing by,
And give us a good treat, with a bright heavenly glee—
That your once familiar faces again we may see.
We are waiting here to greet you,
And we hope soon to meet you,
Where Life's flowing fountain will never run dry;—
Where the evergreens are growing,
And the streams of life are flowing
Into the immortal soul, to all eternity.

Life's a perpetual motion,—
It keeps all things in commotion,

As it rolls fully onward into a boundless sea,
Where we all sail together,
For ever and for ever—
An unending voyage of immortality.

Oh, teach us that pure wisdom that cometh from above!
That lights the Holy City with life and hope and love;
Oh, give us those pure waters, while here below we stay;—
Then our voyage won't be dreary, when with thee we sail
away!

ANN ARBOR, Mich., June 25, 1877.

[From the Voice of Truth.]

SPIRIT IDENTITY.

The following evidence of Spirit identity was published some time ago in the *Banner of Light*. It is one of our own experiences:

While I was in Memphis, attending, in the course of my investigations, Mrs. Miller's seances for form manifestations, a figure purporting to be my sister, who constantly communicated with me in various ways, and who passed away forty years ago, came out of the cabinet, placed a chair for me in front of the circle, and one for herself, seating me in mine, and herself in hers. She then took my hand, and said in a loud and distinct whisper, "Sister, I want to tell you of a circumstance by which you can identify me. Do you remember once in Boston my falling down on the pavement, and rubbing the skin entirely off my knee? It hurts me yet." I told her I thought I did. Not being able distinctly to recall the circumstance, I did not record it in my book, "A Southerner among the Spirits," for I put nothing there that did not carry firm conviction of its genuineness to my mind. Indeed, I have often feared that in my book, I have not done Mrs. Miller complete justice. Neither did I tell some of the most remarkable things I saw at the Eddy homestead. But to return to my sister. I well remember how we used to amuse ourselves, when walking in some of the "hilly" streets of Boston. How difficult we, reared in Charleston, S. C., found it to "hold back," like the Boston girls, in descending a hill, and how often I had to catch my sister, who was less sure-footed than I, in the act of falling. And the more I think of it, the more do I believe the particular event occurred to which she referred. This one thing I know; that not a soul in Memphis knew anything of my early life, and certainly the Medium could not have known that I was ever in Boston with my sister.

Yours truly,

M. D. S.

[For "Voice of Angels."]

GROSVENORS NEW PLEDGE.

THE pledge that I prefer is this:—
Since other schemes so often misse,
I pledge myself to do my best—
To God and angels leave the rest—
My very best that man to save,
And rescue from a drunkard's grave.

The man whom others treat with scorn,
And Priest and Levite leave forlorn,—
The most abandoned—ruined—lost!—
Nor ever dare to count the cost.

By power of Hope to clear his brain,
By Living Faith to break his chain,
And join him to a band of brothers,
Who save themselves by saving others.

LORENZO D. GROSVENOR.

281 Shawmut Ave., Boston.

A MAN of honor respects his word.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

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EDITORIAL.

EARLY religious education imprints its effect upon the spirit, in unfolding its possibilities; and it is impossible to eradicate its teachings wholly from the mind, after being cherished as God-given truths from infancy to old age.

To give a practical illustration of the above, we know of no words that will demonstrate its truthfulness clearer and better than by quoting the substance of a conversation we had the pleasure of listening to the other day, between two highly cultured and refined gentlemen, upon the origin of evil, and its fearful consequences. Having been brought up from infancy, and carefully educated under the creeds and dogmas of the churches, whose teachings were in substance, if not in words, that God, in getting up the human race, undertook a job he was unable to finish satisfactorily to himself or any one,—this did not quite suit their ideas of an Infinite Being, possessing *all* wisdom, *all* knowledge and power, as they had been taught he did; and so, in talking the matter over, at the time referred to, in the light of reason, they finally became dissatisfied with these teachings altogether, and surreptitiously sought other fields of thought to assuage the cravings of their spiritual stomachs. Finding nothing that would satiate their hungering and thirsting for spiritual knowledge, they finally, as a *dernier* resort, commenced to investigate modern Spiritualism; but unfortunately for them, instead of searching out its hidden meaning and spiritual significance, as they went along, they confined their investigations wholly to the phenomenal part of the science. Not being willing to give up their old ideas and notions altogether, as a matter of course they still clung to a part of them. This was to be expected. But when they undertook to harmonize their theological teachings with this new unfolding, instead of running side by side, it only tended to widen the gap between the two theories. Hence, they missed the very thing they were searching for. Still, from what they had already seen, they thought it might furnish a key to unlock a door leading to a positive knowledge of the immortality of the soul, and its continued existence and identity.

After patiently investigating the subject

for years, and failing to harmonize (as before hinted) their old religious creeds and dogmas with the spiritual teachings and unfoldings of the day, their minds became so muddled and perplexed with the clashing of the two theories, that they did not know at last where they were, or whither they were drifting. At last, one of them got so befogged and bewildered, in trying to unwind the knotty question, he denounced both systems as pure fabrications of some over-credulous, enthusiastic minds, and founded wholly and totally in superstition and ignorance. The other for a while clung tenaciously to his theological training; but before they got through with their talk, he too, with the exception of not giving up wholly the teachings of certain portions of the Bible, became a confirmed infidel to all religious belief, and charged God himself as the author of all the evil in the world, and the terrible consequences resulting therefrom.

Although both flattered themselves that they were well posted in the laws and principles underlying the philosophy of life, yet it will be seen from the foregoing, with a transcript of their conversation further on, that they were as absolutely ignorant of them as would be a child, if asked to solve some of the abstruse problems of Euclid, before it had studied the first rudiments of mathematics.

To the casual reader it might seem somewhat remarkable that there could be found, in the last years of the present century, men of their acknowledged intelligence in such total ignorance of all those laws and principles as they manifested; yet it is true, and it can be accounted for (as before suggested) only on the ground of their failing to reconcile and harmonize the theological dogmas of the past with the progressive unfoldings of the nineteenth century.

To crown the climax, one of them made the announcement that, in making woman, God committed his great mistake, and contended that she was the direct cause of all the trouble in the world, and attempted to prove it as follows:—"That," said he, in reference to the above declaration, "ought to be patent to all; for if God hadn't made a woman, all would have been well; as Adam, although at liberty to partake of the fruit of every tree in the garden, except the tree of knowledge of good and evil, would never have thought of plucking one from the tree, much less to eat it, if his new-made wife, before she was a day old, hadn't enticed him to do it. Hence it is self-evident that she, and she

alone, was not only responsible for the death of the physical body—for, if she hadn't eaten that apple, (so says the Bible,) they would have lived forever—but for all the sufferings and miseries of that body while in this world, and subsequently the damning of the soul to untold tortures, in a never-ending hell of fire and brimstone, for an act she committed the first day of her existence. Hence, I repeat that, but for Mother Eve's indiscretion, in simply eating part of an apple, (for she induced her husband to eat it with her,) sin and death of the body would never have been known, and all the distress and misery we see around us would have been obviated." Continuing: "If, after God found that his first effort at man-and-woman-making, especially the latter, did not come up to his expectations, he had stopped their manufacture, there and then, or in some way provided means by which he could have kept Mother Eve in check, at least so far as to follow his advice and counsel, if she wouldn't her husband's, there would have been a stop put to the wholesale misery and final destruction of the human race in hell." "Yes," answered his friend, "I acknowledge that simply eating an apple, even if it was stolen, was a very small affair to damn untold billions of the human race, still unborn, to excruciating torments in hell, for sins committed by her, thousands of years before they saw the light of day; but it must be so, because we have it from the sacred pages of that infallible book, the Holy Bible. Hence it must be true, however it may clash with worldly reasoning." "I don't see it in that light," responded the other; "that is, that it makes it true because it is found in the Bible; for we have it out of the same *infallible* (?) book that after God had made everything, including Adam, in six days, and pronounced them good, and while 'resting' and 'refreshing' himself 'on the seventh day,' he found out, to his amazement, that his speculation, although gotten up with the best of motives, failed to meet his expectations; and that book makes him say that he repented of his rash act, and further says, 'It grieves me to my heart that I made man on the earth.'" "As to stories being true or false, because recorded in *that* book," responded the other, "proves nothing, unless we are to believe that a rib can be extracted from a man's side, even if he was 'in a deep sleep,' without causing him pain or inconvenience, or even leaving a scar to show where the surgical operation was performed,—which is to suppose that human nature nowadays is entirely different to what it was in Adam's

time. Again, while speaking of the miraculous doings of Deity, as recorded in that wonderful book, take for instance the story of Jonah's experience with the whale. Because he refused to heed the dictates of the Divine Mind, namely, to warn the people of Nineveh of their impending fate, if they didn't repent, he was thrown overboard in a gale of wind at sea, and swallowed whole by a great fish, prepared for the purpose by God himself; and after lying doubled up in the monster's stomach, in gastric fluid strong enough to dissolve the hardest substance, Jonah repented of his disobedience, and prayed lustily to the Lord to let him out of his pent-up quarters, telling him (the Lord) that if he would do so, he would preach anything that he desired. Taking him at his word, God told the fish 'to spew him out on dry land,' which the whale or fish proceeded to do forthwith; after which Jonah performed the mission assigned him. Now, the question is, if God could talk to a whale and make him do certain things, by which the perverse and disobedient Jonah could be made to do his bidding, why, in the name of suffering humanity, couldn't he do the same or similar things with all mankind, and purge the world of all sin? The fact is, the more I ponder over the inconsistencies and contradictions of the Bible, the less I am inclined to believe that any part of it was written by an intelligent mind, even, to say nothing of its being an inspiration of a Being possessing the wisdom and attributes of Divinity. To sum it up in a few words, it amounts simply to this, namely, that the Divine Being, in making man, intended to have made him pure and good as himself, and thought he had, until he found how bad he acted; but by some unaccountable blunder, the whole thing, from beginning to end, turned out a miserable, and, as it proved, a disastrous and fatal failure; and it is useless to argue the question of the infallibility of the Bible longer, with a hope of reconciling its contradictions and inconsistencies to be anything more than the absurd mutterings of a maniac. The idea that an intelligent being, possessing *all* fore-knowledge, as we have been taught he did, making mistakes and blunders that an average business man would be ashamed of, is so absurdly silly, that none but a credulous, creed-bound fool like myself would ever have given it a moment's reflection."

At this point the other said, "I fully appreciate all you have said touching the so-called inspired writings in the Bible; but I am not quite prepared as yet to relin-

quish my faith in it altogether, as there *may be* truths in its pages that we have overlooked." "Of course, there are *some* truths in it," responded his friend, "and what book has not? But they are so obscured in darkness and doubt that their usefulness for good is entirely destroyed."

After mourning over and regretting a long life spent in fruitless efforts to ascertain whether the soul was immortal or not, without a word further on the subject, other than the usual friendly adieu at parting—each wended his way to a cheerless home; for there was none there to whom they could unbosom their hopes and fears in regard to the all-absorbing question—"If a man die shall he live again?"

AN EARNEST REQUEST.

THOSE of our readers who may recognize any message as coming from their friends and relatives, in Spirit-Life, if they will inform me of the fact, I shall consider it a great favor. Besides, it would be an act of justice, not only to the Medium through which it comes, but the Spirit itself, who is always gratified at such recognition.

Pub. Voice of Angels.

CORRECTIONS. — Through an oversight in reading the proof of the "Beautiful Test of Spirit Presence," in our last issue, on page 68, we neglected to attach the name of the person to whom it was given, viz., the Hon. A. G. W. Carter.

Also, the message from Miles Teagarden to his son Alfred, on page 69, purporting to be given through M. T. Shelhamer, should have been credited to "West Ingle."

Pub. Voice of Angels.

A HAUNTED HOUSE.

IN one of the most pleasant and aristocratic localities of our city, a few evenings ago, there were some strange manifestations, by some supposed to be Spiritual doings. The bells began to ring. First, the front door bell, then the servants', then the kitchen, and then all the bells rang at once. The inmates watched first one and then another of the bells, but they always rang when they were not watching. After guarding out doors and in until exhausted, and they had become extremely alarmed, the ringing stopped at half-past three in the morning. The servant girls gave notice that they would leave next day, but to quiet them, the gentleman of the house told them that the disturbance was caused only by electricity, and he would have the bells fixed; and away he went to see the bell-hangers, and get them to ascertain what was the matter. They tightened some of the wires and loosened others, spending nearly a day in the work. "All right, now," said they to the gentleman, "you'll have no further trouble." But the bell-hangers had barely reached the street, when all the

bells began to ring again, and with astonishing violence.

The next evening, at eleven o'clock, the invisible bell-ringers began their clanging music again, and continued it half an hour before reaching the closing note. For two evenings they acted only as they were acted upon, by the tangible fingers of doubting Thomases. It was thought that electricity had completed its work, and there would be no more trouble; but that thought was a mistake. In the morning, the beds of the children were found moved across the room, the location of other pieces of furniture changed to different parts of the room, the pictures broken down, and the cords cut. The children denied that they knew anything about it, with the exception of the eldest, who said he had heard loud raps around the room. This disturbance was repeated three evenings, when the children were removed into the parents' room, as they were all too much frightened to sleep in their own apartment.

The next evening, however, they returned to it, and they were just comfortably turned in for the night, when the piano began to play. They opened the door and listened, and it played most beautifully, accompanying a lady's voice in song. They went down stairs and opened the parlor doors, when the music ceased, and the instrument was found locked, with no indications that any one was near, or had been there. For five nights, peace and quiet reigned within, the children occupying the room adjoining that of the parents, the door being left open between the apartments. One little boy went to bed on the sixth night at eight o'clock, and he had not been there long, before the family saw the bed moving across the room; and loud rappings and other singular noises were heard on the furniture. The little fellow was taken into the parents' chamber again, when an invisible power picked him up, lifting him three feet, and carried him along and placed him back in his bed. The terrified parents were now satisfied that it was not done by any human agency.

While meditating as to what should be done, the family standing in a group in one corner of the room, they all saw what appeared to be a little boy, emerge from the fire-place. He looked natural, but pale and thin. He went toward the door, and then vanished before their eyes. This frightened them more than ever. They made their beds on the floor, and all slept together.

In the morning, the gentleman related the whole occurrence to an old friend, and that person said he had heard of a gentleman in the city of the name of Charles Tuckett, who was posted in Spiritual phenomena, and he would hunt him up and see if he could solve the mysterious problem. Seeing the latter as per agreement, Mr. Tuckett, with a clairvoyant and trance Medium, (the beautiful daughter of one of our wealthy citizens), and two gentlemen, (not Spiritualists), repaired to the disturbed residence and agitated family, at eight o'clock, the following evening. A circle was formed, consisting of the persons just mentioned, and the family.

The Medium soon being under "Spiritual control," said: "I see a lady by you, madam. She is tall, with dark hair, and says she is your sister. A little boy is holding her hand."

The Sister-Spirit then took control of the Medium, and said: "Sister—when I died you promised to take care of my two little children. You neglected them, and this one, now with me in the Spirit-World, died from neglect. It is the same little fellow you saw in your room. You placed them among strangers, and they were cruelly treated. This one died, and the other is being used cruelly by the persons you have placed him with. I desire you to bring him away tomorrow, and take care of him as one of your own, as you promised me. If you do not, I will trouble you more than you ever dream. Your own little boy is a Medium, through whom I can operate. If you take care of my little boy, I will trouble you no more, but I will be around you to impress your mind with all that is good and lovely, and will be a guardian angel to you and yours, greeting you when you cross the river to where I am. Teach my boy to love me, and to be a good and true man. Good-bye. YOUR SISTER."

The Medium came out of her trance perfectly ignorant of what had transpired.

The boy was brought away, and there has been no trouble of any kind at the haunted mansion since.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

OLIVE TO DR. SAMUEL GROVER, OF BOSTON.

[Received Feb. 17, 1878.]

I HAVE been gone five years or more, I believe sir. I would like to send a message, if you please, to Dr. Samuel Grover, of Boston. I went to the *Banner* office to do so, but found the circle room closed, and was directed here.

I was very weak before passing out of the body, and I feel it in coming into the sphere of a strange Medium. I want to send a word of continued love to Samuel. I am very often with him, and impress him with a sense of my presence. When you do not hear from me, Samuel, you may be sure that it is only because of my duties in Spirit-Life, or because I think your Spirit-Guides can direct you best. We rejoice at the work you have accomplished, and bid you go on with trusting faith; your guides promise to hold up your hands for you, and give you instructions how to proceed, so that you will perform more in the future. A new influx of strength will be given you, so that you will succeed where you feared to fail. Clouds sometimes flit across your horizon, and it is because of these we come; fear not, they all flee away before the influence of the Spirit-World, and each one will at length reveal its silver lining.

I have taken note of the events of your

life, dear Samuel, since my departure, and I am glad to be able to say each one has been for good, and you have seen a purpose in them all; you have been led to do as you have done, and I am satisfied. I sometimes visit your home and mingle with your family there. For the last few months of my life I was only a care to others as well as to myself. I felt within that I could not be of much more use in the world, and I am glad that I went as I did to my beautiful Spirit-World. Angels bless you and your dear companion!

FREDERICK COOMBS.

[Received Feb. 17, 1878.]

I WOULD like to say a word also, if you have no objection. I am Frederick Coombs, who died in New York, about four years ago, from physical exhaustion. Many people have seen and heard of me. I used to travel the country round about, selling pictures and various little pamphlets and papers. A hale, hearty-looking old man, with long white hair, dressed in a suit of yellow buckskin; they used to say I resembled Ben Franklin. Well, I would be that same hearty old man, if you could see me travelling about now, I suppose; only I became somewhat reduced in circumstances before I left, and finding it almost impossible to sell enough of my little stock in trade to keep life in the body, I became very poor indeed. I used to visit the station in New York, and get a bowl of hot soup, but somehow or other it wasn't rich enough to nourish me as much as it should have done, and finally my stomach became so weak that the body was unable to hold the spirit, and it had to give it up. Oh, that was a hard winter, but I don't regret it, because it gave me not only another insight into human nature, but it freed me from the old frame that I thought was destined to hang together a hundred years or more, and it sent me to the other life.

Now, I'm remarkably well off here. I am connected with a publishing house, and doing pretty well in that line; then I have found a heap of friends, and they have done my soul good; I had money enough off and on in my life, but I couldn't bear to see any one needing it more than I did, and so, somehow or other, I parted with it before I had it long; but it has been a good investment, and I don't regret doing so.

Now, what I want to say to you, Spiritualists, is, that when you see or hear of any poor being in need of a meal of victuals, or a warm fire, or a piece of clothing to their backs, for God's sake, or rather, for your own sakes, if you have anything,

don't refuse to share it with them. They may be ashamed to beg; you must not wait for them to do that, but search 'em out and relieve them; it'll be the best thing you ever did; I mean this, for those who can spare a part of their substance—those who cannot, are generally the ones who would give most freely; go to work and feed the hungry; that's the way to carry a treasure to heaven; give bread to those who need, and don't refuse; if you do, you needn't come to Spirit-Life expecting to find yourselves secure against want, because you will find yourselves mistaken.

Well, Mr. Scribe, this is enough for once: I was always a chatty body, but I'll go now; you carry your own reward with you as you go; so no need for me to promise you one.

AUNT PATIENCE, OF PHILADELPHIA.

[Received Feb. 17, 1878.]

WILL thee please to say that Aunt Patience returns from the beautiful Spirit-Home she has inhabited for the last three years, to bring the blessing of peace to her friends in the City of Brotherly Love.

All is well now; all is beautiful and good; all the pain is over. Brothers and sisters, rejoice, the glad tidings comes to each one of you, we are not dead, but more alive than ever.

To the Society of Friends, Phila., Pa.

JOHN HARRIS.

[Received March 3, 1878.]

[THIS Spirit seemed very reluctant to come.] "Can you not tell us who you are?" "My name is John Harris; I am from Macon, Georgia." "How old are you?" "About twenty-five; I died from exhaustion, I suppose, brought on by living a wild life; I don't know how long I've been gone, but it seems a long time to me; I don't know what I came here for—I don't know any of you, but I feel pretty badly; I've got an old mother living down in Georgia, whom I would like to reach very much; I made her feel bad enough, and she's never got over it; I didn't mean to do wrong, but somehow I couldn't help it, and I suppose it's just as well I had to stop when I did; I reckon my friends won't think of me turning up in this way, but I want my mother to know I'll try to do better."

[This Spirit was evidently brought to the seance to get advice and assistance, which were freely given. Although giving his age as "about twenty-five years," he appeared, to both the Medium and the Chairman of the Circle, as a smooth-faced youth, from seventeen to twenty years of age.]

LIZZIE FOSTER.

[Received March 3, 1878.]

I'SE little dirl. (What's your name?)
 Izzie Foster. (Lizzie?) Ess; froat all
 sore; hands sore, too. (What makes
 your hands sore?) Nashy ole fever.
 (Where did you live?) Don't know—
 not here—way off—New Ork. (New York
 City?) Ess; want mamma an' gamma
 know Izzie come, tause mamma feel bad,
 an' so gamma; I'se all well now—feel
 nicey; was on'y free years ole. Bye.
 (Good-bye.)

[Lizzie Foster, of New York City, died
 with scarlet fever and throat distemper, at
 three years of age.]

MARTIN L. WHITCHER.

[Received March 3, 1878.]

MY name is Martin L. Whitcher. Ex-
 cuse me, sir—but I've heard my folks say
 that, if I would send a letter, they'd like
 to read it. Now, I'm willing to meet
 them half way. If Mrs. W—— will visit
 a good Medium, I will come and talk with
 her; I'll not designate any Medium, be-
 cause they might think it a trick; just suit
 yourself; they don't believe in this thing;
 neither did I; I belonged to the church; I
 did not want to believe this, after I died;
 but I was forced to; I died rather sudden-
 ly—unexpectedly, to myself and others,
 but I don't know but I'm just as well off;
 I believe it's between two and three years
 ago.

There are enough I'd like to talk to, if
 they'd give me the chance. You may call
 me Martin Luther, if you like. I am from
 Hyde Park, Mass.

ROSA H. BRYANT.

[Received March 3, 1878.]

[THE Spirit seemed to control with dif-
 ficulty.]

MY name is Rosa. I am very weak,
 because I have only just died a few weeks
 ago; but I want to come to my mother so
 much; she is feeling very lonely, although
 she thinks I am with her. She has buried
 her last daughter, and she cannot help
 feeling sad. Tell her I come to her every
 day. Dear mother, I put my arms
 around your neck and kiss you so tenderly;
 it is then, even in the midst of your great
 loneliness, that you feel that sense of peace
 steal over you, and I come here to bring
 you my love—to bring all our love to you.
 I've met father and the dear little ones
 who went before me. I've met so many!
 If I was stronger I could tell you so much;
 but I'll come as soon as I can, not here,
 but where I can talk with you. Soon I'll
 be able to talk as we want. But, darling
 mother, think we are with you; you felt

would come, and I have. I remember
 that talk we had; I'll tell you about it
 when I come. Give my love to all.

Please direct to Mrs. S. A. Bryant,
 Stoneham, Mass. You may call me Rosa
 H. I was most sixteen years old.

[This communication was given in dis-
 jointed sentences, as from one laboring
 under difficulty in getting breath enough
 to talk.]

JOHN HOWARD.

[Received March 10, 1878.]

I AM here, sir, for a selfish purpose, that
 of benefitting myself. I had an idea if I
 came here I should feel better—that is, my
 idea of things in Spirit-Life would grow
 clearer. It is no use, I suppose, putting
 my name in the paper; my folks wouldn't
 accept it as from me. I lived in this part
 of Boston; my name is John Howard. I
 died a few years ago, rather suddenly,
 with something that, for lack of a better
 name, might be called apoplexy.

THOMAS HUTCHINS.

[Received March 10, 1878.]

I'M AN old man, over seventy years of
 age. I've been gone a long time, but have
 never been back before, and it seems
 strange, strange. I went out from San
 Francisco, California. I have a daughter
 I would like to reach, and I was told if I
 came here it would open out an avenue
 whereby I might reach her.

Please to excuse me for troubling you,
 and I thank you for allowing me to come.
 [You are welcome, it is no trouble; all
 Spirits are welcome here.] My name is
 Thomas Hutchins.

THROUGH SALT-LAKER.

FROM A MOTHER, IN SPIRIT-LIFE,
TO HER SON, ON EARTH.

MY DEAR SON,—It is with great pleas-
 ure that I am enabled to come and send a
 message of love to you and yours; it is
 long since I have been able to make my-
 self known to you, though I am often with
 you when your mind is at rest at night.
 My dear son, I cannot express to you, by
 words, the joy and pleasure it gives me to
 come here, where I can send my love to
 you. My dear son, I come here to send
 a word or two of caution to you. My
 son, run not into the troubles of life; look
 twice before you leap; there is trouble
 ahead of you, unless you are very cau-
 tious, and keep out of harm's way. I
 think, dear boy, that you will understand
 me; it grieves me when I see you in trou-
 ble; you have had a rough road to travel
 so far, but try and follow out your moth-
 er's wish; make conditions, so that I can
 speak to you often, and I will keep you
 on the right track. Dear son, make your

home a place of comfort and rest for you.
 and in a short time, it shall be made light
 by the daily visits of your Spirit-Friends.
 as it once was, when the dear ones, Fanny
 and Spridy, were with you; and they are
 often with you now, only anxious to have
 the chance of speaking to you all. Dear
 son, encourage the little boy in this, and
 as soon as he knows enough to tell you
 that he sees us, he will then be able to
 guide you, through our help, in the ways
 that will be best for you.

Dear son, I am well pleased with your
 wife; she is all that we could desire for
 you. May you live, my son, to be a com-
 fort and blessing to her!

Give my kind love to your father, Eng-
 lish Tholder, and his present wife and son;
 tell them, also, to be careful; for there is
 trouble before them, if not very careful.
 Dear John, I hope you will understand
 me, and pardon me for taking this liberty
 of thus addressing you; but always bear
 in mind that it is for your good that I
 come.

Now, may the good Angels watch over
 and protect you all from harm, is the
 greatest wish of your Spirit-Mother.

Please publish this, and my son will get
 it, as he is a believer in this, and takes
 your noble paper, the VOICE OF ANGELS.

Good-Day, sir, and many thanks.

SOUTH COTTON WOOD, Feb. 19th, 1878.

LUCY HOWARD, OF BOSTON.

SIR,—My name is Lucy Howard; I
 have been dead five years; I died in Bos-
 ton, with scarlet fever; I was thirteen
 years old; my mother lived in New York.

Sir, when on my bed of sickness, I saw
 a Man-Spirit; he told me that I was going
 to leave my mother, and go and live with
 him in Spirit-Land; I did not know him,
 and could not understand his meaning;
 but in a few days he came again, saying
 that he had come to fetch me, for he had
 prepared a home for me, and was going
 to take me; so I called mother, and told
 her all; and told her not to grieve for me,
 as I should be happy; and if he could
 come back to me, I could come to you,
 mother.

This Spirit proved to be my brother,
 who died before I was born; and mother
 did not tell me of it. The home which he
 had prepared for me was past my compre-
 hension. Such a garden—and such flow-
 ers! This, my brother had made, know-
 ing I was so fond of flowers.

Now, kind friends, I hope I have not
 taken up too much of your time; but, hear-
 ing you say that any one could come, I
 thought I would like to come and tell you
 how I found things on the other side.

Mother has had many a cheering communication from me and my brother, which has made her look forward to death as a day of happy meeting; and we are preparing a home for her.

LUOY HOWARD.

BOSTON, Jan. 17th, 1874.

JOSEPH WILSON.

KIND AND DEAR FRIENDS,—It gives me great pleasure to be able to come here to-night. Though I am a stranger to you, sir, yet I like to come, to bear my testimony to this grand and noble work of Spiritualism.

Friends, when I was here upon the earth, I knew but little of this, and did not think that I should ever come back to bear my testimony to this truth. But, friends, I am proud to do so. Dear friends, I came here, to the place we used to call Zion, the City of the Lord; but when I got here, I found things quite different to what we had been led to believe it would be, but I tried to believe it was right, and that the Latter-Day Saints were the only true religionists on the earth; but I now can say truly, that the only true religion there is, is in doing good to all I see; no grander work than this you are now engaged in—cheering the homes of those that have been left motherless or fatherless; in fact, by brightening the homes, through sending messages of love to them from the Spirit-Land.

Dear friends, I long for the time to come when I can talk to my family; but as yet, I cannot reach them: they are in Dixie, the cotton country.

My name is Joseph Wilson. Send my love to all. I see there are many of my friends engaged in this work; and I say, "Be not discouraged; it is a true and glorious work." Good-day, sir.

FROM THE SPIRIT OF JOHN ROBERTSON, OF
LEAMINGTON, ENGLAND,

TO THE EDITOR OF OUR TRUTH-SPOKEN PAPER,
"VOICE OF ANGELS."

KIND AND DEAR SIR,—Seeing the door open for us, I thought I would like to give my many thanks to you, for so kindly and generously giving your much-valued time and paper to us, that we may, one and all, have a chance of sending messages to our friends on earth. Dear sir, many have been the times that my spirit has been made light and happy, through communion with my dear mother, who is yet on earth. This is truly a glorious work to be engaged in. You have been the means of giving spiritual food, such as your noble paper is sending forth. I want to say, dear friend, "Do not be daunted in this grand work; you shall receive blessings

on every side, both from earth and heaven; and when your noble work is finished here upon the earth, there will be thousands of Spirits ready to assist you, and make a very happy home for you among those Spirits that you have done so much for here." Sir, I am a stranger to you; yet I hope you will receive my thanks to you for your kindness. Good-day, sir.

Hoping that your valuable paper may have great success, I remain,

Yours, JOHN ROBERTSON.

THROUGH C. E. WINANS.

WM. MONTGOMERY,

TO HIS SON IN SENECA CO., OHIO.

MY DEAR BOY,—I am well pleased to see you engaged in that which will bring you into closer relations with your sensitive nature. I am contented to find you willing to inquire into the great truths of Spiritualism. I am sure that in its elucidation you will find enough to fix your faith strong and steadfast. I give you my loving remembrances, and bow my face low down to the Medium's, that he may feel my breath, and so secure better rapport with you. I am rich with the affection of friends and relatives. And I am happily mated with your mother; and the whole force of earthly experience I acquired has been conducive to harmonious results. I take a Spiritual survey of you. I enter the inner sanctuary, and find out your moral status; but I cannot perceive your temporal condition except through your own mind. I wish I was capable of advising you in your business affairs. Very few Spirits have sufficient judgment in monetary interests to advise correctly, but I can give you thoughts through which you may be able to read my desires. I wish that you could become perfectly developed, so that you could see for yourself, as you are. I am progressed to a degree which excludes me from entering into the natural conditions. But in connection with what concerns your Spiritual growth and progress, I can see and realize what is going on around you. I dearly love you, and shall help to promote your future happiness. I leave you with the assurance that all is well. I think I have been in Spirit-Life about sixteen years, as near as I can come to it. If I am recognized, I shall come again. Send message to William Montgomery, Fort Seneca Co., Ohio.

MARY A. CLAIR.

My name, sir, was Mary A. Clair, wife of William St. Clair. I was in my fiftieth year when I departed this life. My uncle,

who passed to the World of Spirits, thought I had better come here, and see if I couldn't give a little light and comfort to those I left behind, at the same time, to let a few friends of mine know that I still live.

I hardly know what to say to my friends about these things, because I know very well how they feel about Spirits coming back; but, so sure as they live, so sure I live.

I was born in Vinton County, Ohio. I spent the most of my time in Ironton, Ohio. I had much sorrow and trouble, and hard work, before I left the earth-form. I kept the Sheridan House. I was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and tried to discharge my duties as a Christian; but great was my surprise when I woke in a place so different from what I had been taught by the clergy—a bare void—nothing above, around or beneath, but space, where sounds were coming from everywhere, as if the pulses of the great strata of time were beating through the arteries of a blank. I searched, with strained vision, for God, or for an infinitesimal mote. I looked at my feet, to find what I stood upon; but found I stood upon nothing. I was sensible, sensitive, and quivering, as to the mystery. What I had been, came up vividly; but what I was, was as doubtful a question as the mysterious vacuum around me. I heard a voice say, "Follow me." Then a hand was placed in mine; I was led through space quite a distance; then the hand let go, and I sank down an unfathomable depth, and was left in a busy place; for the principles which belonged to me—attributes and talents, which nature had given me—were assuaged and set in order by my Spirit-Friends.

My visit here is, to gain strength. I feel—oh! so much better! I am coming again. Good-day, sir.

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

I MUST remind you that often, in our earth-lives, I have seemed stronger to act than you, yet in my heart, I was a coward by your side. You had the essentials of moral virtue; I was less Spiritual—more after the common elements of the creature. I demand now, that you weigh yourself against me, and make one great attempt to outreach me in advancement of interior soul-culture. I am but two degrees from you, though I am in the Spirit form, and dwell in a land of eternal sunshine. I scan the qualifications of those yet in earth-life, can weigh their advantages, and have the right to demand their full

quota of attention, whenever they can be made to hear me. Now, you are thoroughly made in good metal. You are silver, I was only brass. Let me tell you what that silver nature of yours can reach. It can, on earth, go into the common by-ways of life, and amalgamate the worst, and most hideous forms of human creatures, by its genial alchemy, into beauty and virtue. It gives you the eye of charity, which pierces the veil of alloy, and draws to the surface whatever of genuine good there may be hidden beneath. It rips off the stilted titles of books, and lays bare the foolishness of creeds, and winnows the pure grain from the chaff, giving full scope to the liberality of opinion, which alone can Christianize the individual. That silver nature will run in streams molten to pity; by the suffering of your kind it will scintillate into quick glinting rays of sympathy, and can drop in tears over the lot of the afflicted. It can bind in bands the limp hands of estrangement, and link into chains the broken chords of affection. You are silver, I was brass. You are ready, when your spirit gets loose, to commence life here. I was not ready, I had to learn, to wait, to undo much I had done, to commence afresh, and I am only now where you will be capable of coming at first. If you cultivate your Spirit where you are, your future home will be still fairer, and life is the school where the rudiments are acquired, and afterwards in Spirit-Life perfected. I wish I could show you the means of our education here, but I can only impress so much of your understanding, no more. I might possibly convey words to you through this Medium, but they would sound to you as the voice of the storm, a sound without an explanation of its meaning. Suitably to the capacity of human organism, mentally and physically, are we Spirits trying to manifest to them, and as little children lying passive in the arms of their superiors, they should quietly take what is given them. Be sure of this one thing, my dear, that what is—is right, though often, to your comprehension, the situation may seem just the reverse. I would have you listen often when alone, to an easy, soft rustling, like silk was being unfolded; it is I, it will be me. I shall shake little streams of electricity around you, which will tell you I am there, and also that I mean to do you good.

Oh, my dear, some of us are staunch missionaries, trying with all our might to indoctrinate our brethren on the lee shore in the way of revelation and gladness. To

learn to live; that is the grand principle. I saw George, and he is the very same in spirit, yet better by far in form.

I love flowers; and our flowers here are of the same comparison that spirit is to matter. I may say that our flowers are the souls of your flowers, because they are transcendently fair in color and scent, and are perpetual. They do not come monthly, and then droop and die, but they *abide*. They come and change in the scale of advancement, their tints putting on a fresher, and still more redundant hue, an aromatic vesture re-filling their cells with fresh and better fragrance. No decay is perceptible, no rottenness to offend and depress, but a putting on, a being clothed with newness and greater perfectness, continually, as cycles revolve. This is the order of life here, which one word will better explain to you; that word is—*progression*. I love to come to you, and will come whenever you may encourage me. I am not brass now, but you are silver still.

MARGARET.

THROUGH WEST INGLE.

SUSAN DENNISON,

TO HER FRIEND PHILA PHILLIPS, OF DALTA, N. Y.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—You ask me a question, and I will answer it in the clearest possible manner. I was in my earthly home at the time you mentioned, and was pleased to find you there, knowing that, sooner or later, through your efforts I should see my dear friends willing to acknowledge the truth, and receive gladly and eagerly, all messengers from the Spirit-World.

My friend, it is hard to get to our friends after we become disembodied, and it is still harder *when we come to our own* and they receive us *not*, even as Christ came to his people. There are many drawbacks to even spiritual joy. We are not satisfied to be happy ourselves and know that many of our dear ones on the earth mourn for us, and yet refuse to be comforted. Did not Christ promise to send the Comforter to all who mourned? That promise has been fulfilled, and yet humanity are weeping for their dead, because they refuse to recognize and receive their beloved friends, when they come in the disembodied form. I know my own family cannot see me, and have no faith in the theory of Spirit communion. The time has not come; but it will; and while I am waiting for my own dear friends to come into the light, I will help others to come to suffering hearts.

Eddie Martin's friends will like to hear from him, and I have brought him to West Ingle, that he may, by being constantly

with us, learn to send a loving message to those who sit in darkness, because his place is vacant in their home. He says he fears the water, and if he must take on earthly conditions, and come back through the waters of the Mohawk, he don't care to do so. After a while he will come and tell his dear ones all about it. I would tell them his story, but he would rather do so himself. He is happy, and is with his friends nearly all the time. There is a girl with him whom he calls his sister; she is fair and sweet as a lily; she was matured in Spirit-Life, and is Eddie's constant companion. There are many other friends with him.

Gilbert and myself will help you all we can. You have others who can do more.

My dear parents may think more about Spiritualism, if we can prove to them that we are not dead. I want them to know it is me. I want them to know their children can both minister to them in their sorrows.

I have seen Miss, Fanny H., and have invited her to come to your circle. Gilbert says she will give you power to convince her friends of spirit-power.

Give my best love to all my dear ones at home. Kiss my dear parents, and tell them all is well with their children. Speak words of cheer and hope to Susan Matthews, and say glad tidings will come to her from the Summer-Land. You, my dear friend, will be guided and led on your way, and God will bless your efforts towards illuminating darkened human lives.

SUSAN DENNISON.

TRUTH.

TO JAMES H. YOUNG, NEW ORLEANS.

As one of your Spiritual guides, I come to communicate with you, though there are many who desire to do so who are near and dear to your heart, by the pleasant memories and holy ties of Earth-Life. Friends and kindred are often put aside for those who are appointed to guide and direct mortals in their perplexing earthly cares. I am known as *Truth*, and you will often hear from me in regard to your earthly affairs.

Your zeal in the Spiritual cause is commendable, and should receive a reward. The course marked out by those in communication with you will result satisfactorily. But, my friend, too much of one thing is little better than nothing. You must mingle other labor with your Spiritual work; for while you are on the earth you must obey the common laws of humanity. If the Spirit-World cannot control circumstances in your favor, or sufficiently so to furnish the necessary comforts of

life, you must seek other avenues of labor, and give us the power to aid you in other channels.

Many Mediums make a grand mistake in believing they are desired by the Spirit-World to sit down, and let bread, meat and garments be furnished by Spirit-Power. Now, we must work for humanity with human instrumentalities, and it is desirable to have those who possess reason and common sense use it to the very best advantage. Now, if a man's powers are good, and Mediumship fails to produce food and raiment, let him seek other avenues of labor. All events are governed and conducted by Divine wisdom, and a man may do a Spiritual work by digging a well, or by planting a vineyard, or by engaging in any useful employment.

The world is filled with men and women who mistake their occupation. There are preachers who should be mechanics, and there are doctors who should be agricultural reformers; they should cultivate the soil, instead of ministering to the sick; they are not natural healers. No man should engage in that for which he has no talent or natural ability. Seek, my friend, that which is profitable to others, and you will receive knowledge and power to do good to your fellow-men. There are at present on the earth more reformers who need reforming than you have any idea of. Many of them are about to receive practical lessons. Be of good cheer. All promises made by your Heavenly Father, through his divine Messengers, will be fulfilled. And if there are any unfulfilled, when you ascertain the facts, you may safely doubt their divine origin.

TRUTH.

I AM DYING.

RAISE my pillow, husband dearest,
Faint and fainter comes my breath;
And these shadows, stealing slowly,
Must I know be those of death.

Sit down close beside me, darling,
Let me clasp your warm strong hand;
Yours, that ever has sustained me
To the borders of this land.

I've had visions and been dreaming
O'er the past of joy and pain;
Year by year I've wandered backward,
Till I was a child again.

Dreams of girlhood, and the moment
When I stood your wife and bride;
How my heart thrilled with love's triumph,
In that hour of woman's pride!

Dreamed of thee, and all the earth-cords
Firmly twined around my heart;
Oh! the bitter, burning anguish,
When first I knew that we must part!

It has passed, bright angel, guide me
To that blessed other shore;
Do not fear, my husband dearest,
I'll be with thee evermore.

There's no shadow o'er the portal
Leading to my heavenly home;
Dear ones lead to life immortal,
And 'tis they who bid me come.

When life's trials wait around thee,
And their darkening billows swell,
Thou'lt be grateful that I'm spared them,
Then thou'lt feel that all is well.

Bring the children to my bedside,
My last blessing let them keep;
But they're sleeping—do not wake them,
They'll learn soon enough to weep.

Soon enough they'll feel life's shadows
Cross their earth-life, day by day,
All too soon they'll miss the presence
Of their mother, passed away.

Tell them often of their mother,
Kiss them for me, when they wake;
Lead them gently in life's pathway,
Love them doubly for my sake.

Clasp my hand still closer, darling,
This last day of my earth-life;
For tomorrow I shall never
Answer, when you call me wife.

Fare thee well, my noble husband,
Faint not 'neath the choking rod;
Throw your strong arm round the children,
Keep them close to thee and God.

[SELECTED.]

GO FEEL WHAT I HAVE FELT.

[THE circumstances which induced the writing of the following most touching and thrilling lines are as follows:—A young lady of New York was in the habit of writing on the subject of Temperance. Her writing was so full of pathos, and evinced such deep emotion of soul, that a friend of hers accused her of being a monomaniac on the subject of Temperance. Whereupon she wrote the following lines:]

Go FEEL what I have felt,
Go hear what I have borne;
Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt,
And the cold world's proud scorn;
Then suffer on from year to year—
The sole relief the scalding tear.

Go kneel as I have knelt,
Implore, beseech and pray;
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay;
Be dashed with bitter curse aside,
Your prayers hurled, your tears defied.

Go weep as I have wept
O'er a loved father's fall;
See every promised blessing swept—
Youth's sweetness turned to gall!
Life's falling flowers strewed all the way
That brought me up to woman's day.

Go see what I have seen;
Go see the strong man bowed—
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,
And cold and livid brow!
Go catch his withering glance, and see
There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go to thy mother's side,
And her crushed bosom cheer;
Thine own deep anguish hide;
Wipe from her cheek the bitter tear,
Mark her worn frame and withered brow,
The gray that streaks her dark hair now,
With failing frame and trembling limb;
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith in early youth
Promised eternal love and truth,
But who, forsworn, hath yielded up
The promise to the cursed cup;
And led her down, through love and life,
That lowly thing, a drunkard's wife;
And stamped on childhood's brow so mild,
That withering blight, the drunkard's child.

Go hear and feel and see and know
All that my soul hath felt and known;
Then look upon the wine-cup's glow,
See if its beauty can atone—
Think if its flavor you will try,
When all proclaim 'tis drink and die!

Tell me I HATE the bowl!
Hate is a scable word;
I loathe—ANION—my very soul
With strong disgust is stirred—
Where'er I see or hear or tell
Of the dark beverage of hell!

Who is the oldest lunatic on record? Time
out of mind.

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