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LITERARY.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

RAIN OF LIFE.

THROUGH TRYPHENA O. PARDEE.

SIGNS as soft as angel whispers
Flouting heavenward on the zephyrs,
Asking Life's immortal aid, to breathe the words of song;—
So earthward bend the heavenly legions,
Through starry climes and love-lit regions,
With chains of golden thought well linked, Life's rain we
bring along.

When the clouds of chaos lowering,
Filled with Life's first drops of showering,
You ask if benighted rainbows then bent over earth's broad
span;
If "seven-hued glories" shone with promise
On future minutes, where the dawn was
Waiting for the full hours' burst of Life's eternal rain.

Mortals thirsting for the glory
Of the life that lies before ye,
Just compare your longings with Nature in that day;—
When Life's intelligent enduring
Was fitting for its vast outpouring,
And rock and shrub and sands of earth loveller grew and
passed away.

Drop by drop then came the pulsings,
Rich with Life's never-ending gushings,
Nor poverty disdaining, nor riches, honors made;
The light of conscious goodness shining
Through the mists of Time's delving,
Bore more than rainbow-beauties bright, to make the future
glad.

And the sparkling droplets falling,
Gently blesses Life's best calling—
Trickling, one by one, from hidden leaves and shady wood-
land dells.

From the mud-pool drains another,
The former's more unlucky brother,
Tho' spent as bright from Life's pure clouds as pearls from
new-open shells.

Through grass and pebbles slowly gliding,
Watering flow'rets lowly hiding,
Each yielding each new beauties and purifying power;—
While melting rays of Love eternal,
Dancing down from spheres supernal,
The prince and peasant, rich and poor, receive as Life's best
dower.

Glistening crystals, earthward swinging,
Come like morning-stars with singing
The heart's thanksgiving to the power that gave birth equal
rights;

And through earth's feeble, weak conditions
Feed favored souls with vain ambitions,
Yet equal all pass forth from time, when Death sheds down
his blight.

And in you spotless fields of azure
Each vapor proves God's love-drawn treasure,
To fall in gentle dews again, on rain-drops tumbling here;—
And rainbows, still God's promise-token,
Shine in the words of kindness spoken
Between the Angel-world and this, through clouds of weary
care.

Swift waves of clinking lifelets ringing
Through Nature's depths, sweet music ringing,
No single drop escaping our Father's tenderest care;—
And rolling, crowding one another,
Come Life's full tide, brim full of brothers,
Till billows swell with mind and mind, each filling its own
sphere.

All o'er high heaven's eternal vaulting
Sweet thoughts adhere—Life's pearl-hued smaltling—
Whose endless decorations blot out Death's gloomy pall;
And angel-dews descending ever
To fill the flood of Time's old river,
Writes "Life" in every drop that flows, and God's love over
all.

ELLINGTON, N. Y.

AN IMPORTANT ADDITION TO THE COMMUNICATION OF THE SPIRIT OF CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN,

PUBLISHED IN VOICE OF ANGELS OF FEB. 1ST, 1878.

AND GIVEN THROUGH MRS. EMMA CARTER, MEDIUM.

[Reported by Hon. A. G. W. CARTER.]

THE VOICE OF ANGELS of Feb. 1, 1878,
contained an interesting and important
communication from the Spirit of Char-
lotte Cushman, which was dated April 24,
1877. On the 30th day of April, 1877,
my sister wrote me as follows:

"Mr. David Garrick comes to me this
morning, and tells me I have left out a
very important part of his speech, and
wishes me to give it you *instantly*."

And then follows this remarkable addi-
tion to the speech of the Spirit of David
Garrick, reported in the Cushman com-
munication:

"We have given to our brother, Edwin
Forrest, our right hand of fellowship from
our soul's soul. He stands now among us

a particular star. He is yet tied to the
Earth-Sphere, because his work there is
not completed. His last hours there were
to provide a Home for those of his loved
profession who had worn out their bodies
in the cause. Now he would and is im-
pressing upon that sphere the important
duty of opening schools for the youth of
genius, because he says, 'true genius can
never be acquired, but in the effort to ac-
quire it, is planted a seedling germ into
our offspring.' Therefore he would advise
colleges for the *actor*; not for the *preacher*.
Preaching, he says, is fabulous. Acting
becomes sight, through which humanity
sees him or herself. In fact, it is the
seeds and buds of other minds, where new
beauties unfold themselves, and gives to
them the language of the Immortal.

"All the profanity in language comes
from the preacher, with no outlet or re-
source for its rescue. Of a consequence,
then, it is ignorantly carried on in the in-
dividual mind through all eternity.

"The actor at once shows the cause and
the effect of all the conditions of life,
which harmonize with all the conditions of
Nature, and become satisfactory solutions
of the intentions of Nature to make us
continuously progressive. Through our
own self-government, taught us by the
powers of our sight, we stand only as
freed men. We then accumulate our own
riches, which build for us an inheritance
substantially the gift of our labor, to im-
prove each day on what we are.

"Then we as actors are teachers, and as
teachers we make actors. Let us give
three round cheers for the new school of
Forrest—in his work to make theatres of
churches; and instead of theological col-
leges, where the foundations of all un-
truths are taught, let us have professional,
scientific and art schools, which have been

so rare, and which are the only pathways to common sense and progress." [Cheers.]

Then concludes the medium: "This is what Mr. Garrick says I left out of his speech. I can't tell exactly whether I did or not; but I suppose he knows. If I did, you can insert it and give him peace."

Now, Friend Densmore, I did not think of writing this addition to Garrick's speech for your paper; but again and again I have been so much impressed to do so, that I have sometimes thought that the Spirit of David Garrick was about me to make me do so; for they do say that I am very impressible from the other world. At all events, I now feel better satisfied that I have written out this curious and very interesting addendum, and I send it to you for publication, without further comment, hoping and trusting that it will be bread cast upon the waters.

To understand this additional communication fully, it will be necessary to refer to the Cushman communication, and the speech of David Garrick therein contained, in the February 1st number of the *VOICE*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

NO. 1506 NORTH SEVENTH ST., PHILA.

FRIEND DENSMORE,—What a glorious philosophy we have in the Spiritualistic religion, standing out in the fact that those who have laid away their mortality and put on immortality, are yet interested in the condition of man, *en masse*, as well as individually. When we realize that in the Spirit-World there are bands or confraternities, embracing in their several unities, philosophers, statesmen, patriots, and philanthropists, co-operatively working for the good of mankind generally, but each one, more or less severally, devoted to the well-being of those of their own nation or country, ought we not be happy, and all the more thankful?

Think for one moment how anxious our Spirit-Friends, and even strangers, are to come back to give us messages for our good; for, all along the vast domain of Spirit-Life, myriads of souls are pushing and pressing, to give to mortals a word, "in season and out of season;" and the complaint is that there are not enough avenues of communication open. What a pity; and how much is lost to the world in consequence! It is to be regretted, too, that so little, comparatively, reaches the senses of men and women; for thousands of beautiful and instructive messages never go beyond the circle room. It is to be hoped that the time is not far distant

when the seed-time of the celestial husbandmen will be blessed in a glorious harvest; when they that have ears to hear, will hear; and those that have eyes to see, will see, and understand with their hearts the divine realities of the Spiritual philosophy and religion. To bring about this state of things we must have among us a higher, deeper, and broader Spiritual-Life, when, with more avenues opened, the Angel-World can reach our shore, and would come, ever and anon, tripping over the mountains and through the valleys, with joy on their faces, and sweet messages upon their tongues. They do come now!

Prince Albert speaks, and says: "Don't you do it." Is he speaking to the Ministry or Parliament of England? What he means we cannot divine; but doubtless the emphatic words are significant. Is it not seemingly a very decided negation to some proposed act, or some contemplated movement of the government? His people, or those of his own household, would doubtless recognize his meaning.

Dr. Franklin, still engaged in his scientific investigations, charges that yet the electric fluid shall demonstrate to mankind its practical uses, and denominates it and magnetism as the finger of God. He sees ten different phases or modes of Spirit phenomena, those yet unknown to men, to excel in power, and in the influence they will exert upon the human mind.

President Monroe, James Monroe, President of the United States from the year 1817 to 1825, appears in all the serenity of his benignant nature, uttering the maxim of Washington: "The price of liberty is eternal vigilance." He denounces the evangelical attempt to insert, in the Constitution of the United States, a recognition of God, and charges it as the initial step towards the union of Church and State; a civil state to be deplored, and to be resisted by a people who love liberty, and exhorts to a love of country, without "God in the Constitution."

President Lincoln, dignified, solemn, and earnest in appearance and manner, came, repeating his well-known beautiful sentiment, "With charity for all, and malice towards none." He speaks, and deeply he feels the strong impulse of patriotic devotion to his country, when he deplores the present civil and political condition of our people. Yet is he not despairing, for as impressed, he says, "For great purposes, men are taken from the ranks of the unpretending and lowly, and they consummate important measures. The people are the sovereigns, and they should

strike for liberty and maintain it. There are hands in Spirit-Life working for good government, and they are in earnest in their operations."

These are a few of the demonstrations of Spirit-interest for mortals, and it is to be regretted that their entire messages or regulations cannot always be furnished.

As we have already said, how much is lost for want of means to give the world what is received of a general nature, and is of world-wide importance. If such as are here furnished are of any merit, the writer will endeavor to secure others that come to him in their entirety, and so make his contributions of more value in the furtherance of the great truths of Eternal Life.

J. W.

707 I STREET, N. W., }
WASHINGTON, D. C., March 23, 1878. }

MR. D. C. DENSMORE:—*Dear Friend*,—We have about got through with our work here, and shall return home in a few days to rest, after holding one hundred and twenty-five consecutive circles, to an average of thirteen persons each, and with as good results as ever attained by us.

We came here last December, at the solicitation of General F. J. Lippitt, to hold a series of seven seances. The interest centering on the fine results through our Mediumship has been such as to detain us here through the Winter and part of the Spring. One feature of our mode of conducting seances, and one which all Mediums would do well to adopt, is, to never take or exact any money *before* a seance.

We tell our audience distinctly, that if at the close of a sitting they feel as though they had been in any way imposed upon, or are not satisfied, no fee will be taken from them; on the contrary, they will oblige us by leaving without offering pay. But two persons in Philadelphia, and one in Washington, so expressed themselves.

We have had unusual good order attending our circles here, and attribute it to our manner of conducting the seances. No person who express themselves as dissatisfied, should be required to pay at the close of a sitting, and Mediums should not exact it. If all Mediums would adopt this rule and adhere to it, much vexation and unpleasant feeling would be obviated.

Again, all phenomena should occur under test conditions, for satisfaction of the audience and protection to the Medium. It must eventually come to this, and the sooner Mediums submit to this mode of sitting the better.

Another bad feature among Mediums,

and a prominent one, is jealousy and pettishness. Among all classes of Mediums this ugly feeling is manifest, much to the disgust of the public, especially the investigating portion thereof.

It is getting to be quite the thing for the lecturer, as soon as he is able or fortunate enough to obtain the public ear, to open a tirade of abuse and denunciation against all physical Mediums—particularly those who hold dark seances. The moment these *beaters of the air* feel the platform securely under their feet, they lose sight of the fact that they owe their elevation to the physical Mediums. Abolish the physical Mediums, and the whole structure of Spiritualism comes tumbling down. It is the foundation, without which the edifice cannot stand. Without demonstration, the whole army of explanatory babblers might talk themselves deaf, dumb and blind, to no purpose.

This is a demonstrative age. We reason from causes, not theories. One demonstrated fact is worth whole libraries of theory. What we *don't* know is what the human mind craves for; not what somebody else may *think* he knows. Many of these "*I-am*" fellows should be jerked from the platforms and put at something more useful than beating the air, and exerting themselves unnecessarily.

Spiritualists, Mediums especially, are ignorant of the laws governing Mediumship. In this direction much has yet to be learned. Too many teachers of the *I-am-ism* sort, inflict us with a mass of stuff sufficient to soften the brain of a statue. Too much looseness of morals, defiance of delicacy, a parade of licentiousness, a general cutting loose from all proper restraints, is bringing reproach upon the cause, and breeding dissensions in the ranks. Let us have more charity and less selfishness—a dissemination of good principles, and less show of immorality and pernicious examples.

Emancipation from creedism is not a license to self degradation. With a few exceptions, our lecturers, who were formerly Orthodox ministers, are the most immoral living examples of all that is base, degrading, soul-destroying, body-corrupting ulcers, that inflict the body spiritual. Some take pride in parading this sort of thing, till the public are made nauseated. 'Tis the millstone that hangs about the neck of Spiritualism, and by its increasing weight is fast dragging our holy cause through its slimy pathway, to be loathed and detested by the pure and good.

Wishing you long life and prosperity, I remain fraternally yours.

J. N. HOLMES.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

SANTA BARBARA, Cal.

BROTHER D——, I send you enclosed some verses. I do not claim for them any merit; but let me tell you how they were obtained.

Mr. H. called upon a lady, who was said to have slate-writing. They were perfect strangers. In broad sunlight, they sat down. The two held the slate, which was perfectly clear. Presently, sounds of writing were heard. Then these verses were written, and the name of a Spirit-Friend signed. When asked to give her pet name, she wrote "Birdie." Right.

I am not at liberty to give the names, but you may be assured that there is no deception in the matter.

H. F. M. BROWN.

UNSEEN GUIDES.

BY BIRDIE.

THEY are about us—they who love us,—
They come when clouds hang o'er our way;
And when the ties of life have enchain'd us,
And all that is human holds away.

They are with us, when in deep anguish
The spirit so wearily droops;
When enfolded in grief we languish,
Sick of earth's 'wondering hopes.

And they are with us in our gladness,
When the world seems strangely bright;
As in the days of woe and sadness,
When there is nothing to delight.

With us when we pass the portals
Of the Angel-Home above;
Where the beautiful immortals
Attend us with their words of love.

Blessed Angels! thou art near us,
Guiding o'er life's stormy way;
And on loving pinions bear us
To the gates of endless day.

Faithful watchers, aid, oh! aid us
To improve by blessings given;
Teach us how to bear life's burdens—
How to gain your own fair heaven.

WEST INGLE.

TO HER friends and patrons, who have favored her with their patronage for getting messages from their friends in Spirit-Life, she wishes to express her sincerest thanks. The reason why she has not responded to some who have sent letters with fees enclosed sooner is, that she has been moving from Boston to Washington; and after arriving at the latter place was confined with a severe illness for nearly two weeks. But now that she is getting better, she will attend to accumulated matter as rapidly as possible. She desires all sending for messages to state whether they would object to having them published in VOICE OF ANGELS, before sending them to whom they belong. She thinks such a course would add strength to the cause of Spiritualism, showing by perfect tests that their loved ones are still with their earthly friends, and ever ready and able to cheer them with their love and sympathy.

All letters should be addressed "West

Ingle," 427 M street, Washington, D. C. The fee for each message is one dollar. Names, and if possible a lock of hair, or something the Spirit had handled before leaving the form, should be enclosed in each letter. This will establish the necessary magnetic current between the Spirit wishing to communicate and the Medium, only by which satisfactory tests can be given.

Hoping to receive letters from all desirous of hearing from their dear departed ones, and more particularly from the readers of the VOICE OF ANGELS, I subscribe myself

Your friend and co-worker,

WEST INGLE.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

THROUGH C. E. WINANS.

FORT SENECA, Ohio, April, 8, 1878.

D. C. DENSMORE,—You cannot imagine the pleasure I received in reading in the best of all papers, the VOICE OF ANGELS, that communication from William Montgomery to his son, in Seneca County, Ohio. Please allow me to say it is true and correct in every respect, except as to time of his being in Spirit-Land, which is a small matter, as compared to the truthfulness of the message. Some time in February last, I was wishing for a message from my father, and promised myself that if I got one from him, I would renew my subscription to the VOICE OF ANGELS another year. So please find subscription price for the present year, commencing January 1, 1878.

Note.—No person heard the contract I made with myself, it being a mental one.

With many thanks to you, I remain yours,

WILLIAM MONTGOMERY.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

NEW BEDFORD, April 10, 1878.

D. C. DENSMORE, Esq.:—Dear Sir,—I have before me the VOICE OF ANGELS of March 15th, in which I find a long communication from my old friend and employer, J. S. Tillinghast, with whom I served as confidential clerk and bookkeeper twenty-one years; and perhaps no one could have known him better, save his wife. And I hesitate not in saying that every word seems true and characteristic of the man. He died about two years ago, very suddenly, after a very exciting election of officers, in his office, at the age of about seventy-three years.

Yours, etc.,

T. M. JAMES.

NATURAL LAW.

ITS GENESIS, TENURE, AND MUTABILITY.

IN Mr. A. J. Davis' curious volume, ("Divine Revelation,") he says, on page 326, and other places, that "Law, or Laws of Nature, are the thoughts of Deity, or of the Great Infinite Mind." The expression is a pretty piece of rhetoric; but it would be more felicitous, if it were true. Its truth seems to be impugned by another statement, which we cannot deny. Speaking of the early era of the world's existence, he says, (page 306,) "The earth abounded with gigantic trees, such as were larger than any now upon its surface. These ranged from the first and lowest coniferæ, to the highest oak and more perfect palm. The Eastern part of the earth gave birth to these more perfect forms; but generally, the vegetation of the whole earth was heavy and imperfect. There were none of those higher forms, until the succeeding ages unfolded conditions for their development." "Of oaks and box-wood, these only became distinguished as the black, white and red oaks; as the climate and conditions changed, which was the imperceptible work of many ages."

Blackstone, the English jurist, says: "Law is a rule of action." This old truth we adhere to. But when he goes on to refine upon it, by saying "it is proscribed by some supreme power," we at once erect a stout denial, and affirm he is here giving only his opinion upon a point, concerning which he knows nothing.

Also, when Blackstone says, Natural Law "is fixed and invariable," we take the same liberty to demur to the assumed truth of the statement.

To our view, Natural Law has no independent existence. It is a relative term, depending for its origin upon incident forces, and is expressive of reciprocal action of contingent objects.

Though it be "a rule of action," that action always bends to conditions which modify or abolish it. We cannot conceive of a time when the laws governing celestial orbs had their beginning, nor when they shall end. But it is otherwise with laws anthropomorphic, which is the major subject in hand.

Our argument must run to special details.

1st. As we have seen in supra, at one era of earth's history, gigantic flora, and bulky fauna, possessed the ground and the seas. They were the forerunning existences, crude and coarse. These have nearly passed away, and left behind only their petrified remains.

Why did they pass away? We answer, Because the laws of growth and development, which introduced and built them up, changed their character; also, because the conditions of temperature, humidity, with atmospheric constituents, have likewise changed.

This, says Davis, was the imperceptible work of many ages. As the tenure of these conditions was not perpetual or ever-enduring energies, they must be classed as incident forces.

2d. When men subsisted upon each other, the products of the chase, fish, and the scanty fruits of the soil, their food was precarious. In their wars, captives were necessarily and inevitably put to death. To keep them alive, and feed them as prisoners, would naturally endanger the lives of the victors, by reason of diminished rations and lack of food. Hence, during the reign of this long night in the savage life of man, the law of general murder to enemies prevailed. But, no sooner than men discovered they could cultivate flocks and herds, the unfortunate captive was turned to a slave. Thus, naturally, the rule or law of slavery is born, and the antecedent incidental law of general murder to all captives disappears and dies out. Bad as slavery always was, it was better than its predecessor, the prevailing rule of murder.

These laws cannot be called the "Thoughts of Deity," any more than we can call cart ruts or water ruts in the soil, tracks and thoughts of Deity. They are the legitimate thoughts of men, arising out of the natural progress of intelligence.

3d. At a later era, when mankind employed clubs, arrows, and spears, as war implements, there arose a law which led to the production of races of giants. This law, based upon the struggle for existence and personal supremacy, results in the survival of the fittest. By the rule of might, the fittest were the strongest.

The larger and stronger of the tribe overbear and crush out all inferior neighbors and weak opponents. It naturally follows, that classes of large men and women, called giants, will come into conspicuous being.

But when the discovery of gunpowder was made, and projectiles invented, the law for making giants broke down and disappeared. Small men were, by this discovery, at once elevated to an equality in belligerent matters, with their athletic enemies, if they do not rise even superior to them. The larger target afforded as a mark by this one, with the dexterity of the other class, largely reversed the surviving

chances in the now altered nature of the struggle for existence.

Again we say this introduction of a new law, which overbears an old one to the extent of its entire replacement, is no more a "thought of the Supreme," than were the ashes from the volcano which blotted out Pompeii, and instituted a reign of desolation, where once throve life and prosperity.

We hear it said that there can be no law without a law-giver, which is equal to saying there can be no space without a space-giver, or no matter without a matter-maker—ideas that are inconceivable, if not absurd in their expression.

The behavior and fleeting tenure of the above examples of the limited reign of law, contribute largely to disperse the old idea of "design."

There is no design in a mountain; there is no purpose in a river. Seas were not planned. There is no thought in a volcano; no object in an earthquake. There is no idea in an iceberg. There is no judgment in a tornado; no intellect in a sun-beam. There is no scheme in Niagara; no mind in glacial sculpture, or the aurora-borealis. These are all governed by Natural Law, which derives its power from incident forces acting upon, or impressing contiguous objects.

A. S. HUDSON, M. D.
STOCKTON, CAL., March 1, 1878.

INTERPRETATION OF MYSTICAL WRITING.

WRITTEN BY MARIA CLARK OF COBDEN, ILL.
BY WEST INGLE.

MY DEAR SISTER,—There is a light, shining clear and brilliant above the mysterious Valley of Death. The dark passage between the two worlds is now illuminated, and the finite is brought so near the Infinite, that the human family no longer fears the change which must come to all living in the material form. I feared to die, Maria, though I could not realize I was passing out till all was over, and I found myself surrounded by my friends, the dear ones for whom I had mourned so long and bitterly.

I know you always believed in Spirit-communion, and that the change called death was but a passage through an open door, to a beautiful world beyond. The door is broad and the passage narrow to many, yet I believe all are happier for the change: I know I am.

In the form, man is but a creature of circumstances, doomed for a little while to walk in the valleys of earth, to enjoy the sunshine for a brief season, and then pass away and be no more seen by mortal

ken. And knowing the span of life is brief, you should live and act with an immortal aim and purpose, worthy of the development of your high womanly nature.

If I had my earthly life to live over again, I would strive hard to accomplish a work which might survive me, after my body had perished and withered away. I have all I desire. My darling child, the golden-haired infant, is with me here—my beautiful angel babe. Oh, my heart clings to you, my darling sister, and those dear ones with whom you make your home. I know they are struggling onward and upward, for better and happier conditions. You will be the instrument of achieving much good for them; you will bring them nearer to their own, who come in Spirit to lighten their daily crosses.

You are often sad, but why should you let your soul be troubled concerning material things. You are in hands higher than human, and there are bright days in store for you. Let the dark shadows pass, sister; through your own organism light will be given. I will bless you. Through the mystical writings I can give all the knowledge you need. Other dear ones will converse with you in this manner. Soon you will read for yourself, and then you can comfort and cheer others with your Spiritual gifts.

SARAH.

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

LINES BY ALICE CARY.

THROUGH MRS. SUSAN GOODHUE WAGNER.

ALAS! alas! this woe day!—
I've tried to drive sad thought away,
But I am haunted with the thought,
The bitter lesson life has taught.

Encumbered in so small a place,
My thoughts go roaming out through space,
And each divinity I see,
A power consolations to me.

To peopled streets and scenes so fair,
So picturesque and yet so rare,—
And loth to go, I fain would stay,
If I could comprehend the way.

But it must be, whate'er we know,
The heart-beats that we count so slow,
Are ever pulsing to the way
That leadeth to a brighter day.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

A MEMORIAL ON THE DEATH OF M. DUDLEY RICHARDSON.

BY MRS. A. D. F. ROBERTS.

[Written soon after his death, May, 1877.]

THE road to death there are none can miss;
It is the path that leads to bliss.
Death brings us to the Mount of God—
It is the path loved ones have trod.

Death is a boon to mortals given,
Transferring man from earth to heaven.
Heavenward the soul wings its way,
Whilst the lifeless form moulders to decay.

Tear-drops may fall from eyes that weep.
Whilst in the tomb the clay-forms sleep;
The immortal soul wings its way
To celestial sphere of eternal day.

The mundane death is a Spirit-birth,
That buoys the soul up from the earth;
Angels come from ethereal heights,
To aid in the change to Spirit-Life.

As our brother lay with feeble breath,
That scarcely moved his heaving breast,
He saw an angel by his side,
Who was his guardian Angel-Guide.

The angel spoke, in tones of love,
"Soon thou must take thy flight above;
No more thy hands on earth shall toil—
Thy soul must leave its earthly coil."

"Thy mortal must resign its breath,
In Spirit-birth thy soul shall rest.
Gird up thy soul, prepare thy flight,
To wing thy way in thy soul's might."

"Unto the Spirit-Land, thy happy home,
Where new-born souls happily roam;
Where there's no grief, or tears of sadness,
Where all is peace, joy, and gladness."

"We'll escort thee to thy Spirit-Home;
Tarry not at thy earthly tomb.
Come, fledge thy wings, and take thy flight,
And soar aloft to the ethereal light."

"The celestial gates now stand ajar,
And angels are now waiting there,
To greet thee in thy Spirit-Home,
The angel's sphere, to happily roam."

"Can this be death?" our brother said;
"Do my dear friends suppose me dead?
Is this the resurrection morn?
In Spirit-Life am I now born?"

"And am I thus an angel now?"
Then happiness beamed on his brow,
And with surprise our brother said,
"My soul still lives—I am not dead."

"It's but a step beyond the tomb
That immortal life is resumed;
It's but a veil that hangs between,
That the immortal cannot be seen."

"I have now reached my home above,
And receive greetings of angelic love;
Angels are singing in joyous strains,
Their music sweet floats o'er the plains."

"The beautiful, that here are seen,
To me on earth were as a dream;
Here are vista scenes and gorgeous trees,
Majestically waving to the breeze."

"Lawns of flowers ever-vernal,
Pleasures rare that are eternal;
Gorgeous and enchanting bowers,—
The air perfumed by odorous flowers."

"In the eon land the soul finds rest,
And mingles with the fore-gone blessed.
Oh, mortal man! can thou longer doubt
The Spirit-Home, the angels tell about?"

"The celestial land, that's ever-vernal,
Where youth and beauty are eternal;—
The Spirit-Life is grand and sublime,
Wherein we worship the Divine."

CANDIA, N. H.

CORROBORATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE

THROUGH C. E. WINANS.

MORRIS, Ill., April 1, 1878.

FRIEND DENSMORE,—In the 15th of December number of *VOICE OF ANGELS*, is a communication from Ann Fromp, through C. E. Winans. I was a neighbor to Ann Fromp, in Highland County, Ohio, for more than twenty years, and was frequently in her company. I know she was a church member; have heard her speak in class meeting, and think her statement of having three husbands in Spirit-Life is correct, as there were three

sets of children—Bennett, Boiles and Fromp.

It gives us great satisfaction to get communications from our old friends.

Truly Yours,

ELIZA THAYER.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE.

IN the *Banner of Light* of April 20th is the following:—"The Spirit Message in the *Voice of Angels* for April 15th, from Minnie Tappan, is truthful as to facts, and very characteristic."

Note.—The above message came thro' the mediumship of M. T. Shelhamer.

Publisher of "Voice of Angels."

THANKS FROM MR. WHITTIER.

THE *Saratogian* prints the following letter addressed to its editor:

SIR: Some years ago, a lady residing at Pond Hills, a little hamlet near the home of the bachelor poet, J. G. Whittier, presented him with a jar of butter, for which he returned the following characteristic expression of thanks:

"Words butter no parsnips," the old adage says,
And to fill up the trencher is better than praise.
So, trust me, dear friend, that, while eating thy butter,
The thanks that I feel are far more than I utter."

Kind Providence grant thee a life without ills,
May the cows never dry up that feed on Pond Hills,
May the cream never fall in thy cellar so cold,
Nor thy hand lose its cunning to change it to gold!

Thrice welcome to him who, unblest with a wife,
Sits and bungles alone at the ripped seams of life,
Is the womanly kindness which pities his fate,
And sews on his buttons or fills up his plate!

CINDERS IN THE EYE.—Persons travelling much by railway are subject to continual annoyance from the flying cinders. On getting into the eyes they are not only painful for the moment, but are often the cause of long suffering, that ends in a total loss of sight. A very simple and effective cure is given by the *Mining and Scientific Press*, and is within the reach of every one, and would prevent much suffering and expense were it more generally known. It is simply one or two grains of flaxseed. It is said they may be placed in the eye without injury or pain to that delicate organ, and shortly they begin to swell and dissolve a glutinous substance that covers the ball of the eye, enveloping any foreign substance that may be in it. The irritation, or cutting of the membrane, is thus prevented, and the annoyance may soon be washed out. A dozen of these grains stowed away in the vest pocket, may prove, in an emergency, worth their number in gold.

COMES OF ITSELF.—No mocking in this world ever sounds to me so hollow as that of being told to cultivate happiness. What does such advice mean? Happiness is not a potato, to be planted in a mould, and filled with manure. Happiness is a glory, shining far down upon us out of heaven. She is a divine dew, which the soul, on certain of its summer evenings, feels dropping upon it from the amaranth bloom and golden fruitage of Paradise.—*Charlotte Bronte.*

VOICE OF ANGELS.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION

NO. 5 DWIGHT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

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

" D. K. MINER, Business Manager

D. C. DENSMORE, Amanuensis and Publisher.

BOSTON, MASS., MAY 1, 1878.

EDITORIAL.

HUMAN REASON VS. ANIMAL INSTINCT.

DEAR BROTHER AND CO-WORKER,—

Years before we left the physical body, while stopping temporarily in Chicago, a few friends made us a call one day, and after chatting awhile upon various themes, but mostly those connected with the Spiritual Philosophy, the conversation turned upon the subject heading this article. We took an active part in the discussion, making the statement in substance that, as far as our reason and senses served us, we could not see the slightest difference between human *reason* and animal *instinct*; and we took the ground that the animating life-principle of all living things, from the smallest insect up to the largest animal, including man, came from one and the same source, namely, Deity; and as a sequence, *all* must necessarily manifest somewhat similar powers and faculties—more especially in regard to self-preservation, whether in times of danger, or in providing recuperating sustenance for the physical body.

This was our position then, and still is; and to prove it we cited several instances witnessed every day in the lower kingdoms, wherein insects, reptiles and the larger animals exhibit powers which, if they came through a human organism, would have been considered the culmination of the highest reasoning faculties. The arguments we then used met the approval of all but one person present; and now, after the lapse of nearly two decades, this skeptical brother again asks, "Do you (meaning us) still retain the same views as to the one-ness of human reason and animal instinct, that you did in the long ago?" Yes, friend K., precisely the same, with this difference, namely, that what was then belief, is now merged into positive knowledge.

To show him and others that our premises were then and still are well founded, we will cite a few instances we then used, to sustain our position now. To illustrate, we will suppose, for instance, that a man desires to cross a swiftly-flowing stream, either by swimming, or in a boat, and wishing to land at a particular point on the opposite shore, of course he heads up stream, just in proportion to the velocity of the current: consequently, he lands

at the desired point. A dog, or in fact any other animal, as to that, in swimming across the same stream, and wanting to land at a particular point, heads up stream just in proportion as the intended landing-place is above or below from where he entered the water, and lands, as did the man, at the very spot he intended to. Now, it is said that the man, in heading up stream while crossing it, and landing at a particular point on the opposite side, used his reasoning powers; while in the case of the dog, although he did precisely the same thing, and with the same result, it is said that he (the dog) was guided only by animal instinct. And although it is acknowledged that this wonderful faculty in animals strongly resembles the reasoning powers in man, yet the objectors declare it to be of an inferior kind. Now, with all due deference to the opinions of our opponents, we would ask them to tell us where the reasoning powers of the man above referred to left off, and the instinct of the dog begun. If they do this, they will not only put us under lasting obligations, but settle the mooted question for all coming time.

To elucidate the subject still more in detail, we might cite many cases, from the minutest insects all the way up to the largest animals, and show that *all* exhibit this remarkable power, called instinct, to a greater or less extent; but a few cases, germane to the subject in hand, will be sufficient for our present purpose.

It is said that the ant, before it stows away its winter supply of seeds, in its earthy storehouse, bites a piece out of every one, to prevent it from sprouting, and subsequently rotting, before it is needed for sustaining its miniature body.

Again, we have heard it said that at one time, when water was scarce, a bird perceiving some in a hollow stump, but too low down to get at it, was seen to bring small stones and throw them in, until the water rose to within its reach;—seeming to know, somehow or other, that the more it threw in, the higher the water would rise.

Still again, the carrier pigeon, as another instance, after being carried hundreds of miles from its cote, blindfolded, knowing nothing about to which point of the compass it was being carried, without a moment's reflection, upon being liberated, straightway starts on a bee-line for its far-away home, where in due time it lands safely, delivering, it may be, an important message to those anxiously waiting its arrival.

Now, we would ask, could man, with all

his reasoning powers in full blast, exhibit greater evidence of reason than did the ant, to say nothing about the dog, in providing means for sustaining life through an inclement winter?—or the bird, in its hydraulic experiment, in raising water to satiate its thirst?—or the pigeon, in finding his home, by taking the shortest possible route?

And yet, we are told that all this comes under the head of insect and animal *instinct*; as much as to say, if it *does* work out the same results, it is of an *inferior kind*.

Without further comments, we leave the subject with our readers, to determine, if they can, where (as before hinted) human *reason* leaves off and animal *instinct* begins.

A NEW BOOK BY ALMIRA KIDD. Entitled THE LAWS OF BEING.

THROUGH the courtesy of Colby & Rich we have just received the above work; and although we have not had leisure to more than glance through its pages, yet we have seen enough to warrant the assertion that it is one of rare merit, and should be in the library of every Spiritualist and reformer in the land. It treats of Psychology, Re-incarnation, Soul and its relations, and the occult forces in man, and points out most vividly the most important things to learn while battling with the ups and downs of life. It is printed on fine paper, in large, clear type, and well bound. Price \$1.00, postage free. For sale at wholesale and retail by the publishers, Colby & Rich, 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, Mass.

NOTICE.

WE wish to call the attention of our friends to the advertisement in another column of Miss M. T. SHELHAMER, Clairvoyant and Medical Medium. Miss Shelhamer is one of the best, if not *the best*, Clairvoyants for diagnosing disease, and prescribing the proper remedial agents for removing it, in this country; and we take great pleasure in recommending her to the afflicted. She is poor in this world's goods, and well deserves the patronage of all who favor her mode of treatment. Her charges, as will be seen in her advertisement, are in accordance with the depressed condition of the times. Give her a trial, friends, and test her remarkable powers.

D. C. DENSMORE,
Pub. Voice of Angels.

HONOR and fame from no condition rise.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

THE MORNING OF SPIRITUALISM.

SERIES NUMBER ONE.

BY AN ANCIENT SPIRIT, THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP
OF DR. GEORGE AMOS PIERCE, AUBURN, MAINE.

To THE mortal and Spirit mind, greeting.—Who so can understand, let them know the truth and understand it, for I write what to me is truth unto you. O, come, let us rejoice in the light of our morning! The dark clouds of error and superstition have lifted, so a little of the unclouded light can reach those souls who have been dwelling in the shadows of mysterious gloom. How beautiful is this light, now we can see. It is so effulgent and vivifying, its luxuries fill the whole being with new food. What of this light? Our eyes, heretofore veiled, now can give us knowledge of mysterious things—matter, said not to be permitted to be seen by mortals or spirits. How strange! How curious! Why! what before seemed to me, and many with me, to be but empty space, now, it is observed, is filled with numerous human beings, like unto ourselves in appearance. We recognize, amongst these persons or beings, many of our nearest and dearest relatives and friends. They all seem happy—as happy as they are capable of enjoying. Faces, cheerful with the love of recognized friendship—familiar companions, dear, long absent relatives, darling children—all, all coming forward, with faces towards the light of this morning, for recognition and reciprocal enjoyment. Blessed angel group! Angels from the plains of earth and Spirit-Life, gathered in Spiritual assembly, to usher in the glorious morning of Spiritual wisdom; to open the broad door of love and endless life to mortals, that all may know of its grandeur, its depth, its height, and its extent, in the progress of the great coming future. Thus, is one brief view of the Morning of Spiritualism. It is very beautiful to contemplate, but yet it is very feeble, compared with what it is to be, as a result of the magnificent work yet to be done, both by mortals and spirits. The clouds, covering mortals and spirits with their shades of gloom and mystification of creeds, religions and theories, superstitions and corruptions, are all to be swept away in the coming future, by the increasing light beyond the clouds. A clear, bright, sun-lit sky is to arch over all. Truth is to triumph. What today seems to be clogs to the wheels of progress, to be jarring elements of confusion and strife all over the land, are only the different materials of the constructors, scat-

tered here and there in promiscuous heaps, for convenient use in the building of the great temple of Spiritual Harmony, which is to grow up from the wisdom and education of the past and present ages, more magnificent and wonderful than the present state of the human mind is capable of conceiving. Do not, then, let any one be discouraged at the progress of the work. Workmen all, be patient, industrious; have confidence in the wisdom of the higher and leading angels, that they know well whereof they are laboring—that all these minor parts of the work must be done, even if ever so unimportant, in order to have a firm and lasting foundation for the structure to stand upon. The foundation stones are not yet fully laid. We all are but workmen upon this structure. We are laborers for Deity. We are workmen and workwomen for the Infinite Intelligence that rules supreme in all that is. How mysterious it all appears to us!

Yet more than these mysteries from the past do we see and observe about us. As we stand in Spirit upon the planet earth, and gaze from its standpoint with Spirit-clairvoyant eye upon the circling worlds rolling through space, we are lost in sublimity at the thought, at the magnificent workmanship and wisdom whereby such order, such beauty, such extraordinary developements appear. Worlds upon worlds all around, many of them millions of times larger than the earth, and of far greater marvellousness, if possible, in their structure and their peopling. Worlds where the knowledge and wisdom as much exceeds that of the earth, as is earthly wisdom advanced beyond its satellite, the moon, which is as yet only a primary. The worlds and planets in space are of endless numbers and variety. They assume all conceivable forms that an Infinite Intelligence is able to adopt. Yet there is no imperfect element or structure in them all. Is it not exceedingly wonderful? Yet, not wonderful, for the Infinite Intelligence hath constructed them (?). The Infinite rules Divinity in all and everything.

These remarks are introductory. In view, therefore, of the work to be done, of the results to be attained, the compensation to be acquired, and the glory and the ultimate happiness to conquer over every superstition and error, over every form of ignorance, outgrowing from the rubbish of time and disharmony, let no heart life be discouraged, or hopeless, or faithless, but let all be nerved more and more for the victory just ahead, though

ever so many obstructions encumber the onward march of the Spiritual undertaking. Remember, the Infinite Intelligence and the highest developed angels are working the ship, and steering her through the material breakers of your planet life. Ho, then, for the conquest! What can you care for vulgar opposition? Should you not, do you not expect it? How can it be otherwise, in view of the materiality the Spirit has to contend with, and to overcome? Material objectiveness is ever floating on the surface of the waters of life, is drifting upon every current, and is finding lodgment on the shores of every eddy, cove, inlet, bay and haven of life. It also underlies every stream and river, pool, spring, lake, sea, and ocean. It is the gathered deposits—mud and debris—all accumulated from results of motion and action, and being quite too dense to be borne up by the waters, finds rest upon the bed beneath. The heaven, then, is the firmament between the waters or elements above and the debris beneath. The living sea of life, clear as crystal, beautiful and glorious above all that corruption developes, lies in the elements of pure contentment, mediate between the corruptible and Spiritual surroundings. Therein is the source of wisdom and Spirituality, the delight, the rest, and the enjoyment of the beautiful morning light of heaven's choicest gem, Spiritualism. Angels love its heaven-lit name of truth, because it is so glorious and so triumphant, and because it is so, it is all that nature craves in all of its depth of soul, and height of Spiritual attainment. Hence, are the angels building its great temple of Spiritual harmony among men and Spirits on earth. Mortals cannot stay its onward progress. Creeds and organizations designing to interrupt its proceedings, and mar its beauties, will all be made (in the end) to be but workmen upon its lower battlements and primary materials. They who go out from love of the world, and creed, and sect, and pride, and every material, to curse Spiritualism, will, every time, be made to bless its beautiful work, and to strengthen its hosts of already marshalled workers. Why will all of this be? it is asked. We answer, because the Infinite, and myriads of good angels are working and ruling unto such a grand result.

More anon. Thine truly with gladness.
(Signed,)

JOSEPHUS.

A MOUNTAIN is made up of atoms, and friendship of little matters, and if the atoms hold not together, the mountain is crumbled into dust.

PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

THROUGH MRS. E. RANDLE, SALT LAKE.

FROM THE SPIRIT OF JOHN WILSON, CASH VALLEY, UTAH.

GOOD DAY, SIR,—Well, I think, dear friend, God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. Well, how I came here to you is a wonder to me; I did not know I was coming; I did not walk here, but how I came I do not know. Everything seems so strange to me; we have everything nature and art can afford us. I mean our Spirit-Life is just as real as yours is. That is saying a good deal, but it is true.

Well, friend, I was not married, therefore I did not leave wife or family. My mother died some ten years since, and I was her only child living. So you see when she died I was left alone; but thank God! I have found my dear mother in this beautiful place where I now reside. We have a very pleasant house and garden, and as I was always very fond of working in the garden, I can find plenty of pastime, and everything goes on very well, and I am not at all sorry that I died, as you call it; but I should call it awaking from the drowsy sleep I had been in for years; that is what I take death to be.

Oh! I forgot to tell you my father died when I was very young; I did not know him, and I have not found him yet. You see, mother and he were not happy together, and that accounts for my not seeing him yet.

Yes, you may publish this, if you think it worth while.

This is a glorious place, I can tell you, and when I have learned more how to talk, I will come again.

I have no one to send this to. Good day, sir.

SOUTH COTTONWOOD, March 1, 1878.

FROM THE SPIRIT OF MRS. MARTHA ELLIS, TO HER CHILDREN.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—It is with great joy that I come to this Medium today. Finding her not busy, I gladly took the opportunity of this chance to send a message to my dear children. I want to say be not discouraged, this is the only true religion on the face of the earth. Think of the happiness I feel in thus being enabled to send my love to you all. Many times, dear children, have I tried to send through this noble paper a message of love, but could not, till now, succeed. I say, dear children, think not, because one thing has not proved true to your satisfaction, that it is all false. If one is untrue, it does not follow that all are the same.

Dear children, if you knew the trouble we sometimes have to use the tongue of our Mediums!—we cannot always say just what we wish. Many times have I been made happy through the happy communion with you, my dear children. Now, I say do not cast us aside, for by so doing you grieve us.

Dear son, I am well pleased with you for your kind and loving protection of my daughter; be watchful, take good care, or sickness and death will enter your family. Dear son, your business will prosper soon, and you shall enjoy that which you have so richly earned.

Now, give my love and kisses to the dear children for me, and remember I always remain your affectionate mother.

MARTHA ELLIS.

JOHN D. LEE, THE MORMON ASSASSIN.

GOOD EVENING, SIR,—I am very happy to meet you here, and still more happy to have the chance to talk to you, to let folks know that I am not dead, but alive in every sense of the word. Little did they think, when I was put to death, that I would again have the chance to talk to those on earth. No, the saying was, dead folks can't talk; and many were put to death, so they could not tell tales.

Dear sir, I want to let folks know that my place here is not so hot as many people suppose it is. For instead of meeting with revenge from those that suffered at my hands, they met me with a look of sorrow and pity on their faces. They approach me and speak kindly to me. They tell me I was not so bad as those that ordered me to do the wicked deeds. I am speaking of the Mormon Priesthood directing me in that most wicked and cold-blooded deed, the Mountain Meadow Massacre.

Oh, God! when I look back upon my past life and see the many wicked, cold-blooded things that I with others was forced to do,—then, I say, is the time that I am in hell. It is my own conscience that makes the hell for me. If I was met with scorn and contempt, I should not feel so utterly miserable as now. But they tell me that I must try and forget the wrongs that I did, and look at the bright side. For, friends, although very wicked in some things, yet there was once a bright side. I have done many charitable and noble acts; and by looking at the good, and by trying to do all the good that lies in my power now, they (the Spirits, I mean,) say I shall outgrow my faults.

I don't want to be happy; I want to

atone for my sins. But if I can do any good by coming back and telling the wicked things that I was forced to do, under the cloak of religion, I want to do it.

Oh, God, what anguish! But the ones that dictated me will be far worse off than I, when they get here; and some are here now, and are paying the penalty of their crimes. My home is a heaven compared with theirs.

Friends, you may ask why did I continue to believe or live in Mormonism? I answer by saying, that having been made a tool in the hands of the Priesthood, and knowing the secret oaths of the Church, I was kept under through fear, a great deal. But, sir, having been a Mormon, I had to take to myself more wives than one, in order to gain celestial glory. Therefore, it was on this account, more than anything else, that I claimed a standing in that most wicked church; for I loved my wives and children, and could not desert them all. So you see, dear readers, that my life here was made very unpleasant through this false doctrine and religion.

Dear friends, the last few years of my life were full of painful suspense, knowing as I did, that sooner or later I should have to pay the penalty of my crimes, by sacrificing my own life. How I prayed to God to help me out of my terrible afflictions! I did not want to live, but I prayed that I might die. Yet I could not take my own life.

Dear readers, it is with remorse and bitter anguish that I return to tell of my past life; but be charitable to me; forgive me for the past, and I will make amends by doing all the good that lies in my power. I was made a miserable tool in the hands of the wicked, when on the earth; and I pray God that I may yet become a useful instrument in doing good to all mankind, especially those that were made to suffer through me.

Dear friends, I give this, hoping that those who may read it will try and live a true and upright life, so that they may not be led astray by any false religion, as I was.

Friends, always do that which your own dictations tell you is right, and you will never be far from the truth; and you will be able to look back upon your sojourn here without remorse. This is a real life, and we all have to answer for our own sins; but we all will get a heavenly reward for the good we do here on earth.

Now, dear friends, hoping I have not transgressed on your noble paper, and

thanking you for your kindness in letting me give some of my experience, though sad, I want to give my love to my very numerous family and friends. I want them to give up fretting about me. I am lots better off than they think, and their fretting only makes me feel bad for them.

May the good angels ever be with you, to help you in the noble course you have taken in helping to open up communion with the so-called dead.

Hoping that you may meet with good luck, that your noble paper may have large circulation among the people, to read and then be convinced of the immortality of the soul,—with kind thanks to you, I am yours,

J. D. LEE, the Mormon's Tool.

TO MRS. E. RANDLE, SALT LAKE.

DEAR SISTER AND FRIENDS,—I am happy to see you engaged in the great cause of truth. Long have I seen a need of the great truth of Spirit-communion being sent broadcast over the world, that it may light the homes of thousands that are groping in darkness, for the want of light from the friends in Spirit-Life.

Now, dear sister and friends, be not discouraged if you do not get enough to meet your demands at first; don't give up. For this is the grandest work any true soul could engage themselves in. I say this is a truth that will bear the scorn that the ignorant may cast upon it, and it won't hurt us nor the cause we are engaged in one bit.

Dear sister, if you could see as I do the good, and the need we have of using you as an instrument and Medium for us to talk through, you would be delighted to aid us. I am very thankful that you have consented to give us your time, or at least a good part of it. May God bless and prosper you in this good work, and may heaven bless our kind brother, D. C. Densmore, who has so kindly consented to print our messages of love.

Dear friends, when here, I was an inspirational Medium. I was inspired with many happy thoughts, but it was never my happy lot to behold heavenly faces and forms, as you, my sister, do; but I have been made happy since parting with my mortal body; I say I have been made happy, by coming to you, and my dear mother and child, that are still here on earth.

Dear Eliza, I will ever be near you to help you, and when in trouble of any kind, call on me, and I will assist you; yes, I will bring your darling child to see you. I have her in my care, until you

shall have finished your mission on earth, and then you shall have your child, in the beautiful home that she has gone to prepare for you, where death cannot part you again.

Dear mother, I cannot express by words the thankfulness I feel in seeing my darling boy so well taken care of; he is and will be, dear mother, a great comfort and blessing to you, as he will be a clairvoyant, and will cheer your home by the shining light of Spirit-Friends.

Dear mother, we are all thankful for having this chance of having our messages sent over the world. It will set many to thinking, and thousands to longing for a message of love from their departed friends. We will send our kind love to you, and hope to come again soon.

I remain yours for the truth. Hoping you will continue in this grand work of love and truth, I remain your sister Fanny.

I give my love to you, sir, for this happy privilege, meaning the editor of the beautiful paper, the VOICE OF THE ANGELS. God bless you all!

FROM THE SPIRIT OF MRS. RANDLE, MORE FAMILIARLY KNOWN AS TILLY, TO HER HUSBAND, JAMES RANDLE.

DEAR JAMES,—It gives me great pleasure to be able to come and send a message of love to you, from my home in Spirit-Land. Dear husband, grieve not for me, the Spirit-Land is far more beautiful than I could believe, when here with you. Though I suffered much in leaving the body, I found treasure enough to pay me for all. My kind and dear friends I knew on earth were there to welcome my Spirit home.

Give my love and blessing to my daughter and hers; tell them all I am happy, that the Spiritualism which I embraced here is true. Dear ones, seek the truth on earth, that when your work is ended, you may find peace and joy in heaven.

Dear James, strive to forget the past, and I will work out my forgiveness by doing all the good that is possible for me to do. Give my love to all my friends of earth; let them know I am not dead, but alive, and often with you all. When sorrow and trouble bear you down, I am with you, administering my blessings to you all. Spiritualism has a stronger tie than ever, that is, to me.

Dear husband, seek for me often; give me a chance to speak to you often, and you will then know that we are still dear to each other. Let bygones be bygones, dear husband. Hoping you will give me a chance to speak to you soon, I remain your loving and affectionate wife.

TILLY RANDLE.

THROUGH WEST INGLE.

RHODA STRONG,

TO HER DAUGHTER, C. M. HIGBIE, AND THROUGH HER TO HER OTHER CHILDREN AND FRIENDS.

I BLESS the God in whose loving kindness I have always trusted, my dear children, that death has not divided us—that the silence of the grave is not the silence of eternity. We can come together in love and sympathy, my dear, dear children, and although I cannot speak to you as of old, you hear me through your inner consciousness, and your hearts, illuminated by faith, recognize me; and thus are we victorious over the grave. It is no longer dreadful to die.

I desire to speak to you in regard to your future lives, and how to make the best of the time allotted you on earth. It is needless to tell you that the more useful you are to your fellow men, the better it will be for you in this life, for you know that already. You all have good natural gifts: intelligence, generosity, and love for virtue and purity, and by concentrating your efforts in the right direction, you will help on the great car of progression, and send out into the world of toiling, suffering humanity, gentle and sympathetic influences, which will be like dew falling upon parched and withered flowers. Strive, my dear children, to overcome evil with good, ignorance with wisdom, and your hearts will be filled from the inexhaustible fountain of Spiritual love.

I cannot talk to you as I would like to, but I can tell you that all here have unlimited capacity for progression and expansion of knowledge. Your father is now able to impart to you all the knowledge he has acquired, and is beginning to comprehend his relations to the world of mind and matter around him. His faculties, so weakened before the change, are gradually unfolding, and he possesses the power to reason upon all subjects of a scientific character. His soul seems to have renewed its youth—and we are harmoniously united in bonds of love lasting as eternity.

Oh, if you could see us as we are, surrounded by our dear friends, who entered Spirit-Life before us, you would exclaim with me, "Thank God, the last struggle with death is over." Death is nothing to dread; you merely lay off an old, worn-out suit of clothes, and find yourself immediately in a better suit, and in a higher and more magnificent dwelling-place—"the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," of which you read in the Bible, but is nevertheless built upon

a solid foundation, broad and grand, and is lighted by the true light which shines upon every man that cometh into the Spirit-World. Here the friendless, homeless and penniless find themselves encircled with Divine love and Infinite care. The rich of the earth are the poor in heaven. My children, try to bear this in mind.

Patient waiting will bring all desired good, and all good gifts come from God. You are all gifted, and many of you are making no use of your talents. Here are grandparents, aunts and uncles, men, women and children, all ready and willing to aid you in your Spiritual developement. I know we can come to you in your homes. Your Uncle Frederic, who was drowned long years ago, will give his history, but not tonight. Look for it in the VOICE OF ANGELS. There will also be a message from Daniel's father, who will send a word of cheer to his son. Ida Cross sends her love to her mother, and will soon communicate with her; and there are many of the dear friends waiting to talk with earthly friends. How gladly would we communicate with you in your own homes, and soon we shall be able to do so. Have faith, my dear children, and hope for all good, and it will be given you.

Prosperity is coming to you. One and all will be made happier for communicating with us. We can now throw an influence round you which will work out comfort and happiness. Uncle Theodore S., your father, Ira S., and I, Rhoda S., are now gathering our forces, that we may form a band of love around you, my dear children. Good-night. Affectionately, your mother,

RHODA STRONG.

JOSEPH BICKFORD TO HIS SON, HIRAM MIFFLIN, WISCONSIN.

MY DEAR SON HIRAM,—Out of the Land of Silence I have called to you, and hearing your answer, come to you with more than a father's love; for, in the days that have passed into years since we were divided, in a physical and material sense, I have learned to know you, my son, and for all the qualities of heart and soul I have found in you, I give you this day a tender fatherly blessing, and have called round you many of your friends to rejoice with me over this triumph of effort to send you a message.

On my right hand stands your mother, Samuel, Sol, Thomas, and Joseph, and in front of me is William, your friend, and one of your most powerful Spirit Guides, Eli, my father and your grandfather, William, Trenn, and Emily. On the outer circle are friends and neighbors, who long to communicate with their

friends, but can find no chance, as many of their friends do not believe in Spirit communion, though they claim to believe in the ministration of angels.

My son, I knew men that were led by their own reason before I came here; now I know that two-thirds of mankind are wilfully blinded. They refuse to believe their own eyes and ears. I thank heaven that my family were all endowed with a good share of common sense, and that some of them, in spite of creeds, are in a fair way to attain the simplicity of the religion of Jesus Christ. Hiram, I want you to keep above all religious nonsense, (not that I condemn an honest belief in anything which can make men better and more charitable towards each other), but my soul was sick of cant and loud prayers, standing in high places.

I have found truth here, and I am going to tell you all about it, and I want you to tell the rest. You will see a new and happier state of affairs, when men live as they are taught to live by the Spirit-ministers, who preach silently to the inner conscience, and not to the head.

I was always a blunt spoken man, as you know, and I have not changed much. I have acquired more harmony, and a wider range of knowledge—otherwise, I am Joe Bickford still, able and willing to labor with all my mind, might, and strength, for humanity in any form. I want you, my son, to join your forces with mine. You give me material aid, and I will give you Spiritual comfort and knowledge, and we can do more towards upbuilding the real temple of God, than all the ministers between you and the Rocky Mountains. Humanity is God's temple, Hiram, and it is a glorious temple, too; but it has been terribly defaced by would-be philosophers, who have not brains enough to comprehend the fact that all natural laws are grand and perfect, and yet earnest and simple. The most successful preachers are they who stick to nature for their text. The formal services of church and synagogue, and the bigoted performances attending public worship on the Sabbath, by priest and ministers, have very little of sympathy, mercy, or charity in them. Pride rules, and humanity suffers. You will find out that what I tell you is the honest truth. Now I have not time enough to enter into a long argument, as at this time the Medium will not be controlled for me; if she would, I would keep her under my control till I convert you all to the true religion—the religion of the Spirit-World, which is, "Humanity and common sense."

I would be glad to come to you and talk with you face to face. I must communicate with you again. And now, in regard to your material affairs, Hiram. Do the best you can. This will be a year of marked success for you. All who are dear to you shall share your prosperity. Do what you can for your fellow-men, and if possible, I will give you the power to do a great deal for human progress. Good will come of the dollar spent for this message.

Affectionately, your father,

JOSEPH BICKFORD.

JOHN H. GREEN.

My name is John H. Green, and I desire to communicate with my children, who are not believers in the "Spiritual theory." My oldest son, James R. Green, is in business in New Orleans, and he is soon to pass away. He has money, and should leave it to his sisters, Mary and Anna, who need all he can give them and their children.

Anna resides in Washington, and will see this message. I will say this to cheer her—she will prosper in the future; her son John will receive the use of his limbs and be a blessing to her. Her daughter Julia will do well to marry the sea-captain. He is true blue—a good man in all things.

My children are scattered on the earth, but those in Spirit-Life are all united, and will one by one make themselves known.

My dear children, life is dark to you just now, but night is always followed by the day. You will live to see great things accomplished in the earth. Your mother, brother Edward and sister Carrie are here, and still love you. God bless you, my children. James, my son, do heed my warning. Prepare for the change. I will meet you at the last hour. Affectionately,

YOUR FATHER.

WILLIAM WILDER,

TO HIS WIFE, MINNIE S. WILDER, BALTIMORE, MD.

MY BELOVED WIFE,—You say if I can keep my promise, you will become a believer in Spiritualism. I promised you the day I died, if I could I would come to you through the VOICE OF ANGELS, and if possible would give you a sign as a test. Listen, dear Minnie, and heed what I say:

The ring offered you last January may now be accepted. The heart of the giver is all right. Give my watch to Frank, and when Bill comes home, pay him the hundred dollars. With my blessing upon your new marriage, you may rest in sweet contentment. I will watch over you.

Affectionately, your husband, WILL.

Justice and right are eternal.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

ELLEN PATTERSON.

[Received March 24th, 1878.]

[THIS Spirit seemed to find great difficulty in controlling, owing to extreme weakness.]

My name is Ellen Patterson. I was eighteen years old. I died with consumption. I would like to send a message to my mother. I want her to know that I still live, and can come to her. Her name is Mary. Please tell her, Nellie brings her love and sympathy from heaven. Tell her that I have a beautiful home waiting for her, when she is ready to come—a home made up from the bright emanations of her Spirit, which has been made purified and gentle and kind, even through sorrow and pain.

There are those in Baltimore who will know me, I think. I thank you very much indeed.

GEORGE TAYLOR.

[Received March 24th, 1878.]

[FEELING of the Medium's head.] My head's kind of dazed like. I'm not fit to be in decent company. My clothes are all dirty. [Well, you came here to get clean. What makes your clothes dirty?] I worked in the mines, and I got crushed out.

I don't know how I came to be here talking. I don't know what it is. What is this? [You are now a Spirit. You have left the body. This is a circle, where Spirits, who have left their bodies, can come and send messages to their friends, and be made better.] I feel bad, very bad. What place is this? [Boston, Massachusetts.] I didn't belong here—at Mahoney City, Penn. What time is this, sir? [March, 1878.] Then I've not been gone long. 'T was hereabouts that I went down the mine. But I feel bad. Can't somebody help me? I don't ever mean to beg; but it seems in all this land there'll be some 'un to help me. I left a wife and four little children, without the means of living. It's them I'm fretting about. I'm very badly off, because of their trouble. [What's your name?] Taylor—George.

I'm much obliged. I didn't know these things. A fellow who works in the mines don't have much chance to learn.

SARAH MARSTON.

[Received March 31st, 1878.]

I FEEL badly; but I thought I would like to have my name put in the paper, because some of my friends might see it and know I could come. My name is Sarah Marston. I lived in Lowell. I don't know how long I have been gone,

but it seems a long time to me. I had a throat trouble, and it seems to choke me now. [When you come again you will feel better.] Thank you. I want to say I bring my love, and if they will meet me at some Medium's, I will be glad to come. Good bye.

CHARLES S. MIDDLEBROOK.

[Received March 31st, 1878.]

WITH almost my latest breath, sir, when life was departing from the worn-out body, I said to my dear friends, "I will come back to you." And upon what more fitting occasion can I do so, than upon this, the anniversary of our most beautiful philosophy, modern Spiritualism?

Besides, in a few days will arrive another anniversary, one every way precious to me—that of the birth of my Spirit into the higher life; and I would like to say to my dear family and friends, that the year I have spent with the angels has been the most fruitful one of my life.

I think it was on a Thursday when I departed from the physical. I was glad to go. Four months of pain and confinement, to an active mind, seems like an eternity compared to his past life; and it was with rejoicing, not with fear, that I hailed the summons, "Come up higher." My name is Charles S. Middlebrook, of Trumbull, Connecticut.

It was a long hill for me to descend, but I rejoice that I am freed from pain, and able to bear testimony tonight to the glorious truth of Spirit-communion.

I was attracted to this city by the arrival of one dear to me, and I was drawn to this circle in a strange manner. In company with a large band of Spirits, I attended a Boston meeting this afternoon, to listen to the eloquence of Prof. Buchanan. While there, I saw a group of Spirits gathering around a certain point. Being of an inquisitive turn of mind, where anything of a Spiritual nature is concerned, I joined the group, and found them surrounding this Medium and yourself, Mr. Chairman, in order to hear and see more distinctly what was going on. While there, a young male Spirit of the group invited those who wished, to attend this circle and make themselves known. I accordingly availed myself of the opportunity to send my deepest, truest love to my dear ones, and to assure them of my happiness. To her who was the guiding star of my life, I would say, I am glad, deeply glad that you have listened to the wise, and again buckled on the armor of truth, and gone forth to battle for right, liberty, and progressive reform. God and the angels have you in their keeping,

and will ever bless you. I was proud and thankful for your abilities, and for the efforts of the angels through your organism. I am no less so now.

I shall return again. I think I succeeded in impressing my dear ones with my presence today. This is not the first time I have come.

Many thanks, sir. I hope I may be able to repay you some time, if not to yourself individually, why, to some one in need. Please direct the letter when published to my wife, Anna M. Middlebrook, M. D., Bridgeport, Conn.

EVA MAY.

[Received March 31st, 1878.]

I WANT to send a letter to my papa, 'cause it will make him open his eyes wide, and that'll do him good. Now, papa, I've been down to the store real often, and I'd like to come there, if you would think it was me right behind you. I saw you the other day trying to guess the weight of a chicken. I'm growing real fast, so you won't know me when you come over. Uncle Columbus says you'll have to look sharp, or I'll get ahead of you in medical knowledge. I go with him often now, and he describes the conditions of his patients to me, and tells me what's good for them. I'm thirteen years old now—think of that. Uncle Mec sends his love to you; he says he's around and keeps you pretty straight in business affairs, and if you mind your impressions you'll be all right; he can impress you better than he can Uncle Merrick, because Uncle Merrick is sleepy. I am going to New Hampshire and Canada pretty soon; guess I'll have a nice time. I have got a rose-bush in bloom, and it is lovely—white, tinted with pink; I'll bring you a bunch. My teacher sends her love, so does Lottie, Lydia, Emily, Albion, and ever so many more. Josiah is getting along splendid; he has got a Medium way off from here, and he puts people to sleep. I went to the Lyceum in the Harmonial City today; had grand fun. We all had a bunch of white and pink flowers, and after forming and marching awhile, we went to visit the Boston Lyceum on earth. I saw you in meeting today with Uncle Merrick; saw you shut your eyes; guess you was sleepy; and then pretty soon the sun shone on your head and made you uneasy, until a lady shut the blinds. My teacher thought the lecture was splendid. I liked the singing. I rode in the cars with you the other day, and saw you looking at a person who looked like somebody we know. I know where there's a big cat I play

with; do you? Guess you'd better subscribe for this paper, and have it sent to the store, 'cause grandpa is coming some time. Good bye.

EVA MAY.

Send to Mr. Curtis Clark, 53 Church street, Boston, Mass.

THROUGH C. E. WINANS.

WILLIAM BENTON.

I AM William Benton, and I want to send a message to my dear sister Ada. I am your little brother, that left you and dear ma, years ago, with consumption of the bowels. I have been in Spirit-Life thirty-two years; it was in the year 1846 that I died, so grandpa says. I have grown to be a man, and as a man I will address you, for we learn and grow in Spirit-Life as before death. I am truly happy that you and ma are inclined to lend a listening ear to our pleadings; and dear sister Ada, I would have you make known to some, who are entirely ignorant of the truth of Spiritual manifestations, that we do live more, and have existence in another and higher life, than that which existed upon the old soil of mother earth.

Ada, my sister, where I am, we are not selfish; we wish to send good news and good effects throughout all the land; and also to have everybody understand their own responsibility. I have been in your place and other large places; have seen women without hope, have seen men without hope; those who have been outcasts from society, who were shelterless and homeless, and without knowledge of the fact that they had natures and capacities which could exalt them, and set them fair and free in the face of the angels; and my heart is full of pity and compassion for them. Oh! what will humanity do for them? Spiritualism is the only school, the only church, the only religion, that can help them to find any consolation, or to be brought to realize that the Father of Light can send angels to them, as well as to all who aspire to it.

Dear Ada, I wish I could come at morn, at noon, and at night; but the laws of God are irrevocable; I cannot do so.

There are some who think that George committed suicide; but, sister, he never did. His mind was deranged; he knew not what he was doing.

Nora will come, and the rest when they can get the chance.

Ada, I would have you understand that there is no death. I want you, and the rest of the dear folks, to understand that when they get here, they will have to cast aside the old garments, which seems very

much like death, and take on new ones, which seems very much like inheriting the Spiritual-Life. The change which you call death—laying aside one condition and taking on another—is repeated in Spirit-Life.

If I am recognized, I will come again.

Direct message to Ada Johnson, Columbus, Ind.

CORRECTION.—The VOICE of March 15th contains a rather amusing typographical error, which I do not like to have pass uncorrected. Near the top of the second column, first page. (Message on Dress Reform,) I find, "What person craves the esteem of shallow-minded folks?" The last word should have been *fops*, which would have given rather more *pith* to the question!

J. M. A.

THE SERIES OF EVOLUTIONS.—Life, vegetation, animated consciousness and self-consciousness, form a series of evolutions, not merely in the sense of a higher and more elaborate organization, but of a subtler essence,—a series of sheaths out of which finer and finer shoots grow successively, till at last comes the flower of full consciousness, into whose hearts the Divine Sun pours his beams directly, and wherein is formed a seed which does not perish when the petals fall in the dust.—*E. P. Cobbe.*

DRUDGERY.—Of all the work that produces results, nine-tenths must be drudgery. There is no work, from the highest to the lowest, which can be done well by any man who is unwilling to make that sacrifice. Part of the way, nobility of the devotion of the true workman to his work consists in the fact, that a man is not daunted by finding that drudgery must be done; and no man can readily succeed in any work of life, without a good deal of what, in plain English, is called pluck.

THE best part of one's life is the performance of his daily duties. All higher motives, ideals, conceptions, sentiments, in a man, are of no account, if they do not lift him up and strengthen him for the better discharge of the daily duties which devolve upon him in the ordinary affairs of life.

THAT every day has its pains and sorrows is universally experienced, and almost universally confessed; but let us not attend only to mournful truths; if we look impartially about us, we shall find that every day has likewise its pleasures and its joys.

OPPORTUNITY is the flower of time; and as the stalk may remain when the flower is cut off, so time may be with us when opportunity is gone forever.

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