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

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LITERARY.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

PURLING WATERS.

THROUGH TRYPHENAC PARDEE.

DOWN by the banks of a purling stream,
Where the shining dew-drops like diamonds gleam,
Where the clover sweet with the nettles grow,
Watching the waters in their beautiful flow,
Saw a beautiful child, on a low mossy seat.
First viewing the skies, then the brook at her feet—
She silently gazes with thoughtful mood,
Then charms with her singing the solitude.

She gathered the daisies with the violets gay,
She pondered their beauties then threw them away;
She sauntered along, with her clean bare feet,
Till stung by a bee that was gathering sweet;
Then dived she at once in the crystal tide,
Whose cooling virtue robs pain of its pride;
Then paused in the water, with down-cast eyes,
Viewing the clouds mirrored down from the skies.

"Just like my thinking," she cried—she cried:
"Now murmurs the ripples of this limpid tide
Over pebbles and sands, they never know where,
Their sweet music mingling with birds of the air;
Ever bubbling and rising in constant flow
The thoughts of my bosom, in life's fond glow;
Each moment a giver grants rich, fresh supplies,—
New thoughts and new waters flow under the skies."

"From whence, tell me whence do those sweet currents
flow,—

The brook made of drops, pure as winter's white snow,
The mind made of thoughts flowing onward apace,
Drinking beauties, and uses of life, time and space?
How welcome the angels of truth hover nigh,
To readily answer my prayer's low sigh.
Life's fountain ne'er failing sends brooks to the sea,
And our young finite thoughts from infinitude free."

"O worship, dear child, at the shrine of good,
Your soul then will learn of the Infinite God!"
The years rolled along till the close of life's day,
Faded the maiden's bright looks by time turning gray.—
She thinks of the sting of the innocent bee,
And nature's cool bathing that washed it away.
By the broad stream of life she is sauntering now,
Plucking posies all bright for eternity's brow.

The tides ebb and flow, wrinkling now at her feet,
Wash gems with the pebbles her senses to greet;
And seeds that the angels may place in her hands,
Trusts by sowing, to reap from time's turning sands.
The brooklet's clear waters cure sickness and pain,
And waters of thought shall remove every stain
Where old creeds with their serpents have poisoned the
mind,

Leaving nought of their sorrows or stinging behind.

Let thought's cleaning waters wend their silvery way
O'er earth's pebbly channels from day unto day,
Their bright, glaucous crest bearing glories of love
That beam from our loved ones in life-realms above.
Captain Reason at helm, we'll ride on their wave,
That widens and deepens its way o'er the grave;
On nearing the shore where the nettles still grow,
And the flowers are sweetest that lived their stings through.

The wild waving butter-cups, the violet low,
The white rose of beauty, the bells of sky-blue,
The sweet honey-suckles, scarlet balms in their pride,
Bind up with the lily from thought's tossing tide,
In wreaths for the temples developed by woe,
Boquets for the children who goodness pursue;—
Chaste garlands of pleasure to wear evermore
In that land of all beauty where death-sighs are o'er.

And the song of the angels down low in the sky,
Join notes with the bird-songs a twittering by;—
The song of the child and the aged are one,
Praising God for the good that thinking has done.
Our murmuring thoughts with the brook's murmurs low,
Each moment brings murmuring principles new,
And the babe's lisping tongue utters truths from above,
Running free as the waters of Jesus' love.

ELLINGTON, N. Y.

LIFE AND ITS LESSONS.

A SPIRIT MESSAGE.

THROUGH THE HAND OF J. M. A.

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

[CONCLUDED.]

NOBLE minds may hesitate, and loving hearts tremble, at the fearful thought of everlasting continuance in low conditions; of the perpetuity of fear, ignorance, selfishness, and crime; of the prevalence of dogmatism and uncharity, through the rolling ages of eternity. They may well hesitate and tremble, if the gloomy doctrines of modern Christianity are founded upon truth; and the stultifications of conscience, resulting from a belief in the remission of sins, are to be continued; and the dogmatic materialism of scientists, and the illiberality of popular thinkers be perpetuated; and the ignorance of natural laws, now everywhere existing, continue in the future, to darken and mislead the longing, waiting, yearning soul of humanity; if the principles of commerce

be as they have always been—self-relative, rather than mutual; and the dealings of nations with each other be characterized by mutual jealousy and distrust, antagonism and narrow-minded "patriotism,"—if, we say, minds are always to be fettered, warped and stultified by the false conditions and customs of human society, based upon false principles of action and thought; if noble souls, yearning for humanity's upbuilding, and the usherance in of universal harmony, be persistently forced back by men in power and customs in reign, from exemplifying and establishing their principles, their philosophy; if man is to be the creature of ignorance and selfishness, instead of broad culture and deep-seated and far-reaching love; if disunity in speech, manners, religion, morals, pervade the nations; and devastation follows the wake of armies; and curses rise like sulphurous smoke thick to heaven; and famine and sorrow desolate the hearthstone of countless children of God; if the race be consecrated by no principle of love and deep-seated charity; if no scientific culture, no integral education, is to reach the masses, through equitable association, and equalization of opportunities, privileges, and comforts; if life is to be as it always has been, a scene of contention,—how can we look forward but with horror and dismay, and why continue efforts for the inushering of the reign of harmony?

A gloomy picture we have drawn. Gloomy enough to satisfy the most ascetic imagination, the most hopeless and confirmed pessimist. But will the world move on as it has done, governed by principles of intolerance? Will superstition rear its foul head, and hiss hideous dogmas at a groaning world, bowed down with bitterness and woe and fearful forebodings, already? Will visions of giant spectres, demons damned, haunt the affrighted imaginations of trembling religionists, until man is ready to believe even in the divinity of the Devil? Will education be conducted, as it always has been, upon the platform of inequality of sexual capacity? Will fashion always reign, to the stultification of the moral (and of the "common") sense? Will doctors always purge and blister, bleed and mutilate, scarify and mutilate, instead of employing

nature's rational and simple means of cure? Will soldiers return home limping from the wars of savageism, and the wailing of orphans and widows be heard ever, so long as time shall last, and the sun rise and set upon earth-dwellers? Will commercial speculation peculate forever, and the bulls and bears of the Wall streets of earth strut disdainfully, and trample upon the rights of honest labor, which in sweat and blood groans beneath the burdens of life, imposed by inequitable and false principles of social dealing?

Will all this be in the expansive future? God forbid! Is there no God, no Deific Principle of good, no Infinite Healer, no Divine and sweet Restorer, that life should always be bitter? Is there nothing to mitigate the human conditions of the present, and magnify and intensify the love principle? Is there not to be a thorough change, a regenerating overturn, in every department of life? Is there not to be a mighty flood of light and love poured out upon the earth, from the celestial heavens? Is there not to be a revivification of the decaying elements of virtue and honor, sobriety and honesty, liberality and tolerance?

Will not life on earth be sweet, when the Spirit-World shall have been universally recognized, and its loving presence been made manifest to all—when its sweet lovingness shall have permeated every avenue of life, and filled the whole earth with beautiful conditions of peace and harmony? Will not education be conducted upon liberal principles of scientific naturalness, instead of as now fettered by false standards, set up in the past and sought to be adhered to forever, notwithstanding the ever-growing, ever-changing, ever-widening, ever-deepening wants and capacities, demands and possibilities of the human soul? Think you not, oh, lover of truth, progress and humanity, that there will be a time when the sexes will be treated with equal consideration in all institutions of culture?

Will not the enfranchised soul of a Horace Mann, whose energetic labors for many years on the earth-plain were directed to the establishment of progressive education, which should include both sexes, still tell, and with increased force, upon the institutions of America and the world? May not his spirit pervade the colleges, and liberality grow up, (by imperceptible degrees, perhaps, but none the less surely), among "faculties," trustees, patrons and friends of the various schools of learning, now permeated with very different elements—dogmatic exclusiveness and routinery? Ought not the faculties for self-improvement to be extended to all alike? Ought not the sexes to stand side by side in the acquisition of knowledge, as well as in the application and use thereof—in the school-room, as well as at the fireside? Nature's ways are ways of wisdom, and they do most clearly point to the associated education of the two sexes; and until this principle, advocated so ably by the noble spirit alluded to, and by many others, be everywhere adopted in school, college, and university, there will not cease to be a spirit of exclusiveness and intol-

erance in the educational world, and a low standard of morality among students.

Educated without the refining influence of women, young men leave the university far different in moral clairvoyance and genuine manhood, from that standard which should be reached by every soul laying claim to liberal culture. No culture can be truly liberal, without the permeation of the love element; no education complete and natural, unless the feminine element of refinement and purity, grace and beauty, has entered into it. Thus, a great reform lies waiting to be inaugurated and completed in behalf of a suffering womanhood. The institutions which are to be conducted under Spirit guidance, will, we trust, be permeated with the principles of fraternity and progressiveness; and no soul desiring development, will be denied access to the means, on account of sex, race, or station.

The "Lessons of Life," then, are these:—to discover the true designs of nature, in the unfoldment of all things, and to build up, upon the deductions of investigation, true theories—which may be safely outwrought into institutions and customs, provided the sacred law of individuality be not lost sight of. The individual must not be swallowed up, extinguished, in the institution or custom. All must stand upon the platform of equality, friendship and fraternity, and the utmost freedom of individual and social growth be ever permitted.

The hope of the world lies in the gradual development and practical application of such theories of life, its design, its origin, its evolution and its harmonization.

The life principle pervades all things. The ultimatum of life—its highest expression—is only reached in the full-grown human soul. The full-grown soul is an embodiment of the perfection of harmony. Harmony, therefore, is the aim and object of all life.

The origin of life, eternity can only reveal in its full beauty. Co-existent with matter, soul (or life) permeates it, fills it, actuates it, develops it. Co-existent, and ever present with it, it can be studied only in its associated relation.

The origin of life is the origin of God. The origin of God who can comprehend? We only know that life is in all things, and that without it there could be no forms of matter. Self-perpetuating, it must be self-evolving, self-originating. Eternal in its ceaseless round, never ending, it is yet ever ending; never beginning, yet it is ever beginning. Originating in the necessities of primordial existence, (for without life there would be nothing), it must be that life is perpetual, self-sustaining, self-pro-creating. Endless in its future, it is equally endless in its past. Its "separatrix," the present, is ever shifting; and the past may itself become the separatrix, and the future of that past thus evolves itself in the now-present, or the to-be-past of some future.

An "inversion of decimals" may thus take place, the extreme of "divisibility," (or minuteness), approaching and combining with the extreme of "multiplicity" (or to-comeness); and

the central point, (the nowness), vary infinitely from one "extreme" to the other. Thus, in the eye and comprehension of Infinite life, (or God), all things and events are ever present—are here and now, and time and space are as though they were not.

Oh, life! thou art mysterious, yet plain; sublime, all powerful, yet gentle and sweet; multiplex and complicate, yet unitary; pervaded with design, originated in necessity, infinite in expansion, glorious and beautiful in harmonic capacity. As life is God, and God is life, the divisibility of God, is infinite, and the expansibility or multiplicity of life equally infinite.

Thus, each little atom floating in outer space, or traversing the intricate network of the human pulmona, is endowed with a principle of expansive and contractive (or pulsative) life—yea, with an eternal principle of expansibility and contractibility, perhaps equalled in its capacity by every other atom.

Evolution in, through, and from matter, will bring each infinitely divided or compressed atom of God-essence (so to speak) into expansion again, and the expanded essence will then divide and subdivide—"condense," and evolve itself into and through material elements, again and again; harmonizing them, and preparing them for the indwelling of higher and still higher expressions of expansive and divisive God-life; and this process of creation, progression, dissolution, re-creation, or pro-creation, etc., going on, going on, in ceaseless continuity and beauty, reveals to atomic matter, finally, its high destiny as the embodiment of soul. As soul-growth is the aim of production of new forms of life, and man the ultimatum or climax of progressive evolution, so the embodiment of the human soul is the highest function of matter; and as the shifting scenes of earth-life reveal but slightly the grandeur, power, and stability of highly developed soul-life, so the lower forms of matter (that is, matter undeveloped) take on but little "comprehension" (if the term be allowed) of the the high destiny which awaits all matter.

The theme is exhaustless. The evolution of new forms, and the taking on of new conditions, constitutes development.

Development is, or points to, harmonization. Mind and matter alike feel the touch of this law, pervading all things, though sometimes slow in its operations; and if mind, life, soul, God, be in its essence harmonious, it will unlock the prison-house of matter, and evolve perfection there. Thus all things, animate and "inanimate," (so-called), will reach the summit of excellence, the perfection of harmony, and the lessons of life be sweet to learn, at last and evermore.

God reigneth! Let earth rejoice!
Ye nations hear his voice!
Triumphant shouts ascend,
Harmonious voices blend.
The earth will learn Life's lessons grand,
As wafted from the Summer-land.

The loves of earth will bloom
In joy beyond the tomb,
And love celestial bring
Sweet flowers of early spring,
Plucked fresh from those divine pastures
Where angels walk, in the upper airs.

Life's lessons learned with ease,
Will come a sweet release
From sorrow, pain and care,
Which now earth-dwellers share.
Not then, as now, will earth be sad;
For all will love—all souls be glad!

Humanity will learn
No sad lone soul to spurn,
Because of error dark
Enshrouded 'round the heart.
All life will be sublime and true,
The joys of earth o'er fresh and new.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

S. D. W., TO HER FATHER.

"COURAGE, father; you are very nearly through; only a little while longer, then your poor body will be at rest." This was said by a daughter, as she came to the bedside of her dying father, cheerfully, pleasantly, as though he was only going a short journey. And the love of that father and daughter was such as we sometimes read of, seldom see: so deep, so strong, so pure, that no storms, beat they never so hard, could cause a ripple to mar the surface of its beautiful flow. And I have often thought, as I looked on them, that death would only need to take one, and the other would follow.

Fainter and shorter grew the fleeting breath. The last look was fastened on the daughter's face with a piteous longing, as the grasp of the poor hand weakened. Will Sarah's courage fail her now? Not a tear, not a moan, not even a sigh, disturbed the calm serenity of her features, pale and wan with the ceaseless vigil of many months. "And it was finished!"

Then I looked to see the long pent up storm of grief burst its barriers, and leave nothing but desolation and despair as a lasting legacy.

Did any of the readers of this poor, but true little sketch, ever hear the question asked, "What good has Spiritualism ever done?" Well, here was a living answer to that question. The sorely bereaved daughter turned away from the narrow, new home of her father, at rest now in the bosom of mother-earth, and took up life's duties again.

But there was a new light in the eyes, a far-away, expecting look, which, I think, was never dimmed by a tear—a listening, as for a familiar footfall, or the gentle call "Come, my daughter, I want you." And these two were, and are, Spiritualists.

Not long since, she said to me, "Only think, how happy father must be now, in his eager pursuit after light, and a true knowledge of the laws of the beautiful 'Philosophy of Life,' as he always claimed Spiritualism to be!"

And now she is waiting, patiently, lovingly, to hear from this ascended father.

One thing seems to be settled beyond

controversy: that the power of love alone is not sufficient to open the door of communication between the two spheres of life. And the messengers and sentinels, standing in the open gateways, are so few and far between, that the waiting thousands, ay, millions, must still wait for the long-sought-for salutation and recognition, while the favored few "will see of the sore travail of their souls, and be satisfied," even here in this life. And yet we close our own doors against our once household companions, and expect they will send us greetings from far-away stations, and through strangers' lips.

S. D. W.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

SAD AND SORROWFUL.

OUTSIDE 'tis a fine morning,
But inside truly a house of mourning.
Old cold Death is marching on,
With a fearless, silent tread,
And our youngest dear son John
Is numbered with the countless dead.
The long pent-up anxious fears
Have found vent in scalding tears.
It is a sad and solemn thing
To have a soul thus suddenly take wing—
To see a young man, in the halcyon of life,
Taken from his little ones and loving wife;—
Thus left to struggle thro' life as best they can,
Without a father or husband's hand to plan.
We submit as well as we can
To the roll from below or above,
Trusting that an honest man
Will find a God of justice and love.
His mother and I are getting old and grey,
Ere long we both shall pass away—
Our bodies mingle with the clay,
Our souls seek a mansion on high;—
Hope travels through, nor leaves us when we die.
PENSVALE, Ind., Third Month, 6th, 1878.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE.

NORTH SCITUATE, March 19, 1878.

DEAR BROTHER DENSMORE,—I have been a constant reader of your paper since its first issue, and have watched with increasing interest its growth and popularity, and my heart rejoices to know that the light emanating from its columns is driving back the thick darkness, and replacing it with the light of the higher spheres; and may the time soon arrive when all can realize the great fact that, "if a man die, he shall live again."

I have been looking in all the Spiritual papers for a message from my dear husband, who left me fourteen years ago; but never have been favored with one word from him, until the first of this month I received a letter from him in the VOICE OF ANGELS, through "West Ingle," a person I never saw or heard of before, which is perfectly characteristic of him in every particular, so much so, that I have no more doubts of its coming from him than of my own existence. He told me, before he left, it would probably be some time before I heard from him, as it was

his disposition to let others go ahead of him; and in speaking of his watchful care over me, he also speaks of a change I was contemplating, which no one knew of but myself. All this, coming through a stranger, is test enough for me. How could it be otherwise? I do not wish to take up space, but I thought that, out of pure justice to the Medium, and no less so to my angel-husband, I could do no less than make this public acknowledgment. Excuse me if I have been too prolix, and accept my highest regards.

Your sister and co-worker,

CLARA V. ALLEN.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

BROTHER DENSMORE,—Have you space for a few words from a friend and reader of your (ours as well) ever welcome "VOICE?" I think no one can take up a single copy of any of our Spiritual papers without finding in letters from all parts of the country, the constantly recurring request, "Why don't Mediums come our way?" "Send us a good lecturer. There is a large percentage of liberal minds here in our town, village or city, as the case may be, and it needs only the truths of Spiritualism presented to them, to bring them out on the right side;" or, "Why can't you send us a good test Medium?—mind, we want the genuine article, none other need apply." "There has never been a lecturer here on Spiritualism in this ignorant and creed-bound town. If we could only have a good speaker, and a first rate test, or materializing Medium, the people would flock to hear and see." And this call can be heard now as never before, coming from the north and the south, from the east and the west, from the mountains and valleys, varied only to suit the various needs of the different localities. There are probably but a very few families of Spiritualists in the land, where the necessary conditions of harmonious relations and surroundings exist, but what there might be Media of one or more of the different phases developed, by holding and maintaining circles, with the sincere desire and honest purpose of discovering the truth for themselves of the claims of Spiritualism. Call in no experts, admit no strangers, but go on quietly, calmly, persistently.

And, whether spoken by the lips of the individual to whom the following words are attributed or not, many a private circle has found the promise more than fulfilled to them: "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there will I be in the midst of them." It is

hardly to be supposed that these words are to be taken in a literal or material sense in this age, but rather as embodying a beautiful Spiritual truth. One thing we all know, or may know by trying the experiment, where love reigns, be there few or many, there must exist in the heart of each a desire for the good of all, which insures sympathy, charity, fraternal regard, and above all, that sweet "pence that passeth understanding."

I wish every family where this "messenger of the angels" enters, might be induced to erect an altar beneath the protecting shelter of their own roof. Try it, friends, if only for a little season. Dedicate an altar, and consecrate an hour for sweet and holy communion with your departed, unseen, but still waiting friends, — waiting with patient longing for you to open the way and give them the necessary conditions to make their presence known to you. A sweet, lovely woman said to me only a few days since, and she a Spiritualist of twenty years' growth, "Why don't my dear old mother come to me; most three years gone, and not a sign or word from her yet. And you know that Spiritualism was for years her life—her all in all. And while reading the *Message Department of the Banner of Light*, she would say, 'Why don't some of our friends come? I should think they might come as well as others. I know I wouldn't wait long before I'd try and manifest myself in some way.' Yet three years have passed away, and no sign has been given that she 'still lives.'" I asked this loving daughter if she had ever held a circle at her own home—over taken all the necessary steps required to give the dear, quiet, gentle, and very sensitive mother a chance to make herself known to the household?—if she had any reason to think that her mother had changed—had lost the affection for, or interest in her children? "Why, no, of course not." Then followed a long list of the reasons, real and imaginary, why she had failed to do her part to help her mother to manifest her presence, if she desired to. No circle, no Media, not one of the requisite conditions given, yet, "Why don't our loved ones come to us?" is the almost universal cry to be heard now, turn where we will.

In a late copy of one of our Spiritual papers, in an article from a correspondent, he urges the formation and holding of private or family circles, one object of which should be the development of Media; and when success has crowned their efforts, perhaps after long and patient waiting, and the divided family in

the two spheres have once more come into sweet and holy communion through this new instrument—what next? Why, "Send them forth into the world to carry the glad tidings, to spread this new gospel, to give to the multitude that which they have received" in the sacred sanctuary of home. Probably this new Medium is the most sensitive, delicate, nervous and negative member of the home circle; shrinking from all contact with rude and uncongenial influences; needing the protecting care of appreciating and loving friends to enable them to do their work. Oh, yes, send them out into the world, among strangers, to be met by the sneers, the ridicule, the foreordained hate, and the ill will of the natural enemies of Spiritualism, and its ministers! Send them forth to encounter alone and single-handed, the no less antagonistic and more cruel, suspicious, jealous and envied criticism of pretended friends! Take them into the presence of some imposing, self-elected committee, that sentence may be pronounced upon them as if they were suspected criminals! Bind them with thongs, and be sure that it is so well done that the tender flesh is cut, and blood (perhaps atoning blood) flows freely, as has been done! Put on the handcuffs, no matter if they are too small, it will only displace a bone, or take up between its iron teeth a little of the shrinking flesh, or a cord or two, (and this too has been done in the name of Spiritualism,) and if the poor victim objects to this kind of martyrdom, and begs for mercy, they answer with a sneer, "Oh, yes, I know what you want. You want the irons large enough so that you can slip your hands out and play your tricks." And this poor Medium was only a young girl sent out from home, that the dear people might hear and see for themselves the beautiful truths of Spiritualism, as given by the angels, through their chosen instruments. And she, the tortured Mary E. . . y, submitted without further useless protest, tears and blood flowing alike.

"I think," said the honest and holy man, "that you are not quite as secure as you might be. We don't want to be cheated; so I'll just put this halter around your neck, and tie it to a staple in the wall, for who knows what you will do if your head is loose. But your feet, there may be danger lurking there; so I'll just put on these shackles, as we have them handy. Now, madam, if you are not a fraud, we shall expect to witness some of the wonderful things you claim the Spirits do

in your presence." So this pious man sat himself down in solemn mockery, with his two skeptical friends, waiting for what might follow. First, demanding that the Spirits tell him how much money he has in his pocket, and the dates on the different pieces. And soon after, this good and liberal Christian got up in his pulpit and preached a sermon against "that miserable delusion—modern Spiritualism." For, didn't the Spirits fail to tell him how much money he had in his pocket? This good man is now where he will learn more about Spirit-power than he could here; and in a message to me not long ago said, "I find I didn't know it all while in earthly life." And the poor Medium, too, whom he so "thoroughly tested," as surely fills a martyr's grave, (or rather, her frail body does,) as if she had been burned at a Christian's stake.

And now, friends, those of you who are mourning over your inability to visit, either near or far, any of our well-established and successful Mediums, let me once more urge you to open your own doors, and hearts too, and take the travelers from the Summer-Land in. Your own loved and lost companions, be they fathers, mothers, children or friends, would rather commune with you in the sacred circle of home, with all their treasured memories, than go away with you to some stranger, and try to make themselves manifest to your and their own satisfaction. And if you are so fortunate as to discover that you have a Medium in your midst, guard, protect and care for him or her, as your greatest earthly treasure. And when fully developed, so that the celestial telegraph works smoothly, send them out among the wolves and vultures of so-called society? No! Keep them at home, under double vigilance. Refuse admittance to the scientific autocrat, to the self-elected, investigating committee, and all curiosity hunters, of whatever name and stripe. If success is your reward for faithfulness, and pure aspiration for the truth in regard to Spirit communion, and the lessons it will teach you, the time will undoubtedly come when you can safely extend the helping hand to some afflicted and suffering friend, one that is all ready to receive the heavenly messenger; one that would bring no inharmonious influences to drive away your Spirit-friends, if you lead them to a seat beside your altar.

True, the time may come, when with a power and strength no care can prevent, your treasure may go forth to preach the new gospel; then submit. If you see that

it is the work of Spirit-friends, and not the outgrowth of unworthy, selfish, or sordid motives—let them go. It needs but to know the personal history of the majority of our Media, in order to cure any aspiration for like experiences. Truth, as of old, still marks her onward march by the trail of martyrs' graves she leaves behind her.

S. D. W.

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE SEA OF LIFE.

THROUGH MISS A. B. P. ROBERTS.

I float upon the sea of time,
And, tossed upon the billowed waves,
I wait unto a fairer clime,
Where happiness will crown my days.
And should my bark be cast away
Upon life's turbid billowed sea,
Life's tide my spirit will convey
Unto a land where all are free.

Free from earth-life's deceptive anarchy,
From vain, illusive, haughty pride;
Free from the dross of earth, so full of tares,
Where sin's embrace and truth denied;
From formal, barren, selfish hearts,
Who have no love of charity,
No sympathy or love impart,
To set the burthened captive free.

I would not linger here on earth,
Where sin is rife and virtue dead;
Where wicked souls revel in mirth,
And innocence in blindness led.
I would not join the unjust clan,
Whose love is as the iceberg cold;
I'd choose to join the Angel Band,
Where love and peace would fill my soul.

When earth-life is squandered in vain,
While floating over the sea of life,
With errors fraught and selfish aim,
It stamps the soul a gorgon rife.
The life of man is incomplete,
When deeds of justice are forgot;
Serve not the god of self-conceit—
Due recompense will be your lot.

Life is the time earth's wrongs to right,
Prepare the way for future joy;
Our wrongful deeds our hopes will blight,
And our souls opaque with alloy.
In life's career we set our type—
Prepare our own biography;
Beware we set our type aright—
We set them for eternity.

CANDIA, March, 1878.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

EVOLUTION OR GROWTH.

BY JOSHUA H. ROGERS.

The law of evolution surely runs
From atoms up to man; thence to man;
Up through God's universe to central suns,
Embracing general law and universal plan.

The atheist may say there is no God,
That rules creation with his power and will;
"That wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod,"
And man for good or evil is powerless still.

From matter and its attendant Spirit-force
Is all the phenomena that man can know;
Can hurl the planets in their course,
Can make my aching heart to beat, my soul to glow.

Matter of itself is powerless and dead,
Cannot make one hair black or white;
Tells nothing of the future, or whither it may lead,
But leaves us to gloomy shadows or eternal night.

I have pursued this path for many a weary day,
To find why man was prone to woe and strife;
Like a pilgrim, footsore and weary, have found the way
That leads to happiness and eternal life.

All things viewed by our objective sight
Are not as we see them, only in the seeming;
And as our Spirits approach the inner light,
We find, ah! what we only have been dreaming.

The real things of earth are never seen,
They are not objective to the natural sight—
Are hidden from our senses by a screen,
And discerned only by our Spiritual light.

Intuition flows from our Spiritual side,
Sweeps into our being like a mighty stream;
And if we are passive, we can take the tide
That carries us beyond, where worlds may gleam.

Oh, that mighty potent force called Self!
Least understood by those the world calls learned—
If turned aside, the cause of all our strife,
But the law of love, that guides it, by the simple child discerned.

Jesus in his earth-life by the Spirit said,
The kingdom of heaven is within you all;
Whoever knoweth this hath more than bread,
Neither shall they thirst, be they great or small.

And as our inner senses are opened to the Spirit-Man,
Embracing all there is of earth and sky,
We begin the great over-soul to understand,
That great principle of love from low to high.

I wish I had the power to make this plain to others as to me,
And paint the glorious landscape "just over there,"
And have their inner senses opened, that they may see
What the Spirit-World embraces, when done with earthly cure.

[And thus, friend Denmore, have I been led all these
weary sixty-five years of earth-life, in the search for that
truth we all love, that "passeth all understanding," but
which will be made more plain to you and me and every-
body else, when we gather up our life work here and pass on
to conditions just fitted for us, and from whence we must
continue upward and onward forever.—J. H. R.]

DOVER PLAINS, N. Y., March 20, 1878.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE ANGEL'S MISSION.

THROUGH LEOPOLD KOHN, PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 20, 1878.

We'll gather the apples as they fall,
And tend the bruised, that lay on the ground;
Whose fall was high—yes, their heads so tall,
And when they fell we scarce heard a sound.

"Your baskets!—we'll gather them as they fall,
And you can carry them to the barn,
Where Winter's sting and wild Summer's call
Cannot wilt nor thwart nor do them harm."

'Tis now Autumn: the fruit has fallen,
And the swains to the orchard repair,
And view, with eager mien and sullen,
The fruit-dappled ground, with ill-despair.

The Spirit-Father knows when to pluck
The fruit that hangs drooping so high.
He gives it life;—its green tendrils grasp back,
Twining round, round, round, reaching the sky.

As the genial, ground-absorbing rain
Falls alike on river, land, sea and mount,
So Angels, far from their home, ascend again,
Mission-wrought, to refill the empty fount.

VERIFICATION OF THE MESSAGE.

OF THE SPIRIT OF FREDERICK COOMBS, IN
THE VOICE OF ANGELS OF APRIL LAST.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

EXPERIENCED as I am, I was more than
astonished at the remarkable communica-
tion of the Spirit FREDERICK COOMBS, in
the 15th of March number of the "VOICE."
I have frequently seen the said Freder-
ick, in his mortality, years ago; I saw
him about the streets of Washington City,
particularly in Pennsylvania Avenue—an
object of curiosity and interest to all
passers-by, dressed in his buckskin conti-
nentials and chapeau, dealing out to those
who would buy, his little books and pamph-

lets, and conversing fluently with those
who would hear him, about old and new
times.

Since I have been in New York, I have
seen my old familiar "Continental" fre-
quently in the streets, particularly in Union
Square, engaged in the same business as
I had a long time ago seen him in Wash-
ington.

But within the past few years I have
missed him, and did not know what had
become of him, until I saw his Spirit, and
spirited communication in the VOICE.

Now I feel well assured that he is in
the Spirit-Land, and I am glad to know
that he is so well to do there. I have no
doubt that all he says of himself is true,
and that, having been a good man here,
he has a good place there in the Summer-
Land, without the trouble, vexation, and
suffering which the poor fellow experi-
enced here; and to which he refers in his
communication.

In his mortality, as he says, he present-
ed a striking resemblance to the pictures
we so often see of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,
and it always seemed to me that the old
man took an especial pride in this fact. I
wonder if he does now?

Yours truly,

A. G. W. CARTER.

NEW YORK, April 1, 1878.

CORROBORATION OF SPIRIT MES-
SAGE.

AMEA, Iowa, Jan. 6, 1878.

BROTHER DENSMORE,—In the VOICE OF
ANGELS of Dec. 15th, I find a message
through C. E. Winans, purporting to
come from my wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Wes-
ton. The message is characteristic of her,
although there is a mistake in the time of
her passing out of the body. The long-
looked-for message was received with joy.
I had nearly despaired of ever getting a
communication from her, although she
promised to do so. Hoping to receive a
thorough test, for the benefit of our chil-
dren, I sincerely thank you and our Angel-
Friends for the message received.

I remain your friend and brother,

C. F. WESTON.

MESSAGE CORROBORATED.

MR. DENSMORE,—Dear Sir—The mes-
sage in the VOICE OF ANGELS of March
15th, through West Ingle, from Emma
Grocket to her father, Dayton, Ohio, is
true in every respect.

Respectfully, JOHN GROKET.

214 EAST 5TH ST., Dayton, Ohio, Feb. 19, 1878.

THE wise man knows his own ignorance.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

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BOSTON, MASS., APRIL 15, 1878.

EDITORIAL.

RESURRECTION.

DEAR AMANUENSIS AND FRIEND,—Although it will occupy space that might be used to better advantage than discussing the merits or demerits of the almost obsolete subject heading this article, yet at the earnest request of an anxious inquirer into the truths underlying the Spiritual Philosophy, we will give it a brief analysis. As our friend merely requested a "short essay" upon "resurrection," without telling us what she means, or giving any indication of what is to be "resurrected," the presumption is that she refers to the resurrection of the physical body at the last great day, as taught by some of the churches, whose ministers tell their listeners, in so many words, that on a certain day, as a blast from Gabriel's trumpet comes pealing and crashing through the arching heavens, the dead, after lying unconscious in the grave countless years, will arise into newness of life, more fresh and vigorous than ever, clothed in heavenly habiliments; that he (Gabriel) at the same time will announce to a wicked adulterous world the final end of all sublunary things; that the earth will be burned with fervent heat, and all on its surface who know not God will be utterly destroyed in the great conflagration which is to purge the earth of all grossness; that the redeemed of earth's children will live, in this new state of things, in undisturbed bliss forever, under the guiding influence and leadership of Jesus Christ, who will be seen, on that eventful day, while yet the clarion notes of that fatal trump are reverberating through the stellar spaces, coming in the clouds of heaven, attended by innumerable hosts of angels, who proclaim—as the celestial army nears the confines of the doomed earth—in one united chorus, the glad tidings of great joy, that sin and wickedness are about being swept from the earth forever.

The inference is that the above is what our friend alludes to in her request. Hence, without making any comments upon the subject, we will assure her that, if she had simply asked us if we believed in the resurrection of the physical body, our answer would have been, "Most certainly we do;" and we would have given our reasons for the same, somewhat as

follows, namely. We should have told her, to begin with, that we believe in the evolution theory; that is, that the substance of *all* physical bodies is evolved out of the four elements, and, through proper chemical combinations of the same, a physical structure or body was the result; and at the dissolution of this structure, these elements dissolve partnership with each other, each one going back into its original condition, and there remains, until Mother Nature again calls them into activity. These elements again combine, and mixing with the soil, enriching it, thus stimulating the growth of the vegetable kingdom, for the sustenance of the animal creation, without which sustenance physical bodies could never exist.

Further, we believe that this evolution process goes on forever, constantly reproducing new and more perfect types of animated nature. This we call Mother Nature's refining process, for the production of higher and more perfect types of creation. In other words, progression;—for it will hardly be denied that every generation, in all the kingdoms of nature, is an improvement—in the lapse of ages—upon its predecessor. If this law is admitted true, in one case, then it holds good in all manifestations of animated life.

In this sense, and this alone, do we believe in the resurrection of the physical body. But to believe, as the advocates of the first mentioned theory would have us, namely, that the soul, which all churchmen profess to believe—whether they do or not—is a part of Deity himself, is to lie unconscious in the grave thousands of years, and may be ages, before it is awakened from its long sleep,—supposing the body it lived in did *not* decompose, which none will deny, and at the shrill notes of Gabriel's, or anybody's else trump, this piece of Divinity is to jump into activity from its long slumber, clothed in the *identical body* it occupied ages gone by, more perfect in form and feature than when laid away, as they affirm,—this requires a greater stretch of the imagination than has fallen to our humble lot. But, when it is known that every particle of matter composing the human body had melted into impalpable dust ages ago, and through the unerring operations of natural law, must have become part and parcel of other forms of matter, such as the grasses and the other vegetable kingdoms, and they in turn had gone into, and made up the whole animal structure; and then to be told that, at one blast from the bugle of destiny, the several parts of each *particular body*—bones, muscles, tissues,

blood and arteries, will come flying singly through the air, and again take their proper places in *this original body*—which must be the case, if the resurrection theory, as taught by the churches is true—enhances the mystery a thousand fold.

Thus, friend S., I have briefly considered your request, and if our mode of reasoning in regard to it does not fully meet your ideas or expectations, it is the best we can do in a necessarily short article.

PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

ELIZA RUSSEL.

[Received March 24th, 1878.]

How do you do? (I'm pretty well. How do you do?) I don't know. (Why?) I feel so weak in trying to come; but I thought I'd like to send a message to father, and to Charlie, and Nellie. My dear mother is with me now. I was so glad when I had her. Spirit-Life seemed more like home then. I've been gone a long time—long over ten years. But I'd like to send a word to father. I want to prepare him for the kind of life he will find when he comes to us. He don't believe this, I guess; at least he didn't when I was there. But he's getting old, and we want him to know that Spirits live after the death of the body, in a world very much like this, just as natural, only better adapted by the conditions of society to meet the wants of its inhabitants; and that we have our pursuits and pleasures,—the company of those we love, and who love us, and that we can return with love to those we left on earth.

I was very weak. I went off in a decline—a wasting away of the life-forces, the Spirits say. I was young, too young my friends thought to go, but it was best. I was not happy. There was a pain at my heart I could not still; but tell father I am nicely now. I am happy, without a regret for the past. And I would like to send Charlie word that I am living, and can bring him love and a peaceful heart. I went to him long ago in California, and tried to manifest my presence, but didn't do very well. There's a dear one whom he loves here with me. Charlie felt bad about me. He could not reconcile himself to my trouble. Tell him it's all right now. I have no ill feeling towards anyone; in fact, I never had. There's much more I would like to say, but can't now. I am Eliza Russel of Cambridgeport, Mass.

MINNIE TAPPAN.

[Received March 10th, 1878.]

GOOD EVENING. I am Minnie Tappan. I would like to send a few words to friends, to those who were kind to me. Tell them, please, that I am doing nicely.

in the Spirit's home; that I have taken up the work I was to have done here, and I am able to carry it forward much better than I could here. There are many of my race in the Spirit Hunting-Grounds, who need to be taught the beauties of true civilized life, and I am studying hard that I may become a worthy teacher. It was well that I was taken when I was. I felt that I fell at my post, but it is all right now. I was so glad when Aunt Fanny came. Dear Aunt Fanny! I am with her a good deal, and Vooshti, and Spring Flower, too.

I want to send my love to Mrs. Pope. Please tell her I am happy; tell her I thank her for all her kindness. Tell Col. Pope that I am completely tamed now; I'm not as wild as I was, but the red blood sometimes stirs in my veins yet. There are others I want to send my love to—Mr. and Mrs. Wilson; (tell them I have seen Anna Cora; she is a beautiful Spirit); and to dear Mr. Colby. I am so glad he got the guard. They were all so kind, I cannot enumerate them all, but Emuneeska never forgets. Tell Dr. Pike I'm first-rate now, but when I first began to be sick, before I gave up, I thought if I could see him I should feel better; he used to help Aunt Fannie so much.

And now I want to send my love to Col. Tappan. Tell him that the red race bless him for what he has done and what he has tried to do. For his kindness to the little Indian maiden, I can never thank him too much. I have met Omwah, my father-chief, and he sends to Col. T. the red-man's token of good will. Sometimes in the far West, when the smoke of the Indian's wigwam ascends to the sky of the great Manito, Omwah comes to the braves and gives them counsel. "By-and-by," he says, "the red race will be at peace with their white brothers, and the Great Spirit will send his blessing on all alike. But while waiting for the time of peace, Omwah blesses the brave white chiefs who seek the red man's comfort and welfare."

I will not say more now; some time, perhaps, and somewhere, I will send a message direct to those I love here on earth, that will more fully express my feelings. Only remember Minnehaha with love, and she will bless you all.

ROBERT JACKSON.

[Received March 10th, 1878.]

THAT'S my name; I died in Chicago, Ill., between, I think, three and five years ago; I don't know as my friends will believe this, but I came to rap them up, and see if they would invite me in and bid me welcome; if they will, I'll be glad to meet

'em; if not, I'm very well off, and can afford to wait better than they can; I think some of 'em will see this. Much obliged.

NELLIE BLISS.

[Received March 10th, 1878.]

GOOD EVENING. I have come here to send a word of encouragement to Mrs. Pickering, the materializing Medium. I have joined her band of influences, and, with their aid, hope and expect to do something in the way of demonstrating the truth of immortality.

Please to tell the dear lady to stand firm; do not allow what others may do or say to ruffle your mind, or to disturb your serenity; it is our wish that you remain as you are for the present; the trouble that seems to threaten you will pass away; by-and-bye we will wish to make a change, but will do only what is for your good, and the good of the spiritual cause; the angels have you in their keeping, and while you remain true to them and to your trust, they will guard and guide you through all. In coming in contact with you, your band has become so assimilated with your own magnetism, that whatever tends to disturb and trouble your spirit, affects each one of them correspondingly; therefore, take no heed of evil reports; no harm shall come to you; love and sympathy will guard you from ill; we appreciate and bless you; you will see and recognize me at your seance.

I will not send any word to my own dear ones—only love; at another time and place, you may hear from me, with the full assurance, in your souls, that it is your own Nellie who brings you the blossom of love and peace, and who holds for you the white dove of Purity.

I thank you, sir. You may call me Nellie Bliss.

[The above was given by a most beautiful and gentle young lady Spirit.]

Please direct this message to the care of Mr. J. R. Pickering, Rochester, N. H.

JOEL CARNDON.

[Received March 20th, 1878.]

WELL, stranger, do you allow Yankees to come? (Yes, indeed.) My name is Joel Carndon; I'm from the good old State of Maine; was what they used to call a lumber man; and I thought if I could come here and wag my tongue once more on this side of life, I'd like to. There's an old friend o' mine in Maine, who's kind o' looking into this thing, and I thought maybe he'd see my name and it'd set him to thinking. I jog his elbow once in a while, and he wonders what the deuce it is, and folks think he's a fool, but he

isn't. Do you know, stranger, that 'ere chap who was here just now, the one who's head was bamboozled, was going to give my name for his'n; I don't know how he caught it; I didn't speak it, but perhaps 'twas writ on the air. There's strange things on this Speritual side; but I jest jogged his elbow, and told him it wouldn't do; if he didn't know his own name, he couldn't have mine. He was pretty well befuddled.

I came from the cold water State, ye know.

Well, stranger, excuse my rough ways; I'm much obliged to ye, and if ever I can do ye a good turn, I'm the man; but I'm not very refined. When yer get a dozen or twenty fellows together in camp, they don't stand much for conventionalities.

The sperits like to have me go to circles, 'cause I'm strong and can help the Mediums. Good night.

GEORGE WHITCOMB.

[Received March 20th, 1878.]

I AM here by invitation, sir, although glad to come, as I would like to send a message to a dear friend. Her birthday is near, and I thought I would send her a word of love and cheer from the Spirit-World, as the best gift we could bring. [A beautiful idea.]

I was an officer, sir, in our late rebellion. I am not sorry that I passed out as I did, but rather glad, as my experience in the other life has been of incalculable benefit to me. And now, sir, I would say to my friend,—Dear Anna, although conditions have been such that you could not catch those glorious inspirations from the higher life, that once lifted your soul above the bounds of materiality, and though shadows sometimes gather round your Spirit, so that you cannot see clearly the way; yet cheer up, we are with you still, with you to whisper into your ear the counsels of truth and the promise of hope; we gather round to bring you the sweet tokens of undying love, and the immortal blossoms of Spirit-appreciation and sympathy.

Your dear little ones send their message of love to "dear, darling mamma;" they and we all will be with you on the 19th of April, to bring you the garlands of flowers that we always bring on such happy occasions. I will bring you the cone shaped bunch of spring pinks, and if conditions are favorable, will show them to you; they will be the first of the season; no one shall have that kind of flower, if I can prevent, before yourself.

What shall I say? Is there need for me to assure you of our undying love for you? Does not your soul cry out to us

every day for strength, and for our presence, and indeed do we not respond, "We are here." Sometimes you cannot hear our words of encouragement; but darling girl, have faith that we are with you, that we bring you the truest love of our souls, and do not allow the conditions of earth to come between your soul and the Spirit-World. I do wish that G-v-n was in other business, for what he is engaged in brings around a heavy atmosphere, through which it is difficult for Spirits to penetrate. But we will come through "thick and thin," and will be with you always.

As military titles do not exist in Spirit, sir, you may call me simply,

GEORGE WHITCOMB.

FULLER.

[Received March 20th, 1878.]

My head's awful bad. I'm a poor, miserable body, anyway. (Oh, you're pretty well off.) No, I'm not. (What's the matter?) Don't know. (No? Well, I told you you're well off, if you only knew it.) No I aint, I'm all afire. Oh, I feel awful! I'm after a rum-seller. What business have they to be flourishing when I'm burning up? (They'll get punishment enough by-and-bye. You let them alone, and try and get better yourself.) I can't get any better. I tell you my head's swimming like a top, and I'm all afire. (What's your name?) Its—ah!—its Fuller—and I was fuller too before I came here, than ever I was before. (What's your christian name?) Hum!—You'll have to wait till I come again; my head's so dizzy I can't think. They tell me I've only been gone somewhere about a week. I've got folks at a place called Russell. Guess its no loss to have me go, either. I'm from near Springfield. Last thing I remember was getting in a wagon, then I awoke all afire. Rum did it. Don't any of your folks ever drink rum, because if you do you'll feel awful when you come here. You'll find it burning you up. I guess that's hell.

After some talk with the chairman, who endeavored to assist the Spirit into a better condition, he said, "Well, sir, I thank you. I believe I feel a little cooler now; I am better, at any rate."

STEPHEN S. JONES, OF CHICAGO, ILL.

[Received March 20th, 1878.]

I WAS thinking, Mr. Chairman, while that poor unfortunate was manifesting, that such an exhibition of the evils of intemperance was a more eloquent and forcible protest against the continuance of the rum traffic, than any lecture the most gifted orator could deliver. What a com-

ment upon the great wrong intemperance is doing humanity!

But I am not here to preach a temperance sermon. I do not know as I was particularly interested in that when here, my attention being directed solely to the Spiritual movement; but in Spirit-Life, we witness so much, that our interest is drawn to whatever will benefit humanity.

I would like to send a word of encouragement and cheer to my co-workers on earth. I have come before, through other channels; but as the anniversary time of our beautiful Cause is approaching, I thought a word of commendation would not be out of place. I would bring my love, and also blessings, to my family and friends. Tell them that, in the year I have spent in Spirit-Life, I have gained more experience and knowledge than all the earthly years of my life put together; therefore I do not regret passing out as I did, though I would have preferred a little pleasanter means of exit.

Tell Col. Bundy, and also my daughter, that I am perfectly satisfied with what has been done. The affairs have been arranged as nearly as I could wish, and I am pleased to see all things prospering so well. The Spirit-World will direct you, as heretofore, and your labors will be abundantly blessed. Go on in your work, and you will know that I am by your side, still busy and interested in the Cause.

I give a fraternal greeting, Mr. Chairman, to all friends everywhere, and bid them all God-speed.

I am interested in the little paper that is to publish this message. When it was first projected, I gave it welcome; for the more journals of Spiritualism we had, the better the means of disseminating the truth to humanity; and I was pleased to see it established.

I am, sir, Stephen S. Jones, of Chicago.

THROUGH MRS. E. RANDLE, SALT LAKE.

FROM THE SPIRIT OF MY BROTHER, HENRY WARENSKI, TO HIS MOTHER, MRS. E. HOLDER, SOUTH COTTONWOOD.

DEAR MOTHER AND SISTER, AND ALL,—I am very happy to come here to let you know that I have not forgotten you. Never doubt for one moment that it is me, your ever loving son Henry. Dear mother, though my body is dead, my Spirit is more awake, and my love more intense than ever before. Yes, mother, often have I tried to show myself to you when you have been thinking and wondering about me. I have been by you all the time, trying to make you understand that I was with you. Dear mother, all through my sufferings on earth I never forgot you;

and many times did I think of what Albert said, that I should come back. But dear mother, when I left, I did not intend to come back here again, but I hoped to make a good home somewhere, and then prevail on you and all to come to me.

Mother, I never knew what it was to be at rest from the day my dear brother William and I parted. We had a few words, spoken in haste, and we parted, one went one way, and the other another. We never met again on earth, but we meet again in heaven. Dear mother, weep not for us, we are all happy.

William and Spridy were the first to meet me when I was released from my suffering body, for I suffered much; but it is over now. I have met many friends here that I did not expect to. Mrs. Fensdale and children, and Joseph Wilson and sons, and many others that I did not know were here; but do not say dead, for we all live just as much as we ever did, and can help you, dear mother, in many things, though you can not see us yet. We are ever around you doing all the good we can, and often laugh when we hear you say you think Henry or father are dead, for if you could see us you would think we were as much alive as ever.

Uncle Jonathan, and cousin Charley, and Eliza are here, and all together we make quite a happy band, and are only waiting for you to finish your work there, that we may have the chance of conveying you to our happy home in Spirit-Life.

Dear sister, I am very thankful to you for this. I knew nothing of this when there, but will say that I am very happy to have a dear sister on earth, through whom I can communicate to my friends. We all join in giving our kind love to you all—brothers, sisters, and all my friends and relations. Mother, father is on this side; he will come and let you know soon as he can. He died soon after Edward received his last letter. I see many things now that we all did wrong in, but we are all very happy now. Dear mother, I will come again as soon as I can. Now may the good angels bless and protect you all.

From your affectionate son,

HENRY WARENSKI.

Good day, Brother Randle. Many thanks to you for your kindness, you and your dear sister. Continue in the grand work you have commenced, and great will be your reward in heaven. My love to your friend and co-worker, Mr. Donamore, who will so kindly publish this letter for me to my dear mother. Oh, forgot to tell you to kiss little Will-

Henry for me, and give my love to Edward and his wife and children.

I don't know that I can say any more now, only that I died by the rough hands of the red-skins. But never mind that, we are all happy now, and we can prepare a home for you, mother. And as you understand something of this grand truth, you will be able to progress the faster here. Please excuse me for so mixing up my message to you, but I am so overjoyed at coming, that I do not know what to say or how to say it; so if you can put it together, it is more than I can do now.

Good bye, once more. From your friend,
HENRY WARENSKI.

TUNIE DENSMORE.

DEAR FATHER,—It gives me great pleasure to once more send a message of love to you through this, our Medium. Dear father, I am very thankful that you have been able to avail yourself of this chance, as I have long seen the need of help. It is too much for you alone, and as there are many spirits that could not get the chance to speak to you before, I will now, dear father, bring the Spirit to this, our Medium, as we will now be enabled to send messages of love from all that wish to help humanity. Dear father, this is a lady whom you may well trust, or I would not have come through her, as we want the genuine, and that alone, and the Medium's desire is to help all, whether they be small or great. Dear father, cheer up, our noble purpose will have greater circulation than ever before. It is a noble work we are engaged in, and prosper it must. It cannot, shall not, must not fail to do a noble work.

Dear father, may our precious paper progress, so that it may be a shining light to spread the truth of sweet communion all over the world, is the wish of your ever loving and helping daughter.

TUNIE.

FROM HARRIET MACNIGHT.

SOUTH COTTONWOOD, March 1, 1878.

DEAR FRIEND,—It is a great pleasure to come here. Having been told that this place was open to all, I thought I would come to send a message to my dear children on earth. I want to say to them, be kind, be good and truthful; and to Luly, as she is now called, be good and obedient to those who are placed over you; they are good and kind to you. Live that you may always retain their kind love and protection. And to my daughter Hattie I would say, beware of the false and wrong that is ever trying to ensnare you in their most miserable life. Well, dear, always

remember that your Spirit-mother will watch and protect you all she can; and when I see you going astray, I will do all I can to help you. Live, my children, so that your angel-mother can better assist you.

To the kind and dear friends that have so kindly taken my daughter into their care and protection, I would say, God bless you for the noble act, and may Luly live so that she will be a comfort to you. Dear lady, it was my Spirit-presence that you felt, when you asked my husband James for the child, and I have tried since to do you all the good that lays in my power. Dear friends, I suffered much when there. Yes, I suffered for the want of food; and now that I see my daughter so well provided for, I want her to live so that she may deserve the kindness she receives at home. They, my children, are better to you, and you must love them more than all else, for without their protection you would be lost. Now may the good angels bless and protect you all, is the daily and hourly prayer of your mother in Spirit-Land.

MRS. H. MACNIGHT.

HENRY ASHMAN.

Good day, sir; I am mighty glad to have this opportunity of coming back, to let folks know I am alive. Well, I was what you call a rowdy fellow when here; but I think I have seen lots worse, at least I have got a better time of it now than lots as used to think they were mighty good.

Well, I never did think I was any better than I ought to be, but I tell you what it is, I never stole anything away from a child as could not help itself, as I know lots of them as did; but I would rather give a child ten cents to buy a top or doll with, than to take it away. I tell you, I have sent many a youngster home, better off than they came out, yet I was called mean.

Well, I just tell you, I liked whiskey, and would have it, too. Well, they say it was that as killed me; perhaps it was, but I aint sorry. I would not come back here to live, if I could.

Well, I suppose you want to know my name, and where I died. It was in Sacramento, California; my brother Jim is there. My name was Henry Ashman.

Good day, sir.

WILLIE BROWN, OF READING, BERKSHIRE, ENGLAND.

Oh, what a nice place this is, where I live! there is such a lot of girls and boys to play with, and they don't fight either. Mother used to tell me to come straight

home from school, because the children would fight me; but they don't fight me here. I could stay out all day if I wanted to, and they won't hurt me. Oh, I am so glad I have found a place to come. When I am tired of play I will come here. Well, I think mamma said I was five years old. I have been in the Summer-Land a little over one year, so you see I am six years old now. I am learning to read well.

Good-by all. I will come again. Thank you for this. I send lots of kisses to my dear mother. Good-day, sir.

ELIZABETH ALLEN,

TO HER DEAR SCHOOL COMPANION OF EARTH.

WELL, Elizabeth, if this ain't a treat! I did not think of finding you here. I came for a walk with my friends; they said they were coming to see a Medium, and send messages to earth, and here I am with my dear schoolmate. Oh, dear Lizzy, I cannot tell the joy it gives me to see you. I am glad you are the Medium, for I shall come often. Well, my spirit left the body June 6th, '74; but I did not die. No; I could see my friends, and mother and sister weeping for me; yet I could not speak to them. I knew nothing of this until my Spirit-Companions told me of it, and I have tried to speak, but could never get to before. My friends tell me now that is why they fetched me here.

I don't know that I have any one in particular to send to, as my family is all on this side, but I am glad to see you, dear friend. The home in Spirit-Land is much better than here. I do not suffer now; I am always free from pain. It is a very beautiful place, as real as this one.

May the good angels bless you, Lizzy, in this noble cause. From your ever loving friend,
E. ALLEN.

FROM JOSEPH RANDALL, TO HIS SON JAMES.

WELL, James, I am very happy to come to you tonight. You may think that I am neglecting you, but I wish you to drive that thought from you. There are reasons why I do not visit the earth often, which you will know some day.

Now, dear son, I want to give you a word of advice. You are raising a young family, and you are getting into years; now do not be too harsh with them, and use improper language to them, but be kind to them and set a good example before them to follow. You must bear with Charley, for he is nervous, and that makes him cross, and he cannot help it. You must remember you are cross yourself when you are sick. Do be kind, and overlook the faults that he may have; and let him enjoy himself as much as he can, for

I do not think his days will be long on earth.

Do the best you can, and you will have nothing to lament over. Now, may the blessings of your father and mother in Spirit-Life be with you all. Kiss the dear children for us. Good-by all. From your father,

JOSEPH RANDALL.

THROUGH WEST INGLE.

ALINE BABCOCK, TO HER FATHER.

My name is Aline Babcock, and I desire to send a message to my dear parents, who reside in Earth-Life. Their home is Dalton, Mass. My father's name is William, whose heart has grown sick with hope deferred.

My ever dear father, after trying a long time, I am able to send you a message of love—to let you know I am still living with you—not far off, in some distant heaven, with God and the angels, as they used to tell me, in Sabbath School—I am right with you in our dear home, made pleasant and lovely by peace and harmony, and that intelligence which Spirit influence always brings to the human family. You and mother are growing brighter and happier daily; you are really getting nearer to the Spirit-World; you can look almost into its deep, yet pleasant, mysteries. Uncle Amos said you would feel nearer to us, after you read a message from me. I hope you will recognize it as coming from your child; I must put a great deal of heart in it and a little common sense, or you will say it is unlike Aline.

Words cannot express my love for you all; neither can language describe my present happy conditions. I am just beginning to understand a little of the interior workings of the Spiritual Philosophy, yet it is but little; but, by diligence, I hope soon to comprehend and explain some of its teachings; and I can then show, in a small degree, that natural laws work out the creative plans of Deity.

You were always a fearless advocate of the theology of nature, dear father, and you used to speak your belief, irrespective of the sectarian dogmas of man. The denizens of the kingdom, unfolded in the Spirit-World, delight in nothing so much as charitable purposes. Go on, dear father; expose and denounce wrong and error, wherever you find it, and show mankind that Spiritualism has a tendency to raise men to higher conditions; that it tends to teach men the relations mankind bear to each other; and that all human souls are on the highway to lofty and better conditions.

I will come again when opportunity offers, and, if possible, give you, more in detail, a description of our beautiful home.

Remember, I am not dead; neither am I far from you, and love you all, and will do my best to strengthen your hands with fresh hope and renewed vigor, to grapple the vicissitudes of your remaining days.

This will be a good year for you both, dear parents, and the shadows will vanish.

Don't let my place be forgotten; let me still be one of the dear ones at home, for I am still your loving daughter.

ALINE BABCOCK.

FREDDIE DEAN.

TO HIS MOTHER, MRS ANNIS L. DEAN, NEW YORK CITY.

(He died, or was drowned, June 11th, 1863.)

DEAR MOTHER,—Do you not know I am still alive? I came up out of the water, and felt so queer. My body did not come up, and I seemed to stand right on the water. I remembered what my teacher said, that "Christ walked on the water," and I thought I must have some of his power, for I walked on the waves of the East River and never wet my feet. Grandmother Dean and brother Tommy came to me and led me away. And by-and-bye, when it was midnight, we came to you; and then Tommy said, "I will tell her." You saw his face and cried, "What is it?" Don't you remember, mother, how you called for me, and I could not answer? The next day when they brought me home, (my body, I mean,) you had a letter from the captain of father's regiment, saying he was wounded, and would die. You said, "O God! My children dead, my husband dying! I might as well go too." Baby Nell was in the cradle asleep, and when you saw her, you got down on your knees and prayed. I remember just what you said: "O in mercy let this bitter trial prove my blessing!" And it did, mother. The war ended, father came home, and you have been happy. Only Tommy and I are missing, mother, and we are near you, when you little dream we are near. Sister Nellie will be your comforter in the future. God bless you, dear mother, father, and Nellie. I am still your

FREDDIE DEAN.

MARY APPLETON.

(Who died October 15th, 1857, near Old Town, Me.)

TO HER FRIEND, MARY A. CHASE, OF CARTHAGE.

DEAR MARY,—What a change I find in you since I last saw you in life. I left you sick and weary-hearted, knowing that consumption was preying upon my vitals, and that death was coming nearer every day. You laughed, and tried to cheer me

with the hope that mountain air would save me. There was comfort in the thought that death could not bring me harder conditions than life had afforded.

Don't you remember the year I had the cholera? I was thought to be dead—only revived just before the time for burial. And again, when I had the small-pox, in 1855, I was given up for dead; and once after that I had brain fever; and every time sickness came upon me I battled with death—for I did not want to die. But I grew tired at last; I had no home, and was alone in the world; and when I took that fearful cold which settled on my lungs, I did not care enough about living to combat the disease, and let death conquer. I died just as I wanted to die, pleasantly and calmly. I was sitting in my chair, reading the Bible. I was reading in Revelations, where it tells of the Beautiful City, and pearly gates. Looking up to the East, I seemed to see a grand gateway, and my mother coming through it. I sprang forth to meet her. Oh, it was my mother! I was no longer alone; I was with my dear ones again. How rejoiced I am to speak with you.

MARY APPLETON.

MR. IRA STRONG,

TO HIS DAUGHTER, CAROLINE M. HIGBIE.

MY EVER DEAR AND FAITHFUL DAUGHTER,—I am rejoiced to come to you, and I do so now, bringing all the dear ones with me. I will send the message to you, and your mother will send hers through the VOICE OF ANGELS.

I have been often with you since I passed into Spirit-Life, and in all your trials I have been able to give you a gleam of something better in the future. I cannot write to you myself since I met with that fearful blow, which went through my hand like the crushing teeth of a dog or a saw. I was obliged to do without it, in a measure.

I often feel that I should like to have you see me as I am now, surrounded by all who are near and dear to me. You know, my dear Carrie, how many there are on the earth, and how many in the Spirit-Spheres. You do not fully understand the laws which govern Spirit-Communication, my dear child, or you would not ask so many tests at once. Christ was considered the greatest Medium the world ever knew. He was never known to give but one good test at a time, and I may not be able to do even so much in this letter.

I want you to seek more for the truth than for tests, although they are very gratifying. But I will, in speaking to you,

talk just as I would if sitting by your side and speaking with you face to face. I have not been in Spirit-Life long enough to have mastered but a tithe of the mysteries I see around God's holy ways.

Daniel desires to hear from his father, Oliver Higbie, and when he gets a message he will get the tests he needs. I am more in earnest to give you the truth, and point out the best avenues for reaching earthly comfort and Spiritual harmony.

I want to see you all happier than you are. I want to see you progressing daily, and, Caroline, I want you to let the Spirit-World develope your Mediumistic powers until you can read the mysterious writings of those who can only communicate in that manner. You know you have the power. The church cannot save a man. The blood of the atonement is no blood at all, and those who preach such creeds and theories will find out that one loaf of bread, given kindly and sympathetically to the poor, will do more for a man's Spirit than all the blood you hear so much about.

Good deeds are never lost, my dear child, and the golden rule is the highway cast up by the angels, for poor, suffering humanity to get nearer to God.

I have not half power enough to speak as I want to, but my soul is filled with the desire to give you all the knowledge I can impart. I want you to know every inch of the way before you seek to enter the Holy of Holies, where the angels of the kingdom deal out revelations to all who need. My dear child, shall I speak to you as I would if I was still with you? I have never been far off, and never shall be, till we are all united in this beautiful home.

My child, you, of all my children, have the clearest idea of Spiritual things; you possess the most powerful Mediumistic gifts; and if your soul, sometimes, is utterly weary of pretence and make-believe, you must seek for real knowledge, and your Band will give you all you require.

I rejoice that you have opened the door through which we can reach you. Your mother, and the others of your friends will come, and I will try to answer all your many questions.

Tell the children I am still alive, and your mother is still *mother*, kind, loving and sympathetic. Tell your friends that immortality is true, and all will find it so. Tell Lucy to send a lock of hair, and the name or something by which West Ingle can get hold of the magnetic current which surrounds them, and they will send her a message of love. She is a cross-bearer in the world. Oh, my dear chil-

dren, God bless you all! I will write a message for the VOICE OF ANGELS.

IRA STRONG.

LAFAYETTE WAY.

My name is Lafayette Way, and I would like to send a message to my father, whose name is John H. Way. He lives in Winterset, Iowa. I am not used to this business, and don't expect I can say half what I want to; but one thing I can say, and that is, I'm more alive than ever. This is all a mystery to me, and I guess it is to many others. But then there are mysteries on the material side of life as well. I have wanted to say something ever since I found out folks from our side of life could come; but wherever there is a Medium, through whom Spirits can come, they are surrounded by so many anxious to send one word to their friends, that it is hard work to get a word in edge-ways. But after watching and waiting a long time, through the kindness of Mr. Pardee, I finally got this chance. My time is so limited, and having so much I want to say, in the few minutes granted me, I'm almost bewildered what to say. All I can say is, I am greatly rejoiced to have the privilege of sending only a few words to my anxiously-looking friends, and tell them that Spirit-return is a glorious fact, and that they continue to progress after death. No matter how bad a man's life may have been, there is a good chance for him to mend it after death takes place. I make this statement, because most of my earthly friends don't believe in progression after leaving the body. They believe if a man dies in his sins, he is damned to all eternity.

Father, you have the right ideas in regard to it. Cultivate them, and I will help you all I can; and when I can get good control of the Medium, I will tell you all I know of this life, and the friends I have met since I came here.

Oh, dear! how hard it was for them to see me die, even if they did see me buried.

Remember me to all who cherish the memory of your son.

LAFAYETTE.

JOHN EMORY IN SPIRIT-LIFE,

TO HIS DAUGHTER ABBY S. DORR, ANNISQUAM, MASS.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER,—After a long silence, I have at last succeeded in reaching you through one who can express my thoughts and desires. You have often wondered how I was faring in my new condition, and if I was any better morally, and I may add spiritually, since I became disembodied.

I will answer you as briefly as possible, and give you a faint idea of my present surroundings. I am gradually outgrowing the old weakness. My nature is rising superior to past memories, and the bonds of the flesh no longer hold me down to earthly conditions. I do not linger amid the scenes of past sufferings. Your mother and sister Elizabeth are waiting to speak with you. How they have progressed since the new life opened for them the gates of peace! Lizzie, poor child, was glad when the last scene of earth faded from her vision. And I think neither of us left much behind to regret. I left my children, and some of them are even now surrounded by clouds and shadows, and say will they ever clear up? Is there no peace on earth for one of mine? Your life bids fair to end like an Indian Summer. Your husband is all you could possibly desire. You are both laboring earnestly to make up for the time lost in youth. Your only living child is married, and is happily settled in a pleasant home. His little ones are fair and sweet like the lilies. Oh, my dear child, "After the storm the bright sunlight follows." You now behold the fulfillment of the prophecy given to you in girlhood. You will live to be called "blessed among women." I rejoice over you, my dear daughter; and if I ever shadowed your life in youth, I can help to make you happy in your old age. I must love you best of all; and while I labor to make them all happy, I will strive to give you peace and content.

Your children are round you continually, and George will give you a message. He is eager to let you know his happy, exalted conditions. I must be as brief as possible. I will give you my full Spiritual history in my next.

I am still your affectionate father,

JOHN EMORY.

TO MRS. CAROLINE M. HIGBIE.

DEAR FRIEND,—I have been holding your letter in my hand and waiting patiently for your Spirit-friends to gather round me. After a while, I saw them come in. There were your grandparents and parents, aunts and uncles, and the dear friends not mentioned—brothers and sisters, I should judge. A number of friends, I do not know who. A beautiful lady came forward leading two children, and I believe she carried one in her arms. She was called the "Mother Angel," and she says, "Tell Lucy I will keep her treasures, and they will send messages to her in a short time." I will try to give

you all your friends desire. The message will be long, and require time. As fast as one is given I will send it to you. The next will be from your mother. Your father seems to be clearly defined, and was a gifted man on the earth. His right hand was either behind him or it was cut off. I could not see it, but had the impression that his fingers were gone, and it was either done by a gun or some machine, I can not tell which, but it was done in an instant. I got fearfully still, as if some of your friends were rendered useless by some sudden stroke. I see one of your friends was drowned. I can not tell who, as I can hear nothing but the sound of water. Your husband's father, Oliver Higbie, is a peculiar Spirit, and will hold his own. When he comes with a message, it will be scientific and to the point.

"WEST INGLE."

INSPIRATION VERSUS SCIENCE.

"THE fact is, that the masses of mankind are too much sunk in gross ignorance, or are too worldly-minded to be able to appreciate Spiritual things; whilst men and women of intellect are too much the victims of mental habits to conceive it possible that the hidden and unknown may be discovered by other than the ordinary methods. Singular as it may appear, men of science in general have but little knowledge of human nature, and having discovered that they can go through mental processes to which the mass of their fellows are strangers, they jump to the conclusion that they, and they alone, hold the sceptre in the domain of thought, even though that domain be the very reverse of the one over which they have been accustomed to reign. To a superficial observer, it will appear quite natural that the man who possesses most knowledge of the external, is the person who ought to know most in regard to the spiritual, or internal universe, and that he who knows most about the human body, should therefore know most about the human soul. As there are few who are in a position to dispute the truth of such an assumption, the know-alls, the scientific Dogberrys and Bottoms, the weavers of the age, lord it over their fellows with a high hand. We are all victims of hallucination who cannot submit to their dictum without a murmur. For our present civilization, the world is undoubtedly immensely indebted to science; but for the crowning glory of that civilization, for our highest forms of thought, and for those achievements which more than all else besides go to prove man's kinship with that Being in whose image he was made, science has little to do. Science will enable us to work out such problems as are solved in the creation of our steam engines, our canals, our docks, our railways, but the infinitely highest part of all these—*true conception*—science cannot give; and, if so, how much more helpless is it in itself, to give us a Parthenon, a Phidian Jupiter, a St. Peter's

Cathedral, a Madonna and Child, a King Lear, a Faust, and all those sublime moral truths which from time to time have been imparted by inspired lips to mankind, and have been forwarding the great works of mental development from generation to generation, for hundreds and thousands of years before the results of the so-called scientific age were imagined. The world is apt to forget these things."—*Joseph Skipsey, the Northumberland Seer.*

A TIMELY SUGGESTION.—Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled by them. The things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary hours, and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I would rather have a bare coffin without a flower, and a funeral without a eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand for their burial. Post-mortem kindnesses do not cheer the burdened spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary days.

In the laws that regulate the universe it is decreed that nothing wicked can long endure. *Bulwer.*

ALL defeats in a good cause are but resting-places on the road to victory at last.—*Charles Sumner.*

THE superiority of some men is merely local. They are great, because their associates are little.

MEN think highly of those who rise rapidly in the world; whereas nothing rises quicker than dust, straw and feathers.—*Hare.*

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